

Arrive Alive Creative Contest
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June 11th, 2007

Dear Sir or Madame,

I'm writing you this letter to inform you of some sad news. Your daughter was killed in a head-on collision. She wasn't driving like her usual self though; it was as if something took over her body. She was swerving left to right every few minutes as if the road was curved, not straight. I did exactly as I was instructed; "Do what I do."

Soon, the red back lights, became white front lights. I knew trouble was lurking around the corner. I had no choice but to throw up a hazard sign, something to bring back the girl I knew. I screamed 'Seatbelt on!', but she couldn't hear me, her mind was elsewhere. I needed to do something to snap this poor girl into shape, but I didn't know what to do. I had to try.

A horn rang through me, known as the classic 'get out of the way', but I wasn't in control. Neither was your daughter. My face was smashed in and I saw your daughter soar through the sky. It couldn't have been her, but it was. Her face wasn't as bubbly as I remembered; it was dazed, lost, and confused. All I could smell was alcohol, a smell that became far too common as your daughter grew in age.

Please, forgive me, as this letter was hard to write. The accident was not my fault. I did everything I could to save her, but the girl I knew and loved was not in the car that night. She was elsewhere, on another planet. Her body, the only thing that was present, had driven aimlessly around the road, trying to lead the way home.

Please forgive me, but the soul of your daughter was not in that car that night. She was taken over by an evil power. Alcohol. Something I could never forgive. Something I will never forget.

Signed,
Your car