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### Three Drinks In

“We’re all in!” My manager shouts into the kitchen, after a long nonstop busy day. Everybody shouts with happiness in the kitchen. We’re done for the night! Everybody immediately starts cleaning the kitchen, trying to get out as fast as possible. As we’re cleaning, one of the servers comes in. “Hey! A bunch of us are going to get drinks. You want to come?”. Exhausted, I still say yes. There’s no work tomorrow, what’s the harm? We meet up at the bar, and begin ordering drinks. “Just one drink” is what I told them. One drink turned into two and two turned into three drinks. My world had begun to slightly spin, but I convinced myself I was fine. Exhausted, tipsy, and ready to go home, I shouted out “Goodnight!!” Hearing an echo of good nights, amongst was a voice that shouted “Wait!!!!”. My friend Jen ran up to me and stopped me. “Sophie, you’re not good to drive right now, you’ve had three drinks!”

“Jen! I’m good, the first one wore off, and I’m fine now. I’ll be fine to drive.” I tried to convince her and myself, but didn’t think I could convince either of us. “I really think you should stay and sit out another hour”. Jen expressed her concern, but in the moment, I frankly didn’t care. Tired and ready to go home I told her, “Jen. I love you and that you care for me, but I’m goooooood! I’ll get home fine, and I’ll even text you.” And I walked out of that bar, despite Jen’s pleas for me to stay. Sitting down in my car, millions of thoughts quickly rushed through my mind. “It’s only a thirty minute drive, I’ll be fine.” “I’m only a little bit tired, it’s nothing big.” “Three drinks isn’t crazy, I’ve had three drinks before and I was fine. Driving won’t add harm.” And with that, my key was in the ignition, the car was started, and I was off. Five minutes went by. Ten minutes

went by. Fifteen minutes went by and I had entered the countryside. My eyes started to droop, and being tipsy wasn't helping. "Fifteen more minutes, you can do it." But minute eighteen was when the story had changed. I couldn't do it. I couldn't drive for fifteen more minutes. What felt like closing my drunken eyes for three seconds, was much longer than that. When I opened my eyes, I was no longer driving. I was in the ditch. Glass covered me, and my body was entirely numb. Not being able to move, I fell back asleep, hoping somebody would find me.