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English P3

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Getting Comfortable

Louie had just turned 16 years old, and was jubilated as it was the morning of his license test. He drove with his father to the DMV in Scarborough, Maine an hour before to practice a bit. This practice ended up paying off, as he passed with flying colors. Louie promised his father that he would always drive safe, eyes on the road, no phone. He was good about keeping that promise too. At least at the start.

Louie's first couple of weeks out driving he was diligent and careful, always driving the speed limit, never picking up his phone, and refusing rides for friends, as he needed to wait for his nine months to be up. He started to ease up around a month in, and began driving just over the speed limit. Louie also began picking up his phone, only to change music, but still, he was breaking his promise.

"It's not even a big deal," he thought to himself. "If this is all I do I will be just fine." A month later, after basketball practice, his friend Alfie's parents weren't able to give him a ride. Being the kind young man he was, Louie decided giving him a ride wouldn't be an issue. "It's only 15 minutes to his house, how bad can that be." Louie drove Alfie home illegally that night, driving 7 mph over the speed limit, and picking up his phone to change songs along the way.

Fast forward another two months and Louie began to go off the deep end. He was driving recklessly, 15mph over the speed limit wherever he was, one hand on the wheel. He picked up his phone often, and for many reasons. No longer was he just glancing to change a song, he

would text, Snapchat, even watch YouTube videos. All of this while piling his car to the brim with friends, flying around to restaurants and others houses. Louie had shattered his promise, but was too ashamed to let his parents know, he pretended to still be perfectly safe.

It was a warm July evening and Louie and his friends decided to go out and eat at Buffalo Wild Wings. Being among the oldest of his friends, Louie agreed to give four of them a ride. They ate wings and hung around late into the night, right until close. They began back around 11pm and their path was set on Running Hill Road. Zooming at 60mph, windows down, radio volume all the way up, with Pop Smoke blaring from the speakers, Louie picked up his phone to text his mom he was leaving. She replied with a simple “Drive safe hun, I love you!”

He looked up and saw a blinding set of headlights headed straight for him. He swerved to avoid them but coming around a tight hilly turn, it was too late. The force of the impact sent his friend Alfie out of the windshield, and into the road. Louie ran straight out of the car to Alfie, with his head pounding and blood running down his forehead. “ALFIE,” he screamed ‘ALFIE PLEASE TELL ME YOU ARE OKAY.’... The piercing silence was only broken by screeching alarms. The group were taken to a hospital in separate ambulances, and the anticipation and guilt of Louie’s mistake permeated inside him.

“Hello Louie?” a nurse entered his room. “Your buddy Alfie, he uh, he passed away last night.” Louie crumbled. Through his pounding headache all he could think was the words his mother left him with “Drive safe hun, I love you!” echoing through his mind.