

“Remember, if you see something, say something.” Merleigh anxiously bounced her leg in her anti-bullying club; with her shift at work starting in 20 minutes. In this meeting, the club went over by standers and their role in an active scene of bullying. The club president emphasized if you see something, say something. Merleigh had to leave for work and missed the rest of the meeting.

The rush was slower at Becky’s diner, most people went out trick or treating, or at Halloween parties that Merleigh wasn’t invited to. It was 10:37pm when a huge SUV pulled into one of the front spots at what seemed like 60 miles per hour. The high beams pierced through the window and into Merleighs eyes, waiting to host the next party. The silhouettes of their bodies approached the door and to her surprise, the popular guys on the football team stumbled through the entrance. She had wondered what brought them there late in the evening, but soon realized that they had drank throughout the night.

“Table for... uh.....1,2.. 7 please,” one of the boys stuttered.

“Sure.” Merleigh immediately knew they had been drinking, when she counted 5 of them. Some of them were visibly drunk, and she started to wondered how they even got to the diner in one piece.

Merleigh sat them down at their table but didn’t converse with them too much because people considered her “weird” at school. She didn’t think they would want to talk to her anyways. After finishing their meals, the guys started to get up and leave. She watched them all stumble out of the front door and into their SUV and watched the “designated driver” fall into the driver's side door. He finally gathered himself together and got into the driver's seat. Merleighs head raced. She didn’t know what to do. She

wanted to speak up and tell them not to drive home, but she didn't because of the social stigma around a recluse talking to one of the popular kids. She told herself that they would be fine and they are capable of making their own decisions. That was first mistake, but she didn't know it yet.

After about half an hour after the boys left, Merleighs shift ended and she packed up to head home. As she pulled out of the lot, wailing sirens and flashing lights crossed directly in front of her. She decided to follow the ambulance although it drove the opposite direction from her house. As she approached the scene, glass shards covered the entire street. Her wheels sounded like they were rolling over a dirt road. A sleek, black cop car blocked the road, so she couldn't see much of the scene.

The cop approached Merleighs car, "Sorry, roads are closed."

"What happened?" Merleigh begged for an answer.

"It's confidential as of right now." That was the cops only answer.

Merleigh had no choice but to turn around. As she backed up, she glanced past the cop car to take in more of the scene. She saw a stretcher, and a car, but the car was hidden, concealed by a white sheet.

The next day at school, she arrived late. When she walked into class, she got blank stares. She awkwardly walked to her table and sat down. The intercom turned on and the principal said,

"Thank you for those few moments of silence in these difficult times."

Merleigh turned to one of her classmates and asked

"What was that about?"

Her classmate responded and said

“You didn’t hear? Like basically the whole football team crashed their car last night.”

Merleighs heart dropped.

“Are they okay at least?” she asked hesitantly.

“I don’t think so. The driver and front passenger died immediately and the rest are in the hospital.”

Another student chimed in, “Yeah I heard both of them flew head first out of the windshield.” Merleigh wanted to cry then and there. She felt sick all day and blamed the crash on herself. By the end of the day, Merleigh wanted to go home but suddenly got stopped in the hall by a fellow anti-bullying member.

“Hey come to room B-201, we have an emergency meeting.”

When she got there, they all sat in a circle and started talking about the crash. Merleigh barely heard anything they talked about. Instead, she zoned out and thought about everything she could have done to stop that crash from happening. She snapped back into reality at the end of the meeting, catching the club president's daily, friendly reminder.

“Remember, If you see something, say something.”