

Hey mom, hey dad,

I just wanted to tell you that I'm laying here thinking of you and everyone else. No, I'm not laying in my bed, in someone else's bed, nor am I laying in a hammock or anything else comfy. I'm laying on the pavement, soon to be a stretcher, and I can tell just from the pain that most likely a coffin later. I'm trying my hardest, using all of my strength to stay awake and I just thought I'd let you know it wasn't my fault, I was actually the responsible one, I tried saving people with my actions, but I was the only the one I couldn't save tonight, kind of ironic huh?

I went to a party last night, the first one ever. There were a lot of people there, including almost all my friends, there was music, swimming, dancing, soda, and alcohol. There were a lot of people drinking, of course, because it was a graduation party, but there were a few not drinking, the goody-two-shoes people, including me. I was there to help control people, to make sure they didn't drink and drive, so they could arrive alive. With the dancing, the girls, and the laughter I had lost track of time and before I knew it, it was 1 am. I, along with everybody else decided it was time to leave. I packed my car full of kids to make sure not a lot got in cars with drunk drivers. Most of the drunk ones were staying the night, so at least they made one responsible choice, but there were a few drunks driving tonight and I wished like crazy that they would arrive alive where ever they were going.

Here I am driving down the road with a car full of noisy friends talking about how great the party was. I didn't mind though, I would rather be irritated with obnoxious friends, that are semi-drunk, rather than be worrying about their life. Up ahead I see a car coming around the corner and they're on my side of the road. They swerve back and forth along the road and I start slowing down as the car gets closer. My friends still have no idea the car is coming but the car manages to stay on its side of the road as it goes by. As my heart rate slows, I figured it was someone who was drunk that forgot something at the party, and they were returning to get it. I managed to drop off all the kids except for one. The feeling of knowing they got home safe was great mom and

dad, but I still had that one last person. I forgot all about him and remembered he lived back towards the party I came from. As I neared a corner, the same one I almost got in a crash, I became more alert and careful. I saw a car coming, but this one didn't swerve at all, so I let my guard down. As the car got closer and closer I realized it was one of my best friends. Suddenly I saw his face light up as he looked at his phone. His car crossed the line so fast I couldn't react and....and we hit each other. I started flipping through the air, over and over and over. Suddenly I stopped, I must have hit a tree, a pole, a sign, or something. I see my best friend's car had stopped where we collided and he was now running toward me screaming into his phone, then it all went black....

I woke up with flashing blue lights, EMT's, and firetrucks all around me. My best friend was holding my hand saying "I'm so sorry! Please stay awake, you can make it, I know you can. Remember how you used to say you've almost died 14 times already in your life? Well just make this 15. You gotta hold on." Through my swollen face and bloody eyes, I could see the tears were mixing with the blood, both running down his cheeks. I could see my passenger sitting in the ambulance with a beaten face and some temporary butterfly stitches. I started fading in and out of consciousness, my friend screaming at the EMT's to hurry up, being put in the ambulance, the medic's working on me, then all back...just nothing mom and dad. It's funny how life works. How I nearly avoided an accident with a drunk driver, someone from my class I probably didn't know too well, but then died from one of my best friends for a text message. It's funny how the good die young and the responsible usually pay the most.