

Bode Meader

Stein

English P3

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The Call No Parent Wants

“I got next, I got next”, Nick screamed from across the room, “I’m with him”, I proceeded to announce as well. The pong table was surrounded by intoxicated highschoolers, red solo cups everywhere, and beer spilled all over the table, making the table sticky. “Nick, we’re undefeated tonight we have to get this win”, I said as we walked up the table. The game proceeded with a lot of swearing, ping pong ball throwing, and of course drinking. The game ended in an easy win and Nick and I stayed undefeated, walking around with all the confidence in the world not only because of winning but the feeling from the alcohol as well. Soon after our game ended, Nicholes face came unglued from her phone and she announced to everyone that her parents were on their way home and that we all had to leave quickly.

At this point in the night I was left with two options, I had driven to the party with Nick in his car as the passenger and I could have him drive me back home or I could call my mom and have her come get me as she always told me she would if I ever needed a ride home from a party. As I was contemplating between the two options I was forced by some friends into Nick's car because there wasn't enough time to call my mom for a ride home because Nicholes parents were almost back. I buckled into the passenger seat of Nick's car and we drove out onto main street. My house was a fifteen minute ride from the party and we were approaching the main intersection of Gorham

quickly. Nick turned and looked at me and said, "That party was lit, we stayed undefeated bro". I turned and looked at him and said, "facts, we killed it tonight". I turned back to look at the road and the red light was shining so bright in my eyes I never noticed the high beams coming straight into my passenger side door, shattered glass flying into my neck, legs crushed by the impact, myself instantly becoming defeated by life. I was no longer undefeated, but defeated by my dumb decision to get in the car.

"Ringgggg Ringgggg Ringggg", my mom was sound asleep at 1am and she woke up to her phone buzzing and without reading the number she answered the phone. "Sorry to wake you at this time, is this Jennifer Meader?", confused as to who this person calling her was, she responded "yes this is, how can I help you". There was a long silence in the phone call that was eventually interrupted by the officer, "mam your son has passed away tonight in a car accident, he was being driven home by his friend who was intoxicated, I'm so sorry mam". She dropped the phone, tears rolling down her face, and whispered to herself, "I always told him I would drive him home without being mad at him". That night a mother lost her dear son and had to face the worst possible phone call you could imagine, because her son decided to drive with an intoxicated driver and to not arrive alive back home.