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Ms. Stein

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Arrive Alive

Teenage drinking and driving and texting and driving can have a big impact on our lives. Choosing to drink and drive or text and drive can put your life at risk. That one text you *need* to send to your friend or the three beers you had at that party could cost you your life. It can wait.

It was a Saturday night, homecoming. My friends and I were so excited. We planned out the whole day. Get ready at my house, eat dinner, have the boys come over to take pictures, go to homecoming, and then go to the big after party. We wanted everything to be perfect, I mean, it's our last homecoming! Senior year will be over before we know it and we want to make it the best year it can be. The girls came over and we did our makeup and put on our dresses. Finally the boys arrived so we could start taking pictures. After, we all got in separate cars and headed to the dance. We got to the dance and met up with more friends. Everyone was talking about the big after party being held at the captain of the football team's house, knowing his parents were out of town. I figured many people would be going.

After the dance my friends and I went home to change before going to the party. I decided to put on a pair of black ripped jeans, a white tight-fitting t-shirt and my gold belt. I knew Liam was going and I wanted to do anything I could to look my best. Liam is the captain of the soccer team, who I have had a crush on for a while now. Amelia said she would be the designated driver for the night. We all piled in her car and made our way to the party.

Once we turned onto the road of the house the party was at, we could hear the music blasting from five houses down. The whole road was filled with cars and we could barely find a place to park. We walked into the house and it was full of people. Half of the school had to be here. I scanned the room and almost every person I saw had a red solo cup or a beer can in their hand. As I made it further into the house, Liam approaches me holding two beer cans and hands me one. Amelia said she would not drink so she could drive us home safely. *A couple beers wouldn't kill me*, I thought.

An hour into the party, and six beers later, I decide to find my friends. I turned the corner to go into the kitchen and bump into Amelia. She stumbles over spilling beer all over her. This was not good. Amelia was clearly too drunk to drive us and the rest of my friends had been drinking since we got here. I rounded up the rest of my friends and got out before they could drink anymore. The best idea was to call someone to come pick us up. I pulled out my phone to call my brother, but noticed I had no service out here. The house was in the middle of nowhere. Everyone else at the party had been drinking, so I knew none of them could drive us home. We all fell into Amelia's car. I didn't drink as much as everyone else, so I got into the driver's seat. Putting the keys into the ignition I thought to myself, *it's just a short drive, I can do this*.

We pulled out of the street of the house and started moving down the road. Everything was blurry, my grip on the steering wheel tightened. We started to move faster, flying past houses in a sea of darkness. The road felt endless, until it wasn't. I look out to see a faint red light, a stop light. "Stop!" my friends yell. I see a bright light in the corner of my left eye, then complete darkness, the sound of sirens wailing in the distance.