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Ms.Stein

English 11

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One Text

“I’m SO excited dude I cant wait” As I press send on that text, I grab my keys and unlock my car. With the low roar of my engine starting up I feel a vibration from my cupholder. Going to pick up my phone, I see a text back from Chase. Chase is a lifelong friend of mine, we’ve always done everything together, and the same goes for tonight because he invited me to a party at his friend’s house. I felt awkward being a tagalong of sorts but Chase assured me that I was very welcome. Opening up my texts I see he wrote back “Me too” followed by “Dont forget to brings some sodas or chips I told them you would bring something”. I set the phone back into my cupholder and pulled out of my driveway.

As I was driving towards the nearest gas station I remembered that I didn’t have any money in my bank account. Quickly I pick up my phone and start messaging Chase. I type “Hey” and look back up at the road, then “can you”, I look again, then “spot me \$10” I look again noticing I’m closer to the middle of the road than I would like and correct myself. I go back to typing, want to be done, I finish the sentence in one go. “I promise I will pay you back Monday” aaaaand send. As I look back up to the road, I am at least a tire’s width over the solid yellow line and a sedan is staring at me from the oncoming lane. The driver of the sedan trying his hardest to put distance between us, fruitless on this narrow backroad. I luckily manage to swerve back into my lane, there couldn’t have been more than a few inches between our mirrors.

Wiping the sweat of my brow from that close encounter I pull up to the gas station. I pick up my phone to see that Chase hasn’t confirmed he had or will pay me. With the party ongoing and still 15 minutes between us, I grab my emergency twenty dollar bill in my car’s visor. After

purchasing a pack of sodas I make my way back to the car. I'm still surprised that he hasn't responded to my text, if he doesn't have the money he can just say so.

Finally, I arrive at the party and it looks like I missed it.... Kind of. Everyone was at the party, but no music was playing and everyone was just standing there. I briskly walk over to one of the only people I know at the party, Chase was going to be my only real friend at this party. As I walk up to the people I know and I notice that some of them are crying. I ask "What is wrong? What's going on?". Later, one of Chase's friends puts his hand on my shoulder and soberly tells me "Chase is..." He chokes up, and lets out a tear but pushes on through his sentence. "Chase is dead.... He died in a car accident on his way to this party". I feel like my knees just broke, because I know who he was texting on his way over. Me, I was the one texting him while he was driving, and I was the one responsible for his death.