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English Adv. P3

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Arrive Alive

High school brings new beginnings, new memories, and most importantly new opportunities. In four short years you will experience your first high school football game, to your first 'real' party. Throughout those short years you will be expected to make decisions that you may not know the right answer to. The simple words "be smart", "be safe" and "I love you" will become more important than you once heard them as.

It was a Friday night, our school had just won a football game against one of our biggest rivals. The student section was on fire and there was no way my friends and I were stopping that energy after the buzzer went off. My friends parents happened to be gone for the night so we decided to go back to his house. My parents trusted me, I made good decisions and never gave them a reason not to. I was always honest with them so I texted my parents and told them I was going to Matt's house but promised them there would be no alcohol. I thought everything was going to be great, I was going to have the time of my life and my parents were going to be content that I was at Matt's house. In my mind, nothing could go wrong, how would they find out there was alcohol? As the night continued, At eleven o'clock my friend Stephanie's parents began to be suspicious as to where she was. The more she tried convincing them she was not doing anything

wrong, the more they wanted her home. They gave her an ultimatum, either she was grounded, which includes missing homecoming the following weekend, or she was to come home within the next thirty minutes. Stephanie had left her car at the high school that night and rode to Matt's with me. Since I was sober I was the most capable of bringing her home. Though I didn't want to, I knew that I was the safest option. We got into my car and I turned the ignition. I took a left out of his neighborhood.

"BEEP... BEEP... BEEP" I opened my eyes to an unfamiliar ceiling in hospital room with my mother standing next to me. She grasped my hand as tears began rolling down her face when I looked at her. She called for my dad exclaiming "Honey she's awake". The doctor came in and told me I had been in a coma for the past 3 days. They had asked me what I last remember, and I told them I was at Matt's house. My mind started racing trying to grasp any last memories of what I was doing. Nothing seemed to surface. My mother began to tell me I was driving Stephanie home when we were hit head on by a drunk driver. She said Stephanie was OK, but the driver hit my side, flinging me fifty feet from my car, which put me in a coma.

The face of my mother when I first opened my eyes was something I never want to see again. The pain she was facing was so evident. She was preparing herself for the loss of her daughter. No parent should ever have to face that fear. If you get behind the wheel while intoxicated, you are not only putting yourself in harm's way, but you are at a risk of destroying someone else's entire life. How would you feel if you were left to pick up the pieces from the loss of your daughter? If you are in a situation where you could

be putting people at risk from drunk driving, call a friend, a parent, or an uber, and arrive alive.