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Ms. Stein

English 12A

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The Invincible Drunk Driver

10pm:

Counting the rolls as our car flings into the ditch, everything is out of control. I have finally had one too many. While imagining all of the horrible ways our life could end, the car starts to slow down. Turning around to check if my friends are alive, that night I saw something absolutely horrifying. I turn around to find my best friend unconscious and my sister's whole body bent in unimaginable ways.

10am: 12 hours before...

Just waking up, I jump out of bed, running into my sister's room. She is already awake so we decide to go out for breakfast. Something feels a little different about today, but it is going to be a good day. We choose a new restaurant this morning. It is a cute, little cafe in town that we have never heard of before. They have all types of pumpkin themed foods which is my favorite, and very fitting for the Halloween season. As we sit down at the table patiently waiting for our food, the group chat is blowing up on my phone about a party tonight, of course we have to go. My sister and I always go to parties together but none this big. It's a Halloween party so we have to go all out. As we discuss the plans for tonight and ideas for our costumes, the steaming hot plate of pumpkin pancakes comes out with the butter melting down the side.

10:45am

Running back out to the car, so excited to go pick out our costumes, I trip on a small piece of tar cutting up my whole hand when I fall. My sister quickly runs to go grab the First Aid Kit while blood is oozing down my arm. Once we get it safely taken care of, we drive to Spirit of Halloween. Now the big decision is what we want to be. We are considering devil and angel or

firefighter and police officer. The partner costumes are endless but we decide to be boring and go with the devil and angel. While we are out at the mall we obviously have to stop at Starbucks and get alcohol from the gas station that takes my fake ID; no one can come to a party empty handed.

12:00pm

The party is in seven hours but me and my friends are meeting in four to pregame. I am the designated driver because alcohol has never had the same affect on me as it does everyone else. Plus I have had a lot more practice, I'm sure we will be fine. Finally it is time to start getting ready, my sister and I take turns. She does my hair then I do hers, she does my makeup then I do hers. By the time we are wrapping up, it is around 3:30. Our friends will be expecting us soon, it is time to leave.

3:45pm

We are rushing out the door, saying goodbye. My mother always gives us the same speech, "Drive safe and if there is anything you need, you can always call me. I love you." I text my friends once we are finally in the car, to tell them we are running late. We finally make it to Georgia's house... everyone is already drinking.

7:00pm

We are getting ready to leave for the party. It has been about an hour since I have had anything to drink so it is safe for me to drive, at least that's what I think. On the way there the music is blasting and everyone is singing along with the song. It is also getting darker outside and harder for me to see. Since I am not really paying attention to the road, we almost hit a man dressed in all black. Swerving to miss him we continued on our way.

7:20pm

We finally arrive at the party, everyone going their separate ways to meet up and take pictures in their costumes. They have a nice bar setup with every type of drink you could

possibly imagine. After promising myself I will only have a few, I know that isn't going to happen. We continue to drink for the rest of the party, not following any agreements on pacing ourselves.

9:45pm

Just like that, it is time to leave, the time has flown. I am in no shape to drive but neither are my friends. I promise myself I can do it safely and we will take our time to get home. We all get in the car, everyone is screaming and jumping around. I know the drive will be challenging with all of this commotion, but I can do anything, especially when I am drunk. I feel the car starting to lose control. Going sixty miles per hour, all I can see is bright headlights coming at us. *BOOM!* All of a sudden my vision starts fading in and out, and the rest is just a memory.