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*Blurred*

Flashing lights made me feel like I was spinning. Head throbbing. Vision blurring. Where was I? The music kept on blaring. Its bass sending shivers throughout my body. I need to go home.

Eventually managing to find a door, I slipped out into the crisp autumn air. Silhouettes of trees and greenery littered the yard. Descending the rickety steps that led into the abandoned house, my phone buzzed. The screen's brightness made my vision spotty again. It was 10:30 PM. Curfew was in an hour. Phone was about to die. I didn't have time to sit around. I needed to leave. Struggling to climb the steps back into the party, my drunken legs shivered from the cold. The music ensued, followed by the throbbing in my head. What would Mom and Dad think when they woke up and I wasn't home? I'll just text Dad to give me a ride. He always said he would do these sorts of things. Problem solved.

Fifteen minutes later... nothing. Twenty... still nothing. I checked my phone again. My distraught reflection stared back at me in it's dead black screen. Time for Plan B. If Dad wasn't coming to the rescue, I would have to drive. It took forty five minutes to get home according to Google Maps. Shave off a little time here

and there and BINGO. I can do it, just drive a little faster in some places, get lucky with traffic lights and I'm golden.

Stumbling over flat ground, I made my way away from the party and to the car. It's windshield was fogged. There was no time to wait for the defroster to kick in. I needed to leave. Idling forward, the car inched into the road. Barely visible through the clouded windshield, the yellow lines pointed me home.

The light on the dash kept flashing, followed by a constant beeping. What was it for? Struggling to get a closer look, I leaned in. BEEP. Looking up, I locked eyes with the headlights of another car. Yanking the wheel to the right and swerving across the entirety of the road and onto the gravel shoulder my tires screeched. Braking hard, the car rumbled to a halt. Adrenaline jolted through my body. Hyper focused on the surrounding environment, I let out a sigh of relief. Instinctively I clicked my seatbelt into place. The flashing light finally stopped, as well as the beeping.

Slightly in shock I continued driving home. Roads blended together as my attention span dissipated. Trees began bending inwards towards the road. Hills turned into straightaways. Straightaways tilted sideways. Signs far in the distance flew by me in the matter of seconds. My tiring eyes did their best to stay on the road. But the night sky made them wander. Beautiful stars speckled across the sky put a smile on my drunken face. The road, I reminded myself. Focus on the road.

Eyes locked on the pavement in front of me, my peripherals blurred. Trees vanished and stars disappeared into the blackness. I didn't see the stop sign before the intersection. Or the car creeping across it. Before I knew it my world was turned upside down. Lights flashed as shards of glass stuck in my face and hands like needles. Burning rubber blew black smoke into my lungs. Warm blood trickled down my temple and onto my face. My body was numb. I couldn't move.

Sirens broke the disturbing silence. Unable to comprehend what was happening, my body was lifted from its steel tomb and placed onto a stretcher. As I regained consciousness, the wreckage came into view. Two cars lay on their backs, completely demolished. Police everywhere. Anxiety and intensity filled the air. The sheer magnitude of the scene brought tears to my eyes. A body bag carrying the beneficiary of my mistake lay on a stretcher beside one of the totaled cars. My heart dropped. I knew that car. The one tipped upside down in the ditch adjacent to mine. It was my father's.