Caught In An Act Of Kindness

A Personal Narrative

  The exterior of the rear view mirror was dressed in finger smudges and misted remnants of “Marc Jacobs” fragrance.  Although the reflector had been soiled, the nightmare being depicted within was pure and perceptible. The rotation of ultra-violet red rays and blue beams illuminated the interior of the vehicle, tarnished from the concoction of Red Bull and alcohol. My hands, trembling in terror, attempted to retract from the steering wheel on which they were concreted.  My head inherited a sense of drowsiness, seeping into a dismal abyss. A shower of shudders rained over my entire body as three-million thoughts circulated within my mind. “Why do such bad things happen to good people?” I knew that my recollection of the morally corrupt act would forever remain vividly; it would be an amusing tale to tell at dinner parties as well.

  A sexual essence lingered in the atmosphere as party-goers began to “dance.” Temperatures escaladed as intoxicated souls entered the crammed liquor-cabinet of a space - one by one. Lyrics were indistinctive as bass and treble washed-out the eardrums of every tipsy student in the area. Screeches, with enough flamboyance to hear from the highest point on a roller-coaster, seemed to be mere whispers. I smelled reeks of vodka, perspiration, and other odors foreign to my array of scents. My taste buds shriveled at the flavor of humidity. The humidity I inhaled was not the sort you enjoy while on vacation in Jamaica or Costa Rica. This was clamminess, rather than a form of exotic moistness. As I continued observing, smelling, and tasting my way past 257 disobedient teenagers, I grasped the concept that I had become one of them! Although I have never ingested a drop of alcohol, or smoked a puff of an illegal substance, I had been defeated. I couldn’t help but consider that my reputation would be robbed from me by a snake in the grass. This party, being the first I had ever endured, would surely be my last.

  On the verge of leaving, I was approached by a mutual friend, shrieking frantically. She was making a sly attempt to leave. This adolescent was beyond the simple case of slurred words, distorted vision and impairment of motor skills. She reached out her wingspan of 5 foot and 3 inches to give me a hug. Rather than a “reunion” squeeze, or an “it’s a pleasure to meet you” hug, this sign of affection was a “I *cannot* walk, guide me to my car" sort of embrace. She forced her body mass of 100 pounds onto my side and peered up at me. Masked behind the smeared eyeliner and tattered hair, was a gorgeous face. The carbon dioxide that she exhaled as she began to speak reeked of Burnett’s. I began placing calls to friends and became more and more disconcerted as I heard the voicemails of everybody I wished I could count on. After an impulsive decision to throw her in the back of the car and pry the keys from her cold, drunken hands, I began to depart in a vehicle registered to a girl who had drank her weight in alcohol just moments ago. Her two comrades accompanied her and me in our venture as well.

Facing awareness, nervousness, and cautiousness, my mind was at full capacity. Replacing the sexual essence I previously endured, was now tension. She began thumping her impaired head upon the passenger window, continually echoing her address “331 Grand Eaton.” Amongst that racket was a navigation system directing me all around hell’s half acre, one passenger begging and pleading for Taco Bell, and her comrade attempting to release some amount of closure into the situation. “It will be okay… um, what’s your name again?” slurred out of her mouth.  I continued telling myself “you are doing the right thing.” A monotone voice guided me “continue right until you reach your destination.” As I pulled into the driveway, I noticed she had a nice home. Unlike it’s traditional-style, was her family. I read a note posted on her front door: “Went to the cabin. See you in a few. – Mom and Dad.” After the effort of stumbling up the stairs, she made it apparent that she would rely on me to locate her bedroom, where clothing was scattered in all different directions. She mumbled and fussed as I took her shoes off, and lightly concealed her within a crispy-clean duvet. The scent of fresh linen seemed to seep out of her mattress. Part of my thought process drifted off as my single fantasy at the moment was to return to *my* home and conceal *myself* into a duvet. She made a sly attempt to kiss me once I pulled away. “Sleep well.” My mind desired to say otherwise. I gazed upon her murky spirit. “Will this girl even reach the age of 18 before experiencing alcohol poisoning?” Requiring the navigation system just to make my way past the intricately molded hallways and locate the foyer, I rotated the padlock behind me. “Please lord, let me get home safely.” As I lifted my head, heavy with twenty extra pounds of guilt, I sighed desperately.

