

Ambrosia Moore

Gorham High School

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*Shattered Life*

Shattered glass covered the pavement. It was difficult to differentiate between glass from the shattered windshield, and glass from empty beer bottles. What had been a long night already, was going to be a nightmare I could've ever imagined myself living.

It was a hectic Saturday night. My friend had invited me over for a sleepover. Upon arrival, it was impossible to not acknowledge that there was an overwhelming amount of people at her house. When I got inside, her dog, Charlie, greeted me - a normal occurrence. Around the corner, the countertop was filled with all different types of alcohol.

I was the kid who never drank; not even took a sip of my parents, or a drink at a party. There was too much on the line for me. That night though, I allowed my own curiosity combined with peer pressure, change everything.

For a long time, I pondered over what drinking would feel like. I wondered what it would be like to defy the law. Quickly, my curiosity put me in a similar state as everyone else.

It was suddenly difficult to focus and I had a terrible headache. I snapped out of it when my friend, Madeline, suggested we get food. It felt like a good idea at the time, maybe all I needed to kick the massive headache I had brewing.

Four of us piled into my small car, and the engine roared with the turn of the key. It seemed that inside we all knew what we were doing was a bad idea, but we decided to go through with it anyways.

“Madeline?” I yelled, in a panicked voice.

“Kayleigh?!” I screamed, questioningly. There was no response. My heart was racing, and my body felt numb.

My eyes opened, only slightly. My friend, Riley, sat right next to me. I felt for her hand, but quickly realized my own arm was pinned. I continued to yell, waiting for responses from my friends. Strangers flooded the scene, attempting to comfort us by saying that help was on the way.

The last thing I remember is the red, white, and blue flashing lights, and the small details suddenly feeling huge. The bright, burning flashlight shining in my eyes, the yellow and blue collar they placed around my neck, and the splints they placed on both of my legs. I remember watching my friends get lifted into different ambulances, and wondering what would happen to them.

As I was lifted into the ambulance, and the doors shut, I took one last look at my red car which was surrounded by shattered glass. Then I took one last breath, as the life I once knew suddenly disappeared.

Instead of opting to safely stay in, we chose to get in the car. I made the decision to drive my friends into a life shattering car wreck that ended up taking my life. But what about them? Did they arrive alive at the hospital? Did they make it?