

2014

Smells Like Teen Spirit

Tony Joshua
Tennessee State University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalscholarship.tnstate.edu/sketchestu>

 Part of the [English Language and Literature Commons](#), [Fiction Commons](#), [Philosophy Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Joshua, Tony (2014) "Smells Like Teen Spirit," *Sketches: the Online Creative Arts Journal of Tennessee State University*: Vol. 2 , Article 16.
Available at: <http://digitalscholarship.tnstate.edu/sketchestu/vol2/iss1/16>

This Story is brought to you for free and open access by the Department of Languages, Literature & Philosophy at Digital Scholarship @ Tennessee State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Sketches: the Online Creative Arts Journal of Tennessee State University by an authorized editor of Digital Scholarship @ Tennessee State University. For more information, please contact XGE@Tnstate.edu.

Smells Like Teen Spirit

Tony Joshua

Just five more minutes until school ends, and the weekend starts. I was so excited; I had plans to hang out with my girlfriend Jessica after school. Jessica and I had been dating since junior year. We had our one year anniversary in a month. As school ended I walked toward Jessica's locker where I saw her gathering her school supplies.

"Hey baby, how was your day?" I said leaning in for a kiss.

"Look, Marcus," she said while dodging my kiss at the same time "We need to talk."

"What's wrong, did I do something wrong?"

"No, it's just that with everything going on in my life..." She paused "I just think we should split up."

"I don't understand," I said, shaking my head "I thought we were happy, and now you're telling me you want to break up?"

"I'm just going through some shit right now."

"What did you find a new man? Or woman?"

"Hell no it's not like that at all." She said slamming her locker.

"Ok well if you're stressed out, we can get through it together."

"Marcus, you're a great guy, I just think this is for the best"

"Bullshit Jessica" I said as I walked away.

After what happened with Jessica, I just wanted to go home and sleep till Monday morning. As I walked outside I saw my friend Ronnie. Ronnie and I had been friends since freshman year; he was like a brother to me.

"Hey are you ok, Marcus?" Ronnie said "You looked pissed."

“It’s Jessica,” I said, holding my head “She dumped me.”

“Man, that sucks bro,” Ronnie said, rubbing his head. “What was her reason?”

“She claims she has too much going on in her life to be in a relationship.”

“That’s a lie.”

“That’s what I’m saying.”

“Tell you what,” Ronnie said with a smirk on his face. “Me, Steve, and Ryan are going to hit up this party later. You should roll with us, bro.”

“I don’t know,” I said reluctantly. “I’m not really in the mood to party.”

“C’mon, a little booze will take your mind off Jessica.” Ronnie said convincingly. I figured I had nothing else to lose.

“Where’s the party at?”

“It’s in Hawk’s Landing, so it should be pretty nice.”

“Hawk’s Landing?” I said scratching my head. Hawk’s Landing was a rich neighborhood, which was located in Verona, a suburb located outside of Madison. “I’ll think about it and get back to you.” I told Ronnie.

“Ok, just hit me up, bro.”

I arrived home and went straight to my room. I decided to lie down and think about how Jessica had totally blindsided me with this whole break up. Was she no longer attracted to me? Was she cheating on me with someone else? I couldn’t comprehend why after a year of happiness, she would want to just end it. Maybe I was the only happy one in the relationship and she had been planning on doing this for a while. I couldn’t stand to think about the situation for any longer. I had to get out and go somewhere. I decided that maybe going to the party was a

good idea. I texted Ronnie letting him now I was willing to go to the party, Ronnie texted back, 'Nice. Me, Steve and Ryan will come scoop you up around 8:30.'

Now that I was officially going to the party, I just had to come up with a cover story to tell my parents. I walked into the kitchen, where my mom was setting the table for dinner.

"Hey mom, I was planning to hang out with Ronnie and friends tonight."

"Ok" she said while setting her world-famous meatloaf on the table "What are you boys going to do tonight?"

"Oh we're probably just going to chill, watch some movies, and play some 360." I said, trying to prevent giving away any indication that I was lying.

"Ok, when are you leaving?"

"Around 8:30." I said, hoping she would stop asking questions.

"Ok, have fun, be safe, and get back at a reasonable time."

After dinner, I went to my room to until it was time to get freshened up for the party. Even though I was excited for the party, I couldn't get Jessica out of my mind. I looked over at a picture of Jessica and me at the movies sitting on my night stand. I just wish I knew what was really going on with her, how she really felt about me. No time to be depressed, it was 8:30; Ronnie, Steve, and Ryan would be arriving any minute now.

