

At 15, I was like everyone else. I thought drinking would not harm me, my friends, or anyone I knew for that matter. My perspective was changed pretty fast, over the amount of 2 weeks actually.

It was a Friday night; my best friend and me decided to have a quiet night, and watch movies and go out for dinner. We went to the next town to rent movies and go for dinner with my mother. My mom needed to stop at the store before we left town, so we walked to the store with her. While we were leaving we saw an old friend of ours, and a cousin to her. We didn't really talk to him, because we thought we were cool, to put it extremely bluntly.

The next morning we were sitting around and watching a movie, and the phone rings. I go to answer it, and it is my friend's sister, she is crying. I got a weak feeling in my stomach and told my friend the phone was for her. I had never heard her cry like that before. When she had got off the phone and told me what had happened, I was like ...” That's not even funny, I don't get why you'd say that”, and by the look on her face I knew she was serious. Funny thing being, she didn't believe it either. We sat there in disbelief. Two years ago around that very moment, was around the time when we were hanging out with him, and his friends. It felt so unreal to us. A few days later, there was a viewing of the body. I personally did not attend, and either did my best friend. We went to the funeral the next morning. It still did not seem real to me, until a man I had used to work with was making a speech. It was real, I realized he wasn't going to walk in the room, he was gone, and he wasn't coming back.

That funeral was last weekend, and this weekend I suppose I am preparing for another one. Last night there was a social; 'everyone' was there. Everyone was having a good time. It was awesome. I got home on time, with a sober driver. I called my friends, and talked to them on the phone for a while before I passed out. I didn't get to bed till around 6:00am, because I was extremely bored and wide-awake. It seemed like a few minutes later and my mom was knocking on my locked door. She told me that a guy from my hometown had been killed this morning. I have to now prepare myself for another funeral, and now I don't have one death to get over, I now have two.