

One Last Ride

Beep...Beep...Beep, the pulse oximeter attached to my index finger slowly wakes me like an alarm. As I'm slowly blinking myself back into consciousness I look up and see Chase's mother and mine hugging and crying. My head is spinning. I look down to see the two useless bandage wrapped stumps that are left of my legs.

"Mom?" I asked wearily "What's going on?" Chase's mom hugged my mom one last time and made her way out of the hospital room.

"Why, why did you drive?" she asked while her voice broke from tears.

"I...I..." I stuttered as I realized I didn't have an answer.

It was winter and my friends and I decided it would be fun to go ice fishing on a local pond only 15 minutes from my house. Chase and Buster were coming with me but we weren't only planning on fishing. We thought that since we were only 15 minutes away from our house we would be fine driving back after a few drinks. Needless to say, that became the worst decision of my life.

"There's no fish here anyway," slurred Buster as he drank another Twisted Tea. "Lets just pack up and go back to your house." Chase was just laying on the ice stuck in a drunken laugh, I couldn't walk well but I blamed it on the ice.

"Can you drive? I'll do it, let me drive, there's no way you can drive after all you've had." I said drunkenly to Chase who fished around in his pocket for the keys.

"Tweas turn to keys!" He shouted giddily.

"You're sitting shotgun" I commanded as I helped him to the other side of the car while managing to get the keys.

"Buster you good?" asked Chase from the front.

A muffled groan was heard from the back.

I started up the cold car and we sat there for what felt like hours as I tried to get my head to stop spinning. None of us even thought to call someone to drive.

After about five minutes of driving I'm confident in myself, Buster passed out in the back seat and Chase and I sang along to Creed in shotgun, none of us buckled. "I cried out, "Heaven save me" / But I'm down to one last breath / And with it let me say / Let me say / Hold me now." We screamed along with Creed.

I closed my eyes as I sang along with my voice full of passion. I feel the car pull to the left and as I look up a tractor trailer's high beams glaring into my retinas. The music cuts off. I'm no longer sitting and singing with my friends. The windshield shattered and Chase is nowhere to be seen. Buster was lying still in the back and I didn't know if he was ok. Every airbag has been set off. I grunt and look down and the car crushed my legs.

Lights are blinding my half conscious eyes from every direction and I'm being put into an ambulance. I hear in the distance "two survivors" but I don't comprehend what that means yet. All I remember is the two bright lights from the tractor trailer headlights that took my friend's life. But those lights didn't kill Chase, I did.

Work Cited

Creed. "One Last Breath." *Creed*, 2001, <https://genius.com/Creed-one-last-breath-lyrics>.