

...I chugged a tall boy in 4.56 seconds.

It was week one of the spring semester, Friday night, and I had absolutely nothing to do. I sat in the living room and desperately texted every girl I knew, willing to do anything or hook up with anyone:

Paul 7:56 – *Hey, what are you up to tonight?*

The living room isn't exactly well-furnished. There's the stained, green couch my roommate Matt and I found by the dumpsters out back; a 32-inch Vizio my folks bought me, over a black Ikea TV stand where I keep my dvds, xbox games, and sound system; a black coffee table; and that's about it. The only thing on our walls is nasty beige paint, and a couple of holes we found when we first moved in last August. Just your typical college apartment shithole.

Paul 8:03 – *Are you doing anything tonight?*

Apparently, Matt went to the same high school as me, but I don't remember ever seeing him. We hung out a couple times last year, and that's about it. I'd originally planned on moving in with some friends in North Campus, but they bailed on this sick ass house last minute and decided to move in somewhere else. This was back in June... So, in a panic, I blasted Facebook. Matt hit me up and the rest is history.

Paul 8:09 – *What's up girl, whatchu tryin to get into tonight?* (This one probably came off a bit creepy.)

He's in the Biz school, undeclared, and I'm Liberal Arts, economics. You might think we don't get along, but actually we have a lot in common. We both like to smoke pot, drink beer and fuck girls—most of the time we only do two of those things—and it's been good 'til now; the dry season was starting to bug me.

Paul 8:16 – *Yo* (I sent this little gem to Olivia. She's this really hot girl I met in my French class. I think she's a *junior*. Anyway, we both joke 'n shit in class. She's probably the only girl I feel comfortable with, and I've only known her a week. She replied immediately.)

Hot-girl-french-class 8:16 – *Yo*

I typed a, "what are you up to?" but decided to play it cool and hold off sending it right away.

It sucks being a sophomore. At least as a freshmen I got to go to all the frat parties. Those were always fun. But this year, I couldn't get into any of them. Well, at least not to the *cool* frat parties. Matt still makes it out to them. According to Matt, he's done "rushing" and he's being "initiated"—whatever the fuck that means. He's usually gone most every night. Hell, sometimes I won't see him for days. During finals last semester I didn't see him for a whole week. One day he just showed up with gauze all over his big head. I was on the couch studying, saw him and freaked out.

"Jesus, what happened?!"

"Oh man, I got into this fight. Well, actually, what had happened was, I was *about* to get into a fight, but the fag pushed me into a pole so I fell down on my head."

"Where was this?"

"Outside of Big Bite. Yea, I was in the hospital for a couple days. After I got out, I went straight to the PCL. Hey, I was gunna ask, you got any addy left?"

"Yea dude," I grabbed my prescription, poured out two or three pills and tossed them to him.

So yea, that's Matt.

I heard him in his room playing "Wish You Were Here" on his acoustic, so I went over.

that certainly didn't stop the guys from hitting on her. We all bitched about the classes we'd signed up for, jammed loud music and downed tall boys like they were shots.

Then, the guy who'd brought a girl got up to go use the restroom.

"Tell me something—"the cockier of the two Corona brothers said to the girl—"Whatchu doing with a chump like that?"

"Eww."

"I'm just sayin'."

We heard the toilet flush, so everyone got quiet. The poor kid came back.

"Stevie, let's go. I have some studying to do." The girl said.

"Ok?"

As soon as they left we all laughed our asses off. With the chick gone however, it got gay again. The Corona sisters told Matt they were headed out downtown and they left.

Now it was just fratty, Matt and I. The guy's a DJ. He talked about wanting to join the radio station, showed us some of the tracks he's produced and talked about Twitter... A lot.

"Hey, you guys heard what happened to Kanye this morning?"

Matt and I shook our heads.

"Nevermind."

He seemed chill, but eventually got bored and was like,

"Yo Matt, you sure you don't wanna come downtown with us tonight?"

"Fuck downtown. I don't want to do what I did last semester and go every week. Shit gets boring after a while."

I kept quiet, he'd said the same thing last semester.

"Alright, I'll see you Monday then fo'sure."

He left and it was Matt and I alone at the apartment again.

"This is such a lame ass Friday night," I told Matt, "There ain't shit to do. What the fuck West Campus."

Matt got an idea, "I know what'll cheer you up!"

He always gets me with that one. I grabbed the case, and we ran outside to our balcony. It's a sick ass spot to chill and smoke. Beautiful view too. From up there we could see most of Austin, hear the e-bus folks, and piss off kids walking by below. We both leaned into the guard rail, elbows tucked in, and laid the case of beer between us. We cat-called hot sorostitutes down below.

"HEY BABE, WHY DON'T YOU COME UP?!" We'd shout, or

"MHM HM HM, YOU LOOK REAALLL FINE TONIGHT!!" or, if we really liked them,

"I LOVE YOU!!"

Some girls were amused, most just ignored us—fucking sluts.

Then some scrubs walked by.

"GO HOME, GEED!!" Matt yelled and threw an unopened can from our balcony, it exploded right in front of them.

They kept staring at the ground.

Matt turned, faced the sliding doors, and added, "Fucking *hipsters*, man. Who the fuck wears cut-off jeans?"