Around 8:35 I received a call from Ronnie, saying that he was at my house. I told my mom and dad that I was leaving, then headed out the door. When I walked outside, I saw Ronnie in the passenger seat, and Steve driving. I wonder how he got stuck as the designated driver.

"Hey, Marcus, you ready to get tore up?" Ronnie said

"Yeah, I guess," I said with an uncertain shrug. "Hey, where's Ryan?"

“He’s picking up from his weed guy,” Ronnie said with a suspicious smile. “He told us to get him at 9:30”

“Sorry to hear about you and Jessica.” Steve cut in.

“It’s ok, I’m over it.” I said, knowing it was a lie.

“You, here’s the plan,” Ronnie said, pointing my attention back at him. “Since Ryan was the one with the bottle, we’re going to head to Merchant’s for a little pre-party drink.”

“Merchant’s” I asked. “What the hell is Merchant’s?”

“Merchant’s is a bar downtown that doesn’t ID.” Ronnie explained. “So we go to Merchant’s, get a drink or two, then we go pick up Ryan, and then head to the party.”

“I don’t know Ronnie,” I said regretfully “That sounds a little risky.”

“C’mon Marcus, the worst that can happen, is they kick us out. We wouldn’t even get arrested.”

“Fine,” I said “let’s just make it a quick drink, and get out of there.”

We walked into Merchants, and sat down to be waited on. All of a sudden I see a waitress in her mid-twenties walk up to take our order.

“Hi welcome to Merchan’ts,” she said with a fake smile. “My name is Samantha; can I get you a drink?”

“We’ll all have Miller Lites, please.” Ronnie said before any of us could say anything.

“Ok, I’ll have that right up.” She said, keeping the fake smile on her face.

“Oh shit Ronnie,” I chuckled. “You were right, they don’t ID.”

“Of course I’m right,” he said with a cocky attitude “I don’t know why you guys ever doubt me.” I was shocked that Ronnie was actually right for a change. This was a great start to the night I had to say. It was good to have guy’s night, especially after what happened earlier at

school with Jessica. We all bought about two rounds, paid our tabs, and then went to go pick up Ryan from his house.

We arrived at Ryan's house around 9:40 to pick him up.

"Hey guys," Ryan said as he hopped in the car. "Sorry about Jessica. That sucks, dude"

"It's ok, I'm fine," I said with a fake smile similar to the one Samantha at Merchan'ts had. It was actually making me mad that people kept bringing Jessica up. The one thing I was trying to forget about, people kept reminding me of.

"Ryan, are you about to roll a blunt?" Ronnie asked

"Already ahead of you guys." Ryan said as he pulled a blunt out of the same bag he had the bottle in.

"Hey Ryan, you should you let Marcus hit the blunt first" Ronnie said with a devious smile "he needs it the most." Ryan held up a light while I had the blunt in my mouth. Ironically as I inhaled the smoke, 'The Art of Peer Pressure' by Kendrick Lamar was playing in the car. *'Look at me I got the blunt in my mouth. Usually I'm drug-free, but shit I'm with the homies.'*

We arrived to the party around 10:00. By the size of the house, I could tell whoever was throwing the party had rich parents. Before we went in to the party, Ryan pulled out a bottle of New Amsterdam vodka and a shot glass.

"It's not expensive but it is still pretty good." Ryan said. We opened the bottle and started to drink. They gave me the first shot, of course.

"Hey Steve, you want to take a shot?" Ronnie said, holding the bottle up to Steve's chest.

"No I'm good, Ron. I have to drive, dude." Steve said, pushing the bottle away.

"C'mon bro, one shot isn't going to affect your driving." Ronnie said, pushing the bottle back in Steve's chest. After heavy pressing by Ronnie, Steve finally took a shot.

It was 11:00; we had been at the party for about an hour. I was starting to feel the numbness of the alcohol and weed. I lay on the couch soaking in the moment of the party. Then Ronnie sat down next to me with the little bit of vodka we had left in his hand.

“Are you having a good time, bro?” Ronnie said, sprawling onto the couch.

“Yeah, I’m having fun.”

“Hey, you should go talk to that girl over there.” Ronnie said with liquor breath. “Maybe you will get laid.”

