

He woke up from dreaming and put on his shoes, and started to make his way to the door. He hadn't been normal for days. Opening the door, he leans with the breeze, his mind returns to his Sunday, and he falls to his knees. A few tears leaked from his eyes, and he closed them slowly. It was the paper on his doorstep read, "Teen Dies From Drunk Driver." He stood up slowly, staring at the paper through teary eyes. His best friend, Matt Baker, had died, his name plastered in the papers like it was an award, and a sickness sunk deep into Jack's stomach. Slowly, the young man stood, and he took a deep breath, getting into a car, to go to his friend's funeral. . .

The room was crowded with people that knew Matt dearly, school members, family, and friends. Jack lingered back, into the shadows of the church, a deep frown set on his young face. He watched Matt's mother cry, her face buried in her hands, his father rubbing her back with a pale face, and his little sister, Elise, sucking on her thumb, blissfully unaware of her brother's passing. The casket was closed, he was sure because of the mess he had become. As the people wandered, chatting, Jack waited patiently, but with a wounded heart. The people settled, and at last, a man called Jack to speak. Slowly, the young man walked to the stand, looking over the saddened faces, the broken hearts on their sleeves.

"I can't believe it happened," Jack started, listening to a few snuffle. "I never knew, when I was watching those movies in Driver's Ed, that I could, and would be one of those kids, who had to watch their best friends die." Jack cleared his throat, feeling the sting of tears in his eyes, and a lump harden in his throat. "I loved Matt Baker, like a brother, he was my best friend, and it's so hard to believe he's gone. Matt and I knew we'd never drink and drive, or text, or anything, to make sure we didn't distract ourselves from the road, so we could get home safely. But the driver that killed Matt, didn't consider that. Apparently, his alcohol level was two times over the amount to be legally drunk." Jack pulled back, tears pouring from his eyes, and he trembled. "Matt was driving home from school, after a football game, and he was hit dead on by the driver." Jack's lower lip trembled, and he stared into the faces of the heart broken. "I can't believe someone would do that...How could they?" Jack finally pulled himself from the stand, crying heavily. Most of the crowd had lost it, crying loudly as well.

So tell me, if your kid was killed in a car crash by a drunk driver, wouldn't you feel the same? So why drink and drive? You could kill someone's kid...