

Anna Nault

## Arrive Alive Contest

\*Flash\*. I wiped my eyes as they began to water after looking into the bright camera for what felt like the thousandth time. My blurry vision slowly went back to normal as I looked across the street to see the concert staff finally opening up the doors. I looked back to my friends still taking pictures in front of the lobster mural. “Guys, come on! They are starting to let people in,” I yelled so they could hear me over the noise of the city at night. We stumbled over avoiding any oncoming traffic while searching for our tickets. Pretty good multitasking for a group of teenage girls all about five shots deep.

After successfully making it into the pit, we all began to let loose. The lights went dark, the crowd screamed, and it all began. The concert seemed to have only lasted 15 minutes and then it was already over. In reality, we had been in the sweaty mosh pit for hours. Alas, the long walk back to the parking garage with the chilling October breeze to finish sobering up anyone who was still feeling it awaited us. Because the cold is one way to sober you up right? Wrong.

We had taken one car and had our designated driver. The ride back to Ashley’s house wasn’t too far, only 10 minutes or so. We pack into the car, meanwhile I noticed a look upon my best friend Mia’s face. I thought back and was pretty sure I remembered her dancing with a guy at the concert. I swiped over on her name on snapchat.

*Me: i know that face... who's the guy?*

*Mia: his name is zach and he asked if i wanted to come over right now. he said it's just him and a few friends at his house. I rly wanna go*

*Me: omg no way! i'll come with u. u aren't missing this opportunity*

She glanced up at me with a look of ecstasy. I mirrored her expression and we knew we were gonna be getting into some trouble tonight.

We explain our situation to the rest of our friends and they hyped us up. We got back to Ashley's and told them to tell her mom that we decided to just go home. Mia and I run over to her car and as soon as I sit down I began to feel my stomach churn. *Oh no, the drinks.* I thought to myself. "Hey Mia... you're good to drive right? I kinda forgot we kinda had a lot to drink and I'm still kinda tipsy," I said beginning to think this may not be the best idea. "Oh, no I stopped feeling it a while ago, we're set". I shrugged off my worries. After all, she is my best friend. I would trust her with my life. And that I did.

We started the 30 minute drive off like the rest of our road trips, jamming out to throwback songs and constantly laughing. The music was blaring and we both had our phones out taking numerous pictures and videos. I look over between laughs to see Mia thrashing her head around, her long brown hair all over her face. *How can she see the road? Is she even looking? I knew this was a bad idea.* My negative thoughts consumed my brain. I went to grab the wheel as she started to veer off to the side of the road. We were easily going over 60 mph and she didn't even seem to realize what was happening. The street was lined with telephone poles and thick forest. I began to scream realizing Mia no longer had control over the car. One tire took to the rocky dirt alongside the road and I knew we were done for. An ear splitting crack and a flash of white was all that I could register. Everything went black. I did not arrive alive.