

Cole Bishop

End of the year party

School was out for the summer and everyone was pumped. But soon this excitement would turn into disaster.

I woke up from my phone blowing up with notifications. It was my friends talking about a big end of the year party that was just down the road from me. But I simply ignored the texts until later that night. After dinner my friends were still hounding me to go to the party. I went upstairs and got ready and just before leaving my mom said “ Be safe and please don’t drink and drive.” I’m not an idiot, mom, I snapped back, then shut the door before she said something back.

I started up my car and picked my friends up at their house. It didn’t take long until we realized we were at the party. I told them I’ll be the designated driver so don’t worry about how we will get home . They were pumped with those words. They turned around and rushed into the crowd of people. It was cool at the start of the party seeing all my friends from school cracking jokes and just having a great time. Seeing everyone drinking made me feel left out. That was until I grabbed a red solo cup and started to sip on it. I felt fine after the first one so I grabbed another red solo cup then another which quickly turned into a cycle. In about half an hour there were six empty cups around me.

The party was ending and me and my friends all decided to leave. They quickly noticed I had been drinking but they also had no ability to drive. I had to make sure we made it home safe. We got in the car and I tried to play it cool so my friends weren’t panicking but deep down there was fear trembling all throughout my body. I took the keys out of my pocket but just stared at them motionless. This ended when my friend said “Bro, are you going to drive us home or what?”. I put the keys in the ignition, shifted into drive and was then on the road. I was driving very slow and tried my best to pay attention to the road. My hands were sweating. I wiped my hands on my pants to not lose grip of the steering wheel.

I was close to my friend's house when the blue and white lights pierced through the rear window in my car. My chest got heavy. It felt like being punched in the gut. I couldn't breathe. My head was spinning wondering what was going to happen. My mind couldn't take it. I spun the steering wheel to the left right into a neighborhood, taking as many turns as I could find, just trying to lose the cops, looking back every few seconds to see if they were behind me. Then everything went dark. My vision was blurry, there was a ringing sound in my ears, blood all over my arms. Both my friends were unconscious. I dragged myself out of the car but couldn't move my legs. They felt like toothpicks. The feeling of the cold cement on my skin sent chills up my body. Now I saw red lights coming our way. I looked up into the sky and closed my eyes. It was all over.