

Smoking pot for the first time is an iconic moment in anyone's life. The stereotype is that weed makes you forget stuff, but you're sure to remember your first time taking a hit or getting high. We've compiled some first hand recollections of different stoners trying herb for the first time, and they're certainly worth a read. When you're done, share your own smoking pot for the first time story in the comments!

Beware The Gravity Bong

"I was in high school the first time I tried smoking pot. I was over at my best friend's house, along with her neighbor. The three of us went over to another neighbor's house, where a big group of teenagers were all smoking in a circle. My friends had smoked before, so they weren't intimidated at all. I never had, though, so I felt really awkward. To make matters worse, they weren't passing around a joint like I expected. I figured maybe there would be a bong, but I wasn't prepared for an empty soda bottle in a bucket of water. I saw the huge clouds of smoke they were all blowing and knew I didn't have it in me to try...at least not in front of all those people. Everyone was really nice, and I'm sure they would have shown me how to do it, but I was too shy. So I just hung out and felt extremely awkward for about an hour. Then one of the guys did a big hit and puked all over himself. That seemed like the right time to head out. As we left, he pulled off his shirt and said - very seriously - "beware the gravity bong".

When we walked home, my friends were laughing about nothing and having the best time just wandering around. I regretted my decision not to partake, since I had been really interested in discovering what it was like. I definitely didn't want to throw up in front of people, though, so it was the right choice. When we got back to the house, my friend revealed that she had a tiny joint on her. Her dad had taken down her bedroom door (probably because he didn't want her doing drugs in there) so we hung up some blankets, pulled the curtains, and lit some incense. They showed me how to light the joint, I figured out the inhaling part, and then I coughed like I was dying. I don't think I got really high, but I definitely had the giggles and felt really free. I wasn't much of a rebel those days, so I was mostly just thrilled to be doing something wrong for the first time. I learned how to use a roach clip, and we spent a lazy summer day listening to Sublime and passing around the tiniest joint that you ever did see. I still remember that day fondly whenever I hear 40 Ounces to Freedom :)"

An Apple A Day

"I was one of the last ones in my group to try smoking pot for the first time, but none of us were really experienced. We were too young to buy zig zags or blunt wrappers, let alone a pipe or bong. We were 16, though, and we could drive. Getting the weed was the easiest part, because we knew tons of people that were happy to share. We all piled into the car, and stopped to pick up some munchies. One girl bought some apples, and tried to explain the logistics of turning fruit into a pipe. My parents were out of town, so we had a little get together at my house. When we got back to my place we went through 5 apples before we got one that worked. Everyone said that I would smoke up all the weed, because I was a newbie that didn't know how

to get high. I don't think I did very much, but I felt spacey and relaxed and suddenly everything was so funny. It was especially funny when one guy used the apple as a baseball and hit a home run right out of my backyard. Then we realized we had no pipe, so things weren't as funny anymore. We comforted ourselves with ice cream and eventually passed out. The next morning was a mad scramble to clean up all the evidence of anyone having been over - let alone smoking weed - before my parents got home."

Never Again

"Hmm, smoking pot for the first time. Well, the first time was the only time for me. I was 14 and at a birthday party. The birthday girl lived right by the local park, so late that night a bunch of us snuck out to play on the playground. Someone had a pipe and some marijuana, I don't remember who. That was back when they had curfews for minors (maybe they still do, I don't know) so we were trying to be quiet. We weren't doing a very good job of it though. We heard a car pull up across the way, and then saw someone with a flashlight. We all hauled ass up into the trees and behind bushes, then tried to be totally silent. A cop came by, yelling that he knew people were out here and we should come out. Nobody moved, thank God. Finally he left, and we all stayed still for a good ten minutes after the car drove away. Then we disposed of the evidence in the nearest trash can, ran home as fast as possible, and made up alibis in case the cops came door to door looking for the culprits. They didn't, but it was enough to scare me so much that I never smoked again."

Circle Of Friends

"I was a late bloomer! My first time smoking pot was in college. I went to a really liberal college that is pretty well known for being pro-weed. It seemed like everyone I met was already an experienced smoker, but I wasn't ready. Everyone was cool, though, and nobody pressured me or anything. I lived in an apartment on campus with seven other people. We would have house get togethers where we would all hang out in the living room and drink, smoke, do arts and crafts, watch TV, etc. One day it occurred to me that everyone but me smoked pot. I wanted to be part of the group, but I also was just curious about it. Several of my roomies had depression and social anxiety, but they were so cheerful when they smoked. So the next time we had a round up, I told everyone I was joining in. They cheered like I had just cured cancer! When the pipe was passed to me, some of them watched me anxiously. One girl rubbed my back, another brushed the hair out of my face, and another passed me a water bottle. Others averted their eyes, trying not to put any pressure on me. I passed to the right and felt something almost right away. It was a feeling of connection with everyone else, and a feeling of understanding what the fuss was about. I also felt really inspired to create something, anything. We got out paper and watercolors and spent the rest of the night painting. It's one of my favorite college memories to date."

Best. First. Time. Ever.

"Pretty much everyone I knew had smoked at some point or another, and most of them smoked regularly. I meant to give it a try but never got around to it, until a random house party my sophomore year. It was one of those nights where you have a seemingly weird mix of people, but they all got along really well. Work friends, old friends from high school, new friends from college, and random neighbors were all partying together harmoniously. It felt like the right time and place, so I decided tonight was the night. I had wanted my first time to have some sort of meaning, or importance perhaps. It happened really organically and I was so glad I never tried to force it before. I was totally comfortable from start to finish. I didn't really know how to use a bong, but it wasn't that hard to figure out. I coughed pretty hard, sure, but I recovered.

A big group of us, about 10-15 people, shared at least 5 bowls. I lost count because I was feeling it right away. Everything just felt mellow and happy and right with the world. When we took a break, it didn't take long for someone to get the munchies. One of my friends had this habit of randomly shouting out whatever food she was craving, on the off chance that one day someone would actually have it. When she suddenly yelled "I want Push Pops!!!" we figured she was shit outta luck. But then the guy who lived at the house told us to follow him. He opened the door to the garage, but it was too dark to see anything. Then we heard him open a car door, and a light came on. From inside an ICE CREAM TRUCK. IN HIS GARAGE.

That night we learned that his grandpa owned a small franchise, so he had two fully stocked ice cream trucks in his garage every night. Giving a bunch of stoners/starving college students free reign in an ice cream truck is basically the same thing as handing over the keys to a bunch of toddlers. We were screaming as we pulled treat after treat from the freezers. Astro-Pops. Drumsticks. Those weird Bugs Bunny and Mario ice creams with the bubble gum eyes. Flintstones Push-Pops. Strawberry Shortcake Bars. Ice cream sandwiches, cones, bars, and scoops. All free, no questions asked. We could eat as much as we wanted while there, and he sent us each home with three free treats. We kept them in our freezer for a long time, because we couldn't believe the night had actually happened. It was the stuff legends are made of. I've smoked countless times since, but nothing tops my first time."

Conclusion

Here at Pipe Wipes, we are always concerned with making sure people #smokeclean. When we collected these stories, we couldn't help but notice how many people got their start in a shared group environment. There was a lot of pipe/bong/etc passing, but not a lot of concern for hygiene. We suggest using Pipe Wipes to keep the piece clean, ensuring a better, safer high. Now it's your turn - tell us your tales of smoking pot for the first time!