

Allison Sudderth

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English 1A

Turning Point

This might actually be the hardest essay I've ever written, due to the fact that I HATE talking about myself and I'd like to think that I am a very private person. But for the sake of my grade, I will try my best. I'm hoping by humbling myself, I can help a few people from making the same mistake I did. My life took a drastic turn, for the worst I might add, on August 3rd, this prior summer. This is not one of my proudest moments, but it has taught me many valuable lessons.

The night started out like any other Friday would. My parents were out for the night so two of my friends brought over a fifth of Jack to my house where we began taking numerous shots. In what seemed like 30 minutes, we finished our Dr. Pepper chaser. Of course, I offered to drive because that's what I did. I was the designated drunk driver. So I drove to In 'N' Out, where we got more soda to finish our alcohol. We were bored so we decided to drive around. Usually, we would be on our way to a party at this time but there was nothing going on. So we drove and we drove until we reached the bridge on Pershing. That's when the red and blue lights started flashing, and the driver flipped the highway patrol car around and pulled me over.

I would have never imagined at the age of seventeen, I would be sitting in the back of a cop car with handcuffs around my wrists, constricting my arms from movement. It was the scariest moment of my life hearing the words, "Okay, Miss, I am going to have to put you under arrest for driving under the influence. Please turn around and put your arms behind your back."

Let me tell you, reliving this is not easy. This night replays in my head time and time again, only to argue what I could have done differently, or how I could have easily avoided the situation. But these arguments only end up with one verdict, which is that what's done is done and everything happens for a reason.

It has now been four months since the arrest. The law states that there is no tolerance for underage drinking, or driving for that matter. Since I was a juvenile when the incident occurred, I was not detained. I waited for about a month before a probation officer contacted me. I had to meet with her at Stockton's juvenile correctional center. When my mother and I got into the car to leave she asked, "Allison, did you print your essay?" I replied, "Oh my God, Mom, we're not bringing that. Who cares?" After bantering back and forth, I ran inside to go print the first online essay we wrote for this class. The interview was very intense and brought out a lot of emotions. Not to mention, the office was a literal jail cell. The saying "You'll never see the light of day again," exemplified that room. Basically, this lady decided my fate.

So, I waited. My probation officer was going to make the decision of whether or not I was going to court. I got a call from her, and she told me that she thought I had learned my lesson and that she wasn't going to send my case to the DA's office. She told me that the essay I had given to her (the one I wrote for this class) is what saved me. I wrote that essay on my DUI. Thinking back to when I argued with my mom, I am now glad she made me run in and print it. Since my case has been dropped, I no longer have to appear in court, pay thousands of dollars in fines, or go to drug and alcohol abuse classes. My license is still suspended for the next year and when I do get it back my insurance will probably cost more than my rent. I've beaten myself up about this many times, but I have learned to look at the brighter side. This was a lesson well

learned, and I hope by writing this I can maybe prevent someone from making the same mistake that I made. Don't think for a second that it couldn't happen to you.