



As I watch Sofia lay peacefully over bright puddles of her own blood I can only ask myself, why didn't I wait? As the sirens of the police car draw closer, I want to bolt. Not because I am unbelievably late on my driving curfew, but because it fills my head with the wails of Sofia's mother's cry. I stand there, dumbfounded. The tears in my eyes blurring the way Sofia's helpless body lies partially outside of my 2009 Nissan.

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I pulled out my phone and plugged in the address for the stadium hosting the concert. Arrival time is 9:48. Great, we will get there with plenty of time.

Music is blaring over my new speakers as we cruise down the busy highway. Sofia is so carefree. She is whipping her blonde hair all over the place. I didn't even realize she wasn't wearing her seat belt. I should've realized. How could I have missed it?

I come to an intersection. Across my phone screen I see a text from mom. Something must have happened. Green light. I'll look at it at the next intersection. Another text. I'm sure if my parents had found out we snuck out for a concert they would be calling by now.

Sof is so happy I can't freak her out. I'll tell her later, but later never came.

Yes! Finally! I see an intersection. I take my phone off the stand and swipe down to see my notifications. Green light. I lift my foot of the brake as I skim my mom's text.

Whew. Everything is good. I look at Sofia. In her place, I see two massive white lights shining right at my face. Everything slows down. I finally focus on Sofia's face. Her skin is ghostly white, eyes wide like a deer in headlights. What did I do?!

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"Sof? Where are you?" The airbag is in my face. "Are you okay, Sofia?"

I reach out from around the air bag and my hand meets the leather on my passenger seat. Where is Sofia? Somebody is helping me out of my car. I'm dizzy. I start stumbling to the other side of my car and stop dead in

my tracks. Through the windshield, my best friend hangs like a Halloween decoration that got slammed inside the trunk and only the legs poke out.

Her pretty blonde hair, drenched a blood red color. I always told her she'd make a cute redhead. This is not what I meant. This is not what I wanted. What have I done? I should've waited.



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The text can wait.
The snapchat can wait.
The Pandora skip can wait.

Distracted driving is never OK

Don't be the reason someone doesn't make it to graduation.
Don't be the reason someone doesn't make it to their concert.
Don't be the reason someone doesn't make it to football practice.

Take the It Can Wait pledge. More importantly, respect the pledge.

- Biridiana Lua

