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Ms. Stein

English Advanced

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Not That Much

May 19th: 10:00 PM

The music stopped, and the lights turned on. Prom just ended and the party had just begun. This was the party we had all been waiting for the entire week. It was the first real high school party I was ever going to. My best friend Mary and I were beyond excited. When we arrived, flashing lights and blaring music filled the room. I walked over toward a table with red solo cups strewn across it. Mary grabbed two cups off the neat stack that she knew hadn't been touched yet by drunken teenagers. Right after that, we filled our cups and started drinking.

May 20th: 12:17 AM

"Oh I have not had that much!" I yelled across the room, announcing to all the people at the party. I picked up my phone and the brightness made me squint. Looking at the time plastered across the screen and I knew it was time to go because my mom wanted me home by 1 AM. Before the party, I promised to bring Mary home so I went to go look for her. "Oh are we going home?" Mary asked in a slurred voice. "Yes, but we have to be careful, I know it's not a far way to go but we've both had a couple drinks." Mary danced her way into the passenger seat and I folded into the driver seat while starting the ignition. Everything was intensely blurry as if there was something in my eyes even though there wasn't. The car headlights were so bright I couldn't even see the road. I remember Mary cranking up the music as we listened to old Taylor

Swift songs. "*You belong with me have you ever thought just mayb...*" Oh my gosh!," Mary shouted as I began off-roading. I looked forward through the bright lights and got us back on the road. We looked at each other slightly in shock but kept driving.

May 20th: 12:40 AM

The volume was louder than before even though no one touched the stereo. I was growing more tired and dizzy by the second. They had taught us in school not to drink and drive. The school even made us put drunk goggles on to see what it would feel like. Every time I told myself that the goggles were an exaggeration. Now, I'm living it and it is not an exaggeration. Inch by inch I drifted into the other lane and nothing was stopping me. It wasn't that I wanted to, it was that I physically couldn't. Mary was slumped over half asleep and I could barely sit up straight. Getting in the car and driving was the worst decision, we made a mistake. I drifted even more and then I could see the 2 bright headlights in line with mine, 6 feet away from each other, coming at full speed.

May 20th 12:55 AM

My heart was pounding when I finally had it in me to open my eyes. The deafening silence was broken by the tiny shards of glass falling from the smashed windshield. Bright red blood oozed from my head and down my face but somehow avoided my eyes as I lay back against the seat. I couldn't move my neck but every part of me wanted to look over at Mary. I needed to know if she was ok. When I gained the strength to move my head, I could see Mary and how still she was. Her eyes were shut, and blood trickled down her forehead. Warm tears fell down my face as I gazed into Mary's lifeless body. The faint sound of sirens grew louder while

red and blue lights filled the inside of my car. Everything was blurry as it was before when I was first driving. I heard people talking outside the car. I knew it was an abundance of police officers as well as an ambulance coming to save me. Only me. Mary, as I knew it, was gone. The car was completely silent. The glass stopped falling and my shirt was soaked with blood. I knew nothing was going to be the same again. I had made the worst, life altering decision and nothing was going to be the same again.