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Ms. Stein

English P3

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The Other Side

I suppose you never think of the consequences if you never have faced them. You don't know what will happen if it hasn't happened. Even when the results seem quite obvious to everyone else, and maybe even you know better.

It was a typical Wednesday night. I was home, waiting for my family to get home watching wheel of fortune and studying. My dog was barking at everything that went by the house. My older brother, Paddy, is in Florida, soaking up the sun then complaining about the weather. My mom and dad were at my other brothers hockey game, they texted me updates as I was sitting alone at the house.

Mom: All tied up here. Looking like OT.

Me: Okay, good luck.

This was the game my brother, Aidan, has been looking forward to all year. He called this match-up was the "red sox vs yankees" of high school Maine hockey. I was sad because I couldn't go, but I have my math midterm in the morning. Although, I wish I wasn't stuck at home alone right now. Since I am studying for this math test, I'll show you an equation:

Maine+January=snow storm.

The roads are in horrible condition right now, in fact there is a lot of talk about canceling school tomorrow (fingers crossed). USM, the college in our town, had already canceled classes. I looked at snow day calculator, it says limited chance. So, I went back to studying.

Dad: He scored! Heading home in a bit.

Me: Yay!

Man, I won't ever hear the end of this one. The best game of the year, the one I couldn't go to, and Aidan scores the game winner. My only option is to get a 100% on this math test, or I really won't live this down. I looked at my notebook and continued studying. I hear my phone ringing, he's already calling to tell me how I missed his goal, isn't he. I answer.

-Hello?

-Hi, um is this Emma Owens?

-Yes...

-I'm so sorry but, um, we are going to need you down at the hospital...

He tells me. My family was in a car accident. I'm so confused. My dad spends his time telling us what a wonderful driver he is, because he is a wonderful driver. I go to the hospital, driving at least 10 under the speed limit the whole way there. I check in, see the police and talk to them.

"Your family is lucky. All are responsive with some broken bones and concussions"

"Thank God."

"But the other people involved in the accident, not so much."

Oh my gosh, I completely forgot that there could be more people involved. I can't think straight. How did it happen? Did they hit them? Did they slip on black ice?

“We are suspecting drunk driving was involved.”

Drunk driving? I hear stories about drunk driving accidents but I never thought that somebody would do it. I mean a simple “no I don't think I can drive tonight” is enough. I look over and see some adults walking in. They have red puffy eyes, and the same police officers that talked to me went over and talked to them I connected the dots. Those are the parents of the other people in the accident. They were crying, and one of them lost balance and fell on to another. One was wearing a USM sweatshirt, so I am assuming that's who the kids where. College kids whose classes for the next day had been canceled.

One sentence could have changed all of this. “We should stay here instead” or a simple “I'm not driving” would have saved all of this hurt. Now, those kids won't graduate college. Now those parents wont get to see their children get married. Now my brother won't get to finish his hockey season. And not to bring this back to me, but I certainly won't pass my math midterm. Everything has an affect. They made one stupid descion, and it defines them now. Who cares how smart or funny they were, they simply got drunk and drove a car. That small moment, which caused multiple families to put everything on hold, and caused a whole lot of pain, is what they will be remembered by.