

Arrive Alive

It's one o'clock in the morning, my older sister, Kate, and I have just arrived back to Portland from Boston on the train coming from the Jonas Brothers concert we convinced our mom to let us go to earlier that morning. I text my mom "back in Portland be home in 20 minutes", she responds with "okay drive safe see you two soon". She was adamant about not letting us drive to Boston ourselves to make sure we made it home safely. As we turn out of the parking lot and started home listening to music and talking about how much fun we had at the concert we reach an intersection, the light is green so she proceeded through, when suddenly out of know where a flash of light comes, then complete darkness.

What happens next is all unclear. A teen boy and three of his friends were on their way home from a party. He was the designated driver, however he was on his phone texting his mom, who was already mad because he had missed his curfew, to insure her he would be home soon and just had to drop his friends off. His friends were playing loud music and yelling while also using their phones. He crossed the intersection and t-boned my sisters 2007 Honda CR-V. Kate and I never made it home that night. My parents had to now find a way to cope with losing both of their children in one night. Everything they had ripped from them in an instant. They were losing a daughter over half way done with her accounting degree, and one with just one year left of high school, who wanted to go one to be a nurse and help others. How would they tell my family? What would they tell my field hockey coaches and teammates just two days before I was ready to start my senior season? How would they let my sisters friends know that she would not be there for her first day of her junior year of college? All of these questions and many others

would go through my parents minds however I think a big one would be why, and how. Why would someone be so distracted to the point where they were unable to see a car and how could it have been their two daughters? The sights of their daughter messy rooms would become comfort to them, although they had complained hundreds of times for us to clean them, it was all they had left of us. The two incredible girls they had raised were not there anymore.

I cannot help but wonder what my senior year would have been like, where would I have gone to college, what would my 18th birthday had been like, would my friends miss my dance moves at homecoming and prom? What would my senior nights been like, and my last first day of high school, I would not be able to wear my terribly spray painted senior shirt. I would never be able to go to college. All of these things that I would miss all from someone's split second decision that would claim my older sisters and I lives.

Distracted driving claims the lives of thousands each year. As young people we can help to put an end to distracted driving by not using our phones while driving and focusing on the task at hand: driving. So next time you reach for your phone while driving think of people like my parents, who could lose both their children in a split second, because you just had to check who texted, or snapchatted you.