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My Painful but True Story

I felt like I was a soaring bird. The wind rushing through my hair, the chill of the November evening air, and seeing the trees looking like a wall of wood, I never felt more alive than that night. This night started out as the best night of my life, my friends sitting beside me with the windows down, my amazing boyfriend behind the wheel, and not a care in the world besides when I had to be home. IT was all going so well until the turn that turned our world upside down.

The date was November 4, 2012, my boyfriend, Noah, just turned 18 and had a birthday party at his house to celebrate this great milestone. We started the evening sitting around the bonfire stuffing our faces with s'mores and burnt hotdogs. Nobody had a care in the world. We were laughing having the time of our lives.

From there we started handing out gifts and cake. Of course I went first giving him a necklace he found back in Florida that he wanted. Noah's parents went next and if I thought my gift was great then I was fooling myself, His dad pulled up in a brand new Ford Mustang convertible, beautiful car if I do say so myself.

Now, most people would say that a kid his age doesn't need a fast car like that because all they will get is tickets. Noah was a different kid; he was always reasonable and never sped with other people in the car. He also wasn't spoiled as you may think. Noah's father made him work all summer to earn that vehicle.

As the party started to wear down Noah's dad finally let him take her for a spin. I rode shotgun and his buddies piled in the back. The roads were a little slick that day which made me a little nervous. I put the thought in the back of my mind and thought we won't get hurt, we are always careful. As we were cruising down the highway and blaring our music Noah decided to take a back road. I didn't realize till later that simple back road he called was Dead Man's curve.

We were going a pretty convertible pace when a kid from school we knew pulled up beside us. He was driving a supped up Chevy Camaro and revving his engine trying to get us to race. WE all felt a little revved up that night and agreed to race him for a ways. As Noah's car picked up speed I got a rush I never felt before. I threw my hands in the air and yelling and enjoying myself.

Later down the road things went from great to terrifying in a split second. We started getting closer to the sharpest curve in the whole stretch of road. I couldn't shake this feeling deep down

that something bad was going to happen. As I looked around at the rest of my friends I saw the excitement and cheerfulness on their face, so I just turned around and tried to keep my emotions at bay. Seconds before we hit the corner we passed the other driver. I could tell as we passed him he wasn't very happy about that. Inches before the turn Noah started to slow down so he could make the corner. Just starting into the turn we heard this hair rising screech. I looked into my rear view mirror to see a sight I wish I didn't have to see. The big bad Camaro behind us was still coming at full speed right into us. The last thing I could remember was hearing Noah screams hold on as the kid behind us hit the back of the Mustang.

There are two bad things about Dead Man's Curve. First it's a very sharp curve with a slight incline to it; and second almost no one goes down that road. I am not sure how long we were there but I do remember waking up to a horrible site. As I woke up we were upside down in a ditch. I looked around to see everyone but one of us still stabbed in and unconscious. That one person who wasn't was Noah.

I started panicking; my breathing more and more heavy, my eye site was becoming blurry as all I could think have been to find Noah. So many thought ran through my mind as I tried to unbuckle myself. AS I finally unlocked my seatbelt a sharp stabbing pain ran through my body. I then passed back out and woke up the next day in the hospital. I look over to see my friend crying be my bedside and was told I broke severs bones including my back in the wreck. Hearing that news made tears come to my eyes. I knew that wasn't why my friends were crying. I had to ask where Noah was. I got news so bad that to this day it's hard to talk about. They told me Noah died early this morning due to blunt force trauma. I was so devastated for weeks all I could think about was why I didn't speak up.

The moral of the story is to always know when something goes too far and when to tell someone they need to think about what they are doing before they do it. I learned this lesson the hard way. I had to endure the pain of losing a loved one and have permanent damage done not only mentally but physically as well. So next time you sit behind the wheel think of what I the right thing to do and follow your gut, because 9 times out of 10 your gut is right.