

Do you want to be like me?

I'm an angel, I fly high. I fly above you all, I live above you all. My home shines, and has floating beds, pillows and houses. We all have wings, we were given them for a reason. My brother is here too, but I'm only seventeen, and he has been here for thirty two years. Why? Everyone had a welcoming party for me. I don't have very many friends, but it's okay because I didn't want to be here so fast. I've always dreamt of this place; I dreamt it to be magical: live with your family, huge house, chandeliers all over the place, and your pain...you don't have it anymore. Everything you once had is better than it ever was, because now you are an angel. That's how I thought it was going to be. I'm not fixed, I still have pain. I have regret, and so does mom. Maybe this is the way it's supposed to be this way. Maybe I wasn't supposed to stay where my mom and dad live. Maybe I wasn't supposed to have friends, a boyfriend, children, a husband, or a career. Everything happens for a reason... at least that's what I've heard.

The day is January 5th of 2012 and yesterday, I died. It was a Friday but also the most memorable day of my life. I woke up to my alarm that was pounding it's annoying beeping sound that ends up giving me a headache anyway. I should probably change that, but now I can't. I changed and squeezed into my favorite pair of skinny jeans, and curled my hair to the best it's ever been curled before. I ate my breakfast and went to school.

My day begins by going to my English class. Then history and lunch. My house is right across the street from my high school, and my mom doesn't work. So when I left school at lunch to visit a friend who was sick, she saw me. When i am driving I see beautiful flowers in each driveway, very bright and beautiful blue sky. Not a cloud in sight, just driving and enjoying everything around me. I'm an everyday girl, with everyday dreams. I don't know why this happened to me.

I color code my closet. I love softball. I have long blonde hair. I've got beautiful blue eyes. I

am in love with anything that swims. My favorite color is red. I only wear long sleeves twice a week. I don't know what I'd do without my mom. I planned to be a cat lady when I grew older. I wish my best friend and I could build a tunnel from my house to hers, so we are always with each other. I wish to be a nurse when I'm older. I love animal print. I've got leopard everything.

I wear blue socks Monday, orange Tuesday, green Wednesday, red Thursday, black Friday, white Saturday, and leopard Sunday. I have three softball bats. If I could watch anything, it would be baseball or football. My favorite football team is the Dallas Cowboys. I used to cheer when I was younger. My family owns four dogs. I hate pizza. I listen to music for as long as possible.

I want to go on a road trip with all my best friends and never look back. I want to visit a different country for a summer. I want to try food that I can't pronounce. I want to be a good singer. I want to do a cover to my favorite song and post it on the internet. I want true-love. I want an awesome relationship. I want to have an awesome bikini body. I want to be tan during summer. I want to not care what i look like. I want to go skinny-dipping. I want my friends to be as reckless as i am. I want to participate in a flash-mob.

I want to be famous. I want people to care about me, as much as I care about them. I want to fall in love and have my heart broken, so i know what to look for in the future. I would love to sleep under the stars for a night. I want to sleep in the back of my daddys pickup truck. i used to think death was a bad thing, now I figure it's a gift.

After thinking back, i realized that i skipped the part where I died. Let me show you what actually happened. I left school after lunch to go visit my friend at their house. My mind was thinking "just go, just go!" but then my phone rang. It was mom, and she was curious to know where i was going for lunch. I told her that I was just grabbing a bite and I would be back to school, but for now I had to hang up the phone because i was driving and had to pay attention. I never hang up the phone before saying "goodbye, love you." And there i was, in the middle of

january, the roads icy and slippery in the worst spots. My phone rang again and I thought it was my mom mentioning something that she had forgot to while we were on the phone, but it wasn't mom. My phone rang and it was my friend, whose house I am going to. I opened it "Where are u? My parent's aren't going to be home for a while so you can stay longer than just lunch, if you want." Without thinking i started to reply, which took my mind off of the road and I was no longer focused on what i should have been.

