

## A Letter from Heaven

Dear Mom,

You were right, and I'm sorry. It's just that, I was a junior and in order to be cool I had to go. I know you still think that I am your little girl, but my innocence is gone. Everything was planned out, and I thought we'd get away with it. Linda would drive, and she wouldn't drink anything. That we would just go play some drinking games and leave. Everything would be okay, we would come home in one piece.

It was a group of guys, they invited us over that afternoon. My gut told me not to go, but junior year was over and we just wanted to have fun. We walked into the house. The smell of stale beer from past nights, red solo cups scattered across the marble counter. 11 guys, who thought we were 21. You always taught me, "stranger danger." I didn't listen that night Mom.

They fed alcohol into me, like it was candy. It felt like fire going down my throat. But it was the beginning of summer, all the stress from finals was finally being released. Each sip let me get deeper and deeper into a relaxed state. I was drunk. While you were at home thinking your daughter is in her friends house watching scary movies, and talking about boys, I was drunk. I stumbled over my own two feet, couldn't even say a whole sentence. Sending all these videos, thinking it would make me popular for people to know I'm at a house party. Playing all these games, pretending we knew how to play. They weren't the games we played on family night. The white plastic ball splashed into the cup in front of me, and then the beer would go down my throat. My head spiraling out of control, but I was determined to get one ball into that cup. That's not all Mom, not only was I drunk, so was Linda. Our plan now ruined, and instead of reaching for the phone I kept reaching for the bottle.

You always called Linda so small, and you weren't wrong. She had half the amount of alcohol I had, and she could barely keep her eyes open. Here's the tricky thing mom, I knew I had to get us home. I didn't want you to be disappointed in me. I picked her up, told the careless boys I was fine to drive, and grabbed the keys. With my hands on the wheel staring at the garage door in front of me, I took a deep breath and put my keys into the ignition.

As we left the driveway I bumped into recycling bins, could barely make out what was the road and what was grass. Now on the main road, trying to stay as far to the right as I can. You always yelled at me for going too far to the right, but I'm too scared to go any closer to the yellow line. Everything's a blur, and the car lights are too bright. My phone lights up and it reads a text from you, "How are you sweetie?" Guilt fills my body, and then comes the big yellow lights. The car shakes, glass flies, and everything goes dark. I wake up surrounded in my own blood. My body numb, cold, and each breath gets shorter. Images flash in my head, memories of us Mom. Trick-or-treating, gingerbread making, jeep rides to the beach.

"Stay with us, you're going to be okay," the man whose face was covered by flashing red and blue light. Lying there, a sense of warmth covered my body. It felt like you were tucking me in, just as you did every night before falling asleep. Just like you did last night, while I whined that I was too old for it. One last breath, and in one moment my life is gone.

I drank Mom, even when you told me not to. Not only did I drink, but then I drove. I shouldn't have even stepped into that house, because I knew you would be so disappointed in me. Yet if I had just called you, with all the anger and rage, you would have still picked me up. Now you won't get to see me walk at graduation, cry at my wedding, or tuck me in one last time. I have filled your life with overwhelming grief, that I wish I could take away. Please, tell Linda it

isn't her fault. Cradle her as if it were me. I'm so sorry I did this to you Mom, I love you so much.

Sincerely,

Your Angel