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Fallen Tree

“We are good, she is so far asleep right now and she wouldn’t wake up to anything.”

Those were the words I told Lydia shortly before we turned off the locations on our phones so our parents could no longer track our whereabouts for the rest of the night. Taking off our old sweatpants and oversized sweatshirts that we wore so my parents didn’t suspect anything. We put a fresh coat of makeup on our face, concealing our under eye bags because it was 1 a.m., and after we were ready Lydia checked the location of our friends, and they were already all at the party. Leaving through the rusty basement bulkhead door that had chipped red paint coated on it so we wouldn’t leave a trace, we made it to the party within 20 minutes.

It was the biggest party of the year, thrown by the most popular, senior star football player. Lydia didn’t want to go in the first place but I told her that if we didn’t, we would never be invited to anything else again. Plus, I heard that the guy I have liked for a year is going to be there. We could hear the music blaring from the house halfway down the street, but that only made me excited because this was the first party I have ever been to before. Walking in, we both got handed alcoholic beverages that we had to drink to get in. Hesitant, we both took it.

There were about twenty people there, and no parents were in sight. We already had our DD planned out, our friend at the party nicely offered to drop us off on her way home. Two hours later I couldn’t walk in a straight line, no matter how hard I tried. We were all going crazy: running around the house, and dancing on every piece of furniture in the house.

I can still remember Lydia's face when she came running into the living room where I was yelling singing my favorite song that was blasting through the speakers. After I saw the complete fear on her face, I asked her what was wrong. "We need to leave right now," she said, "the police are here." We managed to escape through the back door before the cops could see us. We could not find our friend who previously offered to take us home so we thought the only option was my car. My keys were already in the car because that's where I previously left them. Luckily my car had a push to start so I didn't have to fit the keys in a hole. Without thinking I stepped on the gas, causing the car to jump start. All I was thinking was that we need to get out of the neighborhood before the cops catch me. I will get into so much trouble. My mom will kill me. Those were my only thoughts going through my head that that time. With little to no control of the wheel, I made my way to the end of the street. "I think we are far from the cops, you can stop now," Lydia said to me. I listened to her and slammed down on the break to stop the car, but shortly I found out it was the gas. With little to no control of anything, the only thing I could see was oncoming traffic coming at my car. No judgment abilities in mind, I could hear Lydia screaming as the car was coming closer. Headlights were flashing in my eyes causing my head to start pulsing. The next thing I remember was the pain. The pain of the seat belt choking my neck trying to save my life. Tears were streaming down my eyes as I asked Lydia if she was okay. There was no response. Complete panic, pain, and shock shot down through my body. Where is my phone?

Twenty minutes after I was sobbing yelling for help, trying to get the glass that came from the window out of my skin, a cop shined a flashlight in my eyes. He asked if there were people in the car, and I managed to mumble the words "my friend is in the other seat." It seemed like an eternity before I was out of the car, and Lydia was pronounced dead on the scene. The one stupid decision I made ruined my whole life. My parents would have not been

as disappointed if I would have no driven. I thought if my parents didn't find out, there wouldn't be a problem. I will never forget the scream of Lydia, it haunts me to this day. I will never forgive myself for driving drunk.