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Age: 19 Grade: 12

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My Best Friend:

It is the year of 2007. The month of September. I am fourteen. I open my eyes to bright sun light streaming through the living room windows. I must have fallen asleep on the couch last night. There is banging around in the kitchen. So I look sit up and look to my left to see my mom slamming cabinets. I'm not sure what she's looking for, but I can tell right away what is wrong with her. She needs a cigarette.

My brother shows up about fifteen minutes later, once my hair and teeth are brushed and I'm dressed for another hot Florida day. He is going on excitedly about how he won five dollars in a bet playing basketball with some of his new friends. He gives it to my mom without even thinking and tells her to walk to the store. So we do. My mom and I walk and my brother rides his bike, saying how he is splitting up with us once we reach the store. My mom goes on about the weight she has lost from walking all over the place. I think how she does look pretty great. On the walk back, it's just my mom and I. We are really quiet until I realize how empty the day is. I ask my mom what the perfect word would be, "Desolate", she says. I think how that is just right. I pick notice a dead butterfly on the side of the road, my moms favorite thing in the world. Then there is a rock in my shoe and I'm struggling to shake it out...

"BAM!" I hear a huge smash noise, but everything is black. Where could it have come from? Now I can see. I look down at my right shoulder because something feels weird

there. There is blood. I want to tell my mom, I look for her. When I don't find her I turn around to see if she is behind me, but she is flying and rolling down into a ditch. I see a white truck stop. I run to my mom, check her pulse. Nothing. I listen for her heart beat. Nothing. Her eyes are frozen wide open and there is one tear falling down. Her body is all deformed, but there is no blood anywhere. My mother is dead. I scream, I cry, I beg for her to stay with me. But I know it's foolish, because she is gone. But I can't stop. Everything is all fuzzy like a nightmare, so maybe that's all it is. A really bad dream. I am yelling at the man who hit us to call 911, he says he already has. There are pieces of his truck all over the grass. But I don't care. We need help, now.

The next thing I know I'm standing next to a woman, using her phone to call a family friend. Once he gets there he follows me to the hospital, since I'm in an ambulance. The cops tell me after I get eighteen stitches in my right shoulder that my mom was dead on impact. They say that the man driving was texting while going around that turn at sixty-five miles an hour. It was an accident, but he is going to have to go to court. I need my mom, I need my brother. I need my family back. This man who decided to take his eyes off the road for two minutes has destroyed our entire lives. My mother will never help us get ready for prom, or graduation. She will never see us get married. We no longer have a mother. I no longer have a best friend.