

Jack Van Zandt

Mrs. Stein

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Period 8

Broken, bloody, and beheaded, Joey Anderson is dead. He was 17 with his whole life ahead of him. Plans of attending college, gone. His family and friends, destroyed. His life, over. If I told you all of those terrible things were the result of a 2 second text, would you believe me?

It is 3:45 pm in Gorham, Maine. Football practice starts at 4:00pm, but Joey's 20 minute nap has transitioned to a 3 hour snooze. "Joey! Get up, you're going to be late for football!" his mom yells. Half awake, Joey flings his blanket off his fatigued body and stumbles out of bed. He shoves his football gear into his duffle bag, grabs his car keys and heads for the door. "Bye sweetie, drive safe, I love you." calls out Joey's mom. "I will, I love you too," Joey replies as he scurries out the front door. He tosses his duffle bag in the passenger seat and lifts his tired body into the car. He slams the door shut before he could hear his dad yell at him from across the yard, "Drive safe Joey!" I'll see you when you get home" Joey takes off.

His eyes felt like he had the weight of the world coming down on them. He turned his favorite song up all the way in an effort to keep himself awake. “BZZZZ” “BZZZZ”, Joey receives a text from his best friend, Jack. “Hey, do you want to hang out after practice today?” Joey looks down to read the text. After reading it, he grabs for his phone. When he looks up his heart skips a beat. He had drifted off the side of the road, and with all his might, he straightens his wheel to get back on track. He was awake now, heart pounding, his palms saturated in sweat, and looking around to see if any other drivers saw his near disaster. He was in the clear, he took two deep breaths to relax himself. He then turned right onto Main Street en route to practice. Now he was ready to respond to Jack's text. Keeping his eyes on the road, he steadily reaches for his phone and puts it on his lap. Joey takes his eyes off the road and puts them on his phone for a brief second. He began to type, “Ok, that sounds go...” In those fatal two seconds Joey had drifted into the other lane straight into an 18-wheeler. It sounded as if a bomb has just been set off. Metal flying everywhere, smoke polluting the air. Broken, bloody, and beheaded, Joey Anderson is dead.

If I asked you if two seconds on your phone could kill you, would you believe me now? That two seconds is the difference between your family and friends celebrating your accomplishments, or your family and friends planning

your funeral. It's the difference between you walking this earth, or you being buried in it. It's the difference between you pursuing your dreams and having a future, or you being a memory in the past. Choose life over death, don't text and drive.