

ALL IT TAKES IS ONE.

By: Katryna Gilson

I can remember that night like it was only yesterday. I was with my best friend. Well, best friend is really an understatement; we were like sisters ... inseparable. She was the sweetest, most determined person you could ever meet. She was the type of person that could find the bright side to every gloomy situation. I picked her up at her house, just like every other Friday night at about 6:30 p.m. for the high school football game at 7:00 p.m. It was one of our many rituals.

It was a very cold night, when I opened the car door to get out a gust of freezing, cold air hit my face making my whole body shiver. I followed my best friend into the stands with my arms crossed around my body trying to keep all of my remaining body heat in. The game went by extremely quickly and to my surprise we actually won! Now this was a first. The whole crowd was very ecstatic and cheering so loudly you couldn't even hear your own individual voice screaming with the crowd. A boy near us was telling everyone to go to his house for the after party. I didn't know him, but my best friend did and she was determined to go. She gave me the directions and we were there in about thirty minutes.

When we pulled up and parked you could hear the music booming from outside. We went in and began socializing with everyone. The whole school was pretty much there along with about half of the towns alcohol supply. I was driving though, so I decided against the beer. I was having a really great time though and everyone else was drinking, so I decided to have just one beer. *One beer was nothing.* I could still drive if I only drank one. After I finished it, my best friend found me and told me her mom called and needed her home. So we left.

We both got in the car and I was feeling good. I turned the music on and began to drive away. After about ten minutes or so my phone went off in my pocket. I put it on vibrate because the party was so loud I wouldn't of been able to hear it go off. I reached into my pocket for my phone and got it out almost instantly. I saw that I had received a text message from my mom, so I opened it...

After that everything went in slow motion almost like time had stopped in this moment. I looked up and saw a car heading straight toward us. I was stunned immediately like a deer caught in headlights. I could hear my best friend screaming with full throttle beside me and then the window shield shattered into a thousand pieces. I could feel the sharp, rigid ends of the glass cutting into my face and my body hitting the air bag so hard I couldn't breathe. My chest felt like it was caving in and I could feel my ribs cracking.

After what felt like a life time, it was over. I looked over to see if my best friend was alright, but she wasn't there. I could feel my whole body tense up and I had become hysterical. *I had to find her.* Where could she have gone? I looked over to see the seat belt hadn't even been touched. *She wasn't wearing it.* I unbuckled so fast it was like the speed of light. I didn't feel pain. All I knew was that I had to find her. My door had been crushed in and there was no use in trying to open it, so I crawled through where the windshield used to be. When I got out, I instantly saw her; she was lying lifeless on the

ground. *She was thrown from the car.* I ran to her and dropped to my knees. I was screaming out her name with such force my voice began to crack. She didn't move she didn't even blink. She was just lying there lifeless; her pale blue eyes wide opened and glazed over. When you looked into those empty eyes, you could still see the fear she felt. My eyes began to flood with tears like water breaking through a dam. My body began to shake and I screamed. I screamed her name. I screamed for help. I just screamed. *I knew she was dead and I knew it was entirely my fault.* I lay next to her because my body was all out of energy. I could feel the warm oozing blood dripping down from my forehead into my face. I could now feel all of the pain from my chest and I had discovered I was also bleeding from my stomach too. I put both my hands over my stomach wound to stop the bleeding, but there was no use. In what seemed like a minute I was laying there in a pool of my own blood. My body started to shake again and then I began to convulse. My heart was pounding so hard I could feel it against my broken chest. My vision began to blur and then it ALL WENT BLACK.

I never thought it could happen to me ...

Nobody does, but it did.

All it took was one drink, one misally text message, one minute of carelessness, and one reckless mistake to not only ruin my life, but to also ruin the life of my best friend and all of our families lives.

All it took was one.

All it takes is one.

Don't be the *ONE* that drinks that *one* drink; that reads that *one* text message; that is careless for that *one* minute, and makes that *one* reckless mistake because all it takes is just *ONE*.

DON'T BE THAT *ONE* & ARRIVE ALIVE.