

Owen McCaffrey

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### One Last Drive

Driving that stuffy pickup truck down the road he could barely hear himself think. His friends, Chuck, Mick, David, and Max, were all extremely drunk. Countless yells, cheers, and insults from his friends in the back kept drawing most of his attention. Initially annoyed, he attempted several times to get his passengers to just be quiet, at one point even going so far as saying he would kick them out of his truck. But his friends, drunk as they were, saw straight through the lie, and now they sought to make even more noise. One started banging a glass bottle against the window, apparently forgetting that glass is, indeed, breakable. One bump and the bottle shattered, sending pieces of glass flying all over the truck. The passengers found it hilarious.

Next he tried rolling down the windows, hoping that the wind might drown out his friends yelling. It didn't. All it accomplished was his friends harassing any car that drove within 10 feet of the truck. He promptly rolled up the windows. Finally he recognized Max's house and swiftly pulled into its driveway.

"Alright time for you guys to get out, you can crash here tonight" he said. They didn't like that. He was flooded by complaints. *I'm not allowed to stay at anyone else's house. The night's still young. Don't be such a buzzkill. What's your problem? Get back on the road! Let's hit up another party.* It was all too much, but he didn't feel like he had a choice. "Fine, just don't do anything stupid while I'm driving". They assured him that they wouldn't.

Back on the road it didn't take long to realize they'd lied. Voice levels had already risen from normal speaking voices to an all out screaming match. Three conversations raged at once. He glanced down at his speedometer in time to realize he was going 75 in a 50mph zone.

Slowing down he turned around and yelled, "You're all gonna get me killed!" They just laughed.

Realizing that he wouldn't be able to reason with his friends he asked, "Alright where are we going anyway?" This got a cheer from his friends, one gave him several massive pats on the back, but nobody had an answer. They just liked being in the truck. *Fine, he thought, I'll just hit the back roads, nobody will be on them this late at night.* Picking one of the many streets that led to the road that led nowhere, he turned off the main road. The street was poorly lit except for the soft glow from the occasional porch light.

One of his friends chucked a beer bottle at a house they passed. A few seconds later the light flickered on and someone came running outside, but they were too late to catch the truck. His friends cheered once again, praising him for his getaway skills. *Maybe this will be fun after all.*

They reached the road he was looking for, seventy miles of country roads without a soul around. Perfect for speeding and getting away with it.

"Alright fellas, get ready!" he yelled. He pushed as hard as he could on the gas and they took off flying down the road. His passengers laughed wildly on every bump, then Mick threw up all over the truck.

A unified, "Ahh come on man!" rang out through the truck from his other passengers.

"Alright, the next person to throw up is getting left on the curb," he said. Then he looked down from the road to his console, which was now covered in puke. He took one hand off the wheel to grab some towels and began wiping down the radio and cup holders, yet he didn't slow down. As they went barreling down the road he didn't see the glow of the headlights ahead of him. The side of the truck was smashed in as it went spinning off the road before the other side of the truck slammed into a great oak tree. Glass, metal, and paint chips showered the road. When emergency services finally arrived nobody stepped out from the truck to greet them. Nobody could.