The Night I Died

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"Loud isn't it? Want to go somewhere quiet where we can talk?" J.R. asked.
"Sure, I'll go get the keys. Meet me at the car," I shouted over the music and the chatter.
I squeezed through the people at the party, found J.R.'s coat with his keys and headed for the door. Holly, my best friend, stopped me before I left and told me it wouldn't be a good idea for J.R. or myself to drive since we had both been drinking. I gave her a hug and told her not to worry, we were just going to sit in the car and talk until we sobered up. She made me promise

and said she's see me in the morning.

Driving away, I told J.R. what Holly said. He told me he wasn't drunk and that we weren't going that far anyways. As we headed to our favorite make out place, it began to rain. The roads got slippery and J.R. lost control of the car. We skidded into a telephone pole and I blacked out as I flew through the front windshield. J.R., saved by the airbag, jumped out of the car and found me lying in a pool of blood.

I was in a coma for three weeks, unable to move, talk, or communicate. I could hear my family, my friends, and the doctors come in and out of my room. Suddenly, I saw a light, through my dark mind with my eyes shut a bright light. It was indeed the Lord, and he held out his hands and said, "Come my child." The last words I heard were the doctors saying "We're losing her." My mother squeezed my hand and whispered, "I'll see you in heaven."