

Just One Choice

Grace Murdock

We all said, “It won’t happen to us,”
Laughed in the back of the late night bus.
Made jokes, made plans, lived in the now,
Never thinking it could all crash down.

He said he was fine—”Just one or two,”
Keys in hand, like people do.
We didn’t argue, we let it slide.
He turned the key and chose to drive.

The next day felt colder than the rest.
An empty desk. A missed math test.
The news hit hard. A silent room.
One quick choice, and then—boom.

No rewind. No “try again.”
No second chances to make amends.
One moment, that’s all it takes
To change a life—or a dozen fates.

So call a ride. Wait it out.

Take their keys, speak up, shout.

It's not lame to stay alive.

It's not weak to choose to thrive.

You've got people who care, who'd break

If they lost you from one mistake.

So think it through—don't just survive.

Make the choice to arrive alive.