The road was slippery, wet and icy. No traction whatsoever. Somehow, I managed to control my vehicle, and was safe. When I showed up to his house, he seemed concerned because I didn't reply to his text. I told him what happened, and he told me "never open or text again while driving". I thought about what happened for a while, and realized that I could have died just then, and I knew that god was with me. I couldn't have done that without him, I couldn't have controlled my vehicle on icy, slippery , no traction roads today. God was with me. He really was.

I've headed back to school, and before I got into the car, i got a text. I didn't look at it because I was busy. Driving on angel st, coming to a stop sign. Looking left, right, and left again... I did a michigan turnaround. I'm now on heaven road, and I've never felt so alive. I'm speeding without even knowing, I'm jamming out to the music, and can't hear anything. I'm about a mile before the same light I was at about a half hour ago. Thinking about it, I knew that I shouldn't look at my phone, at that text message. I figured if I had such good luck the first time, then I should have just as good of luck or even better the second time. Maybe I should try it again. So I grabbed my phone and looked at it. Even though I'm distracted by the phone, I knew to just keep driving. I decided that maybe the text is important, so the temptation of having a text got to me. I looked at it.

I am now looking at my phone, realizing that that important text message was from mom. I am now under the light i was at thirty minutes ago. Everything was the same, except I'm dead.

What did I just miss? I couldn't seem to find why I died. Then i remembered. I remembered, the blue Mac semi truck that weighs tons and tons more than my car. I remember it coming at me. The roads just as icy as thirty minutes before. The temperature is dropping, and my soul was rising. The last text message i ever received was from my mom and it just so happened to say "I love you the most. Don't ever forget that." I know I won't.

My mom shouldn't have to hold that grudge, it should be me. I should still be down there on earth. I shouldn't have opened that text message. As meaningful as it was, I should have been paying attention to the road. I should have been reading street signs and advertising on the side of the road, not my phone. All of my wishes came true, I have anything and everything I've ever wanted. I have more than everything I've ever wanted. I don't have my family with me, but my brother is here. He reminds me of my dad in a way, he has the same eyes. Same big, beautiful brown eyes. Same black, jet black hair. He's all grown now. He wasn't when he came here. He was only three years old, as I have been told by my mom and dad. His name is Duane. Duane Robert.

I have never met Duane before. I have only seen him in my dreams. Last night was my third dream about him. He told me that I would be coming to see him soon. I figured, that maybe he was talking about seeing him in another dream. But he wasn't. He is real now. He isn't just a matter of my imagination anymore. The last thing he told me to do, was tell mom and dad not to worry about him anymore. Tell them, that he loves them.

When I was under that light on heaven road, I took both hands off the wheel and texted back to my mom and told her "Duane loves you. He doesn't want you to worry about him mom. It's been thirty two years. I love you to the moon and back. Don't worry about me." I'm in heaven now. That text message was somehow supposed to make my mom feel better about her kids. To not worry about them too much. She still does. I can't believe I did that to her.

I shouldn't have been texting and driving. My parent's have to live without me forever now.

I knew what I was doing was wrong, but something in me told me to do it anyway. I think that little something, was me just being a teenager. Being a teenager, I felt that I could do anything and that I'd been driving for quite some time now and that I figured I could send one text back to my mom. I shouldn't have done that. My mom doesn't have me anymore. My dad doesn't have me anymore. My grandpa that I love dearly doesn't either. I can see grandma here though, she told me that she was watching everything that happened. Grandma Lucie told me that she and my brother have been my guardian angel, and have been watching over me since day one. Grandma Lucie told me that she didn't mean to let anything happen to me. She said that Duane really wanted to meet me, and that it was my time. Instead of living with my mom and dad, I am living with my two guardian angels grandma Lucie, and brother Duane Robert. Mom, dad and grandpa now have three guardian angels.

I'm an angel, I fly high. I fly above you all. My home shines, and has floating beds, pillows and houses. We all have wings, we were given them for a reason. My reason was because of texting and driving. Even though i am with my brother and grandma, I still have regrets. I shouldn't have sent that text. I should have been paying attention to the roads. Do you want to be like me?