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Life Mistakes

 Every day of our lives we are faced with choices. Some choices can be life altering, while others may only have a temporary effect. Over the years I have learned a lot from the choices I have made, especially since a lot of mine were not so good.

 It was spring break my senior year of high school, probably one of the most exciting weeks of my life. I was going to spend the whole week with most of my classmates at Panama City Beach. I was thrilled, to say the least. I only had about a month left before graduation and I was ready to get out of town and have as much fun as possible.

 I was sitting in class watching the clock tick away. It seemed like it was beginning to move slower and slower. I had already pretty much planned the next week out in my head. My grandmother had a house at Panama City Beach and I was going to stay with her, along with six more of my friends.

As soon as the bell rang I was running out of the building. I ran straight towards the parking lot to meet with all of my friends. Everyone was excited and ready to get on the road. We had already packed all of our stuff the night before, so we could leave right after school. I jumped in the truck and we all took off down the road. It was great, it felt like we were instantly freed from all of our responsibilities.

We were having so much fun on the ride there that it didn’t even seem that far away. I could smell the beach as soon as we got to Panama City. There were people everywhere, mostly high school and college students. It was like one big party.

We had a lot of fun that week and made a lot of great memories. We partied and laughed and told stories about our past. We didn’t get much sleep because we were too busy planning the next day. Whether it was laying on the beach all day, or partying all night, we had a blast. But, time flies when you’re having fun and that week sure did fly by.

Before we knew it, we were all packed up and headed back home. I was exhausted. I wished I had slept in a little longer and maybe not have drank as much alcohol as I did. While we were driving back home that afternoon, a few of my friends were still wide awake and decided that we should plan one last party to end the week. I definitely did not need to go, but I didn’t want to disappoint any of them. I was moving off to college after graduation and wasn’t going to be able to spend much time with them after that.

As soon as I got back home, I went inside long enough to throw my clothes in the washing machine and take a shower and I was gone again. I showed up at the party and there were people everywhere. Some of these people I had never even seen before. We had a huge bonfire and drank all night long. I knew that I shouldn’t drive home but I had a twelve o’clock curfew and I couldn’t be late. On top of that, a good friend of mine was way more intoxicated than that and he needed a ride home.

I was having so much fun that I lost track of time and before I knew it I only had a few minutes left to be home on time. I had no business driving anywhere. But I jumped in the truck and left. By the time I dropped my friend of at his house it was already twelve o’clock. I took of toward my house as fast as I could go. I was going around a sharp curve and lost control of my truck. The truck slid sideways and starting rolling. I’m not sure how many times it rolled because it happened so fast. When it finally stopped I was still sitting in the driver seat, which was amazing because I wasn’t even wearing a seat belt. I had the climb out of the window because the door wouldn’t open. As soon as I stood up from the ground the truck caught on fire. I saw a house not too far down the road, so I ran to the house and knocked on the door. An elderly lady opened the door and right when she did we both heard my truck explode.

She pulled me inside and sat me down in her recliner. I had blood all over my shirt from the road rash, but she didn’t care. She made me a glass of water and called 911. I don’t remember much about talking to her because I passed out. When I woke up I was in the back of an ambulance. The paramedic told me that I was extremely lucky. I only had one big spot of road rash on my shoulder and a cut on my ear.

For the next few days, all I could think about was how glad I was that none of my friends were with me when I wrecked. The whole passenger side of my truck was demolished. If someone had been riding with me I wouldn’t be able to live with myself.

Although I had a lot of fun that week, I learned several valuable lessons in the worst way. Needless to say, I learned that drinking and driving is a very bad decision. But, I’m thankful that I’m still alive and I had the second chance to learn from my mistakes.