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Don't Trust Anyone

2010's hits is the music that's shaking the whole house. Screams and singalongs to Taylor Swift's "Love Story" are filling the air and shivering the floor beneath me. Right when the chorus comes on, I magically hear my phone ring over the loud music playing on the PartyBox. I struggle to reach in my pocket, bumping my shoulder into the girl next to me that I've never seen in my 3 years of being in high school. An incoherent text message from Stephen covers my wallpaper of us on our summer trip to Florida.

"Brp cnyouu brng me homI"

Stephen is usually bad at typing, but this time is different. I started looking around to try and scout a M&M costume he's wearing in the distance, but failed. I move to the garage and see several around me, but I find the top of his golden blonde hair looking down at his phone. I know by the several drinks he's had, his wobbly stance, and obviously, his typing, that he's clearly had way too many to drive. I didn't think much of it, the party just started. Parties are meant to be fun and that's what I'm going to do. Why would I leave early for a friend that made bad decisions, especially after he stole my alcohol earlier that day without letting me know.

Texting on my phone, I hear my name behind me, it's Abby begging me to play cup pong. She's someone I know and trust, so I told her about Stephen's situation and she insisted on bringing him home.

The night kept moving along as the traditional Saturday parties do. I played cup pong with my friends, everyone facing me and Abby's fierce competition. The drinks flowed in as did more people. The cramped space was way too much for me. The flashing from the lights that I helped set up was getting me sick. My feet were aching from being stepped on by careless drunk

people that don't know how to dance. I figured that now was the best time to leave. I scavenger my way to the front door, and throw on my backpack that I hid behind the chair near the back door. I walk over a mile to my car listening to the new Taylor Swift album, life has never been so good I thought, super excited to lay in my bed.

A couple of hours pass, and I start watching 22 Jump Street. I was laughing at Jonah Hill and Channing Taytums hilarious jokes when the perfect moment got interrupted by several notifications from our friend group chat.

"RIP Stephen"

"Fly high"

"What Happened?" I ask

"Stephen just hit an electric pole going 80mph"

My face turns red. No way this just happened? I immediately call Abby.

"Why didn't you bring Stephen home?"

"I ended up staying at the house and didn't leave"

I opened up Instagram and saw the devastating news. I keep blaming myself for this. I could've brought him home if I wasn't being selfish. None of this would've happened if I just brought him home.

Ever since this tragedy I've always made myself the designated driver. I didn't want anything to happen to my other friends and I didn't trust anyone else being responsible for them. I never want anyone else to be hurt ever again.