

The dark, back roads, of Gorham are dimly lit by the faint headlights of my 2006 Mazda. The blasting of the 'High School Musical' soundtrack drowns out the sound of the rain as it throws itself against the windshield. My sister/my best friends sits next to me as we sing each word, off key, but in perfect unison.

I reach for my phone to snap a video to all my friends of how cute Rachel and I are. One, two, one, two. I unlock my phone and scroll between pages looking for that familiar yellow icon. All the apps look the same, in the glow of my dash lights. Finally, my eyes and thumb find the white ghost icon...ready to record just as the road is suddenly lit by much more than my headlights and my sisters off-key singing has turn to high pitch screaming. It fades to black.

The faces of my parents leaning over my body come into focus. They look older, sad, battered. Their eyes are filled with pure sorrow. They hug; it's a sight I haven't seen in years. My body aches in pain, I have never felt so weak. I manage to release a faint sentence. "Where is Rachel?". Tears begin to stream down from already puffy eyes. My mom stumbles back into the chair beside my bed. My dad hugs me. I can't take it. "Where is she?", I say, with desperation but I already knew. "They tried their best to save her," my mom says between sobs,

"she's gone, Caroline". The bruises, cuts and breaks are nothing compared to the pain in my stomach, head and my heart.

It hurts to breathe. Rach and I had always talked about how hard it would be when I leave for college. No more sister sleepovers, no more Sunday breakfast together, no more late night movies. We would be locked into facetime and quick visits over school breaks. As I slip the black tights over my feet, I cry. What I would give for a hug from my little sister. No more anything.

The church doors open and there, at the front, is a blown up picture of her beautiful smile. Everyone had said we always looked like twins, but the picture looks different now. She shines in beauty. I almost feel as though she's looking directly, at me; through me. Did she know how much I loved her? Did she know how much I need her in my life? I didn't mean for any of this to happen. How will I survive this? Why didn't I die, too?

I am too weak to speak I sit and try to listen. It's hard to hear anything over the voices in my mind. Suddenly, a loud noise interrupts my thoughts. It's ringing through my body. A fire drill in a church? What is going on? "Caroline!". My eyes burst open. I'm laying in my warm, cozy bed. "Get up, we're gonna be late for school," Rachel says as she unlocks my phone to disable

my alarm. I snap to me feet and fling my arms around her. She squirms her way out of my hug but I know that she loves it. "I love you; you know that ,right?" I say as she walks out of my room. "Love you,too" she says and she smirks over her shoulder. "But, I would love you a lot more if we weren't late".

Just because it was a dream doesn't mean it isn't a possibility.

Texting and impaired driving are the things that we think about when we hear about "distracted driving". For us teens, "snapchatting" and taking pictures or videos while driving can be fatal. "Just one second to send a snapchat" is so much more than one second. Is sending a doggy-filtered snap more important than arriving alive? Not for me, it isn't!