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Arrive Alive

Second Chance

Imagine stepping into a room and everything is white. I know what you're thinking, and no not just the stuff in it but the whole room. White walls and ceiling and that is it. Nothing else is in the room but you had no clue where you were in the room because it was all white. Suddenly the walls and ceiling flashed black like they were flickering. Then instantaneously I was in a car driving down the highway. My mind was all over the place. "Where am I?" "What am I doing?" "What time is it?" My mind was repeating these three questions over and over again. I slowed my head down and tried to think about what I was doing before this. Fragments of my memories of tonight were coming back to my head until the lightbulb turned on and I remembered I was bar-hopping with friends.

SMASH! I woke back up in the white room. What was going on, all that came back to my head was the 3 questions. "Where am I?" "What am I doing?" "What time is it?" My head is throbbing trying to remember everything that happened before I got into this room. As soon as I was regaining my senses the walls and ceiling began to flicker again. In the twinkle of an eye, I was in another car. This time I was the passenger. In the car was my friend that I was bar-hopping with. We were all drunk and the car was swerving all over the road. Loud music was playing and my friends were laughing while the driver was not even looking at the road. All I could think was to take the wheel and drive correctly. However, I couldn't move, I was stuck watching my friends laugh while the road ahead of us was unwatched.

BAM! My head was pulsating, I had aching in my head and my ears were ringing like a grenade just went off one foot away. My eyes were slow to adjust but when they did I realized I

was in the same white room again. I was fed up, was this some sick prank that was being pulled on me, or was I in an incredibly weird dream. The walls and ceiling started to flicker again and all I thought was “ Here we go again.” This time it was relaxing. I was sitting in a car, which seems to be a recurring theme, but this time I was in the back seat. My friends were still here and we were going through a drive-through. We got the food but I was still unable to move. All my friends grabbed their drinks and food and started eating. Nothing could go wrong here, we drove safely and my friend that was driving was looking at the road. However, I realized something, every time he went to take a bite of his food he took his eyes off the road.

CRUNCH! I was done if I woke up in that room again I would have flipped out. When I woke up I felt cold steel on my wrist, soft blankets wrapped around me, with tones of beeping surrounding me. All of a sudden someone yelled he’s awake, he’s awake. I woke up unable to move again, besides the comfort feeling I felt I was locked up with a handcuff chained to the bed. I was in a hospital bed unknown how I got here. I frantically looked around to finally see my mother’s face. She begins to describe to me what happened. “You were out bar-hopping with your friends and you decided to go to a bar further away and your friend said that he was able to drive. You guys left and crashed into a telephone pole. My mind went still, “Did we try to drive?” “How could we be so stupid.” I couldn’t believe what I just heard and black started to flood my eyes. Before I fell back asleep the last words my mother said was “ You're lucky you have a second chance.” “ Did I deserve a second chance?” Why was I having dreams about distracted driving? My mind was trying to tell me to never be distracted and drive again.