

“BANG, BANG, BANG!” I hear a loud noise as I’m in the shower, but the running water is too loud to identify where its coming from. I end my shower abruptly to see what it is. I grab my towel and start to dry off. I hear the banging again just to realized it’s on my bathroom door followed by yelling. I hear “Erin come quick!” and I recognize the voice. I am now panicked and begin to rush. I step out of the bathroom only just to see my friend Lindsey passed out on the bed and my other friend Maddie just hovering over her frantically trying to check her blood sugars. She is covered head to toe in sand. Her already pale skin has turned to a ghostly white. The panicked feeling returned.

“I can’t figure this thing out!” Maddie yells as she’s trying to set up Lindsey’s diabetic supplies

“what the hell happened?” I said to Maddie with a crack in my voice.

Maddie replied “I--- I don’t know, I just saw Ryan carrying her off the beach and he said she was throwing up”

“I was only gone 30 minutes; how could this have happened?”

I begin pricking her finger to guide the blood onto a small strip that was connected to a monitor that after a few seconds read her sugar levels in her blood. I check her blood sugars just for her meter screen to read “HI”. We’ve only been in the Bahamas for six hours now, but I can only imagine how much alcohol she has consumed in that time frame not even including how much sugar could’ve been in those fruity drinks. I instantly felt frustration towards her. Not only was I scared for her life, but this is something I would never expect coming from her. The strong smell of alcohol was radiating off of her

as she tried to form her words together. I left the beach early to start getting ready for the club later on that night but from the looks of Lindsey, I wasn't going anywhere.

"She's going to be fine right?" Maddie asked me

"Yes, I just have to give her enough insulin to get her normal numbers back"

She tells me "Alright, I'm going to start getting ready. I'll see you later."

"See me later? Are you kidding me? I'm not going anywhere. Do you see her?"

She yells back "you said that she was going to be fine"

"she still needs someone here with her, we can't just leave her."

"I'm not wasting my first night of senior week stuck in a hotel room"

"get out" I mumbled

"what?" Maddie questioned me

"I said just get out"

My heart ached for her, I wouldn't wish this on anyone. I rinsed her off in the shower as the alcohol starts to wear off.

"I'm sorry" Lindsey tells me

I felt a bit of relief knowing she was going to be okay. After her shower, she got changed. Still stumbling and mumbling her words, so I let her sleep. I was alone with only my thoughts to converse with. The words going through my head were unbearable. I almost felt guilty for having these thoughts. I promised her mom to look after Lindsey and I

failed her. My mind screamed “I hate her!” but I don’t hate her. I don’t hate anyone but right now I was overwhelmed with frustration. Tears roll down the side of my face from the thought of ‘what ifs’. If her numbers got any higher she could’ve gone into diabetic shock. With her diabetes, she could have blacked out into a coma. What if she had just one more drink? My stomach twisted into knots and my throat began to grow a lump that was hard to swallow. This is my best friend right here, and I wasn’t there for her. I try to let my mind wonder. I grab the remote and attempt to watch TV. Suddenly wishing I paid a little bit more in Spanish class because not one channel was in English. I give up and turn on some music to clear my head when I hear a knock at the door. I peak through the peep hole and to my surprise I see my boyfriend, Marc. I open the door and he smiles when he sees me.

Marc asks “where have you been? I thought you were going to come get me when you were ready?”

He looks down at me and realizes I’m nowhere near ready.

“Something happened with Linsey” I reply as I hear her sprint to the bathroom behind me.

“I guess she’s awake” I try to joke

“Is she okay?”

“Well, she will be. I guess she had too much to drink” I said as we both heard the nauseating sound of her vomit hitting the water in the toilet bowl.

The sliding glass door to my hotel room opens and in comes three of my close friends that were staying in the room next to us. I think to myself “more friends to just remind me that I’m not going anywhere tonight”. I explain the story and they were in shock.

Lindsey was back to being asleep and I was back to being frustrated. They felt bad that I was staying in because of her but not bad enough to hang in with me also. Marc decided he was going to stay in and take care of her with me and I was so grateful. I came to peace with my decision to stay by Lindsey's side. All three of them give me the sad eyes as if they were able to sympathize with me. I roll me eyes as I fall backwards onto my bed where I realize I'm going to be for the rest of the night. They walk towards the door, open it, and it slams behind them with the faint sound of their heels clicking, disappearing in the distance. I roll my eyes once more and think to myself "this bitch owes me" and turn the TV back on to watch The Lion King in Spanish.