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English Composition I

Narrative Project: Draft 1

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A Bad First Night Out

A bright flash beamed in our direction. A man in our school security outfit acknowledged us. “I knew I smelled something. Did anyone ever tell you that you can smell marijuana miles away”. I knew it was going to be a terrible night.

It was a crisp October day and I arrived at school. My friends and I already had it planned to go to the Homecoming game later on tonight. We talked about it for weeks, so I had a while to get over my anxiety of being around large crowds of people. I even talked to my school counselor, Mrs. Scott, about it and she said it would be a big step for me to get over this fear. I decided it would be a god idea to talk to Mrs. Scott one last time before homecoming. I walked out of class before 3rd lunch so I would not miss my lunch period. I walked down to her office and knocked on the door. She looked up from her office computer, turned around and walked towards to door to open it. We talked about how I felt and other things pertaining to my mental health until the bell ring. After that I went to lunch. I normally ate lunch inside one of the teacher’s class rooms because I hated loud environments, but this time was different. I decided to eat in the lunch room with my two friends. I even attended the schools pep rally.

After school, I went home to get ready for my night out. My other friend from another school is coming to the homecoming too. As I waited for her to arrive at my house I spent most of my time picking out an outfit. I decided on a black Nike hoodie, black tights and uggs. About 30 minutes later Savannah had come to my house. It was already around 6:30pm and the game starts at 7pm. We talked about how much fun we are going to have and how much we want the lions to win the football game. After 10 minutes of sitting by the door my rose gold IPhone 6 ring and I got a text saying that they are outside. I told my mom we were leaving and that I would call if I needed her.

I had the window of the car rolled down so I could feel the crisp fall air hit my skin. My friends talked amongst themselves, but I did not pay much attention. A couple minutes later we pulled up to a packed parking lot looking for a spot. I noticed more people from school that I knew and I had a feeling it would be a fun night. We finally found a space and we all got out of the car. We started to walk towards the packed football field and loud chatting and the band instruments filled my ear drums. We found a spot on the bleachers where we can all sit.

The game had just started as we sat down. I watched the game as if I knew anything that was going on. I was just happy to be out and I was doing pretty good. My friend, Kayla, had yelled over the loud noises of the crowd and told us that they were serving free chick-fil-a sandwiches. We were all kind of hungry and we wanted to get some before it was all gone. We all got up and headed towards the stand. As I was walking my friend Stephanie had stopped me and said, “You ever smoked weed before?”. I was not shocked that she asked me that because a lot of the kids here smoked. I looked at her and replied “No” in a very stern voice. “You should try it. It helps with a lot of stuff. I remember you saying that you get anxiety being around large groups of people. It will help”. I thought about it and it did not seem like a bad idea. I mean it does not do much harm to people anyway. “Ok, I’ll try it” I said kind of unsure. She smiled as I agreed to the idea. I normally do not fall in the trap of peer pressure but I did not think it would be bad.

She came back with the weed and said we should smoke it in an area where no one would see us. It was a lot of staff around. We went on the other side of the school where no one was. It was darker down this end. It was Kayla, Savannah, Stephanie and me. I was the only one out of the group who never smoked before. She used a Backwoods in Black N’ Sweet Aromatic flavor to roll the weed in. I had a very uneasy feeling about being over here. I was way too quiet for my liking. Kayla pulled out her lighter and sparked the blunt. I was a very potent smell that smelled kind of good to me. As Kayla passed it to Stephanie a bright flash beamed in our direction. A man in our school security outfit acknowledged us. “I knew I smelled something. Did anyone ever tell you that you can smell marijuana miles away”. At this point I knew we were in trouble.

We all froze and my anxiety kicked in. Everything I talked to my consoler about went down the drain. He told us that we had to go inside the school and he would call our parents one by one. Savannah did not go to school here so her dad would have to be call by my mom. After he called all of our parents he had called the cops. All of our parents arrived shortly after as well as the cops. I could not believe I am going to get in trouble for something I barely did. I did not even touch or inhale the weed. I could tell my mom was upset by the look on her face.