

One Bad Decision

At the after-party, the thumping music and the laughter echoed through the packed party. The clinking of the drinks filled the air as me and my friend, Aubrey, walked into the party. This night was meant for enjoyment. We joined the games and met lots of people, and as the night went on, the drinks flowed freely. Caught in the moment, I found myself losing count after a while.

When it came time to leave, the drinks had clouded my mind a bit, but I thought it wasn't that alarming. I insisted on driving Aubrey home since he didn't have a driving license, but he hesitated, concern showing in his eyes.

"I swear bro I didn't even have much, stop acting weird."

"You can barely talk, let's just call a taxi and we can get your car tomorrow."

"Let's just go man, stop worrying all the time or you'll start losing hair."

"But-"

I waved off all of his concerns and pulled him towards the car. I'm confident I can handle it, I don't even feel that dizzy. How hard can it be? I'm a fine driver and it's night so there probably isn't anyone on the roads. In my current state, I felt unstoppable.

I sat behind the wheel and quickly the road became a long stretch of uncertainty. Did we really drive down this road? I could've sworn it straighter than this when we drove here. I struggled to focus and my reaction felt slow but I still felt confident.

"Man, you are not alright, stop the car now."

"I told you chill, I'm good, who are you, my mom?"

“You can barely drive down a straight road, stop this car now I’m serious.”

“I said I’m good why are so-“

“WATCH OUT!”

All of a sudden there were bright lights in front of us and there was the piercing sound of the tires. The impact of the metal against each other was loud and the joy from the drinks and the party was quickly replaced by the crash and everything went black.

When I awoke, dust everywhere, and I saw Aubrey hurt and not moving. Worry and guilt washed over me like a tsunami. This was supposed to be a fun night, one with no problems, but because of me, it turned into a nightmare.

“Hey...hey... are you okay? Wake up.”

Paramedics came and started pulling Aubrey out to try and help him, while I climbed out and faced the consequences of my decision. The night that began with laughter and enjoyment ended with the realization of my actions. One poor decision I had made led to my friend getting hurt and me left with that guilt for the rest of my life.