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"Happy Birthday!" squealed his sister.

"Thanks, you coming to my party tonight?" he replied excitedly.

She nodded enthusiastically and ran off to find her best dress and killer heels for that night. He made his way happily to the kitchen where his mom and dad were waiting for him.

"Happy 20th birthday son, remember, I know you want to have a good time tonight but don't be too stupid for the sake of getting home quicker or cheaper, make sure you know what you are doing. Try and get a taxi home."

He rolled his eyes, he didn't need advice from them anymore, he could drive and look after himself.

"Don't worry! I'm not driving tonight, I'll be fine."

He turned and left, heading towards his bedroom, and once leaving the room heard his parents breath a sigh of relief, safe in the knowledge he would not be drink driving. After what seemed like hours of showering, dressing and smartening up, he was ready to go, and as he stepped out of the glass porch door, his mom yelled after him, reminding him to be safe, turning away from her, he whispered under his breath, "I'm not stupid, I know how to look after myself."

After meeting up with his friends and spending hours in pubs and clubs, he stumbled out, thinking it was really time to go home; he had work in the morning. "I'll get us a taxi" he slurred.

"Don't worry about it, I've got my car, I'll drop you home" his friend announced.

After getting into the car unsteadily with all his closest friends squashed in too, he remembered what his mum had told him, and offered to drive them, after all, he'd had less to drink than the rest of them. Swapping seats with the driver, he felt more in control of the car, and zoomed off down the narrow side street. Back on the main road, he picked up speed, wanting to get home and into his bed. Being drunk, his friends were screaming and shouting in the back, telling him to go faster, faster. Refusing to go any faster, his friend grabbed him round his neck, pulling tighter and tighter until they went faster. He went faster, screaming for him to let go.

Suddenly, there were screams from the back. "LOOK OUT, LOOK OUT, LOOK OUT!", and as the hands round his neck dropped he saw himself driving the little mini straight into the trees at the side of the road, and couldn't do anything to stop it. Holding on to his last bit of sense, he covered his head with his arms, and hoped it would all be okay. The car spun over and over and over. All he could hear was screaming, followed by those words his mom had told him earlier, and how he just wished he had done what she said. Everything happened so slowly, and then everything was dark.

He woke up in a hospital bed, and looked up at a white ceiling. Flashbacks of last night were spinning round in his head, he hoped it was a bad nightmare, but he

wasn't too sure. He screamed for anyone, was anyone there? A nurse came rushing in, followed by a solemn looking policeman, and his parents. What had happened to his friends? The policeman explained the events of last night, and how none of them were wearing seatbelts. The impact of the crash on their heads had instantly killed all of the other six; he was the only one to survive. His birthday party had turned into the worst day of his life, and nearly the end of it. He felt guilt ridden, he wanted to go back to where it happened and see what it had looked like, not only to pay his final respects to the people he was trying to protect.

As he arrived at the scene, it was swarming with police, and limping out of the car, he carried bunches of flowers, one for each friend that he was responsible for killing. The scene was one of devastation, and all of the other families and friends of the other victims watched him as he slowly laid his flowers. Silence. The dark area where this terrible tragedy had happened was full of flowers, all different colours and types, red, yellow, orange, white. It was so different from the way he had remembered it the night before, and as he sat on the grass thinking about what he could have done differently, the police came and escorted him to their car, people were muttering and staring, knowing he was the person responsible for the unforgettable and unforgivable damage.