Have you ever learn a lesson you don’t even want to repeat again. Do you know who your real or fake friends are? Well, I have a story for you.

 I was a good kid, straight A’s, perfect attendance, and well behaved. I never did anything unacceptable. I knew what was right and what was wrong. I just hanged out with the wrong crowd. She was the only friend I had. Tall, light skin girl. With beautiful brown hair, with a streak of blonde at the side of her head. Everybody thought she was idealistic. Those hazel eyes fooled everyone. She was the only one that cared about me as I thought.

 As I walking in the dewy grass, my friend came up to me. She was invited to a party and wanted me to go with her. Of course I said yes. It wasn’t any special occasion or anything like that. It was more like a house party. i knew it would never cross my mom’s mind to let me go. I had to lie. I told her it was just a birthday party that I was invited to; she did let me go. Worst mistake ever.

 I was so excited to go! I’ve never been to a house party before. Music, a Dj, a pool, and everyone dancing. I couldn’t believe I was actually here. Hawaiian like tikis in every corner in the backyard. Bright flashing lights, sparkling all over. The bright moon reflecting on the clear pool. People dancing, laughing, and jumping around. Oh, lets not forget about the alcohol in the drinks, pretending to be soda or fruit punch. Everybody getting high. As i was noticing more of that, I felt deceitful and uncomfortable being here.

 I told my friend I didn’t want to be here anymore. This was not right that we’re here. She was so stubborn; she wouldn’t listen to me. She mischievously started to join in the party. Jumping around all crazy, drinking from cup to cup, and she was laughing facetious. I kept bugging her to leave; to get out of here. But no, I had to accept, that she wasn’t like me and doesn’t care.

I called my mom to pick me up as I was walking out of the house. I was waiting for her in the sidewalk curb in the starry night. Thinking of my friend. A car turn, flashing the bright headlights on me; it was my mom. As we were driving back home, I told her what had happen. She told me she was upset that I lied to her, but she was glad I told her the truth. I got home thinking about my friend and what will happen tomorrow. The next day, I talked to other people as I didn’t want to talk to her. I knew sooner or later I had to. In the hall she saw me passed by, she came up to me.

 “Hi.” She said.

 “Oh, hey!” I said nervously.

 “About the party, I’m sorry about that.” She says.

I didn’t know what to say. Words couldn’t come out of my mouth. I wasn’t happy of what she did, but I know she didn’t mean to. I knew what I had to say.

“Look about last night, I am not happy but I’m not gonna hold it against you. I had to know it was gonna be like those time of parties.” I stutter. “We can’t hang out anymore. We can still talk to each but that’s about it.” Shaking my head.

She raises one eyebrow confuse. “I know what I did was wrong, but….” Tears coming down her face. “Will I guess I understand.”

I did what I thought was right and also she did.