

Peter Richards

Mrs. Stein

ADV English P6

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Booze and Cruise

We were all going to my friend's house because everyone is home from college for the weekend. I knew there would be alcohol there since most of the friends are in college now. I pulled into my friend's driveway around 7:30, and some of the boys have already arrived, and bottles were already in their hands. I haven't seen some of them since August, so it was great to see them. I ask where I can get a beer, and reached into a cooler with an assortment of bottles.

9:30 was when the ladies arrived, doubling the party size. I had a heaving buzz and was still grabbing for more. I haven't done this since summer. I forgot how amazing it felt. I wanted more until I couldn't have anymore. There was one of my favorite artists on the sound system, and my head was pumping. A few hours later, I threw up from too much booze. That was the signal to stop and stumbled back through the door to the couch.

The party had relaxed. The host and his girlfriend and receded to his bedroom, and the party-goers were split between the basement and the living room. I was upstairs, with two ladies and two of the boys. We talked and yelled and told old memories of us in middle and elementary school. We talked of school dances, old crushes, recess, and even the crazy janitor. Everyone upstairs was beginning to become weary. The intoxication feeling was being substituted with fatigue and was only thinking about where I'm going to sleep. There wasn't enough sleeping space for everyone there, so someone had to sleep on the floor. I had a better idea.

I searched for my keys and grabbed my phone charger, thinking I can sober up for the 5-minute drive down the road. I gave a friend my sleeping bag and found my keys in my hoodie I was wearing. I walked outside to my car and put the keys in the ignition. "I can do this," I told myself. "It's a drive down the road. No lefts. No rights. A straight-shot to my house." I turn the keys and started the car. I looked left, right, then left again, and turned onto the road. After a few hundred feet, everything was great. So much easier than I thought. I cruised by a stop sign and all seemed well. Until I saw bright lights to my right.

I woke up a week later in Maine Med ICU. I tried to wiggle and set myself up, but I couldn't. I couldn't feel my legs. I started to think they were gone because there was nothing when I wiggle my toes or move my feet from side to side. I was t-boned by a police officer coming home from his shift. Luckily, he suffered from whiplash and some upper-body issues since its truck was much higher up than my little car. I lost half of my life, and almost took away someone else's due to my carelessness and poor decision to thinking I could drive home on a night I could barely walk up a flight of stairs.