

## A Night That Changed Everything

By: "Ben"

That night was supposed to be about fun. Homecoming, friends, and just letting loose after a long week at school. At first it was just like that. I am not saying we weren't planning to drink or smoke some cigarettes, we were doing that all, but only to reach such a level of drunkenness that we could chill out, take a breath and collectively remember the good times back then.

But things got out of hand. Way out of hand...someone brought pills.

Before I knew it, everything got messed up

Dexter passed out in the hot tub, no one noticed, we were all too drunk.

Spencer took heroin, then fell down, he looked like he was just sleeping, and we thought he did. No one took care of him, because why would anybody do that? We were all half asleep, but the other half of our minds was somewhere in space, in other realities. Later we found out Spencer had overdosed on heroin and fell into a coma.

Rachel my girlfriend was sitting on my lap, we drank beer, vodka and maybe some more stuff, I can't remember now. Then Rachel said she had to go to the toilet. She went there with some girl, I didn't know her. Maybe she did, or didn't, it doesn't really matter anymore now. They both came back like 30 minutes later. Rachel seemed completely out of it. I immediately knew. I was scared, I did some softer drugs that night, but then I saw the fresh puncture on her arm. I felt completely sober. I wanted to help her. I took her upstairs and to bed. She tried to fight me, but I am so much stronger than she is. I forced her to get under the covers and close her eyes. We fell asleep together. I woke up later. She never did / She didn't. Rachel had mixed too many drugs and alcohol, her body couldn't fight all the poison.

Some girl, Shaina, I never had the chance to properly meet her, was left by some girls at the hospital, but it was too late—she didn't make it.

We should have called an ambulance immediately, it is all our fault.

I keep replaying the night in my head. I wish I had stopped it. I could have said something, but I didn't. Now my friends are gone, my girlfriend is gone. I can't stop looking at the picture of us from earlier that day. Those two smiling faces showing their pizza slices to the camera. I will never be as happy as I was at that moment.

I don't want sympathy. I want people to know this is real. This is what can happen when alcohol and drugs come into play. One night of bad decisions can end lives. I'll carry this guilt forever. But I also want to make a difference. I want to talk to other teens, share my story, and hopefully stop someone else from going down this path. Nothing will ever bring all those people back, but maybe I can save someone else from the same fate.