

Zach Watson

English 101

Homecoming

“Zach Watson please step up to the office,” Principal Abner called out over the school's intercom. As soon as I heard that all I could think about was how much trouble I was about to be in. “Yes ma’am?” I said softly as my heart was beating through my chest. “Do you know who is responsible for messing up the football field?” principal Abner said. At that moment all I could think about was either owning up to it and telling her that I was responsible for it and facing the consequences that were to come, or to try my hardest to lie my way out of it. “No ma’am.” I said with a confused look on my face to really try and sell it as if I had absolutely no idea what she was talking about. “Well, Mr. Watson the cameras say otherwise,” she said back. At that moment I realized there was no getting out of this, and that I was about to be facing some serious consequences for my actions. What seemed to be like a fun and cool idea suddenly became one of my biggest regrets.

It was homecoming week at my high school my sophomore year, and we were playing our biggest rivals who were right across the river, “River Rats” as we called them. Everyone was excited throughout the whole week and could not wait for the game to kick off. One day after practice I hopped in the car with some of my friends, who were all seniors, who were talking about their friend who threw a party during last year's homecoming, making it seem like it was the best thing since sliced bread. “Someone needs to throw another homecoming party this week!” my friend Logan said. “We can't do it at my house, my parents would freak out.” They all said the same thing as if they were waiting for me to volunteer as tribute. As I sat in the backseat, I realized that this could be my chance to be cool and get in with all the “cool kids” in my school.

“I’ll throw one,” I said, not knowing what I was getting myself into. Everyone looked surprised that I had stepped up and volunteered to throw a homecoming party. They were all happy to hear that I was willing to do it; you would’ve thought I had just told them they had all won the lottery. At that moment I was so caught up in being popular and everyone believing that I was one of the “cool underclassmen” that I didn’t realize what I was getting myself into until late that night while I was lying down thinking about ideas I could use for the party. And then it dawned on me what I had signed up for, and it immediately felt like my heart weighed twenty five pounds and dropped straight through my body. “Well I can’t just bail out on them,” I thought to myself, “they will think I am scared and boring.” As the days started dialing down, I was thinking of different places I could host a homecoming party. Then one day after football practice I came up with what I thought was the “golden plan”. “I will just throw the party on the school’s practice football field.” My friends had told me that they thought it would be a good idea if we all posted information about the party on our snapchat stories. So we were all posting details about the party but there was something missing on the post, “What’s your address?” my friend Jayden said. That was when I told my friends about the brilliant plan I had come up with, “I was thinking about having it on the practice field honestly; I mean nobody ever goes down there and we don’t even practice on it anyways,” I said. Everyone just looked at me as if I had three eyes or something. They were unsure of the idea at first, but after some explaining why I thought that was a good idea, I finally convinced them to think that it was a good idea as well.

After convincing my friends, we finally made the post with the details for the party. The post started getting a lot of shares, and a lot of people were talking about the party I was hosting on the practice field Thursday night starting at 10 o’clock. You would’ve thought The Backstreet Boys were performing live. So the day finally came and everyone was talking about the party. So

after me and my friend got out of school we all went over to my friend Logan's house to talk about how we were going to set up the party. The first thing that was brought up about the party was deciding how and where we were going to get the alcohol. But luckily our friend Carson had just ordered a fake ID a few weeks before so he was able to go to the gas station and get all the alcohol we needed. After we rounded up all the alcohol for the party we then went to the town's local grocery store "Bozemans" run by our friend Hayden Bozemans dad, so we were able to get all the food we needed for cheap. After we got done with all the gas station runs and the grocery shopping we then waited until the sun started going down to go to the practice field to get everything set up. We finally got all the things set up and people started showing up, and we were all having a good time. But as the sun started going down, we remembered that the practice field had no street light, so it was getting dark and everyone was complaining about how they couldn't see. So, I had the bright idea to move the party up to the real football field. It was close enough to the road that we would have enough lighting to see everything.

I turned off the music and shouted, "Aye! Everyone listen up and let's move it up to the other field!" Everyone started to carry as much alcohol as they could up the hill and onto our game field. Logan helped me get the speakers and we followed right behind. After everything was set back up, Carson had already had one too many beers and thought it would be a great idea to start a bonfire on the twenty yard line. He spotted some old pallets that were off to the side of the fieldhouse. By the time anyone noticed what he was doing, he had already pulled out his lighter and started the fire. And that moment is when I realized that what I thought was the golden plan wasn't looking so golden. But me being the typical highschool idiot I was, I didn't say anything to him about it because I didn't want to be considered a "buzz kill". So, finally after convincing myself that I shouldn't stop him from starting the bonfire, a fight breaks out. I mean

this wouldn't be an official high school party without a fight. Everyone was laughing, recording the fight, and having a good time while all I could think about was how I was about to get into so much trouble the next day at school. So the time came and people started heading home. "Great party Zach," everyone was saying as they walked out. "I did it," I thought to myself, "I'm the man!" That was until I woke up the next morning and pulled into the parking lot of Dora High School. There were beer cans, chip bags, and just trash everywhere. All I could do was just stare. I was staring at the trash like a kid stares at candy in a candy shop, except in my case, I was staring with fear.

