

Andrew Rent

Mrs. Stein

P6 English

29 October 2019

### Arrive Alive

It's a typical Thursday night. Summer is coming to a close, and college is quickly approaching. My friends and I are wrapping up another wing night at Buffalo Wild Wings. My parents are out of town for a long weekend, so I tell the boys they can come hangout at my house. "Can we drink, dude?" Brad asks, hopefully. "Yeah, I don't really care," I respond. "Sweet," as he proceeds to text a bunch of people and before I know it, I am hosting a party. At this point I still don't care. I'm pretty laid back and maybe I'll have a drink or two, but I know I won't let anything crazy happen. Almost everyone came with a designated driver, so I didn't have to worry about that. I was happy to have one last party with all my friends before I left for college, it was a good memory to have. At least, I thought it was going to be.

A few hours in, the trouble starts to kick in. One of Brad's invitees is completely out of it and is talking to a guy who seems to know what he is trying to do. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" demands my other friend, Stephen. Stephen's had a few drinks, but isn't that fazed. "None of your business," he says, starting to get under Stephen's skin. Shoving him, Stephen says, "Oh, I think it is!" The next thing I know, a fight breaks out between my friends, Brad, Stephen, and Jake and the friends of Brad's invitee. After a few minutes I am able to break things up and kick the instigators out. It took about a half an hour, but finally the dust settled and

my friends were able to relax. I was happy to just chill out now, assuming that the trouble for the night had passed without too much harm done.

People start heading home around 2 a.m. and I tell my friends that they can just crash here. They all seem pretty drunk and I don't want them in any danger. My friends agree and start to get ready for bed. We made it through the night without any harm... "Oh crap!" exclaims Brad, "I'm dead if my parents find out I spent the night." "Is it really that big of a deal?" I asked. Quickly gathering his stuff, he says, "Yeah you don't understand, they'll get really mad." "It's okay, Andrew, I can bring him home. *I'm fine*," Stephen chimes in. "Yeah, I might as well just go home too," Jake adds. I try to convince them to stay, but my half-hearted efforts don't prevail. "Drive safe. Talk to you later," I tell them.

I woke up the next morning and started to pick up all the trash from the night before. I text my friends to see what they're up to this weekend. It takes me a good two hours to finish cleaning up. I still hadn't heard from my friends, but I just figured they were still asleep. My parents got home around 3:00 p.m. "Andrew, have you heard?" they ask, frantically. "Heard what?" I respond. "Your friends got into a crash last night," they say. "Oh no," I think to myself. "What happened?" I ask, nervously. "They went off the road... I'm so sorry, Andrew, they didn't make it," they answer. I never would see my friends again. Don't be like me. Be a good friend; don't let your friends drink and drive, make sure they arrive alive.