

Safe-Rides Presents... Under the Influence

R i s k y B u s i n e s s

Please, I'm Only Seventeen

The day I died was an ordinary Friday night. How I wish I had let my friends drive me home! But, I was too cool for that. I remember how I wheedled the car out of my mom earlier that evening. "Special favor," I pleaded, "All the kids drive." So, at 7:00 p.m. I took a quick shower and threw on a clean outfit. I was free until 2:00 in the morning! I ran to the driveway, excited at the thought of driving my own car and being my own boss. FREE!

It doesn't matter how the accident happened. I had too many beers that night and shouldn't have been behind the wheel in the first place. I was goofing off — going too fast. Why didn't I listen to my friends when they told me not to drive? Taking crazy chances. But, I was enjoying my freedom and having fun. The last thing I remember was passing a guy on the road who seemed to be going awfully slow. I heard a deafening crash and felt a terrible jolt. Glass and steel flew everywhere. My whole body seemed to be turning inside out. I heard myself scream.

Suddenly, I awakened; it was very quiet. A police officer was standing over me. Then I saw a doctor. My body was mangled. I was saturated with blood. Pieces of jagged glass were sticking out all over. Strange that I couldn't feel anything.

Hey, don't pull that sheet over my head! I can't be dead. I only had a little to drink. I'm only 17. I've got a date tomorrow night. I'm supposed to grow up and have a wonderful life. I haven't lived yet. I can't be dead!

Later I was placed in a drawer. My folks had to identify me. Why did they have to see me like this? Why did I have to look at mom's eyes when she faced the most terrible ordeal of her life? Dad suddenly looked like an old man. He told the man in charge, "Yes, he is my son."

The funeral was a weird experience. I saw all my relatives and friends walk towards the casket. They passed by, one by one, and looked at me with the saddest eyes I've ever seen. Some of my buddies were crying. A few of the girls touched my hand and sobbed as they walked away. They seemed to feel responsible for me lying there. But, it was my own fault; my own mistake.

Please...somebody...wake me up! Get me out of here! I can't bear to see my mom and dad so broken up. My grandparents are so racked with grief they can hardly walk. My brother and sisters are like zombies. They move like robots. In a daze, everybody! No one can believe this. And I can't believe it, either!

Please don't bury me! I'm not dead! I have a lot of living to do! I want to laugh and run again! I want to sing and dance! Please don't put me in the ground. I promise if I'm given one more chance I'll be the most careful driver in the world. I'll never drink and drive again! All I want is one more chance.

Please, I'm Only Seventeen!!

Awareness Day April 6th

Speakers

Mocktails \$1.50 (Free with contract for life)

Boxer Shorts - Notebooks

Crash Convincer - Breathalyzer Test - Police Robot