I began to make my departure to the second and last home I would visit. I didn’t think far enough into the future as to where I would put this mysterious girl’s car, or how she would retrieve it the next day. Little did I know that my disastrous night had only begun, and my lack of future planning would make no difference in a matter of two minutes.

As I adjusted the lever to the left of the wheel, I made a vital mistake. This was only one of many poor decisions I had made that night. Intending on activating my left turn signal, I flashed my bright lights. After shaking off the mistake I proceeded to veer left. As the faint ticking of my turn signal faded, the noise was quickly replaced with sirens. My heart sunk somewhere near my intestines as I glanced in the rear-view mirror to notice a car, decorated with an oversized mega-phone and a “police” logo. Tears formed in the ducts of my eyes and I struggled to collect myself enough to roll the window down. I hesitated to look at the two remaining passengers. For a moment, my eyelids sunk. My vision of the outside world vanished. As tears strolled down my cheek, I imagined myself enjoying a fine novel in my reading-nook, concaved within the hallway near my bedroom. I would be cuddled by goose-feather throw pillows and a lovely knit afghan. Slightly dim sconces on each side of the cavity would reveal the perfect level of illumination. Warm vanilla sugar would engorge my nostrils. I fell out of my flawless daze as an abrupt clamor rang the window. I was rudely interrupted by a man’s eyes glaring at me; His retinas maintained a stone-cold expression. We exchanged glances as I shoved forcefully upon the button. Before I could even interrupt the officer, I spoke. I explained the incident shakily. “I am just trying to prevent any possible fatality from occurring,” I chimed in, “sir.” The police officer insisted on me continuing to reiterate the entire story – time after time. He whipped out a ballpoint pen and a notepad. He scratched-down my information: name, address, and phone number. I felt it would be necessary to share my father’s name as well. “Oh yes, he works with me. He’ll be thrilled about this.” As procedure required, I made a call to *her.*As I dialed those ten threatening digits, a woman answered the phone. I explained the situation, yet again. In the process, I could sense the transfer of fury, rage and mere steam from my mother’s end of the line, to mine. Ten minutes later, she arrived from a drive that, under ordinary circumstances, would have taken twenty.

 A woman leaped out of the car. Her face was awfully squeaky and clean, and her hair was fashioned in a ponytail. Her personality nor her attitude complemented the “au natural” physical presence she was displaying. She spoke no words to me. Fury seemed to engorge her soul; I couldn’t make out whether or not the flames boiling from her ears were a figment of my imagination. I remained in the car. After hearing a muffled conversation between the man who caught me red handed and the woman who surely *wanted* to make my face match those hands, the officer returned to the open window. I was told to drive the girl’s car back to her house, along with the two girls accompanying me. I struggled in an attempt to recall where the resident lived. I pulled into the driveway, yet again. “Déjà vu?” I abandoned the two girls who were nearly passed out, in the car. Rather than stopping for even a moment, I hoped into my mother’s vehicle. A sense of relief drew me away from the consequence I was not prepared to face. The comfort of the SUV gave me closure. In a matter of minutes, I would be home, wrapped inside *my* duvet. A lecturing mother may be sitting on the mattress next to me, but it was home.

After she and Officer Brown shared laughs, she made her way back. I didn’t have the audacity to ask if I could drive home. Rather than the anticipated shouting and interrogation, she understood my reasoning! “I know you have a big heart. I understand why you drove those girls home. The police officer agrees with me in saying that he would have done the same thing that you did. I’m sure you will punish yourself enough for your father and I both.” I made it clear that I wouldn’t be attending another party for a long time to come. As we reached *my* long-lost driveway, a cloud of liberation rained over me. I ambled up the stairs, free of any girl clinging to my arm, took off *my*shoes, and burrowed into *my* plush duvet. Inhaling the scent of linen, even fresher than *her’s*, invigorated my nose. Comfort and closure was my consequence.