

A Good Night Turned Bad

By: Alison Smith

“Kate!! Come on, let's go, we're going to be late!!” Brooke and I had spent the whole day getting ready for our senior prom and it was almost time to leave. As I rushed to put on last minute makeup she started to get anxious that we were going to be late, we still had to go take pictures and it was starting to get dark. I ran downstairs to take pictures with our family quickly before we left but Brooke was still stressed out. As the two of us rushed out the door, our parents told us to drive safe and have fun, we disregarded it and Brooke grabbed her keys and we hopped in her moms brand new BMW.

With Pitbull blaring out of the speaker we cruised through the winding back roads of Maine screaming our lungs out. Brooke's boyfriend had been repeatedly texting her making sure that she wasn't going to be late. As Brooke grabbed her phone to text him back I started to get a little anxious because she had been going at least 20 mph over the speed limit but I trusted her because she always speeds so this instant was no different. As she texted him back she periodically looked up to make sure that there were no cops. It started to get darker as she sped around the corners singing at the tops of our lungs. As Brooke reached for her phone again she took her eyes off the road for a split second and we went hurling into the forest. Suddenly the day full of joy and excitement turned to our worst nightmare. At that moment time was in slow motion. As the front of the car wrapped around a tree all I could hear was the sound of screaming, the crunch of the car and the bang of the air bag, then it was silent. I looked over at Brooke and she had blood dripping down her forehead and part of head had been pushed through the windshield. “BROOKE!!!” I screamed and there was no response. As I reached for my phone to call 911, I was sobbing.

The next thing I remember was waking up in a hospital bed with my parents and Brooke's parents standing around me crying. As I came back to consciousness, I was very foggy but I couldn't get the image of Brooke, lifeless, bleeding with her head through the window. I sat in the hospital for 3 hours crying, hugging my parents and Brooke's parents.

I will never forget the gut punching feeling of my parents telling me that my best friend had passed away. I cried for days trying to get rid of the guilt that I felt for letting Brooke text and drive. From that day forward, I have never driven distracted because I know how it feels to lose someone that you love. Don't drive distracted, Arrive Alive