

***Morning:***  
**6:07 AM**

It was a cold November morning. Normally at this point in the morning I'm asleep. But it's Sunday, a day dedicated to watching football. Today, I would be driving down to Foxborough for the Patriots game with some friends. The night before I could barely sleep I was so excited. I waited for my friend Martin Perez to pull up in his new Ford F150. He pulled up as I gathered my belongings and helped him put my Weber grill on the flatbed. A few minutes later, I pulled out of my driveway, picking up three more friends along the way. This was going to be a great day.

**6:36 AM**

We pulled up to Cumberland Farms in Scarborough. My friends went inside to pick up some beer and snacks while I filled the tank. They come out about 5 minutes later with two 12 packs of Coors Light, three 12 packs of Bud Light, a 16 pack of Molson Canadian, and some snacks. Recently we all turned 21, so we are were legally aged. I pulled out onto Payne Road and hopped on I-95 South towards Kittery.

**7:03 AM**

As we passed Exit 19 into Wells, Martin opened a can of Coors. I objected him drinking this early, but I didn't want to cause a fuss. So I didn't say anything. My other buddies; Brandon, Jimmy and Josh opened some as well.

**7:16 AM**

As we passed over the Piscataqua Bridge into New Hampshire, my friends complained of having to use the restroom. I remembered there being a rest stop a few miles down the road.

**7:21 AM**

I pulled over at New Hampshire Liquor and Wine outlet. Since they had a few drinks already, they suggested replacing the ones they had already drank with a few more packs of Coors.

**8:29 AM**

I took exit 15A into Dedham MA to meet my friend Angelo who bought the tickets for us. After talking for a few, I drove down route 1A into Norwood and turned left down Washington street towards Gillette Stadium.

***Foxborough:***

**9:23 AM**

I turned right onto Route 1 from Water street and pulled over at the Rodman Lot. After I paid the \$60 parking fee to the usher, I was directed to the rear of the lot. We drank and ate meat until it was time to make the long trek to the stadium.

**4:48 PM**

Tom Brady and the gang rallied up 34 points to beat the Jets 34 - 10. I missed most of the game because I fell asleep from drinking so much. My buddies and I made it back to our tailgate, drank more beer and grilled some glazed donuts. We waited for traffic to clear and finished the last of the beer. We made our way down route 1 towards I-95. We had agreed that Martin would drive home. Boy was that a mistake.

***The Accident:***

**7:48 PM**

We were driving down the Yankee Division Highway, making good time. We must have been in Newton because we pulled over at a rest stop for Brandon to pee. A few minutes later we were on our way back to Maine.

### **8:02 PM**

As we drove down the off ramp, I said my thoughts out loud, "Why are there so many white lights in our way?" It took a few seconds for us to realize Martin was driving on the wrong side of the road. Martin had already begun to speed up. A few seconds later we collided head on with another car. I saw white for a few seconds, then nothing...

### ***Hospital:***

#### ***Monday:***

I woke to the sound of a faint beep. I happened to look down at myself. By God, It looked as if Wolverine had just torn up my chest. Nurses were operating on my head, I felt dizzy. I didn't remember much until that afternoon. I was nearly fully bandaged and in pain. It felt like a million knives were being sliced through my body. I lay in the bed, thoughtless. A little while later, an officer from the Massachusetts State Police came to ask me a few questions. At first she asked a few questions to see if I was all right. I obviously wasn't but I said I was ok. After a long conversation, she asked if I could write down what had happened throughout the day leading up to the accident. She left and said she would be back in the morning to check on me. I had nothing better to do, so I began to write. After writing for maybe an hour, I felt tired from the pain and put my thoughts aside. Falling asleep a few moments later.

### ***The News:***

#### ***Tuesday:***

After being up for a few hours. A strange feeling of curiosity tempted me to look at the newspaper. The front page stated, "*Star Athlete, One of Five Killed in Massachusetts Accident, One Other Hospitalised*". As I read further, The following names were addressed, Martin Perez (21) Cornish ME, James Lopez (21) Gorham ME, Brandon Williams (21) Gorham ME, Joshua Collins (21) of Scarborough ME, and Tom Brady (40) San Mateo, CA. I was in shock... I didn't know what to say... I ultimately thought about the franchise. We had just killed the star player in the NFL. Would the Patriots be able to keep atop the league? Then I thought about the fans, would they be devastated and as angry as I was? Would they come after me for killing the franchise? We had let New England down. This will be always be remembered as the day Tom Brady was killed by a drunk driver. I was stressed.

An obituary was written weeks later. It read "Four dead after accident. One died later from further stress in hospital." Further initiative was taken with a campaign to further prevent accidents. In this campaign, everyone must question oneself. Will I "Arrive Alive?"