“I don’t know. I still have strong feelings for Jessica.” I said. “Sex is the last thing on my mind, honestly.”

“Bro, you sound like a bitch.” Ronnie said as he gave me a playful punch which hurt more than he intended.

“I’m not a bitch,” I said seriously.

“Ok. At least go say hi, bro.”

“If I go say hi, will you leave me alone?”

“Yes, I promise.” Ronnie said, holding his hand up to his heart.

I walked up to the girl that Ronnie pointed at. She seemed like she had been drinking. This seemed like a really bad idea.

“Hey, what’s your name?” The mystery girl said before I could even open my mouth.

“My name’s Marcus, and yours?”

“Laura” she said with a flirtatious smile. Before I could advance the conversation, she threw up all over the ground, some of which landed on my shoe. In disgust I ran to the bathroom to clean drunken-girl vomit of my shoes. I walked back over by Ronnie, who was on the ground laughing at the vomit surprise I received.

“Damn, your game was so bad, it made her sick.” Ronnie said, almost out of breath from laughing.

Before I could say my rebuttal, I saw a kid run inside from the backyard screaming, “Cops”.

“Cops!” Ronnie and I said simultaneously. Ronnie, Ryan, and I rushed to the car before the police caught us.

“Wait, what happened to Steve?” I said, panicking. Out of nowhere, we see Steve walk up to the car with beer on his breath.

“Have you been drinking?” I asked, palming my face.

“What the hell, Steve?” Ronnie jumped in. “You were supposed to be the designated driver.”

“Relax guys; I’m still good to drive.” Steve said. Steve seemed more sober than the rest of us.

“I could drive,” Ryan chimed in.

“Ryan, you’ve had more to drink than I have.” I said with disbelief.

“Guys, I got this.” Steve reassured us. We all stumbled into the car and drove away from the party.

“Let’s cherish this night, boys.” Ronnie said, sounding like John Wayne. “With us all going to different colleges, nights like this won’t happen for a while. I love you guys.”

“Shut your drunk, emotional ass up.” I said, laughing hysterically

“I’m serious though, I’m going to miss you guys.” He said, starting to laugh himself. Ronnie was right about one thing; when we all went to college, nights like this will just be memories. Suddenly we steered off the road, the car started to tumble and roll.

I woke up in the hospital, with my head throbbing from more than just a hangover. I saw my parents sitting in the room, with relieved but frustrated faces.

“You want to explain what you were doing drinking alcohol and smoking?” My mom said with a disappointed look on her face.

“What were you thinking?” My dad added in. “I’ll tell you what you were thinking, you weren’t thinking at all. You’ll have all the time in the world to think while you’re grounded for a month.”

Little did my dad know that thinking is all I’ve been doing. What I realized is even though I had such a good time the night before, I still felt pain. The alcohol and weed didn’t solve my problem.

“What happened to Ronnie, Steve, and Ryan” I asked, hoping for the best news.

“They survived,” my mom exhaled “Ronnie has a concussion, whip lash, and a bruised sternum. Ryan has a concussion, and broken arm. Steve has a concussion, broken leg, and a broken rib. You boys should thank God that you lived. Your father and are going to get some food, we’ll bring you something back.”

When I thought things couldn’t get any weirder. I saw Jessica walk in as my parents left to get food.

“Hey Marcus, don’t talk just listen.” Jessica said sadly “I shouldn’t have ended things without giving you the reason why I ended it. I’m pregnant.”

“You’re pregnant?” I said with disbelief “Why didn’t you just tell me that instead of dumping me?”

“I was scared that if I did, you would break up with me” she said as she started to sob.

“So instead of just telling me that you were pregnant, you thought it would be better to dump me. That makes no fucking sense, you know that right Jessica?” I said, enraged.

“I’m so sorry Marcus. My mom had to raise me all by herself, and I was afraid I’d have to do the same thing.”

“So you were going to choose being a single mother versus asking me if I’d take care of the baby? At least if you asked, there would be a chance I would take care of the baby with you.”

“I’m sorry.” Jessica said, too emotional to talk. The thought of me being a father was starting to sink in. I realized that from here on out, I would have a family to look out for. I was pissed off at Jessica, but I needed her as much as she needed me.

“Jessica, we can get through this as a couple” I said holding her hand.

“So you still want to stay with me?”

“Of course, I’m not going to leave you like that.” I said. I grabbed Jessica and held her tight, letting her know that I loved her.