

A New Experience

“Turn around with your hands where I can see them!” the officer yelled.

“Wait, what? What did I do?” I replied.

“Don’t argue! Get down on the ground!” the officer yelled again. I did as I was told, although I still did not know why I was being arrested.

I’m just your average teenager. I go to school, and get fairly good grades. There is the occasional C, but I’m still passing. I like to hang out with friends because I don’t like being home much, so I get out of the house anytime I can.

Today seemed like a normal summer day. I got up, ate my usual breakfast, a big bowl of Cheerios, alone. I sat down on the large squishy couch in my living room to watch some T.V. When my phone rang, it was my friend Kyle.

“TONY!!! What are you up to man?!” Kyle yelled through the phone.

“Nothin’ much, just sitting around. What’s up?” I said in reply.

“Dude, tomorrow is the Fourth of July, let’s go get some fireworks man, have a little fun.”

I looked to my left and saw my sleeping mother. “Uh, sure dude. I will meet you at the park in a few”

“Cool, see ya!”

I hung up the phone and snuck past my mom to the front door, grabbed my skateboard, and headed to the park.

When I got there Kyle was there to meet me, with a booming voice he yelled “TONY!” We gave each other a high five grabbing each other’s hands and then meeting in a hug.

“You ready man?” I asked Kyle.

“Yeah man. Lets go!” Kyle replied.

We went all over the place but all of the lines were huge. It was blazing hot outside and we didn’t know if it was even worth getting fireworks now. Our last stop was Wal-Mart. We went up to the fireworks stand from the back of it; we slowly turned the corner expecting a long line, but saw no one in line! We looked at each other with shocked faces then bolted for the stand.

“We would like two packs of the big fireworks” Kyle said [’] [’] ~~the~~ big with his arms far apart, and in a deep voice to add emphasis on the word. At the same time I was setting down crumbled up five and one dollar bills on the counter. The man behind the counter just smiled, and handed us the fireworks we asked for. We walked away with huge smiles on our faces. While we were walking away a couple kids were just then walking up to the firework stand.

We were leaving the parking lot when this kid ran into me and knocked the fireworks out of my hands.

“Hey watch where you’re going!” I yelled. The kid just kept running. I thought that the boy looked familiar, but I just couldn’t place his face.

I picked up the fireworks and we just kept walking. We were on their way home laughing making jokes and deciding where I was going to set off the fireworks.

“Dude, we should totally light them off next to the river!” Kyle exclaimed. He was so proud that he came up with such a good idea.

“Kyle, the town fireworks are set off next to the river.” I explained. “So if we were gonna go to the river we can just watch the town fireworks.”

Kyle’s smile faded and we walked in silence for a minute or so, then Kyle couldn’t take it anymore; he had to say something. Just as he was opening his mouth we heard sirens and we stopped in our tracks.

“Turn around with your hands where I can see them!” the officer yelled.

“Wait, what? What did I do?” I replied

“Don’t argue! Get down on the ground!” the officer yelled again

Kyle and I had no idea what was going on.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa man. We didn’t do nuttin’” Kyle tried explaining to the officer, but the officer didn’t care. His partner pushed Kyle to the ground and put handcuffs on him.

It only takes about five to ten minutes to get to the police station from where we were arrested, but when you are actually in the police cruiser it seems much longer.

When we got to the police station we were able to make one phone call each.

“Okay, so who is first?” asked a female police officer.

“Oh, me! Me!” Kyle yelled, as he ran to the phone running into me.

Kyle decided that he was going to call his girlfriend. He got her answering machine. “Hey baby,” Kyle was saying. I rolled my eyes. “Right now I am in jail, and if I don’t make it out alive I just wanted to tell you, I love you.” Then he hung up.

My jaw dropped. “Weren’t you going to ask her if she could have someone come get you?” although I wasn’t too surprised, I kind of expected this out of Kyle.

It was my turn to make a phone call. I thought about it a little, even though I knew my mom would be mad, I called her.

“Hello?” the lady on the other line said in a dreary voice. My mom works the night shift at the local diner, and I don’t know my dad. He left when I was three.

“Mom?” I asked hesitantly, “Uh, right now I am at the police station.”

“What? Why? What did you do?” she asked.

“Nothing. Nothing. It was all just a big ^{mis}understanding,” I said defending myself.

Reluctantly my mother said that she would come and get me.

While we were waiting for people to come and get us, the female officer walked up to our cell, “You’re both free to go.”

Our faces relaxed, and then I crinkled mine up again in confusion. “Wait did you just say both of us? Only one of us actually called someone to come and get us.” I said glaring at Kyle mockingly. Kyle didn’t even notice. He just stared at the officer with a smile on his face.

“Yeah, sorry about the misunderstanding boys, we caught the real culprits.” The officer replied sincerely, as if that made it easier for me to forgive them.

As we were walking out we saw the kids that did steal the fireworks. One of them was the kid that ran into me and knocked the fireworks out of my hands. Now it clicked, I saw the kid walking up to the firework stand when Kyle and I were leaving.

When we got outside my mom was just pulling up. She got out of the car with a scary look on her face. “Don’t I have to sign something?” she asked in an angry tone.

“No mom.” I replied, “We didn’t do anything, it was all a misunderstanding.”

“Yeah Ms. D. We didn’t do nuttin’” Kyle had to add that in “Oh and uh, do you think you could give me a ride home?”

My mom cracked a small smile and said she could.

After dropping off Kyle, it was mostly silence during the car ride home. ²Until she said, "I am really proud of you."

I was confused. "Wait, why are you proud of me? I was just arrested."

"Yeah, I know." She replied, "You were arrested for something you didn't do. I am happy you didn't do it. You're a good kid,"

At that point it was a little awkward, but it was good to know that my mom is proud of me.