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Narrative Project Draft #1

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It was a hot August day in 2015, The Zac Brown Band had just come to Philadelphia to play a two day show. I had just printed out my friends and I's tickets, when my friend Matt texts my other friend Jack that he had gotten a case of beer from his older brother. Jack told me this and we were both very happy since we knew how hard it was for three 16 year olds to get beer. Jack and I got in an uber and we headed to the Malvern train station. Along the way to the train, our uber driver was asking if we had any big plans for the night.

I told him, "we are heading to Citizens Bank Park to see The Zac Brown Band play."

He all of the sudden got very excited and let us know all about how he loves there shows. He was actually going to the show the next day.

"Tailgate?, then concert?, this might be the best day of the summer!" I exclaimed, as we pulled up to the station.

"Yea, it's gonna be a great night, I can feel it!" Jack said

As we got out of our Uber, we see our friend Matt come running up to us with a bag so full of beer cans, the zipper was about to pop and you could see the outlines of the cans. We boarded the train and started drinking the beers. As we sat down, we made sure to sit in an area where there were not many people to avoid drawing eyes. As the ride progresses, we feel the swaying of the train, along with feeling the rumbling of the tracks, and then we hear the loud click of the door to our car open. It was our conductor. We all quickly hid our cans and started to get our wallets out of our pockets.

“Tickets! Have your tickets out and ready!” He bellowed

“Any of you guys have cash? I only got like 4 bucks.” Jack, Said.

“God you are broke, I will buy you this ticket, but this is the last time for a while” I said, sternly.

We bought our train tickets and continued to tell jokes and drink our Natural Lights. Matt and I were excited to see our friend from grade school who was going the we had not seen in a few years. It was not long before we got to 30th Street station. We got off of the train and walked right to the subway. As soon as we get down the second staircase to the subway, we could smell only the sewer smell of the subway and see all of the dim, flickering lights. We rode the broad street line all the way down to Citizens Bank Park.

“Finally we are here, that felt like 2 hours” Matt Said

“It was 2 hours” I said smartly

As we began to walk towards our friends tailgate, Jack peeled away from the group to use the bathroom. Matt and I continued to walk towards our friends and eventually met up with them. After the tailgate, Matt and I realized that we cannot find Jack.

“His phone keeps going to voicemail” Matt said

“Where could he be” I said nervously

All of the sudden my phone started to ring, but it is not jack, it was my mom. She called to tell me that Jack had been arrested for an open beer can in public. I looked at Matt and we both still had our open cans with us and I grabbed them and threw them out. It was a miracle we did not get caught. My mom went on to tell us to come home and that our parents wanted to have a serious talk with us. I told Matt the news, and we were both not very happy. We called an uber and headed home.

“Well this sucks” I said

“Yea no kidding” Matt said

For the rest of the ride we sat in silence thinking of what our parents would come up with for punishment. I had never been so nervous before because this was the closest I had ever come to getting arrested. This felt real. When we finally got home my dad was sitting in his big leather chair and gave me a look that I had seen too many times. It was the “you are screwed look”. I told my dad what happened and he was more understanding than I would had thought. But then,

he gave me the “I am not mad, I am just disappointed”. I went up to my room and went to sleep still a bit tipsy.

I wake up the next morning to see my dad drinking his coffee and watching SportsCenter. I walked in and sat down and we started our normal morning routine. I texted Matt and Jack to see how things were going over with them. Matt told he was fine, then Jack texted me that he had to wash both of his parents cars at 8 Am and that more punishments would follow. I start to think to myself that maybe this was not such a bad thing after? But, then I hear my from upstairs.

“Hey Jack I am going to need you pick up all of the sticks in the backyard, then clean the basement ok?” He said.

“I will get right on that” I said

“Ah, there it is.” I thought to myself.

Now that I had gotten my first few chores assigned to me, I figured that my mom and dad were never going to officially ground me. My dad was using a much different approach to this whole situation. He was just going to tell me to do everything he knew I hated doing, at the most inconvenient times possible. For about the next month I would have to water all of the plants around my house right before I would go to a friends house. My dad would also wait to ask me to do these things until he knew that I needed to do something or be somewhere else. Although this was very annoying for about to course of a month, I did understand the lesson that was being taught to me.