

The Night the Fight Ended

Piper Forgues

Maggie:

Laughing and giggling I stumbled into the house. Seven minutes after my curfew. It didn't matter, I had no worries in my mind. My head, filled with foggy memories of the night. I was on cloud-9. Then this agitating voice takes over all the memories in my head. My mom, screaming, swearing. Maggie this and Maggie that. All of it going in one ear and out the other. She starts talking about how she can smell the night I had in my breath. As she keeps talking, my anger just gets worse and worse. Then I lose it. We start screaming at each other back and forth. All this time I had one thought in the back of my mind. I'm going to leave. Go to my friend's house. Run from my problems. Most importantly run from my irate mother. She starts going off about responsibility, and respect for her or something. Then in one not so swift movement, I ran over to the key bowl. As I fall into the table where the bowl lays, I feel my mothers hands. The keys slip into my hands as I escape my mothers grip. My attempt to run towards the door was successful. Only after hitting my moms picture off the wall. Running towards the car, my mothers footsteps are close behind. Jumping into the car, I quickly lock the doors and start the car. Outside the car I hear my mothers muffled voice change from screams to sobbing, begging me to get out of the car. The last thing I hear her say is "Maggie please don't go, I love you."

I quickly pull out and start driving. Leaving my distraught mother behind. No worries filled my mind. My friend's house is only eight minutes away. What could possibly go wrong. Looking down at my phone, I go to put my music on. I choose a playlist then look up. I am somehow in the other lane driving straight towards another car. I quickly swerve back to my lane

but it's all blurry. I fill the car with laughter. That was so much fun. Surviving a near disaster. I could do this more often. Only four minutes from my friend's house now. Turning the music up, I want to send a video to my friend. Picking up my phone I begin to videotape myself. Hand out the window. Neither hand on the driving wheel. My leg is now what is controlling the car. All of a sudden I hit a bump in the road, my phone dropped to the floor. Being only two minutes away I leave it be. Until I hear it start buzzing. It must be my friend calling to see where I am. As my hand goes down to search for my phone, I look down to see my mothers name across my phone. Then I hear a loud noise. It was coming from a car. Crash.

Maggie's mom:

Screaming, crying, I beg her not to leave. She doesn't listen. Watching my daughter speed off, swerving down the street. What have I done? Maggie is now drunk driving. Under the influence on the road. Standing in disbelief, I ran inside. I call my husband who is away on a business trip. He doesn't answer. Standing at the kitchen counter, staring at the picture on the floor. Lost on what to do next. If I call her I risk her looking at her phone. If I don't call her, who knows if we will ever speak again. She's only driving now because of me. Picking my phone up, I text her friend's mother. Asking to tell me if Maggie shows up at her house. Now I wait. Checking life360, she is driving towards their house. Driving, please just keep driving. It has now been a little over five minutes since Maggie has left. Dialing her number, I call her. It rings a couple times. Eventually it goes to voicemail. Opening life360 up once again, it shows her stopped on the side of the road. Oh god, she's not moving. Calling her again and again. No answer. I run to my car and started driving to her. My phone starts to buzz. It's not my daughter. Picking the phone up in horror. My heart clenches. Maggies dead, the person on the other line goes. She went head on into another car. All because my actions caused her to drive drunk.