

## First Night of Drinking by Justin McGonigle

Someone had the idea to get drunk. At the time I didn't care much because I had a sleepover to go to. I would see my favorite Adult Film star Seka on Cable T.V.. I knew nothing about getting drunk. It would be my first time. I was 14.

The drink was Midori Melon. My friends and I gathered in a room at the bottom of the barn. I had seen a game called 'quarters' on T.V. and suggested we play. Someone had a shot glass. We didn't have a quarter but we tried with a super-ball. It didn't last long. We each took a few shots of the mysterious green liquid. I felt it almost immediately.

I felt like a rocket ship that had just had a million gallons of rocket fuel poured into it. I was fired up. I suggested we all go uptown to see about getting some snacks. At this point, all I wanted to do was to go outside into the world and see what kind of trouble I could get into.

We were at the store for a bit when this creeping feeling of worry started to come over me. Still drunk, I began saying every 5 minutes that I couldn't stay long because I had a sleep over to go to. Honestly, I don't think anyone was paying attention. We were all pretty tipsy.

After about 20 minutes or so, satisfied, we left the store. At some point, I found myself alone, wandering around town getting into trouble. At one point, I was on top of the war monument. At another, I lost my shoe and found it, after destroying someone's mailbox. I was a mess.

I looked for my friends but couldn't find them. I had a sleep over to get to anyway. I needed to see Seka!

I started to walk the mile to my friends house when I passed a house I recognized with a bike owned by someone I knew laying on the lawn. I took the bike ( I figured my friend wouldn't mind) and began to ride drunk to my sleepover.

I finally made it to my friends house. I was beyond excited. He thought that I was acting strange but didn't seem to mind. I settled into one of his chairs and began to watch T.V. waiting for that golden moment when I would see my blond angel. A thriller was on. I knew it well. It was at the part when someone says: "Do you want to see something REALLY scary?" and he turns into a monster and eats his friend's face. I soon fell asleep. The combination of excitement and alcohol and now a recliner was too much for me. I was out.

Moments later, my friend woke me up and said the Police were outside. Something about a stolen bike. My friends house was on a main road. Someone must have reported the bike stolen and the Police saw it in my friends driveway. I wasn't too careful with it. I kinda just threw it on the ground.

I went outside and there was a cruiser in the driveway. The Police Officer on duty was Mr. Foley. He was also a Basketball Coach at the High School. He was known as Jack 'the shot' Foley because he scored so many points in college. I was good friends with 3 of his sons. We didn't interact much. Although, I got to be his ball boy for about 10 minutes once. That was really cool.

Mr. Foley asked me about the bike. I told him that I was just borrowing it and that I knew whose it was and that I didn't think that my friend would mind. By then I had sobered up.

He told me that he would bring me home. I told him that my parents weren't home and that they were at a party. I suggested Mugga's house down the street. Mr. Foley knew Mugga. We pulled into Mugga's driveway and Mr. Foley got out. He knocked on her door and proceeded to explain the situation. I walked into her house, over to the couch and passed out. Moments later, I woke up, rushed to her bathroom down the hall and threw up uncontrollably all over it. I threw up on everything. The floor. The toilet. The wall. The sink. Even the laundry. In some small way, I felt like I was getting back at her for all the times she either hit me or tried to hit me.

It was enough to have her rush to the door to see what was happening. She couldn't believe what she saw. "Clean it up!" She squawked. "I will," I said. She got me a bucket, a mop, some towels and some liquid soap. I did the best I could but not very well. I didn't feel very well. I still felt terrible. I went back to the couch when I heard Mugga yelling: "What the? Come back here and finish the job!" She wasn't satisfied with my work. I got up from the couch and did as good a job as I had done before. This time she let it pass. I think at this point she was tired of looking at my face. After that, I noticed Police lights coming from my driveway up the street. I began to walk home.

As I entered the driveway, I noticed not only Mr. Foley standing there, but my entire family: my parents, my sister, and both my brothers. As I passed them, they just stared at me and shook their heads in disgust. I was ashamed.

I walked inside and climbed into bed. My Mother came up and put a wet washcloth on my forehead. She told me that I'd have to help Mr. Foley with the mailbox that I had broken. Someone saw me and reported it. I said OK and fell asleep.

The next morning Mr. Foley came and picked me up to fix the mailbox. I did the best I could but not very well. I was never great at carpentry.

What I didn't know, was that in less than a year, my family would move a hundred miles away to the big city and that my life would never be the same again.