

## Don't *Crack*

By: Joshua Faatz

Friday has finally come. I have been looking forward to tonight all week. The school week goes by much faster knowing I will go to my first party at the end of the week. It was not my plan originally to be the designated driver but my friends wanted to drink and I knew I had a strong enough willpower, I would be fine. I have never been to a party before but I feel I can make it through the night sober.

With a car packed full of teenage boys, we arrive at the party. I can hear the music blaring as soon as I step foot out of the car. Opening the front door, It is packed body to body. "This is straight out of a movie". I was not aware parties like this happened in real life. A little intimidated, we walked into the party. My friends lunged straight for the fridge and I followed. We all grabbed drinks. This is going to be the best night of our lives. "Wait Josh, I thought you were our ride home? Put it back, you can't drink, remember?" my friend says. I reply "Oh shoot you're right". How could I have forgotten?

The night went on with music pounding, and lights flashing, my friends were having the night of their lives. They kept coming up to me telling me to "loosen up" and that "one drink can't hurt". As the night went on I thought maybe they were right. What is one drink going to do to you really? Yeah, one drink is not a big deal I will be fine. I will crack open only one. *\*crack\**. In fact, I was the opposite of fine. After cracking open that one drink, shortly after I went to grab another. And then another. And then many more after that. By the time we had to leave, we were stumbling out towards our car "I'm fine don't worry about it". I knew I was not in the right state of mind to drive back to my friend's house but I did not want to let anyone down. What if I am not okay?

We all settled into our seats, my friends laughing and shouting carefree. Meanwhile, I sat there gripping the wheel tightly, hoping this cold night air would sober me up enough to make it through this drive. We were off. The road looked blurry beneath us as we were speeding along. My Heart was pounding out of my chest. Palms sweating on the steering wheel. We rounded a corner. A pair of lights appeared, but it was too late and my reaction time was too slow. I jerked the wheel but my actions were futile, I was simply too drunk to be driving. What was I thinking? Could I have stopped this?