My worst decision

When I was little, I couldn't wait to finally grow up and be a teenager. Me and my younger sister used to make plans for our glorious teenage life - the parties, the boys, the pretty make-up and clothes. Little did we know, that things would soon go south.

It happened when I was sixteen and my little sister Ashley was fifteen. Some of our classmates were throwing a party and invited us to join. We were overjoyed, however, when we finally arrived, our dream come true quickly became a nightmare.

It was my first time trying alcohol and I drank way too much. Everyone was having a blast, and so was I, until I realised my little sister had disappeared. I started panicking and looking all over the place for her. I kept asking everyone if they had seen her and yelling her name over and over.

Then, I finally gave up and called the police. When everybody noticed the red and blue lights in front of the house, they started panicking as well, and some even tried to run away.

The whole situation ended up with a bunch of people arrested for drug possession and distribution. Ashley was found passed out in a bathtub and later that night was declared dead from drowning.

I will never forget what happened, and I will never stop blaming myself for my sister's death. I know I can't change the past and bring Ashley back, but I can do my best and try to prevent others from making the same mistake. Not only that, but I want to spread awareness about this topic, because one night of fun isn't worth the rest of your life spent in regret.