

After-Prom

- Jacob Keller

As a high school junior, this past Friday was time for me to step up to the plate and go to my first prom. But everyone knows that the fun doesn't end there, there's always something going on after prom. "After-prom" is notorious for bad decision-making; something about the hype and energy from the prom builds up and carries over to late night parties and powwows. This definitely applied to me, though my experience was a little different than some of my peers.

Of course I wasn't going to do anything in a suit I didn't own. After waiting for my brother's bus to arrive, we headed home to jump into sweatpants and old shirts. When we arrived to the after-prom host's home, I noticed everyone seemed to don the same sweatpants combo. It was interesting to see the transformation from hours of hairstyling and make-up and pricey dresses to casual and comfy wear. We settled in and did what everyone should be doing when awake at midnight after prom: eating pizza. Lots of pizza. After satisfying our hunger, we played a card game, then took a walk to the nearby dock. The atmosphere was surreal. Although it was nighttime, the sky wasn't black and birds chirped constantly. My amazement with the ambience was probably aided by sleep deprivation. The place was calm and the water shimmered beautifully.

After spending some time there relaxing, most of the group returned back to the host's house. Hoping that we wouldn't wake up the neighbors, I and a few others decided to walk around the neighborhood. Apparently one of us had watched a few too many horror movies and became antsy walking around in the dark, so she had to turn back. Surprisingly, it was not this person who thought one of our group members was kidnapped when we lost track of her. After we returned to the home we found the "kidnapee" and the rest of the group sound asleep. I'm not sure whose decision it was to stay awake from that point, but we did not join the sleepers. We headed over to the kitchen to snack and chat. By doing so we managed to wake up 90% of the people sleeping and ultimately make them join us.

We decided that we'd go back out and take a walk at 3:30 in the morning. It took some time to get each groggy high schooler ready, but we finally got out around 4:00. One of us wanted to watch the sunrise, so we were off to Devereux! It took quite some time to get there, and we ended up taking stops in the middle of the road. Why? I guess our mentality was, "well...why not?" By the time we arrived to Devereux the sun had started to turn the sky orange. Slowly and steadily the atmosphere brightened until the sun poked out. Hundreds of pictures later, we were finally ready to call it quits. Somehow we were able to make it back to the house and eventually wake up the rest of the sleepers. But the night, or should I say morning, wasn't over yet; we wanted to get breakfast. So we made our way to the Driftwood and, heads half on the table, ate our meals. The waitress was confused - there were nine kids in pajamas at her restaurant at 6:30 in the morning - but she didn't question anything. I walked home, crashed on the couch, and didn't wake up until 2:00 p.m.; sleep scheduled officially ruined.

What I can't believe is that some people had to go to work while I was asleep. Ouch!