

# I WAS IN LOVE WITH A GIRL NAMED CATHY. I KILLED HER.



"It was last summer, and I was 18. Cathy was 18 too. It was the happiest summer of my life. I had never been that happy before. I haven't been that happy since. And I know I'll never be that happy again. It was warm and beautiful and so we bought a few bottles of wine and drove to the country to celebrate the night. We drank the wine and looked at the stars and held each other and laughed. It must have been the stars and the wine and the warm wind. Nobody else was on the road. The top was down, and we were singing and I didn't even see the tree until I hit it."

Every year 8,000 American people between the ages of 15 and 25 are killed in alcohol related crashes. That's more than combat. More than drugs. More than suicide. More than cancer.

The people on this page are not real. But what happened to them is very real.

The automobile crash is the number one cause of death of people your age. And the ironic thing is that the drunk drivers responsible for killing young people are most often other young people.

DRUNK DRIVER, DEPT. Y\*  
BOX 1969  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20013

I don't want to get killed and I don't want to kill anyone. Tell me how I can help. \* Youths Highway Safety Advisory Committee.

My name is \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**STOP DRIVING DRUNK.  
STOP KILLING EACH OTHER.**

