

Learning From A Mistake

By Corinna Fuentes



There is always sense of excitement and anticipation that accompanies trying something one has never experienced before. It was this feeling of the unknown that attracted me to shrooms. I had heard from other people that doing shrooms wasn't "even bad", and that it was a "crazy trip". This was something I was interested in trying, yet I was naive and unaware of how one decision could change an entire life. I made the mistake of believing these people, knowing that they had been experimenting with drugs since middle school. Up until the day I decided to do shrooms, it all seemed like a joke. I had no idea what I was getting myself into, or the impact it would have on those who cared about me.

One night at my house, my friend Kirsten and I were watching a movie. My parents weren't home, so we decided to take "shrooms". Soon enough, the two of us were laughing hysterically and enjoying ourselves. As she entered the room, my sister looked at us like we were insane, as any other sober person would have. The night wore on, and the humor of the situation wore off while I realized I had made a mistake. The gravity of the situation

really hit me when my parents came home from dinner and my mom and I started conversing. She hadn't seen me the entire day and I could sense that she missed me. It was the compassion in her voice and how much I knew she cared for me that brought me back down to earth. Once reality sank in, I was overwhelmed with guilt, shame, and above all, failure. I questioned myself: "What have I become and why am I doing this?" This wasn't the person I knew myself to be—I was a good student and an athlete that held a part-time job outside of school—an overall responsible teenager.

Time moved in slow motion, and things progressively worsened. We decided it was time for bed and I was relieved that the night was coming to an end, and looked forward to putting everything behind me. The problem was that neither of us could fall asleep. Both of us fell silent as a weird tension settled between us. I was lost in my own thoughts when the silence was interrupted by what sounded like a burping noise that came from my friend. I looked over and she was face down in a pillow. I called out her name and there was no response. My nerves were on edge and I was terrified in the anticipation of what was to come next. I wondered if she was hurt and when she lifted her head, I saw what had happened. She burped again and I watched as she vomited all over my bed. I was in an extreme state of paranoia and hurried to clean up the mess before my parents found out. I quickly changed the sheets and placed a trash can next to the bed for her in case another accident occurred. I tried to go back to sleep after that but my mind was rushing with thoughts and the objects in my room began changing shapes.

Everything was spiraling downhill and I had lost all control of the situation. My friend then repeatedly told me she needed to see Anna—one of her best friends. "Take me to Anna" she demanded. The distress in her tone heightened my fear. I tried to rationalize with her that taking her to Anna wasn't

possible but she persisted. The more I attempted to calm her down, the more upset she became, until finally she became dead silent. The tension in the room was unbearable and I wished more than ever to be somewhere else. Kirsten burst out of the room and started walking outside while I chased after her. She demanded to see Anna and would accept nothing less. At that point I had hit rock bottom. Scared, confused, and anxious, I finally agreed to take her to Anna. I dropped her off at Anna's house while witnessing my surroundings closing in on me. I realized now that abandoning my friend was a terrible choice and that one bad decision can alter your entire life. I went home and tried to fall asleep again, but was overwhelmed with guilt. How could I just leave her? I felt helpless because I could not escape the situation no matter how hard I tried. Terrifying visions filled my head as I tried to block out the horrible thoughts that were invading my mind.

When I woke up the next morning, nothing from the last night seemed real. I called Anna to see if Kirsten was okay, but Kirsten had never arrived at Anna's house. She was found wandering in a parking lot by the police. An employee at a nearby gas station dialed 911 and reported that a girl came into his store that appeared to be on something. My parents asked me if I had anything to do with it and I said no. Later on, I confessed—that I had also done shrooms. Even though I still felt horrible, coming clean about what I had done helped me reconcile with the night before. Kirsten and I both walked away from the situation unharmed, but there will always be scars left over from that night. I am forever grateful for how fortunate the both of us were, and will never make the same mistake again.

The editors and staff of Alert Magazine wish to congratulate Corinna on winning the essay contest and encourage her in pursuing her academic goals. We would also like to encourage future seniors to participate in our scholarship program.

*Sincerely,
Alert Magazine, LLC*