

Keira Rosario

Ms.Stein

English P.6

3 November 2022

Halloween

“Was it worth it?” Riley’s dad wailed as the rage on his face glowed like brake lights. I couldn’t blame him. It’s my fault his daughter is dead. His brother pulled him back as he started to get aggressive. He was clawing his way back to me, he had more to say. “I didn’t want her to go to that fucking party.” My face felt hot and I turned the color of amber from a freshly put-out fire. Everyone was looking at me, they knew I was the cause of all of this. It wasn’t worth it.

For two weeks all Riley and I were talking about was this party. It was our senior year and Halloween was our favorite holiday. She was going as Willy Wanka and I as Captain Underpants. School wasn’t on our minds, winning the costume contest was. Friday finally came. “I’ll pick you up at six,” I told her. “I’m sure you will,” she knew I was always late. I rolled my eyes.

After getting ready I said goodbye to my dad. “Be safe tonight, there’s gonna be a lot of drunk drivers out and I don’t want anything happening,” he told me. I always thought he was so dramatic. We live in Maine, so I thought nothing bad would happen here. I said I loved him and that I’d see him tomorrow. It was 5:45 and I was going to be early to get Riley.

I sped into her driveway turning way faster than I should’ve. 5:58. I’m early. I text her “hurry I’m here,”. She climbs into the car and slams the door closed. “Damn,” I say with a sassy tone. “Robert told me I can’t go, so hurry before he comes out.” she sounded concerned, looking over her shoulder. She always called her dad by his first name. I zoomed out of the driveway blasting Ghostface Killers by 21 Savage. We sang along until we got to the party.

Once we were at the party we immediately went to the keg. “Woah Keira, you are supposed to be our DD.” Riley said cautiously, taking a sip. “Don’t you worry I’m far from a lightweight.” I said

reassuringly. We both drank and drank until 11:45 rolled around. The party was starting to die so we thought it was time to leave. Someone stopped us as we were about to leave. “You’re not leaving.” they said. I took an aggressive stance as I’m an aggressive drunk. “Willy Wonka needs to get their prize.” they said beaming. Riley won the contest. We cheered, she got her prize then we started leaving. “Hey, are you guys good to drive?” Annika asked with concern and grasped a hold of her face. “Yeah of course!” we responded. “I can give you guys a ride if you need, I haven't drank—“ she got cut off. “Annika we’re fine.” I interrupted sternly. Then we stumbled out giggling.

We climbed in the car, no seat belts on. I started the car and started playing music that made the base shake the car. We shouted the music and it was as if we wrote it. I started driving fast. Fast as in 85 on a backroad. “How fast does your car go?” Riley asked. “Let’s see!” I said. I couldn’t seem to see right. The lines were playing a game on me and moving around like snakes. Riley didn’t notice I was in the other lane because she was about as wasted as I was. All of a sudden we hear someone wail on their horn. Suddenly I can’t see anything. I dig through my foggy memories to remember what happened. I claw around and something feels wet and almost stringy. I open my eyes and realize I’m in the grass. I try to stand up and feel a rush of pain in my head. I reach up to touch it and feel sharp glass shards. I struggle to put two and two together but realize I must have been thrown out of the car.

Riley. Where’s Riley? I see a limp figure off in the distance that’s stretched out on the tar. I crawl over calling for Riley. My calls start in a quiet voice but as I get closer they turn into a scream. I flip her over, shaking her nervously, trying to get her to wake up. I realized she wasn’t moving. I passed back out.

I awoke in the hospital and couldn’t remember anything. My parents told me about Riley. She didn’t make it. My body took the shock poorly. I was too numb to cry. I finally got discharged from the hospital and it was in time for Riley’s funeral.

At my house, I put on my black silk dress sullenly. I went back and forth on going to the funeral. I wanted to pay my respects to her and say goodbye but at the same time, I knew I wasn’t welcome there. My mom encouraged me to go and said that I would regret not saying goodbye to her.

I arrived at the funeral home. As I walked through the door I felt eyes scanning me up and down. My heart began to beat fast and all I could hear was the whispers of what felt like thousands of people. One voice was far from a whisper. Her dad. "Was it worth it?" he wailed. I froze at the thought of having to face him. It was not worth it.