

Guilt and Regret

What is that bright white light? And those beeping noises? I can't feel one of my legs and something is stabbing me with a million needles at once. Everything is blurry. Where is my mom? I want my mom. I felt this weird, cold rush go through my veins and I drifted off again.

This is all I remember from the aftermath of the worst night of my existence. It was a normal Friday morning, I woke up and Allie, my older sister (by only a minute and 12 seconds), was already in the kitchen eating a big bowl of Cheerios with enough sugar to give every child in Africa diabetes. Our mom was in her bathroom blow drying her hair. My dad had left when we were 3, so it was a house full of girls, plus our cat, Fawn. We had begged mom for years before she finally caved and let us get Fawn, she was the second best present I had ever gotten, the first being my sister. I finished getting ready, then Allie and I jumped in our car and mom in hers. We all waved goodbye through the car windows. Allie and Mom never knew that this could be their last morning goodbye.

We finally made it to school after the worst traffic with our 'Childhood Favorites' playlist blaring through the speakers. I texted Mom to let her know that we made it to school safely. Then I ditched Allie and her new boyfriend Noah to suck face in private. I walked down the hall and out of the corner of my eye I saw my boyfriend, Calvin. We walked around holding hands until the first bell and he dropped me off at my art class.

The day seemed to whiz by and at every moment possible I found Allie and said hi. After the final bell rang, I found Calvin for a goodbye kiss. I raced to my car seeing Allie and Noah already waiting for me. I gave Allie the look, what our Mom calls twin telepathy, and she got in the car. On the way home Allie mentioned that one of Noah's friends' was having a party and that we should go. I wasn't up for it at first, but she kept insisting so I caved and told her I would go.

We got ready together, took videos and pictures of us being our normal goofy selves. We hopped into the car and drove off to the party after racing by our mom, yelling goodbye and we would be sleeping over at a friend's tonight. The party was hard to miss, the house had rainbow lights shining through the curtains and you could hear the bass drop of every song a mile away. I was surprised the cops hadn't shown up yet. Allie and I waltzed in and found Noah and his entourage. Noah offered to get us drinks and I eagerly answered yes for both of us, as I always do. After 2 cups of what I think was spiked punch we decided to go shot for shot with the boys. Allie bailed after 5 shots, but I wasn't going to ruin my new reputation so I one-upped the boys until I had downed 9 shots.

In the mix of all the drinking Calvin had shown up. He took a shot with me and we started to dance, watching Allie and Noah stumble down the hallway. I felt my phone buzz, it was 3:27 AM and I had missed 7 calls and 13 texts from Mom. I gave Calvin a sloppy goodbye kiss, telling him my mom had found out we were here and I needed to get us home fast. He told me driving was a bad idea and to just call an Uber. I shrugged my shoulders and set out to find Allie. I searched through every room and finally found Allie and Noah passed out in a guest bedroom.

I lurched through the doorway and jumped on top of Allie, almost throwing up. I told her Mom had blown my phone up and we needed to go, now! Then we drunk-girl-stumbled to my car and I jumped into the driver's seat. Allie ploping into the backseat, close to passing out again. I sped off down the road, thinking of how much trouble we would be in and we needed to get home fast.

Then I wake up to the weird lights, sounds, and tiny needle pricks. I notice an IV in each arm and blankets covering my legs. But I couldn't really move or feel them, like they were invisible. I rubbed my eyes and turned my head to see my mother half asleep in the uncomfortable hospital chair.

"Mom?" She startled awake and rushed to my side thinking I was in pain. She looked like she hadn't slept for days and her hair was in a matted bun. "Have you been crying Mom?" She denied this but I could tell by her bloodshot eyes and the mound of tissues next to her. She sat next to me, held my hand and told me what had happened. I tuned most of it out except for "Allie is dead." I sunk into her arms and cried. I cried for weeks, months, and years after this day.

We hit a turning 18 wheeler almost head on and Allie died on impact. The doctors put me in a coma after amputating my left leg at the hip.

Allie was a gift on Earth and I tore her away. I spent months asking myself "Why wasn't it me?" "Why didn't I just call an Uber or Mom back?" The guilt was unbearable and I regret everything from that night. I haven't had a sip of alcohol since that night and never will. Making the choice to drive drunk ruined all of our lives.