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The Brownie Incident

By Quentin Parker

This is what happened when a friend gave me food. I call it the Brownie Incident. It was a normal school day my junior year. It was at the bus stop.

I got on the bus and sat down. My friends got on and sat down around me. Two of them sat beside me and the other sat in front of me. Two of them had bags of these oddly deformed Brownies. They were not in perfect squares or shapes, just in pieces.

"Hey, Quentin." I look up and saw my friend in front me, and he was holding a piece of the brownie. I took the Brownie out of his hand and ate it. It was nasty! It tasted like toothpaste or some mint flavor. Then I started to get a little hungry.

The next day, my classmates were talking about the kids who brought those Brownies to school and were absent today. I listened to them a little bit, and they brought up the Brownie. They said the Brownies had something bad in them.

"I tried their Brownies," I mentioned innocently. I didn't know what was going on.

Everyone looked at me and started to freak out, because they know they can't give me that kind of stuff! They told the Spanish teacher and the counselor, and they came to talk to me about the Brownies. I got a tiny bit scared because I didn't know what was going on. I wasn't in trouble. Everyone seemed worried about me. I talked to my friend the next day.

"Hey, what was wrong with those Brownies I ate?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "They were just old."

The next year, we got done with a drug presentation and went to lunch. I was talking to one of my friends about which one of us would ever do weed. Someone heard our conversation and sat me down, telling me I had already done weed! What I had eaten last year was a pot brownie!

I never thought of myself as someone who would do drugs. The lesson I learned is that you can't always trust your friends, and if it taste like toothpaste, spit it out!

