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Arrive Alive

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Don't Drink And Drink: Arrive Alive

The night I decided to drive drunk was the last night of my childhood. I left my house around five and went to a buddy's house. The original plan for the night was to work on a project with my two closest friends. We got really hungry and decided to go out to eat. We chose Buffalo Wild Wings as our destination, right next door to an agency liquor store. Still a normal night, just driving around looking for something to do. After a while of driving for nothing, we went back home and finished up our project, leaving us with straight boredom. We got talking about how there were a bunch of parties tonight. We had never drunk or smoked before, and I thought it would be something cool to do as a senior. That night, I made the worst decision of my life.

My friend asked his brother to get us alcohol. Like I said, we didn't know anything about drinking so we asked him to get us his favorite drink. He came out of the liquor store with a fifth of Triple Sec and Tennessee Whisky. I was sweating and very nervous. After he gave it to us we went to the closest trail we knew of and started hiking in. We walked about 100 yards when we saw a treehouse overlooking a field. We decided to try out our liquor here. All our parents were very strict and would've found out if we had done it at any of our houses. The first shot was disgusting, I wanted to throw up. After about four or five I was not doing well. It hit me like a brick wall. Both my friends were decently sober because they were really shy about drinking it, but they were still feeling it.

The oldest of us three, Derek, who was nineteen and a senior, told us that his sister was having a college party about twenty minutes from where we were. I wanted to be cool and go to a college party, we all did. We walked back to the car and I tried my best to hide my drunkenness. I hopped in the driver's seat because it was my car after all. My senses were enhanced but in a bad way. I could feel myself

sweating through my shirt just sitting there. My friends were getting worried. I told them not to be and that I was perfectly good to drive. I thought I was invincible. I thought if I didn't get caught then nothing would happen. I felt that if I told them that I couldn't drive that I'd let them down. Instead of doing the right thing and the thing that would save people's lives, I decided to drive.

I backed the car up fine and started driving down the road. Derek and Josh were both asleep after five minutes of driving which was no surprise. With nobody to talk to and a faulty car radio, I sat in silence. I could taste the sweat rolling off my forehead into my mouth, I could feel the nausea set in. I was drunk and I knew it. I kept thinking to myself, I'm invincible, I won't get drunk off a few shots, I'm tougher than that. No. I was drunk. Instead of keeping my eyes on the road and watching for other cars, I was thinking about how drunk I was. No other distractions but my own mind.

Next thing I remember, I hear a horn that sounded so similar to a clown horn. I was driving directly into oncoming traffic. With no time to get out of the way, my life flashed before my eyes. "KABOOM", then silence. The most horrific thing I had ever done. I slammed head first into a mother of 3 with one of her daughters in the front seat. Dead upon arrival of the ambulance and rescue. That was it, that mistake defined not only the rest of my life but the rest of the other family's too. Don't drink and drive, arrive alive.