

I woke up to the sound of my alarm. 6:00 A.M. I hardly slept last night. But I got up and got ready for school anyway. It's hard since I'm still in a cast. I went downstairs to get myself some breakfast.

"Don't forget about your therapy session today." my mom reminded me. "I won't." I told her. I grabbed my bag and headed outside to wait for the bus. I still can't even bring myself to look at my car, let alone drive it.

The bus arrived. As I got on, I saw everyone whispering. Probably talking about me. I found an empty seat and sat down. I remember the last time I took the bus to school. It was before my sixteenth birthday. Before I got my car. Back then, the bus was fun. I used to talk to my friends. But today, the bus seems so sad and empty.

We finally arrived at school. I walked to my locker without stopping to talk to anyone. I really didn't want to see anyone. Especially not Derek. Derek is Hannah's brother. Hannah was my best friend. Kyle was too...

I used to be friends with Derek. But ever since the accident, he hasn't said a word to me. I can't blame him. I made a stupid decision. And now, I'm going to have to live with it for the rest of my life.

I grabbed my books and headed to class. I was almost there when someone stopped me. "Alison!" I recognized the voice immediately. It was my friend Jenny. I turned and saw her with Derek.

Oh no. I thought to myself. I can't do this. I turned to walk away but Jenny stopped me. I couldn't even look at Derek. I could tell he didn't want to be there. "Um, I have to go." Derek said, and he walked away.

"How are you?" Jenny asked. "I'm fine." I said impatiently. "I have to go. I'm going be late." I tried to walk away, but Jenny wouldn't let me. Jenny was a good friend. We've known each other for 6 years. We've been best friends since. I looked at Jenny. She has long, straight, blonde hair, and light blue eyes. She was wearing the green top I got her for her birthday last month and a pair of plain jeans.

"Come on, just talk to me Alison." Jenny pleaded. But I couldn't. "Sorry, but I really have to go." I walked away. I know she was just trying to help, but I just couldn't talk to her about it. Not now.

When the day ended. I grabbed my bag and walked outside before anyone tried to talk to me. It was sunny out. Birds singing, but it didn't lift my spirits. It was a terrible week.

I walked a few blocks down the street to my therapists. It was in a tall building near the town airport. I went inside and walked up to the receptionist. She was a thin, dark haired lady, with large glasses and a very out of style outfit. "Can I help you?" The lady asked. "I-uh, I'm here for my appointment." I said. "Name please." She said. "Alison." She pressed the intercom button. "Dr. Andrews, your 3:00 appointment is here." she said into the intercom.

The receptionist lead me to a room. She opened the door and let me in. I took a seat on the couch. Dr. Andrews was sitting in a chair next to the couch. "Hello Alison." he said. "Hi." I said looking at the ground. "So would you like to tell me a little about the accident?" he asked. "Sure" I said. I took a deep breath.

"It happened Friday night. I was at a party with my two best friends, Hannah and Kyle. There was alcohol there and I had a lot. Hannah told me I shouldn't, because I

had to drive them home after the party. But I didn't listen. I was having a good time. So I drank one beer after the other.

I was drunk by the time everyone started leaving. Hannah and Kyle told me it was time to leave. They tried to convince me to let them drive, but I wouldn't let them. I took my keys and lead them to my car.

We were on the highway. I was very drunk and I wasn't paying attention. Hannah and Kyle were nervous and asked me to slow down. But I turned around and yelled at them instead. I accidentally turned the wheel, and the car drove into the other lane." I stopped. I took deep breath and wiped away my tears. "There was a truck in the lane going the other way. He had no time to stop. ...And we crashed. The car flipped a few times. And I heard Hannah and Kyle scream."

My therapy session lasted a few hours. After I left I had to walk all the way home. Tomorrow is Hannah's funeral. Kyle didn't die in the crash, but he's in a coma. The doctors said I was lucky that I didn't die. I didn't feel lucky.

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It's Hannah's funeral today. There are so many people here. I was sitting up front for the service. Jenny was at my side and Hannah's family was on the other. They didn't blame me for the accident. But I blamed myself. I cried the whole time. Hannah and I had known each other since we were 2 years old.

I brought a pink rose, Hannah's favorite color. I gave a speech about her. I cried even more when I read it. When the speech was over everyone applauded me. I apologized to Hannah and her family in my speech.

I walked over to Hannah's casket and placed the rose in her hand. It was hard looking at her dead. A single tear fell on the rose. And I whispered quietly, as if Hannah could hear me, "Goodbye Hannah."