

This is based on a 100% true story. Whether you choose to believe me or not is up to you. Hearing about a car accident is heartbreaking. People in critical condition or even dead because of texting, being intoxicated or high, and even going too fast. I never thought that I would be a part of one of these accidents. It was an experience that changed my life.

It all started one night at a high school party in late 2016. Myself, along with four others, hopped in a vehicle and decided to drive around the backroads. The person driving had been drinking earlier that night but not within the last couple of hours so I thought he was okay to drive. Big mistake.

As we were driving, we came onto a dirt road. Now this road was in the process of being paved but had not been completed. When we were coming around a turn, which was completely tar, the driver sped up to around 60-70 miles per hour. This is when we hit the grated dirt of the road.

The tail end of the pickup kicked out and we started to fishtail. We were going straight for the trees and I thought the worst that would happen was we would drive into the ditch. I closed my eyes because my anxiety levels were skyrocketing and it helped at the time. What I didn't expect to happen was we would begin rolling on the road. I thought to myself "are we rolling? oh my gosh we're rolling." Then my mind went to "why do I feel like I'm flying? Wait, am I out of the pickup."

Just then, I hit the ground. Luckily it was the starting of the ditch so the ground was soft enough. I started rolling down the little, three foot deep ditch. With my eyes still closed, I heard the truck nearing me. I couldn't move, or maybe I didn't want to. I heard everything go quiet. When I opened my eyes, I saw the truck not even two feet away from where I was laying. Another roll and I would have been dead.

I picked myself up. Soaked in the water from the ditch, I pushed myself up the ditch onto the road all the while screaming because of the pain. No one else in sight, I started to panic. What felt like an eternity but was probably five seconds later, three of the people climbed out from the pickup which was now on its roof. The one person I didn't see was the fourth person, my boyfriend. He was laying on the road at about the same place we started rolling. We were both ejected.

Now you might be wondering "how were you ejected if you were wearing your seatbelt?" We weren't; none of us were. Bigger mistake. Fast forward to the hospital, I walked away with a bruised rib. After all of that? You hear all the time of people being ejected and dying. Barely anyone ever survives being ejected. Everyone had minor injuries, my boyfriend had a small brain bleed which corrected itself (luckily) and a fractured hip, which is now healed (again, luckily). The doctors told me I was the luckiest one in that accident. But was I? The worst part was, it was my boyfriend's 18th birthday.

The point of this story is to not get in with an intoxicated driver. Imagine if one of us would have died? That blood would have been on his hands. Of course, the rest of us have to take responsibility for the fact we got in the vehicle knowing the circumstances. None of that was worth risking my life. It has now been five months and it still replays in my head everyday. It haunts me. Please call someone sober to come pick you up, wherever you are. Call your parents, even if they're going to be angry with you. I'm sure they would rather you call them then do something as stupid as I did. This way, you can ensure you stay safe and arrive alive.