

Two Worlds Collide

By Abby Rogers

November 21, 2024

Olivia Libby 12:30 AM

My phone kept buzzing and ringing.
I knew it was late, and she wanted me home.
I found myself stumbling into the bathroom, looking in the mirror.
My thoughts were all jumbled, my eyes felt sunken in.
My hair was a rat's nest.
I was no longer myself
just a dumb, drunk girl.
I could barely stand on my own.
My head felt like a brick.
Falling
Back
And
Forth.

I looked at my friends.
Their laughs filled the halls of the house.
The sound of a ping-pong ball hitting the table.
The crunch of the seltzers being thrown in the trash.

They were too drunk to even notice I had too much.
I told them I could drive them home.
I couldn't disappoint them.
I wouldn't disappoint them.

My curfew has passed.
I have to drive home now.

"Are you sure?" my friends kept asking.
They all knew, deep down,
I shouldn't have been driving.
"It's two miles down the road." I kept repeating to them.
At some point I stopped trying to convince them,
I was convincing myself.

I staggered to my keys.

I hobbled to the car.
My friends followed.

I struggled to put the keys in the ignition.
Everything meshed together.
The world was spinning.
The smell of seltzers filled the air.

I drove one mile
Only one more to go.

Maybe, If I close one eye, I can see straight.

I'm fine, I say to myself.
I'm good, I reassure everyone.
What I didn't notice is the speedometer

31 miles per hour.
50 miles per hour.
70 miles per hour.

My friends dangled their heads out the window.
My speedometer is climbing.
The music is blasting.

No one noticed the car rounding the corner
No one noticed my car swerving.

One minute we are in the car laughing.
The next minute silence.
Then moaning filled the dark cold air.

In what seemed like an hour I heard the faint sound of sirens.
Getting
Closer,
Closer,
And Closer.

I want to fall asleep, but then wake up.
I see a familiar car.
A lifeless body next to it.
I see a blurry license plate.

It isn't mine. But it looks oddly familiar.

Wait...

November 21,2024

Hazel Libby 12:35 AM

Her curfew passed 5 minutes ago.
I know where she is.

5 more minutes, then I will call.
Why isn't she answering?

One text.
Two texts.
Three texts.
Four texts.

Not one text is read.
I know where she is.

I am so mad I could scream.
I knew she would do this.
I've always threatened to go get her at her parties.
I don't know who would be more embarrassed- me or her.

But she has to learn her lesson,
this time, I'm serious.
I know where she is, and I'm going to get her.

As I stepped outside into the dark, cold air
The proximity lights lead me to the car.
Thank God for fobs.

It will hurt me more than it hurts her.
It will embarrass me more than it embarrasses her.
But I have to teach her lesson.
I know where she is.

The roads are dark and desolate.
Why doesn't our town have street lamps?
I know where she is.

One mile to go.
I know where she is.

I round the corner and see headlights,
Darting around the trees.
Then I realized they were
Darting.
Directly.
Towards.
Me.

Oh, God.

I know where she is.

