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His name was Benjamin, but everyone called him Benny. Benny was the kind of person who would give you the shirt off his back if you asked for it, even though he didn't have much himself. I met him my freshman year of high school. He was considered to be one of the "hick" boys who always wore a hat with a fish hook on the brim and work boots that look like they've been to hell and back. I didn't start to get to know Benny until my junior year. We began hanging out in the same social groups and going to the same parties. He drove this old Ford truck that I could swear he loved more than his own mom. He would pick me up, and we'd drive around our small town together listening to Zach Bryan and Taylor Swift. He was a hard worker too. When most kids went to football practice or to hangout with their friends after school, Benny went to work. He worked for a landscaping company and some days he'd even skip school so he could work. I found out that his dad was an alcoholic who couldn't keep a job, so Benny did. Sometimes Benny would come to school with bruises that he'd claim were from landscaping, but we all knew the truth.

He was the kind of kid that when he walked down the hallway, everyone said hi to him or gave him a high five or fist bump. Almost every girl at our school had a crush on him from one time to another, but he never gave them the time of day. That's why I felt so lucky—I was the only girl he'd hangout with or drive around in his special truck. He and I were just friends though, that's how we both wanted it to be, but deep down I will always feel love for him. I just wish I could've told him that before it was too late.

It was a summer Friday night, Benny and I were headed to a party not too far up the road. There were tons of people going and a big bonfire happening too. One thing about Benny that always made me uneasy was he liked to drink. A lot. I'd never really considered the consequences of him drinking a lot and heading home. He always told me he knew the roads like the back of his hand and that he would be perfectly fine. So I trusted him. Just like usual we got in the truck to leave the party. His breath stunk of alcohol, but he held himself together. Something inside me was telling me to get out of the truck. I had never had this feeling before. It was this gut wrenching feeling. I told him we should wait a while before we leave. He didn't want to, but I did, so I left his truck and watched him pull out of the driveway. That night was the last night I saw Benny. I got the call from his brother. He crashed his precious truck into a telephone pole without a seatbelt on going too fast.

Everyday I think about him—how I could've saved him, took his keys or talked him out of driving. Maybe he wouldn't be dead if I was with him. The sweetest soul was taken from this earth because of a decision he made. I now stay sober at parties and drive people home, knowing I will get them home safely brings me comfort. I can't stop drunk driving, but I will do everything in my power to make sure it doesn't happen when I'm around.