

## *Consequences*

*By: Brooke Kazimer*

Stumbling to the driver's side door Sami slurs "I'll drive! I'm perfectly sober."

"No way Sami, you've had way too much to drink. I'll drive, I had a few drinks but I'll be okay. We need to get home, mom doesn't even know we went out tonight. If she sees us pull in we are in huge trouble."

As I arrive at the driver's side door I pull Sami away watching her stumble to the other side of the car. A sigh of relief comes over me, grateful that she decided not to drive. I step into the car and make sure Sami is settled. I know I should not be driving, I can't even see straight. Sami's worse than I am, her eyes are heavy, and I watch her head sway back and forth like the trees in the wind. It's not until we are 5 minutes away from home that I realize Sami does not have her seatbelt on.

"How dumb are you Sami? Put your seatbelt on." She does not answer. She's sleeping with her head leaning against the door of the car. I stretch my arm across Sami to buckle her seatbelt, trying not to wake her up. I only looked away from the road for one second, to help Sami. One second was too long. I soon see the bright lights of the oncoming truck in the corner of my eyes and the long deep horn sound.

What is only moments later I wake up, where is Sami? Glass everywhere covering the seat where Sami once was. In the distance I can still hear the deep horn of the truck I must have collided with, but where is Sami?

I try to unbuckle my seatbelt which is now slicing into my abdomen to find Sami but I cannot move. Yelling her name, the pain in my head is excruciating.

I don't hear a response.

I feel the trickle of blood coming from the fresh wound on my head. I press my fingers to the wound, the pain so unbearable it causes me to black out.

Moments later I wake up to paramedics trying to get me out, but where is Sami? I ask and beg them over and over again to tell me where she is, but I do not receive a response. I am screaming for Sami, my throat dry as I am extracted from the vehicle. I am driven to the hospital, and the whole ride, all I ask is Where is Sami, with no response.

As I arrive at the hospital, from what I am told I am rushed into emergency surgery. When I woke up, my parents were crying in the corner of the room. Again, all I ask is, where is Sami? I can tell by the look in their sad eyes, it can't be good.

After silence that feels like an eternity, they say, she's gone. My heart drops. How can she be gone? I buckled her up, but- maybe I didn't. This shouldn't have happened, I felt fine. Why didn't we just call for a ride? This is what I've been asking myself for the last 5 years since my accident.

We had 16 years together, Sami and I, side by side. Every day I live with the consequences of my actions. She was my best friend, my twin sister, and it was my fault. Don't drink and drive, stay alive.