

Arrive Alive

“We need to go now! My parents are going to murder me if I don’t return home in the next thirty minutes!” Lily, my close friend of only ten months, stuttered as she tried to grab the car door on the driver’s end.

Completely sober and without a driver’s license, I’m standing outside, seeing the struggle. And knowing my Four D’s of intervention from Health class sophomore year, I went to intervene with Lily. “Lily, You can’t drive. I can tell you’re drunk.”

“Listen. I know what you’re thinking, but trust me. I’m fine.” Lily said, slurred in her speech.

“It doesn’t matter what you think.” I replied softly. “Consider calling a friend or family if you really are freaking out.”

“Relax. It will be fine.” Lily responded as I caught a scent of vodka breath from here.

I was pressured, and I do not want to fight with a close friend, so I said to her “Fine. Don’t blame me if anything bad happens.” Lily enters the car and turns on the ignition, starts texting on her phone once the car leaves Elm Street. I take a seat in the back of the car and attempt to pull out my phone. But I left my phone at home by mistake, making me bored.

During the ride, it was completely chaotic, me and five others. The music was blasting on K-LOVE Radio, with almost everyone on their phones. I didn’t want to speak up as I could look badly from everyone else’s point of view. So I just ignored the distraction.

The next thing I remember was waking up in a wreck. There were a bunch of flashing blue and red lights, with glass all over me. Everyone else is gone, nowhere to be seen. I’m bleeding

like crazy, far worse than anything I can ever experience. I call for Lily, but only to find a man crawling into the debris of the wreckage. Then I heard the voice of a man saying, “You’re awake...” But I wasn’t able to hear very well, with the loud ringing noise in my ear. I looked around, only to realize that nobody else was in the car...

I was then removed from the car with help from paramedics, and I was taken to the ambulance. There, a cop had me take a Breathalyzer test, thankfully though, the results came back negative. However, as the medics were getting the broken glass off my face, I was told by one of the paramedics the bad news: “She didn’t make it. She died on impact.”

The one who I trusted for the past ten months since school reopened, ended up dead. Everything is over...