

Dear Diary

7 August, 2008-

Dear Diary,

Today I turned five years old. We are going to have a party with all of my family members later to celebrate me. Mommy says we are going to Uncle John's house for my birthday party. She promised me that she won't drink the clear liquid out of a shiny glass bottle that makes her breath smell funny. I believe her.

Later that day

I am back, and Mommy is really really dizzy tonight. She drank too much of the stuff that makes her act weird. Now we are going to drive home, I am so scared I don't want to die. She keeps swerving off the road, snapping the wheel back just in time. I hope I will make it home. She slurs her words while teaching me, "I've done this for many years, we'll make it home Aishah, stop crying." I believe my mommy.

4 January, 2016-

Dear Diary,

I haven't written here in a while, but I happened to find you lodged deep in my desk. I'm thirteen now, and mom still has a drinking problem. I don't even know why I would tell you this like you wouldn't assume. She's gotten extremely good at driving while drunk though, and it didn't take her much practice. Most adults must do this but never talk about it, my mom is an expert. I'm in high school now, and in health class we used the drunk goggles to try and do simple tasks. It was so funny to watch all of my classmates not even be able to walk in a straight line without tumbling over. There's no way that's what being drunk is like. Anyways, I'm sick of high school and I already can't wait to graduate.

21 July, 2019-

Dear Diary,

You're never going to believe this, but I got my license. My picture shows all my imperfections and insecurities in the clearest way possible. It's the worst photo of myself to ever exist. I can't wait to go to insane senior parties and hang out with my friends all day. Ok GTG bye!

15 March, 2020-

Dear Diary,

I'm going to a par-tay yes I'm so excited. I will let you know how it goes, hopefully Brain will be there. Don't worry, I'm not going to drink anything. I'm the designated driver. I believe me, you should too. Ok duces.

15 March, 2020-

News Report

Reporter: Breaking News! Last night, there was a terrible accident on I-95. Four teenagers were cruising on the highway when they crashed. Police reports say they were going well over one-hundred miles per hour when they crossed three lanes of traffic and hit the center guard rail. Their vehicle flipped onto the other side of the highway where they were hit by a sixteen wheeler reportedly close to eighty miles per hour. Two of the teens were ejected from the vehicle, because of their lack of seatbelts. Unfortunately, none of the teens made it out alive. Police are still investigating the situation, but say these teens were seen at a party just minutes before the accident happened.

2020-

Dear Diary,

It's me again, here on the day of the funeral. It's all my fault I killed my friends. I only took a few shots just like mom would, and I was fine to drive. I have done it many times before, I was almost an expert. I mean I even grew up around it. I thought I was going straight but next thing I know we smash the guardrail, both of my legs become crushed. The engine from the vehicle was pushed to the inside of the car. I was viciously thrown out of the vehicle, through the windshield where I felt my legs slowly and painfully peel off. Now whether that was worse than the pain of me going through the window, I'm not sure. My head went through first, after the sheer force of my head between the windshield snapped my neck quicker than I could comprehend. As my head flew through, it felt like millions of shards of glass were slowly being dragged across my face. Creating small but utterly painful cuts. The rest of my body followed quickly behind, or what was left of it. I heard the car continue to flip, and a truck laying on its horn.

I was in so much shock and I still am. After that, everything suddenly was completely black and all of the pain was taken away. Now here I am, stuck somewhere between reality and heaven if there even is one. I'm lonely, there's nobody here but me. I'm forced to constantly relive the decisions I made that night. I convinced my friends to come with me telling them something I learned from my mom, "I've done this many times guys, well make it home don't worry." Now, all of our friends and family live simply in agony knowing that we are not here anymore. I drank, I drove, I died. It all could've been avoided. Arrive alive.