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Decisions Are Better Made Sober

I woke up to the feeling of nausea and a headache. The curtains were drawn, yet the room was still fairly dim. I attempted to sit up, but nothing happened. I tried again. Nothing, absolutely nothing happened. It's at this moment I realized I couldn't feel a thing. Screams erupted from my mouth ending in a raspy cough. The door swung open and three nurses rushed in.

Two weeks earlier, I was heading to a friend's house. We were going to have a huge party with a ton of friends and get drunk. Everyone always gets too drunk to drive, so I am always the designated driver. I remember going to the party and arriving but nothing after. Apparently the punch was alcoholic and I didn't notice. I got so drunk that night I blacked out. My drunk friends had to drive me home.

On the way home the person driving was swerving all over the road. Luckily the road was wide enough so the cars in the other lane could dodge the vehicle we were in. The person driving us home was too drunk to read any of the signs causing him to drive way too fast. He didn't see the red light at the intersection. Without slowing down he went through the intersection and barely missed another car. The delayed reaction of our drunk driver caused him to swerve away from the other car after we had already passed the other car. At that point we slid off the road and went straight into a telephone pole. The pole killed everyone in the car instantly except for me. We were going 100 miles per hour when we collided with the pole.

Now I sit here paralyzed from the neck down for the rest of my life: trapped in this prison I call my body. Never again can I feel the warmth of a hug or the hardness of the ground beneath me. No future left for me; I am completely useless. Assistance from another person is necessary at all times in order to just live. Five lives could have been saved that day if people had made better decisions.