

Sneaking out: a personal memoir



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It wasn't the first time I had felt that crisp breeze hit my face. I closed the door behind me hoping my parents wouldn't hear it squeak as it sealed off my family room. I took a deep breath in letting the adrenaline run through me, and letting out the anxiety of getting caught. What would happen if they had? I have only been grounded once my whole life and that was when I was five years old. I'm not saying there wouldn't be any repercussions but nothing more severe than a warning to be careful, but neither parent would say "You are forbidden to sneak out of this house."

I hoped my dogs hadn't woken from their snoring slumber. I imagined Lincoln clamoring down the stairs, his collar jingling, to investigate the disturbance. It didn't matter the consequences, my parents knew I was a responsible young adult. I heard Drew's mustang coming down the street and I stepped off the old deck. The anticipation of getting away with this mischievous act was enough to propel me over the fence. Drew and Randall were waiting in the cul-de-sac, the car's engine purring me from the side yard and into the backseat. "Will your parents wake up?" Drew asked, I replied with a shake of my head no, and he drove the speed limit back to his house.

Even though it was just a mile down the road I was too scared to walk there in the dark by myself. I let the wind hit my face and the music hit my mind and enjoyed the presence of two guys who don't care when I wear my glasses, men's boxers, and look like a wreck. Drew's garage was open as we pulled into the driveway, with three chairs lined up waiting for us. Drew and Randall smoked their cigarettes and talked about fast cars, races, and other automotive topics. I pretend I'm listening, but I tuned them out the moment

my legs stuck to the black leather. Yes, I liked spending time with them, and that's why I always called them up, but sneaking out had become so much more for me. Sneaking out was sitting in a garage and just letting my mind wander.

It was Nothing crazy like TPing someone's house, drinking, or a chance for me to be a crazy rebel. It was more than just " fun", it was that adrenaline rush, the anticipation of getting caught, and a retreat for my over worked mind. On this particular night Randall and Drew were hungry for some " 4th meal. " I being a Taco Bell virgin just went along for the ride. We drove along, and after seeing thefast foodrestaurants down Main Street, my tummy started rumbling. We pulled into Taco Bell's drive through. The boys were anticipating some greasy deliciousfood.

By this point I was too. I was advised to go with something original. I chose to get two soft tacos with lettuce. It was one of the best life decisions I had made. The juicy meat and melted cheese had my taste buds yearning for more. Randall and Drew will forever be credited for taking my Taco Bell virginity. None of us wanted to go to sleep after our glorious food rendezvous.

Instead we went to a local park to relive ourchildhoodmoments on the swings and playground. Drew pulled in, and I dashed to my favorite swing. It was the best because it was in the middle, never squeaked and I always thought it was longer than the others, giving me the most height. I realized now that it was the same length, but somehow I always flew higher. The swings, like sitting in the garage and driving around, let the world fall away. I pumped

my legs harder and harder all three of us making the swing set jump a little out of the ground. I threw off my sandals allowing the wind between my toes.

When it came to hopping off the swing, I landed farthest away from the play-set. After we relished our memories, we all calmly swung and talked about cars and the girls in their lives. They asked for my advice on what a romantic date would be and about boys in my life, I said “ nothing, really. That was one component of my life that I didn’t want to think about didn’t matter. After about an hour and a few cop look - a - likes we headed back home. Drew dropped me off, and asked, “ Do you want to come again tomorrow? ” I answered sarcastically, “ Is that even a real question? ” As I snaked back through my side yard I relived the past few hours over and over again in my head. I relished the moments of laughter, complete confusion, and successfully not getting caught.

After many nights like that one I realized that “ sneaking out” has a negative reputation. Yes, some teens decide to do stupid things that could end very badly. But, why did they sneak out in the first place? They, like me, wanted to escape, wanted to feel that adrenaline pumping through their veins and the wind in their hair. Now in college, I don’t really have to sneak, but just go. Though “ the guys” aren’t here with me, and there are no swings or cars to drive, walking around seems to satisfy any craving for private reflecting. Sometimes I walk with another person, other times it’s just me. It’s not necessarily, what I’m doing or who I’m with as long as I get to reflect on my life and let myself de-stress and relax.

Then again, that's all sneaking out has ever really been, not a rebellious act, but a therapeutic session. subject of the paper is your personal memory, not anyone else's not about anything else, it is only about you sneaking out how you felt, why, who with. Self: this is not about history, this is about story.

Extraordinary not boring. Smithmag. net/sixwords