

Ryan Doughty
Drinking and Driving

Arrive Alive

The peaceful morning was interrupted by the sound of the iPhone alarm clock screaming. It was six o'clock sharp and Ryan woke with a jolt. It was finally Friday, the morning was crisp with light frost covering the ground. That October had been especially cold, and on halloween night it was supposed to dip down below freezing. The biggest high school party of the year was happening that weekend. He had been planning on going to this party for a month and had bought extra weed and alcohol. For the past year, his grades had dipped as he began to use more and more. He slowly become dependant on drugs. He was also planning on drinking a lot during the party to show off to his friends.

Ryan left for school that morning. He rushed out of the door because he was five minutes late. Without the chance to say goodbye to mom and dad, he hopped into his Saab and sped off. The booze and weed were in a bag in the back of the car. He was going to a friend's house after school to get ready for the eventful night ahead of him. The day was long and tedious as all he could think about was drinking later on. The bell finally rang, now the fun began. When he got to his friend's house, he drank three beers and smoked some weed. The next few hours were spent drinking and playing video games. After killing a few hours, it was almost time to leave.

The party had started, Ryan got into his car and drove for thirty minutes. Surprisingly, he made it there without causing any damage or harm. He was ten beers deep at this point and unstoppable. After an hour, the party started to die down. At this point, he grew bored and wanted to go for another drive. The tires spun as he left the driveway, his foot was pinned to the floor. He was driving fast and apexing all of the corners. His drunken mindstate saw no harm in driving this recklessly. The temperature had dropped and the damp road started to slick over with light ice. After three short minutes, he crashed. His Saab lost control and crossing the double yellow line in a corner. He went straight into the oncoming car. Little did he know, in the other car was a family of five coming back from grandma and grandpa's house.

The three kids, thirteen year old Chris, ten year old Joe, and five year old Donna were all fast asleep in the back of a GMC Envoy. Mom and dad, Brent and Heather, were talking about the upcoming surprise trip to Disneyland, they were planning to tell the kids on Christmas morning. They had been saving up for the past four years, working extra hours, and making sacrifices to put a few extra dollars aside for the expected joy for their children. They were only five minutes away from home. Brent was exhausted, he woke up at 4:00 that morning to get some overtime. He was a welder and slaved away all day finishing projects. By the end of the day he was drenched in sweat and metal shavings. He was absolutely miserable, but the family vacation was holding him together.

As they made their way home, Brent was excited to finally get some rest. All of this hard work took a toll on him. He began to make his way to a turn in the road, he

dimmed his high beams as he saw another car in the distance coming toward them. Then, the Saab, going 65 miles per hour around the corner, hits their car right in the driver's side door. The collision immediately killed Ryan and Brent. Everyone else was seriously injured. Brent would never be able to see his kids go to Disneyland or see his family grow up. Ryan would ultimately leave behind a bright future. All because he made the decision to drink and drive.