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Think

In my life, there are an uncountable number of stupid things that I have done. Most of the time I find a way not to get caught, or find some way to get out of the trouble I'm in, but there is also an endless record of the times that I have been caught and have gotten in trouble. Why do I do these stupid things? I'm not sure, but at the moment I'm doing them, nothing else matters and the joy that I'm having seems to override the consequences. So this is one of those stupid things I have done and this time I was caught.

It all started when I decided I wanted to get my scuba license. My friend had had his for quite some time and he always told me of the fun he had. He was 17 and was friends with brother so naturally I looked up to him and thought what he did was cool. Well I took the classes and passed the test so I was in, into the new world of scuba diving. But it wasn't exactly final yet, to complete my certification I had to go on a check-out dive in Key Largo. I was looking forward to this for a while and we had all planned that my friend was going to diving with me. It was going to be a great weekend in the Keys.

We arrived at our hotel at around 1 o'clock and we were supposed to meet at the dive center at around 1:30, so we unpacked our bags and took a look around. The hotel was nice, and for two hundred a night it should have been. It had two beds, a big bathroom, and a big balcony overlooking the marina and the hotel parking lot. Our moms' bedroom was right down the hall from ours and they had told us we were old enough to have our own room. This made us feel good so we wanted to keep the room in a satisfactory state of cleanliness.

Our dive was awesome, and besides the cold water and my run in with fire coral, it was painless. They picked us up and we told them all the happenings from our day underwater, which they seemed very interested in. We had been begging for a Quizno's sub since the ride down to the Keys, and I think they understood that our long day had tired us and aroused our appetites, so they brought us to get the sandwiches and we had never been happier. From there we arrived at the hotel at about five or so. My friend had brought his game system so that's what we planned on doing and that's what we told our parents we would be doing when they went to eat. We convinced that we would be fine and that we'd just watch TV or something. That *was* what we were going to do until the balcony on our room came into our minds again.

We had talked about it before and we talked about it now, but it seemed like a better idea than before, so we did it. There was a new Jaguar in the parking lot and we thought it deserved to get a little messy. So we got the toilet paper, and the water, and I got the soap to give it a little more stick. I was allowed the first shot and it was nicely placed, right on the windshield. The next shot was on the back bumper and was thrown by my friend. It made a satisfying splat as it flew into pieces onto the rest of the car. We

were done with the Jaguar for now and moved on to an SUV with a sun roof and tinted windows. It was farther away than the Jaguar so it was a challenge, which made it all the more fun. One after another we landed toilet paper like mortars on all sides of the car but just couldn't quite get it where we wanted it, on the sun roof. There was countless number of attempts made to make to that location but most landed right before the vehicle in the grass. That was when we saw them, the two men walking right toward that SUV, and both thinking the same thing we casually walked in and closed the blinds. As we were thinking we watched from a crack in the blinds and saw them inspect the damage. They picked a few off, got in, and drove to a conveniently located car wash right next door. Breathing a sigh of relief we decided to play video games and wait a while. We hadn't been caught; at least we thought we hadn't. And that's where we made our mistake, directly below our building was an open parking garage, in that parking garage there were people who had seen our act of vandalism, and unknowing to us in the garage those people were making a call to security. Yes, all of this was unknown to us, until there was a knock at the door and a voice, a voice that said *security*.

This was a dreaded time, and was not made better by me hiding in the bathroom. But I had to sort things out and think of a story so I stayed there. While I was in this temporary hiding spot I made out two words; "complaints" and "evicted". We gave our share of lies but our innocence wasn't an option, so we packed up and walked away. We were two kids on the street. The man who came into our room was on the phone and I could hear the other person's voice rising; it was my mom. We were walked to the door as prison mates are led to the telephone. Like they were making sure we wouldn't try to do it again on the way out. Waiting at the front door for our mothers was like waiting for the executioner to arrive. There they were. They walked up the sloped driveway toward us and they didn't look happy. They stared at us in disappointment and I could sense a kind of pitiful laughter toward us on her face, at that I reminded them that I had at least got all the shampoo and everyone broke into a laughter like they weren't supposed to laugh but they couldn't help it. They reminded us of how serious the issue was and that we shouldn't be laughing, so we shut up.

We waited for them to get through with the manager and it seemed like a very long time. They finally came out of the elevator and looked as they were going to cry, for they were evicted also. This made us all the more angry and we wanted to fight for our rooms but they explained they had done everything they could. By now it was nearly midnight and was during spring break, so our hopes for finding a hotel were very low. As if pulled in by some strange force, we drove through the wrong side of an entrance of a hotel. My mom got out and went into the dim, empty lobby. There was an older fellow at the desk and we were informed that there was one room left, and it was for 115 a night. Nearly *half* of what we paid for the other rooms. Of course, this meant we had to share beds, but after the trouble we'd been through we couldn't have cared less. We plopped down in the room like a tired dog does after running, and we were finally happy, at rest, and safe.

We decided that it was fair to each pay 200 dollars to our parents since we caused this mess. This was good enough for them, or maybe it was just that they were too tired to think of a punishment. Whatever it was we weren't arguing and we had learned two very

important lessons; think of who your actions could affect, and be sure to check competitive hotel prices.