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### After the Party

As I walk through the door of Jimmy's house, I can see that his Halloween party is even bigger than the one he threw last year. There's music, lights, a ton of food, and even a dunk tank in the living room.

"Alex! I wasn't sure if you were coming!" I hear from my left. I turn to see Jack, my best friend since elementary school, soaked to the bone. "You should really try the dunk tank man! It's super fun." I notice as he's talking that his words are a bit slurred. He also hasn't stepped away from the doorframe that he's leaning on.

"Jack, are you drunk?" I ask skeptically. I knew that Jimmy's dad had a fridge in the garage where he hid his beer, but Jimmy usually told everyone to stay out of there.

"I'm not drunk! Jimmy gave me a beer or two from the fridge in the garage. Said he wanted to spice things up this year." I started panicking as the realization hit me. Almost everyone at this party was drunk or on their way there. I had told my parents that no one would be drinking, it was why they finally agreed to let me go. I decided to go sit in my car and calm down for a bit.

After a while of trying to decide what to do, I noticed Jack and his girlfriend, Sarah, walking towards his car. I knew I couldn't let him drive, so I ran out to try to stop him.

"Hey man, why are you leaving so early? I was hoping to stay for a little while. Wanna come back in?" I could tell he wasn't going to. He always leaves social gatherings early.

"Sorry, but I gotta get Sarah home by curfew. Her dad will kill me if I don't."

"You're drunk, you shouldn't drive. Her dad will kill you for that too!"

"Only if he finds out, which he won't. Come on Babe, We're gonna be late."

I saw my chance to stop him slipping away, but I couldn't think of anything else to do. Jack is twice my size, so I couldn't just step in front of him. Next thing I know his car has started and

he's pulling out of the driveway. I start to have a panic attack, thinking about everything that could go wrong. I ran back to my car, quickly starting it and trying to catch up. If I couldn't stop him, maybe I could make sure he was okay.

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I checked my blurry rear view mirror, and I noticed the vague shape of Alex's car behind me. Was he following me? I only had two beers, I didn't know why he was so worried. Then Sarah screamed. I looked over at her, and the car flew, tumbling over, the pain never ending, a large, white bag suffocating me, but saving my life. I looked at Sarah again to make sure she was okay. Through the blurriness created by the alcohol and the crash, I could barely make out her face, covered in blood. I whispered her name, and everything went black.

I saw a blinding light, accompanied by a very sharp and loud beeping noise, that wouldn't stop. My head was throbbing to the point I thought it might explode. Everything started to come into focus. The hospital bed, white sheets covered in blood. Too much blood to be just mine. Then the doctor walked in, and saw I was awake.

"Hello Jack, how are you feeling?"

"Where am I?"

"You're in the hospital. Your car was hit by a large truck earlier tonight."

"Sarah..."

"I have someone outside who would like to ask you a few questions. He'll be right in."

As the doctor walked out, I started to fill with dread. I didn't know what happened, but I had a pretty good idea. The door creaked open, and a man in a black suit walked in.

"Hello, My name is Captain Colson. I'd like to ask you a few questions about tonight." There was only one thing on my mind though, and his words had no meaning.

“Where is Sarah?”

“She died when you ran a red light. The truck hit the passenger door of your car. Now, those questions...” his voice trailed off as I began to tune it out. All I could think about was what I had done. I yelled as I started crying. Alex was right. I never should have gotten in the car.