

## **One-Four-One**

**By: Riley Chubbuck**

### **March 14th, 9pm: One Drink**

“Mom, I’m going to have one drink and then drive everyone home... It’ll be fine.” This was the last statement Joan said before the accident yet it was a lie. Newly 21 and a slight buzz she jumped into her slightly dusty Subaru ready to drive her friends home. Joan reminded her friends to buckle up and they laughed her off continuing to frolic in the back. She chuckled and started to drive “knowing” nothing would happen.

### **March 14, 12am: One Second**

Joan’s three friends laugh in the back as she speeds down the bi-pass the dial on her car reading 60mph flying past the 45 sign. “There’s no traffic” Joan thought, as her hand slipped to the bottom of her steering wheel and eyes fluttered. Fighting to focus her eyes on the road ahead as headlights approached. A yawn escaped her lips, the lengthy night catching up, her eyes slid closed only for a second... one second.

### **March 14, 12:01 - 12:19: One Hallucination**

Sirens blaring, lights flashing, pulling over with bewilderment. Her side mirror pictured a police officer on his way to her window. Gazing back to her friends who had yet to make a peep. Her eyes staggered to each seat... empty. No one was in the car, she stumbled to rub her eyes, look, rub her eyes again look, by the third time the only person who was there was the police officer.

“Ma’am do you know how fast you were going?” The officer questioned.

”N..no M..maybe lik..e 50ish.” she stuttered, grasping for reality.

A flashlight gleaming in her eyes and each second slowing down as she tried to make sense of the situation. There were four of them when she got in the car so how could they have disappeared? Tears prick at her eyes as the officer stares almost frozen in place. His eyes were suspicious and firm.

“Where are your friends?” The officer asks

“What?” her attention shoots to the officer.

”Where are they? You're here but they are gone.” The officer's statement rings in her ears as the scene around her warps and twists into the truth and the moments replays.

### **March 14th, 12:20 am: One Moment**

The headlight coming towards her, her eyes closed, hands relaxed as the car drifts into traffic. Her friend's in the backseat have no seatbelts still laughing at the night behind them. Joan's not quick enough to warn them. *Please* put your seatbelt on, we're going to crash into them head on! There's not enough time as the cars collide. *CRACK*.

### **March 14th, 12:22 am: One Breath**

Bzzzzz...bzzzzz...bzzzzz her phone ringing, mom lit up on the screen. She tries to reach but nothing moves. There's no sounds, no music, no... breathing except her own. Joan looks around for anyone to help but no one there. Her breath thins as her view darkens.

### **March 15th, 2:34 pm: Four lives**

Joan startles awake, her moms voice whispers in her ear soft sobs on her lips.

“Mo..m” her voice hoarse and strained. Her mom looks up screaming in joy that *her* child is ok.

“What Happened?” Joan croaks.

“That's what we were wondering” a police officer says as they walk in. As the police run through the events Joan sits, eyes glaze over as tears stream down her face. She hears about each death

and how the crack she heard was her best friend's head hitting the back of the seats. Joan was the sole survivor and cause of a crash which slaughtered four people.

**March 17th, 11:56: One Killer**

The next few months flew by as her court day approached May 20th. The day that would decide if she was a victim or a killer and yet the only thing she could think of was that she only had *a few* drinks. One drink, Four lives, and One murderer ended Joans life all of which could have been avoided if Joan never drank and she paid attention.