








My High School Prom

When I woke up that morning, May 17th 2008, my first thought was thank God its Saturday. The second thought was I can't believe it's here, prom day. My beautiful dress had been in my closet for months. The same floor length eggplant purple dress with the beaded bodice that I had worn to my mom's wedding, as her maid of honor, that September. I was so excited to see what the night would hold, but also a little nervous because I had drifted some from the friends at my school that year. Instead I had been closer to my friends at youth group, especially my best friend, Eric, who I still sometimes couldn't believe had been my boyfriend for the past 6 months. I was worried that prom might be weird because of how little time I had spent with my friends that would be there.

That evening my neighbor's aunt, who is a Mary Kay representative and like family to me, came over with her bag full of makeup samples and set to work on getting me ready. She and my stepmom started with my hair. Nothing too fancy, just a little twist with a ton of bobby pins to keep it in place. Then the simple, light make-up and my prep was complete. The make-up felt strange for me. It was one of the only times in my life that I have ever worn any so I was not used to it. The knock on the door signaled Eric and his dad had arrived.




My stepmom answered the door and as always the prospect of seeing Eric made my heart race. As he stepped in the door with his black suit with a white dress shirt and purple vest and tie, my heart skipped and my breath caught. It was one of the few times I'd seen him truly dressed up and how great he looked plus the love and care in his eyes when he smiled at me made me once again feel how lucky I was to call him mine. As he came over to me with the corsage in hand he smiled and said, "Hey babe. You look amazing."

I couldn't help it, I blushed a little, and smiled back while looking up at him and saying, "Thanks, you do too." Once he had the corsage on me and I had successfully pinned the matching boutonniere on him, which had taken a few tries, it was time for dinner. Since neither of us had our own license or car, he was fifteen and I hadn't had time, our parents had divvied up the driving shifts. Eric's dad was taking us to dinner so I hugged my parents good bye and we got into his dad's van to head to the little Italian restaurant I loved.

Amalfi Ristorante is a small Italian restaurant in Rockville, MD. It was a perfect place for our prom dinner. It is small and has soft lighting for dinners. We got a table for two in a corner and it felt like we were in our own world. We laughed and talked while we ordered and ate the delicious authentic Italian food, ravioli for me and lasagna for him. After splitting dessert and paying our check we went outside to meet up with my dad. He had brought a family friend, Cheree, who had been dying to see how we looked. The hotel was only a couple miles down the road and when we got there Cheree insisted on a couple more pictures before we went inside.

The hotel was nothing particularly fancy but it was nice. The line of balloons and classmates made it easy for us to figure out where we needed to go. As we stood in line waiting for the photographer on the way in Eric and I talked a bit about our surroundings. I was looking at the backdrop the photographer had of a fake staircase, which they had set up right in front of



an actual spiral staircase. “Is it just me or does that seem kinda silly? Why wouldn’t they use the real staircase instead of a clearly fake one?”

“I don’t know,” he answered. “Maybe they are afraid someone might fall.”

“Hmm. Yeah I guess so. Still a little ridiculous looking from here.”


“Agreed,” he said. Then he leaned down to give me a kiss. Just then we were called up to have our picture taken. After that we went to the check-in table and showed them our tickets then went into the ballroom. There was a large dance floor and beyond that were a bunch of tables set up. The dance floor was still fairly empty with only a few couples dancing so far to an upbeat song. There were colored lights flashing around the room and hundreds of balloons in a net attached to the ceiling. I turned and smiled up at Eric and asked, “Do you want to find a table to put our stuff down?”

“Sure,” he said, “this is your night, you lead and I’ll come along.”

“Alright,” I said, “Let’s head this way.” Holding his hand I went towards the tables. I saw one of my friends sitting at a table with a few open chairs. We hadn’t talked much outside of classes that year so I wasn’t sure if we should approach her table or head somewhere else. As I was about to turn and look for somewhere else Raquel looked up and caught my eye.

“Ariel, come sit with us! We figured we would save you guys a couple seats,” she said.

“Wow, thanks!” As we took our seats Eric squeezed my hand. He knew how weird it had been for me drifting from Raquel and how much it must have meant that she saved us a spot at their table. A huge breath went out of me as I realized my one fear of the night about feeling out of place was unwarranted. The rest of the night was a blur of dancing and laughing and feeling



so completely alive. At the after prom back at the high school, which Eric's dad took us to, my friends and I all hung out and laughed and took pictures for the key chains the school was giving out for us. As I walked Eric around the school at the end of the night I couldn't help but to be content. Through all the ups and downs I had a lot of memories with a few great friends, and this one last night for all of us. I told him stories about things that had happened in different parts of the school. And how despite all the not so great times, I was really going to miss this place.