

Oliver Milliken
Stein
English P3
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Arrive Alive

It was the biggest party of the year. Anyone and everyone attended, even people who weren't from high school. Jesse had never been to any of the previous parties, but there was no way his friends would let him miss out on this one. All week Barbra, Jack, Tyler, and Rachel had been bugging him about it, "Come on you have to go," they all whined, each and every day till he gave in. Jesse sat on the couch for hours watching the clock, one hour passed, then two, then three. Finally, Jack came over, "What're you doing just sitting here man?" he slurred, "You came all the way here, have some fun!" He smelled like alcohol and it was obvious he had been drinking for a while now. He handed Jesse a big red cup, "Drink up, it'll loosen you up a bit."

"I don't know my parents would kill me if they found out I drank alcohol," Jesse said nervously, "And besides, who's going to take you, Barbara, Tyler, and Rachel home if I don't?"

"We can Uber or something, I don't know. Even then, it's one drink, it won't kill ya," Jack sounded so confident, and he started making a pouty face at Jesse, "Pleease? One drink, that's all I'm asking."

"Screw it, fine, but only ONE!" Jesse snatched the cup out of Jack's hand and gulped it down quickly. The taste was horrible, like his grandma's perfume mixed with sweaty socks. All of a sudden there were excited shouts and screams coming from one of the rooms down the nearby hallway. "They must be having fun huh?" Jesse said.

"You know if you weren't sitting here like a bum you could be having fun too." Jack had an obnoxious smirk on his face. He loved to egg people on, but Jesse knew his tactics all too well.

The door opened to the room where the other people had likely been playing some sort of drinking game. Tyler, Barbara, and Rachel all came out of the room along with at least 10 other people, “That. Was. Awesome!” Rachel shouted, “Did you see the way it shot out of his nose when you smacked the rubber chicken! Priceless!”

“What’s with the downer over here?” asked Tyler. “Aww, the wittle baby can’t take his alcyhol?” Barbara taunted at Jesse. “No, I thought it would be a good idea if one of us could actually drive home.” Jesse hated when Barbara taunted him like that, she was always so condescending when she did it. It made his blood boil. “Ha! Yeah right, you’re just a big chicken who can’t keep his drinks down.”

In a rush of partial anger but, mostly sheer annoyance, Jesse felt he had something to prove. Faster than the speed of light Jesse had gotten to his feet, “Alright then, I can prove I’m no chicken! Let's play truth or shot!”

“Oh, it’s on like Donkey Kong!” Barbara rolled up the sleeves of her navy blue letterman jacket she stole from her boyfriend and slammed down a bottle of whiskey on the table, “Shall we begin? Or do you need time to prepare... CHICKEN!” She had the biggest evil grin on her face. “I’m more ready than I’ve ever been for anything in my life.” Jesse retorted. This was the biggest lie he’d ever told since he was in elementary school to get out of doing homework. Tyler, Rachel, and Jack all took their seat on the surrounding couches, hands filled with cups full of snacks from the snack table.

Jesse and Barbara played for what seemed like hours, though it was only about 45 minutes. Each time she asked a question Jesse took a shot only to prove his point but by the 20-minute mark all the people who had gathered around to watch thought he didn’t know how the game was supposed to be played.

“Alright!” Barbara shouted, “I suppose you’ve proved yourself.”

“I’m not finished, I’m just getting started!” Jesse was slurring his own words now unaware of himself and how reckless he had been. “No way dude that’s enough,” Tyler grabbed his shoulder, “I’m cutting you off it’s late and we still gotta get home.”

“Shoot! I completely forgot! What time is it?” Jesse panicked.

“Eleven forty-eight,” Jack said, staring at his phone, “We gotta be back in ten minutes.”

“I curse you Barbara and your evil words! My parents are going to be furious when I come back, AND we’re all going to be late!” Jesse shouted angrily. “Relax, it’s not like I’m some kind of witch who makes people do things against their will. That game was all, you buddy.” Her words made Jesse more irritated, but he knew he shouldn’t waste any more time. Jesse stood up, his legs wobbly and his head pounding from the loud music. He and his friends made it out to the car, “Let’s just call an Uber,” said Rachel, making sense even after the 10 full drinks she had prior.

“No way we’re taking my car and I’m getting us home as promised.” though his judgment was clouded Jesse’s determination was unwavering. Nervously Jack, Tyler, Barbara, and Rachel got into the car with Jesse at the wheel. The car backed out of the giant driveway and began down the road at a gradually increasing speed. Jesse was having difficulty staying in the lane and not swerving off the road or onto the other side. Luckily there weren’t many other cars on the road. Jesse began to feel sleepy and had taken his eyes off the road for a few too many seconds when suddenly a loud *HONK* and the sound of Rachel’s voice screaming “Look out!” woke him again. He swerved to the right a little too far and went off the road directly into the forest. He and his friends screamed then...*CRASH!* The car hit a large sturdy tree, the hood busted and crumpled from the impact. Jesse, barely conscious, caught a glimpse of blood on the shattered windshield

and heard muffled voices closing in. Unable to keep his eyes open the darkness of the night crept in and he felt a cold embrace wrap around his body until nothingness.