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English 3 6th 6

Ms. Feher

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It all started last Halloween when I got caught selling drugs in school. It was a pretty odd day and I could tell, it was cold but not too cold to need a jacket. I met the buyer at the begging of the day before the first bell. Nothing in me thought that I was gonna get caught that day, I didn't think I was gonna get caught at all. I got to the second period and that's when I knew sum wasn't right. I heard people saying that someone was getting loaded into an ambulance. Everyone thought it was just a code blue except me the buyer told me they were taking the drug I sold them in school but what they didn't realize was it was a pretty high dosage. So that happened and I got to my next class where two officers and two principles were waiting I went to my seat and they asked the teacher for me and my stuff, and honestly I forgot that I sold that morning so I'm just thinking they are searching me and I didn't have anything to worry about bc I sold what I had on me that morning. Then they ask if I had sold some pills to someone and any dealer's first reaction is gonna be NO WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT and being all defensive. They took me to the office where they put me in this room with nothing but a chair a desk with nothing on it, the walls were bare yellow like a dry mustard look. For some reason, I was so tired most likely because of the adrenaline I had to try my hardest to stay awake. The officer walked in half-way into me nodding off and said "describe to me everything that happens" I continued to say what are you talking about I don't even know the person. They finally gave up and called my mom and told me I was going to Dmk. I had a week off of any school waiting for my letter to get in to be approved. It finally got approved and I didn't know what to think. The meeting with the principle of dmk went good but I couldn't help to feel that I was never going to see my friends at school again. My first day was very nerve-racking, I didn't

know where to go, what to do, or how to act. I didn't even know if I was going to make friends or if I wanted to make friends at that point. About half-way into "doing my time" the principal called me into his office and told me I was getting out a little earlier than expected. I was happy but at the same time didn't want to leave I didn't know how I would be looked at back at my regular school would I be looked at weird would no one wanna talk to me anymore. I got out right before Christmas break but I didn't go back until after break but I had my meeting with my counselor and they said I could come back to the school. I walked into my first class and heard people whispering "oh Alex is back" and "look the bad kid is back". That is the point where I realized I didn't have friends anymore, I couldn't trust anyone anymore, I just had to keep my head down and do my work. At lunch, I would just sit in a hallway with no one. No one liked me anymore and I couldn't figure out why. I began to have thoughts that no one would even care if I wasn't here anymore or if I ran away no one would look or question where I was. I slowly began not to care about anything as I saw no hope in anything I did I felt helpless. My mom asked if I wanted to go see the youth pastor at church I resisted for a couple of weeks but I gave in. It was probably one of the smartest choices I had made in a while. It helped change my life around for the better. He helped me see that I do have friends and people that cared about me. I learned pretty quick that everyone makes pretty big mistakes and this was just one of them. He told me that I was strong and that the dark time would pass and it did.