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Dr. Partridge

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I didn’t expect what I thought would be the best night ever to turn out to be the worst. For weeks my coworkers and I talked about going out on my prom night to show me some “real” fun because I had never been to a party before. We all worked at Sears: Krystina, Eternity, Kyree, Jalen and I, Leylah. Eternity and Jalen were both a year older than me, nineteen, while Kyree was twenty-one and Krystina was twenty-nine. My prom was the very next day, and I honestly wasn’t excited for it. I didn’t talk to many at my school, but I was just ready to get dressed up and look super pretty and enjoy going out with my coworkers.

Today was prom, and I was super pumped although everything was all over the place. I scheduled everything at such horrible timing, and I was ridiculously late for my makeup appointment because my hair appointment was pushed back. My mother was bothering me the whole time, and it was angering me, but I’m not disrespectful towards her, so I pushed it to the side. Five hours later, I arrived home and just relaxed and made myself sad because I remembered I didn’t have a date because my ex-boyfriend and I broke up a week before. I then decided to get dressed because prom started at seven and the time was now six-thirty and the venue was an hour away. I got dressed up in my lavender dress with white lace and my white floral heels and hurried before my dad came. Eternity decided to pop by before I went off to prom and took pictures of me before I left. The whole car ride with my father was pretty awkward because I barely see my dad except for special occasions.

Arriving to prom, I walked in alone, and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves, but the music was horrible and I felt as if I got cute for no reason. Krystina called me and told me to come outside and that she had a present for me. I went running outside, ruining the bottom of my dress looking for her. She ran up to me, handing me a bottle of vodka and telling me to have fun and enjoy myself tonight with the others at the party then she left. I hate alcohol with a passion, but I took it anyway. I hid the vodka in my purse, went back into prom and sat uncomfortably for twenty minutes before I decided to call my dad and tell him to pick me up.

When I got home, I texted Eternity and told her I was ready, and she came twenty minutes later with her friend, Morgan. Morgan was a tad bit off when I entered the car, but I didn’t judge. We then met up with Kyree and Jalen at Sears and hopped in Jalen’s big, black Silverado truck. In the car, Eternity admitted she and Morgan were already tipsy. We then got to the party which was in Atlanta. Everyone was standing around a huge table of alcohol. I decided I no longer wanted the alcohol Krystina got me earlier and I just sat the vodka on the table with the rest of the drinks. Morgan and Eternity were amping me to drink, but I refused. After ten minutes of begging me to drink, they then downed the whole bottle of vodka, and everything after that was crazy.

We soon left the party because it was so boring and Kyree’s friend, Lauren, was telling him there was a better party. So, of course we all head out and go. I’m in the back seat with Eternity and Morgan, and they’re dancing and falling all over the place. We got to the party, and Morgan is struggling to walk. Eternity can handle her liquor, but Morgan, not so much. Kyree and I are helping Morgan, and she’s just talking, saying how Kyree and I would be a nice couple. I knew she was drunk because she was slurring her words. The party was really packed. There were people outside trying to get in. It was a hassle to get in, and they charged to get in. Kyree paid for the both of us, and Jalen paid for the rest of them. Inside was super-hot, and we started sweating instantly. There were drinks going around, and a guy was pressuring me to take a shot, so I did. He kept coming around to me giving me shots, and I took about 4 before I lost count, and everything instantly was fun. I was dancing all around the place. Morgan was still really drunk and all over the place. All I could think about is the spotlight being on me and I was the life of the party. I was very drunk, but I was also aware of my surroundings. The same guy that was passing out shots kept coming around me. He kept trying to touch on me until I kicked him in the private, and Kyree came out of nowhere and punched him.

The party started to get really hot, and my phone was dead. I knew my mother was trying to get in contact with me since my curfew was two and by time we got back in the car, it was already three in the morning. Jalen was driving super-fast, and he was drunk. My mom then called Eternity’s phone, and we all freaked out, and he swerved off the road. That’s when everything went downhill. We hit a tree that was on the side of the road, and Morgan and I got hurt in the accident because we didn’t have on seat belts; we flew all the way to the front of the car. I ended up breaking my arm, and Morgan fractured hers. We ended up in the hospital, and my mother was ready to punish me. I went home later that day with a broken arm, a hangover, and no freedom for the rest of high school. I haven’t been to another party since.