

Olivia Albert

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An Open Letter To Alcohol

I write this letter to remind myself what you have done. To remind myself of the danger that you cause behind the wheel. To remind me of the heartache that you have brought to me, and so many others. My best friend, used to spend nights wrapped around your finger. Tipping the bottle back and forth letting the hard liquid burn down her throat, slowly reaching her blood, turning it boiling hot. She would look at me with doubt in her gray eyes, wondering why I did not let you consume my weekends too. I told her that drinking did not interest me, but that I would always be there for her if she ever needed a ride. I made it clear, that no matter how late it was, I would pick her up, because I never wanted her to drink and drive.

But you, you knew she thought that you protected her. You lead her to believe that with you in her hand, everything would be okay. The sad thing is, I envy you, because you made her smile like no one else could, but still I hate you for what you have done.

On that summer night, mid May, you took her from me. She believed that you could get her home safe, because you made her feel so confident. And though you probably consumed her vision, breathing and moral decision making, she still should have known that driving while drunk could end her life. But she still did it. Because of you.

I never thought in all of my happiest and saddest days, that I would be burying my best friend before her mother and father. While I shed many tears that day, I will never forget the river rolling down her mother's face when she was lifted into the ground. No mother, or father should ever have to leave this world before their child.

What makes me wince, is that her last breath undoubtedly smelled like you, strong and menacing. While I know it was her decision to get in the car, I can't help but blame you for influencing her poor decisiveness. She never had a chance with you running through her veins.

Alcohol, you took my best friend. I can't help but express my hate when the only thing I can think about is what her last few seconds of life might have been like. Was she sad? Was she in pain? I try to avoid thinking about how her car was crumbled like tinfoil within seconds. There was no winning when it came to you, only eternal darkness.

Through many nights of lying awake wondering why she chose you over her own life, I am bitter to say that I have come to the conclusion that you have actually taught me one good thing. To never drink and drive, and always arrive alive.