

## **Perspectives From The Night**

**By: Natalie Smith**

### **Driver's POV- 10:00 pm**

Vibrations from the bass guitar project off the walls of the gym where our prom was held are still permeating in my ears as Lacey and I make our way to my car. The clicking of girls' heels as they race along the pavement in the parking lot yelling to their boyfriends to wait for them. I had a huge argument with my parents earlier in the day because of my post-prom plans, and they kept telling me that missing this one party is not the end of the world. But my entire friend group is going to be at Lacey's house and I don't want to miss out. I promised my parents I wouldn't drink as my curfew is 12:00, and they can't come pick me up because my little brother will be asleep at that time.

We arrive at Lacey's at 10:30, and I watch people gather their items out of the vast trunks of their car in preparation for the sleepover. I start to feel disappointed as I realize everyone else is going to have more fun than me, as they will be drinking. Lacey whips her head around, her bangs drifting into her face as she asks me again what time I have to be home. I reply, "midnight" and she suggests that I have a couple drinks because it will be out of my system by then. I know she can feel my anxiety of missing out and she was right, I will be totally fine to drive by then.

**Paramedic's POV- 11:55 pm**

Light slowly shifts to dark as my eyelids droop to cover my eyes, but they quickly flash open as the alarm floods the room. My body instantly lifts, as if it has a mind of its own. I reach for my belt as the walkie-talkie sounds, "Single vehicle crash at 43 Broadturn Rd, one occupant in vehicle, a young girl..." My stomach instantly drops and hits the ground with a splat, I heard my coworkers mentioning their children attended prom today, and I instantly knew what had happened.

The streets are vacant as it is almost midnight and we live in a quiet town that shuts down after 9:00pm. We arrive on the scene in less than 10 minutes and as we turn the corner, my gaze locks with the crash sight. A bright red Toyota sedan is wrapped around a tree, with the wheels facing towards the sky and steam billowing from the hood. I jump out of the ambulance to rush over, but my boots are pulled down by the mud as I cascade down the ditch. Bending my knees, I crouch to look in the driver's side window. There lies a young girl who looks no older than 17, a thick maroon streak of blood running down her temple into her hairline. Placing my index and middle finger deep against the side of her neck through the already shattered window, I held the air within my lungs. Everything went still, I felt nothing.

**Mother's POV- 12:50 am**

We had told Hannah she had to be home at 12:00. I was her age once and I remember the fear I would get of missing out on parties, but she has other responsibilities. As the thirty minutes passed I knew she was trying to prove a point even if it meant punishment, which it will. I hear a knock on the door; Hannah must have forgotten her house key. A crisp breeze meets me as I swing open the front door, I instantly feel nauseous and my hands start trembling as my eyes drift over the stocky police officer absorbing the space of my doorway. He starts talking fast, but all I can make out is "Your daughter has been in a car accident...we believe she was intoxicated...we did everything we could...I'm so sorry for your loss." My legs fail me as I crumble to the floor, screaming as loud as I can to try to wake up from this nightmare. But nothing worked, it was all real.

**Little Brother's POV- 12:52 am**

The piercing sound of my mother's screams floods into my room and wakes me up. I instantly knew something was wrong, and I fling the covers off me as if they had caught on fire. As soon as my feet make contact with the ground they are already moving towards my door. I whip it open and peer over the balcony to the entryway of my home. My parents are clutching each other, as they lay in a pile on the hardwood

floor. There is a man standing in the doorway with his back turned to me, talking to his co-worker standing in our walkway. I call out to my parents, but I only get cries of agony and pain in return. It's as if the air is being sucked out of the room, and I can no longer breathe. At that moment I knew my big sister was gone.

**Lacey's POV- 5:54 am**

I roll over in bed as my phone starts ringing incessantly, with a rush of texts and Snapchat notifications saying that there was a car accident last night. It was a young girl from town who was allegedly intoxicated. My heart starts racing and the acid in my stomach makes its way up my esophagus. I was the only party in town and Hannah was the only one to leave my house last night. There was no doubt in my mind that it was her. Not only is my best friend taken from me, but my life will forever be impacted by my actions in telling her to have a few drinks and then allowing her to drive home. I will never be able to forgive myself.