

Losing Everything

For many people, having everything go perfectly in your life is a dream. But at 19 years old, I was literally living the dream. My name is Harry Sanders, and at such a young stage in my life I already had pretty much everything going for me. I had finished with high school and already received a scholarship to play college football at Louisiana State University. I honestly still couldn't believe it. I was getting to play football at my dream school. I was doing what hundreds of people wished they could do. It was hard to stay humble but I tried my best. It was already about 3 quarters of the way through my freshman year and we were already the favorites to win the national championship. Needless to say things were at a high for me... Until IT happened...

The party was packed, there had to have been at least 100 people there, and almost everyone brought drinks. Except for me of course, considering that I was still underage. I got there a little late and pretty much as soon as I got there I found my friend Daryl. Immediately he offered me a drink, but I had the resilience to decline, at least at first. Practically every corner I turned there was alcohol, it took me 10 minutes just to find some water. I started to wonder if maybe I was being too stuck up, if maybe I should just relax and let loose. I had already been there for about 45 minutes and I was getting tired of ducking everyone because I didn't want to drink anything, so I said screw it, and grabbed my first drink of many.

It was around one in the morning, or at least I think it was. I had so many drinks that I couldn't even get a firm concept on what time it was. Most of the people had been filtering out already and at that point I was finally able to muster the brain strength to realize I needed to be getting back before someone noticed. My friend offered me one last drink before I went but I must've been so out of it I didn't even notice him. I was eventually able to find my keys and

stumbled my way to my car. The campus was pretty far from where the party took place, so I decided I had to drive fast to get there. I pulled out of the driveway and practically floored it.

I was having a hard time staying within the lines, but I just pinned it on my car needing a realignment or something. I never correlated it with the fact that I might be intoxicated. I finally managed to get my car under control and keep it going straight. This would be easy getting home fro- *HONK*. I regained focus and saw headlights flying straight towards me. I swerved back into my lane. How did I get over there? That was too close for comfort. I gathered together enough common sense and decided I should pull over and take a nap. My eyes closed and my mind relaxed. I dreamed of the national championship. 12 seconds left, we were down by 3. Last play of the game. The ball was snapped. I ran a flawless route and shook off my defender. In stride I caught the ball and ran into the end zone. We had won, my dream had come true. I stared as orange fireworks shot up into the air. They lit up the night sky and grew brighter with everyone second. But why were they so bright? I awoke to reality and saw a mountain of flames rise upon in front of me. The car that was wrapped around my front bumper laid motionless and aflame as I pieced together what had just happened... I had just *lost everything*.