

My story begins having a reunion in my condominium. My friend, Veronica, came early and we ate and drank beer. Later, my cousins came over and we continued to drink. I went out to buy more beer, because this day was special. It was the Julio Cesar Chavez fight on television. After the fight was over, my cousins left.

During this time, in addition to my regular work, I had to spend some time delivering newspapers. Veronica was curious about my work and how I did it, and insisted on coming with me.

I knew that I drank too much, but even so, I decided to go anyway. I took my van instead of my car, because it was the Sunday papers and I needed more space. Along the way, I encountered a patrol car passed in front of it, perfectly okay. But further on, I realized we had forgotten the list of houses and had to return and passed again in front of the patrol car, okay. Near my condominium, at a distance of 800 meters, on rounding a curve, at high speed, I crashed into a tree. While I injured my nose and my mouth, Veronica had her head tilted up, and when she hit, remained pushed into the dashboard. She would not answer me. I tried to move her, but I couldn't because my pain was so bad. Help arrived and Veronica had to be extricated from the car. I, too, was extracted from the car, but only after they got Veronica out. My visible injuries were my nose, mouth and head. But when I tried to put my foot down, the bone in my leg was fractured and broke through the skin and my trousers. While they put me on the stretcher, I wanted to know how Veronica was. I wanted to see her, but they wouldn't allow me to move. They told me she was okay and that she was in another ambulance. I wasn't even grateful for the paramedic's attention. On the contrary, I was insulting to them and even struck one paramedic

Upon arriving at a room in the hospital, with one of my sisters next to me, I asked again about Veronica. My attitude was rude. She answered that Veronica had died. She was her sister-in-law. In that moment, I realized my life had changed completely. I was turned into a criminal like the jail official said.

had to face justice. The court sentenced me and I had to go to jail. That was an extremely difficult time for me. I hurt the family of Veronica, and especially her children. I took their mother away from them. My family has supported me through my ordeal. Because I lost my driver's license for 10 years, I wasn't able drive and had to take a bicycle to work. I was also able to rely on my sisters for support. Now, I have my license back with full privileges.</p>

My family is the most important thing I have, now. The alcohol is out of my life. I do not need it. My life, only I can understand it, looking at the past. And nevertheless, I live my life forward.