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Don't Drive Intextacated

Imagine you thought you had the whole world in your hand, and then one freak accident changed everything before your very eyes. At a new school fitting in can be hard, which is understandable. That's why for the new girl Ali I thought I would be her guide. Ali was sandy blonde with baby blue eyes and stood 5'3 basically, she was your generic popular girl, but without the friends.

The clock hit one-thirty pm on Friday in the local high school, we students sat in our English class longing for the clock to hit two o'clock so we could burst out the door. But, the teacher droned on about some book that seemed irrelevant, the only thing relevant to us was talking about a party that was happening that night. The detail overflowed from the jocks to the outcast and even to some nerds. The party was so hyped up that everyone couldn't wait to get up and run out of those iron prison-like doors. I planted a bug in Ali's ear that we should go to the party, although she was unsure I talked her into it. We agreed to meet at the party at 7:50 sharp.

At 8:00 pm, I was just arriving at the party a little late because of traffic but there stood Ali in white leggings, a black tube top, with light grey heels. She out of both of us was the better dressed. We approached the large black door with four small windows aligned above the mail slot. I knocked on the door five times keeping perfect rhythm. As the door opened Ali and I were greeted by Colin, the captain of the football team.

“Hey girls, you found the party!” Colin said in a cute but snarky way.

“How could we not?” Ali replied shyly.

“Ali what he means is wow you made it on time, with Hailey with you?” I duly informed.

“Well yea, to see Hailey anywhere on time is a shock. You girls coming in or just gonna stay out here the whole time?” Colin sarcastically said.

As we walk through the door the night sky was replaced by neon flashing lights and our pulses were replaced by the vibrations of the music. Four large kegs were at each corner of the living room. Empty beer bottles flowed off the tabletops and onto the floor.

12 am, the party was dying down. Everyone was so drunk people were passing out and some were making mistakes. Colin asked Ali to dance with him and of course, she said yes. But, what she didn't know was Colin has been my crush since fifth grade. I didn't think much of it so I walked out on the balcony to look at the stars and get air for a minute. As I walked back through the door, I spotted out of the corner of my eye Ali lean in and kiss Colin. I was so hideously distraught that I grabbed my sweatshirt and walked out of the black door.

12:30 am, I walked out the door and started walking down the rock path to the street. As I approached the center of the path Ali rushed out the door yelling my name.

“HAILEY! HAILEY! Where are you going?” Ali screeched.

“Leave me alone, and quite the hell down the whole neighborhood can hear you,” I said enraged.

“What's wrong did I do something?” Ali began to question.

“Mhmm.” I duffed.

“Well, what is it?” Ali generously asked.

“You kissed Colin, you dumb hussy!” I exploded.

Our fight went for a few minutes. Ali concluded that she would leave the party. She climbed into her candy apple red Jeep Wrangler and started down the street.

1 am, Ali was just fifteen feet down the road when Colin tried calling her. Ali tried to pick up but dropped her phone by her feet. I could tell by the way she was driving the lines on the road were invisible. Ali reached down by her feet to grab her phone. Then it happened. Just seconds before my eyes. I heard the crunching of metal as though the car was next to me then I knew Ali crashed into a telephone pole. The whole road was turned into a ghost town in seconds. I pick up my phone frantically and called 911. I reported the accident then ran down to the scene. My friend's face that once wore a smile was now covered in blood looking like war paint.

1:10 am, the night grew darker, and the only light in sight was bright red lights lining the street. In some ways I felt like trash, I felt like this was all my fault, and that's what I told the cops when they asked for my statement. I thought that I could be a good mentor but I failed. Ali had so much going for her. She had a smile that shined brighter than my dreams. Her hair always falls just right over her left shoulder. Her athletic abilities were immaculate. It was like she had the whole world in her hands and one freak accident changed it all.