

Call A Friend Instead

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Music blaring and colored strobe lights flashing. Everyone was having a great time, singing along to every song and jumping to the beat of the music. Memories were being made and everyone was having fun without a care in the world. It wasn't until later that night that the biggest mistake would be made. All the good memories would be turned into a night I would regret forever, especially because it was all my fault.

Kaylie is one of my best friends. She is always there for me whenever I need her. Always gives me a shoulder to cry on and always gives me the best advice. She is also the person I have the most fun with, which is why I love her. We spent all of our time together, and I could not imagine my life without her.

On this night, we heard of a party. We are always down for a good night out, so we obviously went. Once Kaylie and I arrived at the party, we were ready to have a fun time. However, we were unaware about the large amount of alcohol at this party and everyone else was drinking. We did not want to be outliers, so we drank, but we did not know our limits. Drink after drink, the both of us would not stop. Another shot, another seltzer, and another beer. We kept dancing through the night, singing every song with all of our friends, while also having conversations with people we didn't even know.

As the night went on, the room eventually began to spin, and my head was getting extremely dizzy. I kept stumbling into people and furniture. I looked at Kaylie, and she was doing the same thing, maybe even worse. She looked as though she could barely stand, and her

eyes looked heavy. At that moment, I thought it would be a good time to get going, it was extremely late anyways, and her mom would question if we came home later than 3 A.M.

Her and I stumbled out of the house, walking in a zig zag across the wet grass to the car, keys in my hand.

“So who is driving?” I asked her.

“Definitelyyy you, I can’t seeee very sssstraight,” she replies, slurring her words.

She was wasted and could barely stand, she was definitely more drunk than I was. Then, I questioned if I could even see straight, but I knew we had to get home somehow.

We got into the car and started to play music before hitting the road. I had started out going super slow and the yellow lines on the road were extremely blurry. Then, I thought I got the hang of it and started to go fast. We were screaming the lyrics to our favorite song with the windows down, cruising down the street through the night, wind blowing through our hair. The lines of the road became even more blurry, but I continued driving. I didn’t even realize how fast we were going.

The next thing I remember were red and blue flashing lights and the repeating sounds of loud sirens.

“Mam, are you okay? Mam?” the EMT says in the background, he was looking at me, but I didn’t answer.

I felt the shattered glass deeply impaled into my skin. The taste of warm blood in my mouth, unsure of where it was coming from. The smell of burnt rubber and gas saturated the air. My body was filled with cuts, bruises, and burns. I looked to my right and saw the red Honda Accord jammed into the telephone pole. Steam was coming from the hood of the car and the

windshield was no longer there. At that moment it occurred to me I had forgotten to wear my seatbelt. I lie there on the cold tar in pain, my eyelids getting heavy.

Next thing I know, I wake up in a hospital bed. Lucky for me, I woke up. My mom was in the hospital room waiting for me. Kaylie's mom was also there, which confused me at first.

The nurse began to speak to me. "Hi, my name is Emily. You were in a car crash last night, you're safe now."

"Kaylie?" I ask, "Kaylie, where's Kaylie?"

The nurse looks at me, her eyes widening, "Kaylie didn't make it through the night."

My stomach dropped, my heart stopped, and tears were piling into my eyes. I could see Kaylie's mom. Her eyes were bright red and puffy from crying and she was holding a used tissue. Kaylie, my best friend, the person who was always there for me, was now dead. I knew it was my fault. Kaylie doesn't have a life because of me. I knew I was drunk and could not see straight. I never should have driven a car that drunk. No one should ever drive drunk. There are so many other ways to get home that do not put someone else's life at danger. I could have called a number of friends to come pick us up. Now, I will have to live with this for the rest of my life. The memory of murdering my best friend. Drunk driving is not worth it, call a friend instead. Stay safe and keep other people safe. Arrive alive.