

The Night Everything Changed Forever.

By Samantha Kovacs

My best friend Sarah and I were inseparable. Tonight she had convinced me to go some stupid party with her. I didn't even want to go, I had to work early the next day. I told her if we were going to go I would drive because I didn't want to drink. Getting ready together is always my favorite part of going out. Us going through my room like a tornado trying on a million outfits. The party was just a short ten minute drive from my house, we said goodbye to my mom and she made us promise to be safe and to wake her up when we got home. I agreed to her deal and said I loved her and we left. Little did I know that would be the last thing I ever said to her.

We hadn't been at the party long, somehow Sarah was already way too drunk. Sarah notices my ex there with his new girlfriend, I run in tears to the bathroom. I could feel my heart beating out of my chest, the feeling of my heart being broken flooded through my body all over again. Moments later I hear a soft knocking on the door, "come on let me in", it's Sarah. She comes into the bathroom with shots "let's drink" she said. At that moment I forgot about how I needed to drive us home. I was upset so I drank. Couple hours later Sarah and I were both way too drunk, dancing on tables having a great time, until the next shot she gave to me was one too many and I started projectile vomiting. This was our sign we needed to go home.

We get to my car, and Sarah offers to drive because I was feeling so sick. I could feel in my heart this was a bad idea, neither of us should drive. She convinced me she was good, it was only ten minutes anyways we would be fine. The motion of the car swerving all over the road was making me even sicker, I decided to close my eyes yelling at Sarah wouldn't do any good.

I'm still not sure what happened. I awoke to the sound of sirens all around, I could feel tears of someone dripping on my face. It's Sarah, now I hear her crying. She's telling someone

it's all her fault. I was unable to move or open my eyes, I wasn't in any pain though. From what I had gathered from everything I was hearing, Sarah had flipped my car into a ditch and I was unresponsive. The police were calling my parents "dead upon their arrival" is what they said to her about me. My poor mother waiting for me to come wake her up to say goodnight instead had received the worst call of her life. Poor Sarah was blaming herself for driving drunk and killing me. Only I would know it was really my fault. I was supposed to drive us but I had been careless and looked where that got me. Dead. I wish there was a way to make everyone see it was my fault not Sarah's. I didn't want her to have to live with that guilt. She was my best friend. I wish she never had to feel that way.