

Name essay

Business



The day before my freshman year started I was supposed to go to nightstorm with my best friend, instead, I got black-out drunk. I threw up more than I thought possible, and I don't remember anything. My friends and I thought it would be fun to go to Nightstorm drunk, so we mixed vodka and sprite and it tasted good—I didn't realize I ended up drinking half of the bottle by myself. The last thing I remember was singing to NeverShoutNever, and laughing uncontrollably. My friends told me the rest.

I puked all over the backseat of my friends rental car, and they dropped me off at my friend Tarah's house. When I get there I couldn't walk, so her cousin carried me up the steps and into her house. Tarah took off my puke-covered clothes, gave me a bath, and put clean clothes on me. Then, I passed out. She texted my mom " hey mom, im sleeping at tarahs house tonight okay?", but I had school the next day so my mom came to her house .

She came inside and tried waking me up, but I wouldn't, so she picked me up. I woke up and started sloppily walking; appearing as if i was a doll. I fell down two flights of steps, and hit a metal vent at the bottom giving me a massive cut on my shin. My mom picked me up, and took me to her car outside; I finally remember riding home and falling asleep the whole time, my mom slapping me to keep me awake. After throwing up in her car, and up the walkway to my house, I went to sleep. The next morning she woke me up at six for my first day of highschool, still drunk, I vomited on the floor of my room and the steps, but, she still dragged me into the shower.

I was too drunk to realize I should clean it up, so it stayed there all day. I put shorts and a t-shirt on, halfway straightened my hair, and went to school. I don't remember much of school that day, but at about 10 O'clock I knew there was going to be more puke; I asked a teacher where the bathroom was, but I threw up on the ground on the way there. My mom came and picked me up from school, I puked in her car again, and she took me to the police station. She was convinced that I would get a ticket for underage drinking, and tried to induce them that I needed one, but they told her they couldn't do anything because I was no longer drunk by then.

We went home, and I slept. When I woke up I had the worst headache of my life; lights, standing up, and everything except silence hurt my head. I spent my entire freshman year grounded, and I later found out that one of my "friends" had gone around and told everyone that I had sex with him. This experience has me convinced that alcohol causes trouble, and does not actually help anyone ever.