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## The Exhilarating Event of Jordan's Drunk Driving

It was a Fall evening, the time was 10:30pm and my phone rings. "Yes Jordan," I said.

"Hey Jb, can you do me a huge favor? I am over at Mikes and I am wanting to leave in like an hour do you think you could pick me up?" Jordan explained.

"Sure Jordan," I ended. I hang up the phone and my friend Murphy and I continue cruising on gravel roads doing things I can't go into detail about. The night begins.

Jordan is a friend from high school and all throughout high school I am almost positive she liked me. Murphy is one of my best friends who also went to my high school. We have had a lot of good times together but tonight were most memorable. The sky was as dark as a black stallion. The air was dry and the wind was a blowing. Murphy and I had no idea what events lay ahead of us.

An hour goes by and Jordan calls back on the dot. She is ready to be picked up, so Murphy and I head over to my high school friend Mikes house where Jordan had been that night. Mike has a long driveway and a ninety degree turn leading up his barn where all of them had been partying. We arrive to find Jordan in her car, drunk, trying to drive home. This random kid whom I didn't know jumped on her hood trying to stop her from making a bad mistake. But she refused and punched the gas pedal almost injuring the kid; our mouths just dropped, we didn't know what to say. That could have been a bad situation.

I ran over to Jordan's car yelling, "get out of the car." She started making a big deal about how she is fine to drive when clearly she wasn't. We bickered for about ten minutes until I finally just gave in to her and I hopped in the front passenger seat in her car, while her friend Bailey got in back. Jordan sped off and I knew that this was not a good idea letting her drive. But she did slow down for that ninety degree turn out of Mikes, so I became more optimistic. But that frame of mind quickly changed when she did a burn out on the main road. Murphy was following us just to be on the safe side. She flips on the radio, and turns it up so loud to the point I couldn't even think. We get to the gravel road that is close to her house meaning we were almost in the clear. But as soon as her tires touched the gravel I thought about the right hand turn coming up ahead. The road sign right before the nasty turn has a right angled arrow with a ten mph underneath it. So, I quickly told her about the turn because I knew she was in the frame of mind she wouldn't even acknowledge the road sign if she saw it. We are twenty feet from the turn, I look at Jordan's speedometer and it read thirty mph. The car goes into that corner and immediately rolls across the road down this embankment. I knew this wasn't a good thing.

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The car is upside down and Murphy jumps out of his truck and runs over to the car. I don't panic, my first thought was to kick out windshield, but Jordan's friend Bailey was able to open her door. Bailey climbs out of the car, followed by Jordan, then me. Bailey immediately starts freaking out, while Murphy and I stand back in shock. My adrenaline is pumping and I said to myself, "that was the most exciting thing I had ever experienced." Jordan doesn't know what to think, so she starts crying with a feeling of regret. Murphy and I load the girls in the truck and drop them off at Jordan's house then drive back to Murphy's house. I stayed up all night thinking about what had just happened.

To conclude this event, that was an exhilarating evening, but the most important thing no one got hurt. I don't think Jordan has drove drunk since that night, she finally learned her lesson the hard way.

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