

Remorse

BFG NEWS Tonight... a 17-year-old boy named Rowan Smith was pronounced dead from suicide this afternoon; the cause is assumed to be the trauma from the car crash that happened a week ago today. Rowan was the only one found alive at the scene of the crash. There were five others in this crash as well, Rowan's best friend, who was riding with him, and the Frank family, whose car Rowan crashed into head-on. He was intoxicated and was the cause of this crash. We have recently found a voice recorder from Rowan's best friend that was recording most of the night. After listening to it multiple times, we made a story from Rowan's point of view so you all can understand more about this.

It's the night of prom, and my best friend Rowan and I are outside his house, taking pictures we'd never forget. I am thinking about how fun my senior year prom will be, but the part that bothered me is that Rowan would not stop talking about the big party we were going to after. This worried me because I've never been the person to party and hang out with large groups, but wherever Rowan goes, I go. After we finish taking photos, Rowan drives us to prom. It was packed; by the looks of things, there were 500 or more people. The dancing, music and people are going better than I expected. There is about an hour left to go, and you can see some people start to leave, and I already know that Rowan will want to rush to that party. On cue, I felt a tap on my left shoulder; without a doubt, it is Rowan who asked me if I was ready to head out.

One thing was evident, Rowan already had a little to drink, but I agreed, and we headed outside. We made it there quickly, and it seemed like more people were in this

dwelling than at the prom itself. Initially, I was uneasy, but as the party continued, I became more acquainted with the kids and started having fun. As the night went on, the more drinks everyone had. Later into the night, the unthinkable happened; Rowan said he needed to leave. This shocked me because he has never once wanted to leave a party early.

Us leaving the party was for a reason though. I later learned this reason was that Rowan was put on the task of purchasing more alcohol and food for the party. Where Rowan goes, I go as well; and then before I knew it, we were on the road. On the ride there, Rowan is all over the road; luckily, the street is empty. Rowan went in to get the alcohol but came storming out after they denied his purchase after seeing him drunk. I hadn't had anything to drink, so I told him I would drive. This doesn't go so well; he ends up screaming at me and arguing about things. When Rowan gets like this, I leave him alone because I know I'll never win this argument. I decided it wouldn't be worth arguing and let him drive back to the party. Rowan kept blabbing about how he couldn't get the alcohol. He is also visibly stressed, probably worrying about what he would tell everyone. I tried to get him to focus on the road and getting back safely. By the time I got Rowan to stop blabbing, it was already too late.

Rowan crashes into another car head-on after drifting off into the oncoming lane. The impact was so severe that I was barely able to keep consciousness. Warm liquid poured down my head; the darkness consumed my vision. As the darkness flooded my thoughts and imagination, I heard something calling out to me, reaching out to me. When it reaches me, my grandfather reaches out his hand. I take him by the hand, and

he helps me to rest after this short time of suffering. The calling I faintly heard was Rowan screaming to me to wake up, but it was too late; I was gone.