

Kiana Tracey

Ms. Stein

EnglishA P3

21 October 2019

Bug Light

Monday September 24, 2018; 9:21pm.

“911 what’s your emergency?”

Police cars, ambulances, fire trucks filled the streets of South Portland

Phone calls, friends and family

Confused, angry and emotional

My brother Jay lost in the moment racing to Maine Medical Center to see Pat

But it was too late.

September 25th, 3:30am

Earth lost a beloved soul; Patrick Joseph Donaghue

And I forgot, Happy Birthday Jay I’m sorry you lost your best friend.

The loss of a young soul, all because of distracted, reckless driving

One minute you’re carefree

Feeling invincible as if the accidents you see all over social media could never be you

Until it is.

The last texts, phone calls, last words

“I love you, I’ll see you later”

But there is no “later” anymore, just memories.

Cars aren’t making the mistakes, it’s the people behind the wheel

One simple distraction

One sip of alcohol

Is the difference between life and death in a matter of seconds

Be safe, think of others before you make choices behind the wheel.

Arrive alive.