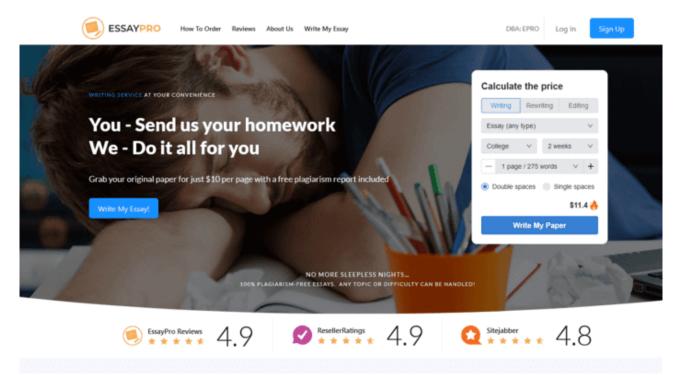
Personal Narrative- The Wrong Crowd of Friends



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Personal Narrative- The Wrong Crowd of Friends It was a cold October afternoon in 1996, and I raced down the stairs and out the front door, in an attempt to avoid my mother's questions of where I was going, with whom, and when I'd be back. I saw my friend Kolin pull up in his rusted, broken-down gray van, and the side door opened as Mark jumped out and motioned for me to come. I was just about to get in when my mother called from the front doorway. She wanted to talk to me, but I didn't want to talk to her, so I hopped in pretending I hadn't heard her and told Kolin to drive off. When we were out of my neighborhood I asked where we were going and Kolin said we were going to Dre's apartment first; afterwards we would take the Metro down to Northwest because he had to meet up with some people for a drug deal. Mark began to roll a joint and he said, "Look, I scored some KB off this idiot high-school kid who thought it was

swag. It's my <u>treat</u> ladies." We rolled up to Dre's apartment, drank a little and hot-boxed the van. As we sat there smoking, Kolin, Mark, and Dre began to talk about the recent events. "That party last Friday was fucking stupid. I can't believe they gave you shit at the

door," said Kolin.

"Yeah it was almost a messy situation, but they backed off," replied Mark.

"Who cares man, I got sixty-five for the stereo in that house. And the way I see it, it was all fair," remarked Dre. At this they all burst out laughing and even I joined in for a chuckle. The "KB" was in effect, and our spirits were raised, not to mention our "senses of humor." I leaned back and sat there smiling as they continued to reminisce about their other excursions. I loved to hear about it all, and it was fun learning about drugs and theft, and other things you could put into practice without "really" hurting anyone. I was unknowingly getting an education in "street smarts," and how to "rip people off." I enjoyed learning about it because it all seemed so fun and easy, and only the benefits, such as money, seemed tangible to me, not the consequences of my actions.

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