The part that was killing me the worst is the fact that there was absolutely nothing I could do about it at that point. When I walked into the school building, it felt like everyone was staring a hole straight through me. All I could think about was how my mom was going to rip me a new one when she found out. Because for all she knew, I was going to stay the night with my friend Logan. I wasn't lying, I did in fact stay at his house, but she didn't know anything about the party I was throwing on the school's football field. The whole day, I was sitting in class waiting for them to call me up to the front office. I made it through the 1st and 2nd block and I still didn't hear my name come over the intercom. It was time for lunch, and I sat down with all my friends. I was so scared I didn't even eat lunch that day, and they had the rectangle pizzas, and anyone who knows me knows how I am about the rectangle pizzas. I absolutely love them. "Dude are you okay?" Logan said, "You look worried about something." "Dude, did you not see the field this morning? There's trash everywhere bro," I said back. But they didn't look at the football field when they pulled into school this morning like I did. So the bell rang and we all left lunch to go to the gym for the homecoming pep rally, and I took my friends out to the field to show them the mess we left. And as I was looking out to the field, I noticed something that I didn't notice earlier

on the twenty yard line. The bonfire my drunk friend Carsin had started the night before at the party had burned a lot of grass on the field. "We can clean up the trash, but we can't do anything about the burnt grass," Logan said. "My brother owns a landscaping business," my friend Jayden said. We all just looked at him like he had said the dumbest thing any man has ever said before. "Yea, let's call him and tell him that we need to replace grass on the field in 30 minutes," I said back in a pissed off tone. So we all sat there thinking of lies we could make up to bail us out of the situation. But nothing that was good enough came to mind to help us out. So we decided to just hope they couldn't identify who had made the mess on the football field. We went back inside the school and all was good, we made it through pretty much the whole day without anyone saying anything to us about the party I threw the night before.

After the pep rally, we had all gone to Coach Williams class studying film and making adjustments for tonight's big game against our biggest rivals. We're all discussing adjustments and going over the game plan for tonight, and out of nowhere the intercom clicks on. At that time, I knew what was about to happen, "Zach Watson step up to the office please." Everyone stopped talking and just looked at me because when we are going over gameplans nobody is allowed to go anywhere, not even if you are about to bust because you have to go to the bathroom. So Coach Williams buzzes back to the front office, "We're making adjustments for the game tonight." "I need to speak with him," Principal Abner says back, and that is when everyone including myself knew that I was about to get in some serious trouble. I got up and walked out, and I did everything in my power to stall for some time so I could come up with a good lie to make up to save me from getting into some serious trouble. But it felt like no matter how slow I was walking or how many bathroom stops I made, time did not want to go in my favor. I finally got up to the front office and I opened the door to what felt like my death sentence. As soon as I

walked in, everyone's eyes locked straight on me giving me the most "I'm disappointed" look. Even the school's PO Officer Smalley, who I was pretty close with and have been since 8th grade. As soon as I sat down, they started interrogating me. You would have thought I had committed murder the way they were rapid firing me with questions. "Do you know who is responsible for messing up the football field?" "No ma'am," I said back nervously. She then hit me with something that I was never going to be able to come up with a lie to get me out of the situation. "The cameras say otherwise," Mrs. Abner said, turning the camera screen around so I could see. The only thing I saw on the footage was me cutting up, dancing, and chugging cold Coors Lights. That's when I realized that I was absolutely screwed. There was no more lying about the situation at this point so I just admitted to it. "Yes ma'am, it was me," I said back, sounding like I was about to cry. The whole room got quiet for a few seconds, "You're not playing in tonight's game, and I will be making a phone call to your mother," Abner said. I was speechless when I heard those words come out of her mouth. So I ended up not getting to play in our homecoming game that night and when I got home, let's just say that my mom really made me rethink my whole life.

So with all this being said, everyone is bound to do some stupid things in their life. Some may not be as bad as others but whenever you decide to make a stupid decision that can get you in some serious trouble, make sure of a few things first; 1, never do it somewhere that you know can get you into some trouble. 2, if you do decide to do it somewhere you can get into some serious trouble for, make sure that there are no cameras, or that they cannot see you. 3, just don't be stupid and think about the decisions you make unlike I did, because I promise you it was not pretty at all, and got ugly quick!