

I woke up and the car was on fire. I looked over to the driver's seat to see Wade unconscious. I start nudging him. I say "Wade! Wade! Wake up bro!" I realized he wasn't waking up; the large gash on the right side of his forehead was bleeding so much he was probably already gone. As I was thinking that I heard a deep, mighty voice say "Don't worry son, you and your friend are going to be fine."

When I woke up that morning it was sunny and the birds were chirping. I had school that day and a party that night, It was shaping up to be a pretty good day. The party was at Sam's house. I had asked my mom that morning for some money to get some food and drinks for the party, she gave me 25\$. So I went to school, like any other day and went through my classes. It was a Friday so it was a pretty light workload. After school, Wade and I went to the grocery store to pick up drinks and snacks. While we were there, there was a robbery down the road at the bank. We went outside to see what was happening when we saw The Streak run by with criminals in its arms. The Streak for anyone living under a rock is The World's Fastest Man, He holds every world record for running and distance to ever exist. He ran around the world in 2.78 seconds; So to see him here was pretty cool. After we saw The Streak we went back into the store to finish up our shopping, I picked up some sodas and energy drinks while Wade picked up some chips and dip. We check out and head back to Wade's car. We head over to Sam's house to help him set up everything for the party. I put table cloths out and put all the drinks by the fridge.

Sam called me over and said "Matt have you seen all the drinks we got?"

I said "yeah, I'm the one who bought them."

Then he said " No no no, have you seen the real drinks we have for the night?"

He opened up the fridge door and showed me all the bottles and cans of beer that he had for tonight. I didn't know what to say, I had never touched alcohol in my life.

I asked him "Do your parents know you have all of this?"

He said "Of course not! You think I'd tell my parents about having alcohol in their house or even tell them about the party? They're gone for the next week and a half. When they get home they won't even know anything happened."

I was a little concerned about having all these drinks in the house with a bunch of teenage drivers but I didn't want to mess with his plan so I decided to stay quiet and not mention it.

The party was in 30 minutes and people were starting to show up. I started letting people in to the house and they immediately started going for the beers in the fridge. My anxiety started to rise and I think Wade noticed it because he came over with a drink in his hand and asked me "Are you doing alright Man?"

I answered honestly and said "I'm just a little stressed that's a--"

And before I could finish my sentence Wade said "Well if you're stressed then I have a solution for that!" He grabbed my hand and dragged me over to where all the beer was, He opened up a can and handed it to me and said "This is one of my all time favorites you need to try it out, and once you're a few drinks in you won't even remember why you were stressed in the first place!" I held the can in my hand and I'm shaking a little bit. I take a sip as he's looking at me attentively. That was when I had my first ever sip of Alcohol. I liked it though, I kept drinking and kind of lost track of how many I had later in the night. I start dancing in the living room with a bunch of other people and realize Wade was right, I don't even remember why I was ever stressed. I

feel great now. It's getting close to midnight which was when we were planning on ending the party, but no one really shows any signs of wanting to stop and I'm all for it. We party until 2am when everyone's tired. Wade and I help clean up the best we can before heading out. Once everything is clean to a good extent, Wade and I say bye to Sam and head out to the car. For a brief second I consider the fact that Wade is drunk and probably isn't safe to drive but before I can even really think about that we start going. My house is about 15 minutes away, so what could go wrong. We make it about 10 minutes down the road and everything seems fine. Then while we're driving Wade swerves hard to the left towards an oncoming truck.

I yell "Wade! Wade! Wade! What are you doing?" He was asleep.

I tried to grab the wheel but I was already too late and all I could do was move us to the right a little bit before the truck went right into the front, left side of the car.

I woke up a few minutes later and was in a daze. I felt really hot and realized that the car is on fire. I saw Wade's body: lifeless. I nudge him a few times saying "Wade! Wade! Wake up Bro!" I realized he wasn't waking up so I tried to get out on my own. I took the head rest of my seat off and started using the bottom, metal part of it to break the window and hopefully get some help. I look back at Wade after I break the window and see he has a huge gash in the right side of his forehead and it's bleeding a lot. I start to feel really claustrophobic and I start hyperventilating. But then I hear a deep, booming voice say "Don't worry son, you and your friend are going to be fine." I look up and see Power-man hovering over us; Power-man is the most powerful man to ever live. He can lift 3 billion tons. He can move faster than any vehicle. He can fly, He has laser vision, and frost breath. He lands on the ground and puts out the fire on the car

with his frost breath. He then grabs the door on my side and rips it off effortlessly. He lasers the seatbelt holding me in and helps me out of the car. I get out of the car and he immediately rushes over to Wade. He does the same thing to get him out but then lays him on the ground. He uses his laser vision to cauterize the wound on Wade's forehead. Then uses his frost breath to cool it down. I start looking around and realize that the truck driver was out of his truck without a scratch on him. He's on the phone with the police, telling them everything going on. A few minutes later the police arrive and Power-man says "You guys got it from here! I'm going to take these two boys to the hospital! Always a pleasure working alongside you!" and before I can even register what he had just said, he picks me and Wade up and flies us to the Hospital. I passed out on the way. I wake up a day or so later to my parents sitting beside my hospital bed. They tell me that I had two broken ribs, and a major concussion. I ask them about Wade and they say "Wade is going to be okay. He has a really bad concussion and multiple internal lacerations and he broke his legs but they think he should make a full recovery." My brain is filled with relief but at the same time so much guilt. If I had just said something at the beginning of the party or before Wade and I got in his car maybe none of this would have happened.

In reality there are no superheroes. Wade and I didn't see the streak run past that day after stopping a bank robbery. Most importantly there was no Power-man to save us. When I woke up in that car and saw Wade like that I knew he was already gone. And once I had gotten out of the car and was helped by the truck driver the car we were in was fully engulfed in flames. Now I forever live with the regret of not saying anything at the beginning of the party or talking to Wade before we got into his car. That truck driver

has to live with the guilt of Wades death even though he had no control over the situation. His parents have to live a life without their only son now. This is all because we drank and didn't think before getting in the car. If I had just said something maybe Wade and I would have made it home alive.