

Lauren Barden

Period 1

11/13/18

Arrive Alive

It's five o'clock on a Friday night. Coach blew her whistle to start our drill of Queens, a passing drill. Bump, set, spike! "Nice kill Lauren!" yells coach. I was on a roll with eight kills today. I played the outside position and my twin sister Lily played the middle. We're always together, joined by our inseparable bond and love for the sport. Our team was loud, calling the ball and encouraging one another so that an error would not occur. All of us were preparing for the state championship coming up next Saturday. We've had an undefeated season and it felt like nothing could stop us.

This particular Friday night was special. We got invited by the football team to go to a small party. It's a big no-no to do something like this during the season and in general, but we all felt like we had been overworked and needed to let loose for a bit. Everyone was going so we all thought, why not.

It was dark when we pulled into the driveway. Travis Scott's new album was loud, ringing through my ears. Only my small friend group from the volleyball team decided to go to this party, so we decided to make some new friends. Red solo cups cluttered the kitchen island, all filled with substances I knew I wasn't supposed to drink. The linebacker named Joey, walked up to my friends and I and he asked if we were going to take a drink. Everyone else had one so we all repeated our motto from earlier that night, why not. The pungent liquid burned as it raced down my throat. I got a sudden feeling of fun and excitement. This was a new thing for me, I didn't know how to feel about it.

The rest of the night was relatively a blur to me. I remember meeting and mingling with a few people. I stumbled my way to my car that we carpoled to the party with. I climbed into the back seat and waited until someone got into the car to drive us all home. I was definitely not fit to drive and neither were my friends. The kicker Alex, walked up to my car a while later with my keys in his hand. He got in and started to drive. The ride was bumpy from the dirt road and very dark. I was jolted awake and began to feel myself getting glued to the back of my seat as the vehicle sped up. What previously felt like thirty mph ended up being sixty-five. The car quickly veered left then right. I then noticed Alex was just as impaired as we were and I would be lucky to make it out alive.

The car now felt like it was going as fast as a racecar. Zoom, the exhaust rumbled and we served into the oncoming lane. A car was coming toward us, and at this rate, no amount of braking could stop us from an impact. I remembered back to my physics class earlier that day and how we were learning about Newton's Laws of Motion, specifically his third one. It states that "For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction." I thought for that fraction of a second I had, whatever happens to us is going to be just as bad on them.

I woke up in a foreign bed, being wheeled down a long, white and sterile smelling hallway. People were yelling terms I had heard on Grey's Anatomy and Scrubs. Measuring by the pain radiating throughout my body, I definitely knew something wrong. Before I could think about my injuries, my vision went blurry and everything went black.

I woke up groggy and in immense pain. Lily, "where is Lily?" I kept asking. Both my parents were at the foot of the hospital bed sobbing. I knew then, Lily wasn't ok. I wasn't ok. Lily is my twin sister. We do everything together. She is my other half. Mind my was chaos and

my thoughts went to the worst. Was she really gone? As the anesthesia began to wear off, my parents and the doctors started to explain everything to me. They were talking about how the only reason I survived was because I was in the backseat. They also mentioned that Lily and Alex were killed on impact because of the speed of the vehicle and the angle of the impact. “So she is really gone?” I asked all of them. “Yes honey, Lily is really gone. I'm so sorry sweetie.” my mom responded.

Who was I going to walk with at graduation or room with in college. Her future was ruined all from a simple careless act that could've easily been prevented. “What now?” I kept thinking. She would never be able to grow up and experience life and get married and have kids. I arrived alive, but Lily? This time, she didn't arrive alive.