

# Last Chance

By: Danilo Morton

As me and my 5 friends walk up to the steps of the party, hearing the music from outside vibrate through my body. There were a lot of people, and I can hear the muffled crowd. It sounds like a lot of fun even from the outside. We're all feeling great, because we're finally opening the doors to the party we have been desperately waiting for. The next step for us is to get some alcohol in our system. We never planned to have a designated driver, we usually just made the person who has had the least amount of drinks by the end of the night have the responsibility of driving everyone. So far, nothing has gone wrong using this strategy. Everyone in the car knows something could go wrong but never thought anything bad would ever happen to us.

Tonight, I seemed to have the least amount of drinks out of everyone. I'm not very confident in myself that I can drive perfectly. As a group we decided it was time to go, so we started stumbling our way out of the house. The world is spinning in circles, but I just need to focus. All of us dragged our bodies into the car, I feel like I'm sinking into the driver's seat about to suffocate. I'm trying to stall as much as I can, but the car already has the sensation that it's moving. I look at everyone in the car as I'm starting to get more and more nervous. The sound of 4 clicks of seatbelts is heard throughout the car, and I assumed we were good to leave. One last deep breath, and I put the car in drive.

The first turn I took I executed perfectly, I started to gain a little confidence again. My friends decide to take the party to the car, with blasting music and yelling that is

throwing my focus off a little bit. The drive to my friend's house is 10 minutes away but it feels like an eternity right now. At this point I don't think there is any possibility of anything going wrong for us. But then I started to zone out a little, letting the loud music get to my head. The signs surrounding the road started to blur, and my vision zoned in on the car in front of me.

The lights on the back of the car jumped towards our car and my body shook all around. I hear glass crashing down, and my chest pain is unbearable, my neck hurts on top of that. I look around the car to see if everyone is ok and I see that my friend that was riding shotgun isn't in the car with us. Everyone else seems to be in the car, but with an injury of some kind. Unbuckling my seatbelt feels like an impossible task as I get out of the car to look for my friend. After quickly finding his body that seems to be lifeless in front of our car, with shattered glass all surrounding him. The adrenaline sobered me up a little bit, but now my thoughts are beginning to swirl. I start panicking, my palms are turning into a faucet, my heart sounds like a drum set, and my legs are shaking. My heart gets ripped out of my chest while I stare at my unconscious friend laying on the damp concrete. I scream and yell begging for him to wake up. The other driver starts cussing me out, but the voice is drowned out. Because all that is going through my head right now, is wishing that I waited for that one last click of a seatbelt. Wishing I never drove, and that I never went to the party in the first place. I look at the wreck of both cars, I look at my friend's body, I look at my other 3 friends struggling to get out knowing my future is doomed. My dreams are forever gone.

*Dear, Friends.*

*Today I jumped out of bed realizing I've had another flashback dream. A few seconds later I heard the sound of someone banging on my door. When I looked around my room I realized it was time for breakfast, I got up and my cellmate followed me out the door. Today's breakfast was franks and beans, not the best meal but it is somewhat edible. I sat down with my food, along with this pen and this piece of paper. I miss you guys more and more each day. I hope that you guys will visit me one day, or maybe even write me back. I'm going to court soon to see if they will shorten my sentence or not. I can't stop having these bad dreams about what happened 20 years ago, it makes me sick to my stomach. It was never worth it, the prime years of my life are gone because of my decisions. I know you guys probably won't forgive me or respond.*

*But I just want,*

*One.*

*More.*

*Chance.*

*Sincerely, Danilo.*