

Arrive Alive

It was a Saturday night, I had promised not to drink. I was going to be the sober friend. Available if anyone needed a ride home. I promised my parents I wouldn't even take one sip of a drink, I just wanted to go hangout with my friends. As the night went on though, it was hard for me to ignore everyone having so much fun without me. I started to feel like I was left out, and I never really liked being left out. No one does really.

I wanted to catch up, fast. Friends began to hand me beers, and offer me shots, not knowing I was supposed to drive myself home in an hour. I was a little worried, wondering if I'd be able to drive safely home. The excitement of my friends and my slightly impaired mind began to outweigh that cautious thought though. I kept drinking, and drinking, with my only worry being the hangover I'd have in the morning. The whole part about having to drive didn't cross my mind for that next hour.

I got a text from my mom a while later, reminding me to be home before curfew. I grabbed my coat and my purse, but I couldn't seem to find my keys. Anywhere. It was a bad sign, that I couldn't even remember where I put my keys. How was I going to remember to drive home safely? I didn't have a choice. I had to get home on time. After a few minutes I found them on a table, and it was time to face quite possibly the hardest challenge of my life.

I backed out of the driveway, managing not to hit anything on my way out. I was thinking that maybe this wouldn't be that hard. I'll be just fine. But as I continued to drive, something cool happened. I started to feel like I was behind the wheel of a video game. My vision was slightly blurred and everything was moving so fast. I was zooming past the other opponents. Oops! -10 points for hitting that mailbox. +5 points for avoiding that pedestrian. It felt like the coolest video game I've ever played.

But something went wrong. I suddenly wasn't driving anymore. I was hanging from my seatbelt, looking at trees upside down. For a second I snapped back to reality, long enough to feel immense pain that was centered at my skull and radiated through my body. I tried to call for help, but I just didn't have the energy. With tears flooding my eyes, and my legs beginning to go numb, all I wanted to do was tell my parents I loved them one more time, and to apologize for drinking and driving when I promised them I wouldn't. I wanted to tell my friends that it wasn't their fault for giving me drinks, it was my fault for drinking when I knew I had to drive. One avoidable mistake cost me my whole life. I'll never get to attend one of the ivy schools I was applying to, I'll never get married, or have the son and daughter I had always hoped for.

No parents should ever have to bury their child, but because of my mistake, my parents will be doing just that.

While everyone was in church Sunday morning praising God, my parents were left in rage with him, wondering why I had to be taken so soon. All because of my stupid decision to drink and drive, I was unable to arrive alive.