

Thomas Zeleke

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Arrive Alive

I can't help but think about it. Every waking moment it still lingers in the back of my head. It's kinda funny how the young mind can ignore lessons that have been echoed so much throughout their entire lives. I was with my friend Lionel the day it happened. I didn't know Lionel as well as my other buddies, but he was still a good friend, and a blast to be around. He was wearing his red carhartt beanie, and dirty Air Max 97's like usual. I suggested we go to a party that night at my friend Angela's, there was gonna be plenty of alcohol so even if a lot of people didn't go we could still get wasted. Lionel hesitated but he was convinced by my begging.

When we got there the house was filled to the brim with people. There was everything we ever could have wanted: drinks, weed, some people were even popping pills. But I stuck to what I knew best, Alcohol. I was drinking so much it wasn't even fun anymore, it was almost like I was competing with my less drunk self 20 minutes ago to see who could get more messed up. When the party finally died down, Lionel and I hobbled out the back of the house. In hindsight he was about half as drunk as I was but still not in any shape to drive either. I started the car, and we sped out of the driveway like it was the start of the Daytona 500. In my mind I was driving perfectly fine.

Lionel's house was in the rural areas of Gorham, so there were a lot of long, winding backroads. I was zooming down these twists and turns when eventually we hit a corner too fast, and went the other side of the road. When I turned the wheel back to bring us back onto our side all I remember was seeing these bright white lights, bright enough to make you think you were

seeing heaven, and the faint touch of broken glass from the shattered windshield touching my hands.

I slowly open my eyes and I'm met with an unfamiliar ceiling. I look around and see I'm hooked up to an EKG. The nurse calmly asks me to try wiggling my toes... but I can't, I can't feel anything below my waist. I lost my legs that day, but that night Lionel lost everything in that car. He died on impact, and it was all my fault. Everyday I think about Lionel, everyday I think about how he can never go to college, how he could never start a family, never see his kids go to school, and how it all could've been avoided if I just didn't get into that car.