

Holly J Crowley  
Arrive Alive Creative Contest Essay  
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Hello, my name is Holly Crowley. I'm a senior at Jonesport Beals High School. The story I'm about to tell you is the story of someone who was an amazing friend, a big brother, a son, and the number one basketball player at our school. His name was Tyler Joseph Turcotte. He was taken from us in September of this past year. Tyler was one of the funniest people I've ever had the pleasure to know. He was a great friend, and absolutely loved to tease people. When it came to basketball, Tyler was the best. Under the basket he was a powerhouse. You just couldn't stop him.

At the end of the last school year, Tyler decided that he wasn't coming back to school. A lot of his friends at school, like me, were really upset with him. We all knew how much potential Tyler had, whether he realized it or not. His problem was that he was stubborn. As the school year ended and summer came, you could always see Tyler riding through our small town after he got off of the lobster boat. Sometimes in his truck, but a lot of the time he was in his grandparents Chevrolet Monte Carlo. He loved everything about that car, especially the speed. Tyler also liked to hang out with his friends and "have a good time".

I found out around the middle of the summer that Tyler had decided to come back to school. I was so excited. I knew the boys basketball team would have an amazing year with Tyler playing for them again. Plus, I missed seeing his crooked grin every time we met in the hallway. That was something Tyler was known for. He always

had the most crooked, devilish smile on his face. It was almost like a smirk. Not only me, but everyone in our school that knew he was coming back was very excited.

School wouldn't have to be boring anymore!

However, one night in September, I heard my fire pager sound. The dispatcher said that there was a roll over in Harrington, about 20 minutes from our town. He stated that the victim was a 17 year-old male in a sports car. A life flight was called. Our fire department wasn't requested to respond to the scene, so I laid in bed hoping that it wasn't anybody I knew because all of the towns around here are pretty close. A few moments later, I got a text message saying that Tyler had passed away. My whole world felt like it was crumbling around me. How could someone so young be taken that way? How could my friend possibly be gone? It just didn't seem possible that someone who I spent a lot of time with could ever leave, especially without saying goodbye to all of us. Not believing the situation, I called almost everybody on my contacts list in my cellphone. A lot of people had just heard and weren't sure, and some hadn't even heard yet. However, one of my friends had already heard and rode up to where the accident happened. She then saw that it was his grandparents Monte Carlo that had been wrecked. The car was unrecognizable. Nobody is really sure what happened that night. The police said he was going anywhere from 100 to 110 miles per hour. Tyler had also been drinking that night. Looking back on everything, I wish there was something that I could have done to prevent it from happening. However, I realize how stubborn he was, and that he would have gone anyway.

I hope that people can learn something from this story. Nobody should have to lose someone who was as amazing as Tyler. Schools all over the country lose people to reckless, or drunk driving. Our school knows how it feels to lose someone. Someone important to our community, to our school, to our students, and to our families. Rest in peace to all those who have been lost this way. Thank you.

***In loving memory of Tyler Joseph Turcotte. September 17, 1992 - September 2, 2010.***

***“Always Missed, Never Forgotten.”***