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Period 3
Ms. Stein

Arrive Alive

My favorite music artist released his new tour dates. I immediately ran downstairs to tell my mom. The closest concert was in Boston, just 20 minutes away from where my best friend was attending college. When I told my mom, all I got for a response was “How will you get there?” Of course, I got irritated.

“I’ll drive to Emma’s school, and then we can take a train to Boston. It’s not that complicated Mom.”

“Don’t give me that tone of voice, and maybe I’ll think about it.”

3 months later:

“Bye Mom, I’ll call you on my way there, and when I arrive.”

My parents had agreed to let me go to the concert with Emma, and we were both excited for the night’s festivities.

At 3 pm I got to Emma’s school. I went to her dorm and met all her friends and her roommate.

At 3:30 pm we decided it was time to get ready for the concert. At one point, her roommate opened the mini fridge and pulled out a bottle of alcohol, suggesting that we have some before we leave. Emma and I jumped at the idea, and started drinking.

At 3:45 I realized I was going to have to drive, and I was already three shots deep. “Emma, I can’t have any more. I need to drive us into Boston to go to the concert,” She looked at me like I was crazy. “Oh calm down, and have some fun! We’re going to get there just fine.”

We stumbled down the four flights of stairs that it took to get to the main floor at 5 pm when we decided to leave. I dropped my keys when we stepped outside, and we burst into laughter. Neither of us could figure out if it was actually funny, or if the alcohol was taking us over.

“Okay, okay. Lets go,” the words stumbled out of my mouth.

3 hours later:

Beep, beep, beep. Click, click, click.

My head was ringing, and I couldn't open my eyes. My body was heavy and limp, nothing was moving. There was footsteps and voices around me. I was able to squeak out a tiny noise, not really knowing what I was trying to say.

“Erin? Can you hear me,” it was an unfamiliar voice, “I will go get your parents, they're around here somewhere!”

“Oh my gosh!” I heard my mom running in, and I got enough strength to open my eyes.

Everyone explained to me that while we were driving, I rear ended a stopped car at 65 mph. No one in the front car was injured, just minor scratches. I, however, had a major concussion and had to have surgery to repair my femur.

“Where is Emma?” those were the first words I was able to fully say.

“She is in the next room,” the doctor explained, “She has suffered a concussion and has lacerations all over. Her neck was also injured due to the impact of the airbags, and the whiplash.”

Emma's parents were on the way, my head was going everywhere, and I had no idea what I was going to say to them. My parents ensured me that they would handle it, just this once. Emma and I had tests done, concluding that I had a BAC of 0.07% and Emma had 0.08%.

I got my license taken away for 6 months, and had no car when I got it back. We both had to go through physical therapy for many months, costing our parents thousands of dollars. We stopped talking as much once she went back to school, she was mad at me for crashing and I felt guilty for what I had done. We both made a mistake, and should have realized it before it was too late. Always get help if you need it, and do not drink and drive.