



# Dare to Change



by: Josh Dale 

Occasionally, a police officer would come in to talk about D.A.R.E. or the scary world of drugs and alcohol. Wearing their black uniform with a gold badge and American flag patch that looked backward. Of course, T. made our little sect chuckle by smoking an imaginary bong. How it's for adults only, his brother told him. I had no idea what a bong was or what his gesture was. He made a weird gurgling sound which made some kids chatter. The nuns in attendance, with arms crossed, dissuaded the comedic interlude with throat-clearing coughs. Sisters were of the most pious caliber. T. recreated the cough out of spite and was subsequently pulled aside. He got detention, whined a bit, and was escorted out of the cafeteria. Once the commotion ceased, the officer shook their head and used words like "gateway," "foulness," and "consequential." He plopped a small bag with the infamous green flower on the table. A nun gasped. Using T. as an example, he said that what T. did would throw him in jail. His harsh eyes befell me, given I was among the "bong group." I heard his walkie-talkie mutter and buzz. Something about a suspicious individual on 5th & Spruce. He turned the volume down, exhaled, and pulled out more elixirs and tinctures. He was more witch than officer that day. Captivating us all, unchanging our mysticism for fear.

