

If there were any day that I could change in the history of my life, I would not have to think about it to know the answer. The day that I would change is April 5th, 2008. My reason to change this day is what I am about to read.

It all started when my dad decided to take me to a Detroit Tigers game. I had been to several baseball games before and enjoyed them, and he was sure that I would enjoy the future ones. As we arrived at the game we bought some food and beverages, (note that one of them was mike's hard lemonade.) As we got settled in our seats, we chatted until the game started.

Somewhere in the eighth inning a security guard approached us and said to my dad, "Sir, the beverage that your son is drinking is alcoholic."

"You're kidding," said my dad, even though he knew that security guards like that didn't lie on a regular basis.

My dad tried to take the bottle from me, but the security guard snatched it up before my dad had a chance to look at the ingredients. So we stood up and followed the security guard out of the stands and up to a policeman's office with a couple of other security guards. The policeman interviewed my dad a bit, and then took us down to the first aid room, where they gave me a small shot and took me to the children's hospital.

As I got settled in the ambulance with the security guards, my dad called my mother and my twelve-year

old sister. As we arrived at the hospital, they took me to a room, where a guy came in and gave me a big shot, where my arm met my hand, at the vein, so that they could pump sugar water into my body. They tested me and an Indian lady came in and said I had no alcohol in my blood. Then my mom and my sister arrived, and they called two of my aunts, who drove all the way from Massachusetts all night only to find that they couldn't take me out of custody. Deep into the night, I was taken to a foster care building, where I spent the night in a children's room, and had a damp cold breakfast the next morning. It was about 10 noodles suspended in a cup of lukewarm water.

Then they brought me to an officer's office and he explained to me that I would be going to a Japanese person's house before my parents could come pick me up. Then they drove me to the house, where a Japanese lady greeted me strangely, but warmly. As she took me into the house, she showed me where I would be sleeping, and she offered me some lunch, which I declined. Then she said that I could watch TV for as long as I wanted, so finding nothing better to do, I sat down and I found Jurassic Park III on, which I watched for a while until a man came home, which I presume was the lady's husband. He seemed like a nice guy, and offered me some food, which I also declined, and then went down to his study to work. Late at night I went into my room, and went to sleep. Deep in the night, a soft tapping awoke me, and as I woke up, I saw a tall

teenage man coming in. As he noticed that I was awake, he introduced himself, and apologized that he woke me up. Then he sat down at his computer to work (he went on You Tube). After about fifteen minutes, he left.

The next morning, the woman and the man took me out to a shopping mall to buy some new shoes, because I had been wearing extremely uncomfortable loafers. This shop did not have any success, however, and as we came back to the car the husband and the wife repeatedly asked me to go to McDonald's, but I said no each time because I knew that my parents wouldn't let me. And they asked me why, and I said that my parents wouldn't let me. I decided not to yell at them about the matter. As we drove home, they abruptly announced that my parents would be coming in about four hours. I got extremely excited and relieved at the same time, and I went into my room to rest for a bit. In half an hour, the lady came in and announced that I would be taking a shower and putting clean clothes on for my parents. I took a shower, and then she showed me some clothes that must have been from her son, and I put them on.

In a couple of hours I heard a car pull up, and I rushed over to the front window to peek through. But the Japanese people restrained me from rushing out. A couple of minutes later a lawyer came in to interview me about the entire affair. After he left, I had permission to hug my parents and say hi, and after a couple of goodbyes to the Japanese people, they gave me

a very cute teddy puppy and bear, and I went home in my car. Boy was I relieved when that was done.

If I could change this day, my change would be very simple. What I would do is that I would have my father and me never buy beverages, and if I ever went back to Comerica Park (and I haven't been back yet, although I don't have anything against it), I sure wouldn't buy Mike's Hard Lemonade again!

--Leo Ratté

(first written in response to his sister's school essay prompt, "If there was one day that you could change in your life, what would it be?" June 6, 2009, lightly edited by Leo 5/24/11)