

Deadly Driving

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A short story of the dangers of distracted/ drunk driving.



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“No!! Michael, look up!,” she grabbed wildly at the steering wheel as they careened into the large oak that stood like a formidable fortress in their headlights.

This is the nightmare that Kelsey has had for four years. The four years since the night her brother picked her up from a party. A night that went horribly, deadly wrong.

The night started out as a electrically charged evening. Kelsey dressed for her first high school party. As she dressed she thought of the things that the junior who had invited her said, which brought a tingle down her spine.

“You and I are special, Kelsey.” He’d told her, “Our kind of people are meant to date and party together.” And she had believed him. Oh, how she’d believed him.

Just passed 10 o’clock she lowered herself out of her first story window and jogged to the side of the house with no second story windows. The windowless expanse of wall guaranteed that her parents wouldn’t see her first great escape. Her date’s silver and black sports car screeched around the corner and she threw herself into the car as he barely slowed down to let her in. She fell into the passenger seat and closed the door, ripping the hem of her calf length black dress. This foreshadowed the night ahead. Just like her dress, before the night was over, her family would be torn apart by her actions.

They arrived at the party. The lights streaming through the doors and windows of the upscale home looked like a beacon of hope. A hope that her social life wouldn’t have to be a pathetic blip lost in the abyss of high school. Maybe she could be someone.

Maybe. If she kept hanging out with the right people. She went in prepared to be someone this year. She smelled stench she’d never been exposed to before. Loud music. So loud that she felt she was in the midst of an ocean swell drowning from the weight of the water. Her date was immediately enveloped in a crowd of friends. Suddenly a drink was pressed into Kelsey’s hand. “Maybe it’ll help me relax,” so she downed it and immediately felt better. What was she so worried about? She asked herself. These people were all her friends! She started to dance and was soon pulled into a side room. The room was smoky and she coughed as she peered through the darkness to try to see her capture. But before she could move hands wrapped around her back. No. No, no, no, no, no! This only happened to party girls and she wasn’t a party girl! She wrenched herself away from the wall of muscle in front of her and darted through the haze, music, and people until she found the front of the house. Where to go? Where could she get a ride home? Her parents would kill her if she called at this hour and they found out where she was. Then she had a brilliant thought! Well, at least brilliant for how drunk she was. She would call Michael her over protective, perfect angel of an older brother. She dashed to the silver sports car, ripped open the door and dove for her purse which held her only saving grace. Her cell phone.

Michael answered on the second ring voice gravelly and dazed. “Hello?”

“Mike, I need you to come and get me!” Kelsey whispered frantically.

“Kelsey,” Michael was immediately alert. “Where in heaven’s name are you?!”

“On the corner of Pearson and Gane. Please hurry!” She pleaded.

“I’ll be there in five minutes. Hold on.” He hurriedly hung up the phone. Kelsey paced until he got there. Michael motioned for her to get in and she tried three times before she was able to get in without falling on her fanny on the side walk. Michael’s jaw was clenched as he put the car into drive and sped on to the road way.

“What do you think you were doing, Kelsey?” He asked her as anger burned bright in his eyes. “What made you do something so stupid?”

“I wanted to ‘ave fun. I’m be cool.”

Michael didn’t reply as Kelsey turned on the radio full blast on a rock station. He was so mad he didn’t even bother to protest. Then, his phone sitting on the console rang. It was their home number. Oh great.

Michael rolled his eyes as he answered the persisting ring. “Yeah, I had to go get Kelsey.” He explained to his frantic mother who awoke at three in the morning to find both of her children missing. “I’ll

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explain when we get home. Yeah, bye.â Michael looked down to put the phone back on the console and hit the embankment as he veered to the right.â

â Michael!â Kelsey screamed â Look out.â He over-corrected onto the other side of the small highway and bounced off a tree on the left side of the car. The music continued to blare as their car hit a motorcycle that they couldnât hear because of the music and slid out on a patch of dirt and sand on the road. Left with no control over the vehicle they careened into a large oak tree. Michael, because of his haste had not buckled his seat belt. He was killed instantly. Kelsey suffered massive brain trauma and still suffers seizures even after four years.

Donât put your family or friends in a position to have to rescue you, and donât drive while distracted or angry. This ruins lives. Distracted driving destroys people. Donât let it destroy you.

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