

The screeching of brakes. The sound of screaming. Bottles breaking and the sound of shattered glass. A girl lay dead in the middle of the road, her face cut up from glass shards and pavement. Her arm was bent at an unnatural angle, her leg complete rotated around. Her car was idling behind her, the windshield completely broken with blood on the remaining windshield and on the hood of the car. What could have caused such an atrocious accident to occur? Let's go back a few hours to what this young girl was doing before her accident.

A few hours ago at a nearby house. . .

A brightly lit house with blaring music sits in a somewhat empty lot. Inside, there was a high school party going on. It was near graduation and Misty, a senior at the local high school, was having the time of her life. There was quite an amount of people in the house, roughly one hundred or so, most of them were seniors. The person who owned the house was a twenty-two year old friend of Misty's. His name was Gregory and since he was over the age of twenty-one, he was the one that was currently supplying the party with alcohol. Although it was entirely illegal, Gregory wanted to help the seniors celebrate their graduation the fun way. All of them consented to it. The amount of alcohol they had was enough to intoxicate everyone, which is exactly what happened. Within a few hours everyone in the party, minus Gregory, was completely drunk, some to the point of barely being able to function. Misty was almost at that point, but she still had some function left in her. Everyone was allowed to stay at the house overnight for safety reasons, but Misty refused.

“I’ll be okay, Greg. I don’t live that far from here,” she insisted, her speech slurred from the alcohol.

“No, you need to stay here and sober up. I’m not letting you go out drunk,” Greg knew the potential dangers of letting Misty drive home while drunk, but she kept insisting she was okay. Gregory didn’t believe her, but against his better judgment he let her go. Misty stumbled into the hallway and searched around for her keys, but then realized that they were in her jacket pocket. She put her jacket on and grabbed her keys, stumbling out the door and into her car. She missed the ignition but eventually managed to get her car started. She took a deep breath and tried to clear her head for her small drive home. She didn’t want her parents knowing she was drinking. She started up her car and headed on her way, trying to be careful of her driving.

On the way Misty noticed something in the road. She wasn’t quite sure of what it was but didn’t think anything of it and kept driving towards the strange manifestation in the road. She should have stopped. Before she could even process she collided with the mysterious figure in the road. Upon close discovery it was a deer that refused to move out of the way. It was too late to hit the brakes. Misty hit the deer at fifty miles per hour and that was when everything went into chaos. Misty, in her drunken haze, had forgotten to put her seatbelt on and was launched out of her seat through the windshield. Her head was the first thing to go through and it was caught onto the glass, cutting it up and catching onto her clothes, shredding them up. She hit the ground and hit her face off the pavement, the momentum pushing her face against it, her skin catching on each and every crack and rock. She came to a stop, her limbs twisted in unnatural positions. Her car was quietly idling behind her, the front end of it had a large dent in it but not enough to

kill the engine. There was a house nearby that lit up upon the crash, the residents hearing it. They called 911, but it was too late for Misty.

A funeral was held near Misty's home the next week. Her entire school and her family were there. The people closest to her gave speeches on how amazing she was, how intelligent she was, and how missed she'll be. After the funeral, her closest friends held a seminar in their school on the dangers of drunk driving, using Misty as an example. They told the students how anyone can make the mistake of drunk driving, even someone who is an intelligent honors student. Anyone can be affected by drunk driving, even bystanders. Nearly one-third of traffic related accidents are because of drunk driving. Is taking someone's life really worth a buzzed drive? People need to think before they get behind the wheel when intoxicated, regardless of how little they've had to drink. No one deserves to die because of alcohol. No one.