

## Arrive Alive

All I can see is black, dazed and confused. I try to get up. I am jerked back unable to feel my legs. My head starts spinning, what is happening? Where am I? Did I cause this? I see a flash of white Amaya clutches my arm sobbing, shining the bright light into my face. I look down. Horrified all I could see was red. I could feel Amaya's clutch start to fade. I looked over and saw her frail body start to relax. The sudden realization of what was happening hit me.

"Bye Mom, I love you!" I say giggling as I lock the door. Amaya and I smelling of red roses and vanilla get into the car. The glitter from our face and body left a mark wherever we went. I raced down my neighborhood, exhilarated, ready to go to one of the biggest parties yet this summer. The windows down, music blaring we pull into a spot on the side of the road. Knowing I'm the designated driver I pass Amaya's offer to take a shot before we go in. She finished up and we strutted into the party. The music blaring thudding along with every heartbeat. A rush of energy blows out of me as Amaya and I's favorite song comes on. As the party blurs all of a sudden I'm 5 shots down.

I look at the clock, stunned I grab my keys and Amaya and I head out. It was already past curfew and the last thing I was thinking about was all the shots I had taken. I grab the wheel, feeling a little dizzy, the nerves creep up, crawling to my shaky hands. "Amaya I'm not sure I can drive." I say stuttering every word. "You'll be fine. You barely drank as much as me." She says words slurred not thinking clearly. I tell myself I can do this and we pull off into the road. As I'm driving down the dark and dreary streets I catch myself veering off. My palms now sweating, I try to wake myself up as if I can all of a sudden become sober. "Amaya!" I screech as we slam into the side of the road.

My eyes creak open like an unhinged drawer. Head spinning, it all comes to a clear. I can feel my mom's soft leathery skin tightly gripping my hand. "Where am I?" I whisper knowing I don't have the energy to speak. "You crashed sweetie. We are in the hospital." My dad says trying to comfort me. It rushes back, my head starts to hurt. I felt whiplashed by the memories. "And Amaya?" I say nervously. "She... she is hurt badly." My mom says knowing the guilt will hit me. My head hits the pillow, my mind racing. How could I have done something like this?

The guilt gnaws at me as I lay awake in the hospital. The thought of Amaya surviving never left my brain. As hours passed slowly the sound of the clock rang in my head. I had never thought this was going to be the outcome. My eyes stayed glued to the picture on the ceiling. The boat drifting over the waves, probably supposed to calm you. But it didn't, I layed there for days feeling a pounding ache everywhere. This was my fault, I don't know what's going to happen to my best friend. But I do know that I caused her pain.