

The Shirt She Borrowed

By Emily Fadrigon

"Cam yuo cone get mw?" The glow of my phone illuminates my face as I read my sister's text. I can tell she's been drinking due to her almost illegible spelling. I really don't want to. I just showered, put my pj's on and I'm all cozy in bed.

"Why can't you just stay the night?" I text back.

"Jost come grt me" she replies

This is so selfish of her, I told her I wasn't going to pick her up and to get a different ride home.

"Can you a get a Uber?" I ask

"I guiss so" she texts

Guilt and stubbornness battle in my mind but stubbornness takes over. I told her earlier that I wasn't going to pick her up so why did she have to text me? I know I should probably just motivate and go get her but I'm so tired and just want to go to bed. She can get an uber right? I roll over and try to fall asleep but images of her text flash behind my closed eyelids. That's it, I'll just be a good sister and go get her. I aggravatedly get out of bed and text her.

"Fine you win, I'll come get you. Be there in 30."

I'm in the car now, on a mission to get her and come back home as soon as I can. I check my phone and she still hasn't responded. That's weird, it's been almost 20 minutes. She better respond soon because I'm going to be extra annoyed if I have to wait. My guess is that she probably set her phone down or it ran out of battery. She has a tendency to lose her charger which usually results in her taking mine.

I'm almost at the party location and she still hasn't responded. I try to call her but she doesn't pick up.

"I'm 5 minutes away, be ready." I text her

I'm going to be so annoyed if she's not ready to go. She owes me big time for this. She's definitely gonna have to buy me Starbucks tomorrow for doing all this. And to think I even let her

wear one of my favorite pink shirts to the party. My thoughts are interrupted as sirens blare behind me and I instantly pull over. I watch the police car zoom past followed shortly by an ambulance. I instantly hope whoever's in that ambulance is ok and then continue my drive unphased. Miami by Will Smith starts playing and it reminds me of my sister because we both love that song. I'm starting to get over my annoyance slightly, at least I'll get to witness her being silly drunk on the way home.

Singing along to the lyrics I'm stopped at a red light. It's not a red light. It's red lights, and blue lights flashing violently illuminating two cars blended into each other. My jaw drops and I'm astonished by the violent scene I have come across. I've never seen such a violent car crash up close like this. A police officer walks up to my car and tells me to turn around and take a separate route. He is describing the directions of the fastest detour but mind has gone silent. I can't hear a thing.

My ears are ringing and my heart has sunken to my feet. The unrecognizable shredded body being removed from the driver's seat is wearing the pink shirt my sister borrowed from my closet earlier today. It's her. Paramedics slowly remove her from the broken window of the front seat. Glass impales her body and her sun kissed golden hair is drenched in blood. I stumble out of my car and run over to her. Officers restrain me as I let out sobs of disbelief. I sink to the pavement, tears streaming down my face as blood streams down hers. Why didn't I come get her? I should've dropped everything and come right away. Maybe if I did this never would've happened. She had gotten in a car and barely made it a mile before crashing. The poison of alcohol flowing through her now lifeless body. My sister, my best friend, is gone forever. Whatever you do, wherever you are, don't drink and drive. There is someone out there who loves you.

