

## Arrive Alive

Reality slowly clicked in, I remembered the bright lights, my eyes growing wide as if they were in slow motion, and not reacting soon enough. I was seated in the driver's seat, one hand on the wheel. My other was reaching to the back seat, feeling the seat cushions, searching for my phone that I heard go off moments before. I remember now. Emily had texted me about the party and to not leave her hanging all alone with a bunch of random people. I knew the drive and each road I turned on and its characteristics, I had been on them hundreds of times before, so taking a moment to look at the few texts she had sent me didn't worry me. Suddenly I hear honking, I whipped my head around, bright white light were glaring right at me. I was over the yellow line almost half the car into the other lane. I quickly gripped the wheel and pulled to the right, settling into my lane. My whole body is shaken up. "That could've been so bad" repeated in my head.

After a few minutes my anxiousness left and I was focused on getting to Emily and the party safely. Slowly but surely my mind wandering off again to my phone and if anyone had posted anything about the party or the texts coming in. I did a quick scan to see if I could find it after I dropped it who knows where earlier. A reflection caught my eye on the passenger side floor. I look back at the road before shifting my body to reach out for my phone, after a few attempts I finally have my phone in my hand. I turned my head back to the road from the backseat and saw the truck. My car was quickly leading over the yellow line with my guidance. The truck honked before almost driving off the road to avoid me. I gripped the wheel with both hands before swerving right as hard as I could. The whole car started to spin, I'm still gripping the steering wheel as I felt impact to my head before ending up half in the ditch. I felt my eyes close out of fright. Warmth fills my head as my vision goes black, falling out of consciousness.

*Emily opened her phone and clicked Dela's name to call one more time. She said she would be here at least 30 minutes ago. Dela was my best friend but it seemed weird that I was the only one concerned, there was a house full of people and no one questioned her being late to the party. I mean I guess people come later or something might've come up. The call went to voicemail. I'm overreacting, it's fine, she'll get here when she gets here. But it says she read my text earlier...was she mad at me? I push the questioning aside when someone hands me a drink. I feel my phone vibrate and I let it go off for a few seconds before putting my cup down to walk away to answer it. I don't read the name to assume it's Dela finally calling to apologize and say she's on her way.*

*"Dela get your butt here right now, you're missing everything!" I say into the phone before getting cut off.*

*"Emily, it's Dela's mom," my eyes went wide, "She got in an accident, we're on our way to her now, please tell me you can find a ride to the hospital I know she would feel better waking up to you there." I could hear the pain in her voice, it took me a few moments to come out of shock.*

*"Of course, god is she okay? Please tell me she's okay"*

*"For now, we don't know much I'll tell you everything when you get there"*

*I hung up the phone with tears in my eyes, how could I be so foolish? I raced back into the party to find someone to drive me.*

I open my eyes to faint white looking lights above me, I realize they're stars. Suddenly I could feel my body, the cold. Aware of the pain. Pain everywhere. I tried to shift but I couldn't move my head without feeling the heaviness and pressure. There were straps on me, I feel

padding with my hands and realize i'm on a stretcher. Tears began to stream out of my eyes as I fill with fear. Moving my head the tiniest bit I could, I saw flashing lights, red and blue. Voices surrounding me, none of them familiar, a man in uniform comes into my view. "Everything's going to be alright Dela, you were in an accident" he begins to tell me before someone's hand catches my attention. My mom's hand wiped my tears as the other held mine. "You're okay baby," she says comforting me as we been to move to the ambulance. "You're gonna be okay." "I'm sorry, I got distracted, I didn't mean for this." I say almost calling out to her as two men lift the stretcher in a hurry. "I know, I believe you" she settles next to me, I begin to fade out again as the drive to the hospital begins. To arrive alive, an easy task, don't make it a challenge with distractions.