

Arrive Alive

It was just like every other Friday night. We were getting ready to go to a party at Laura's. The last one of the summer, the last one before we all go our separate ways. My friends Samatha, Brooke and I planned on getting ready together and then coming home for our 12:00pm curfew.

Our parents didn't want us to stay at Laura's so Brooke said she would be the designated driver cause Sam and I wanted to drink. I got to Brooke's, within minutes Samatha decided to pull out her bottle of vodka. We were just getting ready, I don't know why she couldn't wait till we got there, Brooke just can't handle not taking at least a sip or two. I wanted to have fun like everyone else, but I knew deep down I should have driven. I should have been the responsible one like I always am. I looked at Sam in anger, she just laughed and said, "Get in the car! She only had a couple sips." I brushed it off and got in the car.

We got to Laura's safely. As we were walking in, Sam gave me an I-told-you-so-look. Everyone was just hanging out, like we do. Playing beer pong, boys shotgunning anything they could find by the back door, and others just sipping on some White Claws while talking about the latest gossip. I looked over at the pong table and there was Brooke, the one who was supposed to be driving. I still hadn't picked up a single drink because I saw what Brooke was doing. I thought to myself, "Why would I ever come with her, she doesn't think about anyone other than herself?" But I did and there was no going back now. All I could do is hope she is smart about this for one time, and lets me drive.

By the end of the night Brooke and Sam could barely get out the door -- let alone drive a car. Brook was adamant that she could drive, she kept slurring, "I only had a couple we'll be

fine.” I heard my mom's voice in the back of my head, “Never get into a car with someone who has been drinking or smoking, you never know what could happen.”

I offered to drive, I offered to pay for an Uber, but Brooke was being so stubborn. She pushed me aside, though it was more of a stumble to her car. She and Sam got a head start before me. I tried to get into the car but they locked the doors. I begged and pleaded for them to let me in, just to let me drive them home. Brooke squealed her tires in anger and she was off.

I ended up calling an uber. I kept my phone on all night, they never texted that they got home safely. I assumed that they we're just mad that I didn't trust them. I woke up around 8:00am and I went down to eat with my mom and sister. My mom always has the news on while cooking. We were in the middle of breakfast. I heard “Around 11:45pm last night two teenage girls in a red Volvo crashed into a tree on the corner of Lincoln and Murry.” I realized that was just 3 minutes away from Brooke's house. Brooke has a red Volvo. I felt numb, I bursted out into tears. I started frantically calling and texting them, no answer. I thought maybe, just maybe they were just still passed out from last night. So I got into my car and drove to Brooke's. I walked in like I usually do, but this time was different. All I saw were her parents sitting at the breakfast nook, her mom with tears down her face and her dad just had a blank stare. I fell to the the ground, crying saying “I wish they could have just arrived alive, I wish they could be here.”