

## Arrive Alive

“Are you ready to go?” Hayden yelled up the stairs. “Yes, I will be down in a second.” I said. Hayden and I are twins, we have been inseparable since the day we were born. We do anything and everything together. Tonight we are going to our first halloween party as college freshmen. “Hadley our friends are here, let’s go!” Hayden said as he walked out the door. “Okay, I’m coming geez” I said as I followed him to my car. As all of our friends began to pile in my car, I got more and more excited. I knew this was going to be a night to remember.

We arrived at the party which was only five minutes away. All the girls and I were different color boxers and my brother and the boys were refs. As we all walked into the party, I told them I wasn’t going to drink because I had to drive and I needed to be responsible. They all continued to say “Come on Hadley, one drink you will be fine have a little fun” and I thought to myself I guess one drink doesn’t hurt. I didn’t want to be left out because everyone else was drinking and I wasn’t. My friends said, “No one likes a debbie downer”. Next thing I know, my first drink was gone and I had another one in my hand but I was having so much fun. Blaring music, color changing lights, and drinks for everyone. That is what college is about, right?

I was on my third drink and getting a little out of hand but I didn’t think anything of it because I was so happy. A few minutes later, someone came over to me to tell me that Lily was throwing up and that I should probably take her home. Then, I went to check on Lily in the bathroom and all she wanted to do was leave. I began to tell all my friends and my brother that we needed to go because Lily was sick. My mind was racing because I was responsible for driving so I needed to get her home. I thought that I was going to have time to sober up before I had to drive.

Ten minutes later, we all piled into my car. Six of my drunk best friends and I, who was also a tad bit drunk. “Are you sure you are okay to drive sis?” Hayden asked before I started the car. “Yes, I’m sure”. I made sure Lily was all set in the car and gave her a bag in case she needed to throw up again.

Then, I put the key in the ignition and started the car. I took a deep breath and began to drive. I kept telling myself in my head I can do this, I can do this, I can do this. I was the one who was responsible for driving so I need to get us home. It is only a five minute drive how hard could it be.

Three minutes later, my vision started to get blurry and I heard “Hadley, are you okay?” but I didn’t answer. I was trying my best to focus but I was swerving all over the road. Although, I still somehow thought we were fine so I kept driving. We were only two minutes away from my house so I was almost positive we were going to make it home. But next thing I know, all I see are bright headlights coming at me and the last thing I heard was “HADLEY”.

The next morning, I woke up in the hospital with a broken right leg and left arm. I felt very immobile with both of my parents by my side. The first thing I said to them when I woke up was, “Are Hayden and my friends okay?” My mom replied back, “Oh hunny”. I said “Mom, where are they and what happened?” with tears slowly running down my face. My dad continued to say “Hadley, last night you crashed into another woman's car coming home from that party you went to”. I sat in silence trying to remember what happened but the last thing I could recall was getting in the car to drive everyone home because Lily was sick. Then I continued to say, “Well are they all okay?” and my dad replied, “Sadly no, they all passed away in the hospital last night”. I immediately started screaming and crying in both of my parents arms while they were trying to comfort me. I said to myself, “I did this, I took their lives”.

Six months later my six best friends, my brother, and the woman in the car that I hit are dead because of me and I am the only one alive. As well as, totaling the woman’s car and my new car, that I had spent most of my savings on. Within the past few months, I have attended seven funerals. Six of them being for my best friends' and one for my own twin brother. There is not a single day that goes by where I am not mad at myself for being irresponsible for all of my best friends on that night. My thought of one drink being fine turned into three drinks, crashing my car, and killing my six best friends and another innocent woman. I should have stuck to my decision and been responsible. Do not drink and drive. No matter how far the drive is. Arrive Alive instead.