

So Much Fun, Not So At The End

“Hey bro, are you sure that you can take me home? You look nowhere near sober.”

“No I’m fine I can take you home but I have to take Lamron home first, then Bobby and I can drop you off last”

“No, it's fine you don't have to drop me off I can call my older brother to come to get me no worries”

“Dude I got you man, I'm fine, don't you want to hang out with the boys?”

“I guess I'll go with you guys.”

Cruising on I-95 on a rainy Saturday night with the boys. We are going home from a party and we've made some bad choices. I'm driving 90 on a 60 and we're bumping music to the point where the thumping of the bass is felt in our chests. On the way to Lamron's house, we saw another one of our friends on the road. He started to speed up and we wanted to one-up him and go faster so we raced until we reached the exit nearest to Lamron's house. From the rearview mirrors, we saw red and blue lights and we panicked. Most of us weren't sober so I fled and a police chase happened. We zoomed around the streets until we got back on the highway where we were speeding even more than last time. We cut the music and everyone has mixed opinions on what we should've done. It went from having fun to everyone yelling and freaking out. More police cars showed up and we got even more scared. I made the wrong decision and was going 120+ and the car started to Hydroplane and BOOM!...

Beep Beep Beep I woke up on a hospital bed with my last memory being that loud bang. My health was in critical condition and got some terrible news that all of my friends that were in the car with me had all passed away due to the injuries they got from the crash. The doctors told me that I was involved in a high speed police chase that resulted in me crashing my car. They found tons of intoxicants in my car after the crash, which proved that I was at fault for what we did last night. Unfortunately, I barely remembered what happened due to my state of mind at the time. All of a sudden, we hear the news broadcasters talk about the crash on live TV. Everyone looks up at the TV but me. I had my head down in shame listening to what they had to say and what actually happened. I immediately thought that I was done for. I even was in denial about it between myself; I just forcefully refused to believe that it happened. 6 months later I'm in prison for manslaughter, lost my license, and forever living with survivor's guilt.