

The scheduled conversation on Friday afternoons in the group chat with my friends lit up my phone when I got home from school. "What's the plan for this weekend?" my friend, Jason, asked. Typically it would just consist of fire for a couple hours then we headed our separate ways for the weekend, but Sean responded with, "let's go to my camp tonight, parents not home" we all knew where this was going. The message was quickly gobbled up by the entire group. I had nothing going on this weekend, it should be a fun night. "Show up around 7" Sean responded. The plan was set.

I told my mom the plan, she said to make smart and safe decisions as she usually says everytime she hears the rattle of the fishing lure keychain attached to my car keys. It was a rainy night, not super bad but just enough to see the reflection of your car from the high beams shining on the wet pavement. Sean sent the address to his camp, it was only 45 minutes away. Most camps in Maine are further north and used for hunting, fishing, and riding ATVs, but Sean's was on a beautiful lake in central Maine. I arrived and the driveway was already packed, I managed to wedge my small 2005 Honda accord into the corner bordering the flower garden. I walked into the beautiful log cabin and opened the door to the stereotypical party, blaring music. Not too long after I was greeted by the massive amount of my friends there all with some sort of alcohol in their hand. I knew this was what I would find tonight, it didn't need to be said, we all had the mutual idea that there would be alcohol there.

The night was going great, everyone having a good time. Several Digornio pizzas were thrown into the oven and cooked up. Quickly the group of boys heard the "ding" of the oven timer going off and a rampage of pushing and shoving to get to the pizza first began. Clearly three pizzas was not enough for nine hungry boys. Some of my friends were definitely feeling the effects of having too much alcohol. I felt pretty good, I had only had 4 drinks which isn't that much. With no surprise I heard the yelling of my friend Jeremy from the living room, "Who wants to run to the store and grab some grub"? Immediately one of my friends volunteered, we all knew he had too much to drink to drive so me and Sean told him to give us his keys. Zach looked at me and said, "you haven't had much to drink, you run and grab some food"! Immediately I knew this was a bad idea, but I figured it was better than someone else driving who had more to drink. Shortly after I grabbed my keys and walked up the wet stone walkway to the cars. I opened my car door and sat down, the house light shining in my face blinding me. Backing out the driveway felt easy, "this won't be too bad" I said to myself. The Hannaford down the street was only 7 minutes away so it was a quick drive. There was a four way stop somewhere on the way there I had remembered from when I got there. All of the alcohol in my system started to make my head feel heavy. When I looked to my left at the shining light blinding me I felt a huge object hit me. My car was sent into the ditch and flipped onto someone's lawn. Failing to stop at the four way stop led me to be t-boned by a GMC 1500 truck.

As I climbed out of my smoking car, I now feel more impaired due to my hurting leg. I hurried to the truck and saw the woman that was driving the truck had her head on the steering wheel. Unconscious. I called 911 and told them through my slurring words what I had done. I sat there on the wet pavement watching the rain fall on my long hair and listening for the distant sirens on this quiet night. Don't drink and drive, your actions can hurt others

