

## Anger Distracts

There is blood everywhere. It is thick and slippery but I don't think it belongs to me. I can't feel anything except the cold winter breeze that chills my bones. A high pitch ring blocks my hearing. All I see is the black of the night and the tree right in front of me. The last thing I remember is my dad yelling at me. Then, headlights came at us and car horns blared. I should not have gone to the party tonight.

Just forty-five minutes ago, my friends and I were having the time of our lives drinking and playing beer pong. The smell of weed lingered in every room of the house. I was laughing so much my stomach hurt. However, then Tyler's mom called him and my smile turned into a look of fear and concern. Tyler's neighbors ratted on him and told his parents, who were out of town for the weekend. My friends and I were planning on staying the night but at that point, we were all too intoxicated to do the simple task of walking. That's when I called my dad.

Now, I'm here. In a car that's been smashed into a tree. I limp out of the car and crawl on the wet ground to my dad's side. Using what is left of the roof of the car, I pull myself to my feet. I force myself to look at my dad through the massive tears that have swelled in my eyes. There is blood all over my dad's body and the steering wheel. His body looks completely still with no sign of breathing. I can't feel anything but my crushed heart as my mind is racing with empty thoughts. I tried to talk to him but instead, an ear-splitting scream emerges from my gut and explodes in my throat. I scream at the top of my lungs and melt into a shoulder-shrugging sob.

I hear sirens in the distance as I collapse to the ground. It's my fault we are here right now. It's my fault my dad was so angry he wasn't paying attention. It's my fault we hit the black ice and slid into the tree going fifty five miles an hour. It's my fault my dad is now gone from

this world. As I sit on the cold, hard road, I stare into the black, damp pavement and the tire marks left behind. I know I did the right thing by calling my dad; I didn't know how angry and disappointed he would be. I didn't know he would let his anger be a distraction. My dad's life was taken because of my bad decisions, and this one night changed my life forever. Please, stay out of the driver's seat if you aren't thinking clearly. When your mind is somewhere else other than the road ahead of you or your surroundings, it can be just as dangerous as texting while driving. Always be smart and don't let emotions be a distraction when driving, especially when you are the safe solution to a dangerous situation. Arrive alive.