I looked down at his khaki shorts he's worn 21 days in a row.

"There you go bitchin' bout hipster again. What have they ever done to you?"

"Woah, sooorrryyy *dude*."

I didn't really care.

Then, the hottest girl of the night came walking by. She looked Indian. At first we thought she was with another girl, but it turned out to be her boyfriend. Tight pants, man.

“YO BABE, DITCH THAT FUCKFACE!!”

“YEA, COME UP!!”

Matt and I took turns yelling.

The girl got real shy about it, so her booooyffriieeenndd came to the rescue.

“You two think you're real tough up there, huh?” The boyfriend asked us.

“WHAT? I DIDN'T HEAR YOU, FAGGOT!” Matt shouted back.

“I SAID YOU TWO FUCKS THINK YOU'RE REAL TOUGH UP THERE!”

Why don't people realized we don't give a shit?

“SORRY, I DON'T SPEAK FAGGOT!” Matt clarified.

“I'M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU BOTH!!”

He ran right under our balcony and waved his lanky ass arms at us, so we poured the rest of our tall boys on him. Wet, sticky, and mad, he banged on the entrance of our apartment complex, hoping someone would open it for him. We laughed our asses off as he punched, and kicked at the door. No one came. He stayed there for a bit, but left because his lady kept begging him to go after we'd throwing crushed highlifes at him.

“YOU GUYS ARE ASSSHHOOOLLEEESSS!!!” He shouted at us, lamely and defeated, as he walked away, girl in his arms.

“GOOD DAY TO YOU SIR!”

Matt and I could not stop laughing.

By then, I felt good again.

“Fuck bitches, dude.” I mentioned out loud. Matt was ready to go to bed. He picked up the case, paused real dramatic-like, and then looked me in the eyes.

“Dude... There's one last tall boy.”

“Gimmie that shit,” I snapped at him, grabbed the brew and busted a hole open with my keys.

“Go, go, go, go—” Matt cheered. He knew...

I lifted the tab and shoved it into my mouth, chugging the fucker fast before crushing it on the ground.

“Holy shit, that was like your best time yet.”

“4.56 seconds.” I said through foamy, drippy lips.

“Haha whatever man, I'm going to bed,” he threw the case off the balcony, “later.”

We both pretty much crashed after that.

The next morning I woke up to:

Hot-girl-french-class 3:14 – *hey omg got real drunks dt...let's hangout soon*

...I saw a homeless guy take a shit on a Lexus.

It was Valentine's day and love was in the air... that and vomit.

Matt and I were at the West Campus e-bus stop with a couple of his frat star buddies—Chad 1 and Chad 2—and three really hot, really attractive sorority girls; which, I guess, made me the seventh wheel. They were all laughing at the stupid shit they'd done the previous night at some bar tab downtown; I didn't get invited. Whatever. I looked to the left and saw the bus rolling in. From a block away I could tell it was packed like a nasty sausage in there.

We pushed our way in and swiped our sticky plastic UT cards one at a time. I was last. When I swiped my card I looked up at the driver to say "hi." He seemed incredibly annoyed, worn out, and I'm pretty sure he'd considered running a red light to kill everyone on board once or twice. So I kept my mouth shut.

I don't normally feel this way, but sometimes when I walk through crowded 21st and Speedway or when I walk by the tower I feel a strong sense of pride for UT. The kind you feel for the first time at *Gone To Texas* when you and thousands of other kids sing "—til Gabriel blows his horn" together. I felt that on the bus. Everyone was equally dressed up, from the same school and headed in the same direction. We moved south, half the bus yelling "TEXAS," the other half "FIGHT." It never gets old. When we finally got to the drop off at San Jac, fifty drunk teenagers tried to walk off the same bus at the same time, and all the things that had united us, all sense of decency or common courtesy, flew out the window. It was quite a sight. Of course, the drunkest of the bunch walked off last. The very last one was this girl wearing a hideous leopard-print tube. She actually snapped her stiletto on the way out like an idiot.

Anyway, we bar hopped a bit, as usual, going to whatever bars accepted our fake ids (all of them). I don't remember exactly where we went—we'd pre-gamed hard at my apartment—but eventually ended up at Peckerwoods, or whatever it's called.

"Yo John, we're doin' shots!" Matt called as we walked inside.

"Fuck yea."

By this point we had lost all three of the girls, God knows how, and it was just us dudes, four dicks deep. We crowded the bar, along with a million other assholes, and finally got the bartender's attention. This thin pimply bartender chick, not quite hot enough for 6th, served us 4 shots of something brown. I didn't catch the name.

Cheers.

"Hey, can we get another round?" I asked.

"Sure," then she poured us more of the gross stuff.

The other three immediately raced off to the dance floor and left me with the bill. I would have been pissed, but Matt usually buys all the rounds. That might be one of the few redeeming qualities about him. "Yea, keep it open."

Not sure why he's been acting like a dick lately. He used to be chill... You'd never guess, though. Tonight he was either slapping girls' asses or pushing their faces away.

I ran up and grinded on a couple chicks, but after many rejections I stopped trying. There's only so many times a man can look at a girl's disgusted face and still feel attractive.

There was this one healthy looking red head, dancing *super* dirty, ass everywhere. She was with another girl, but I could tell she needed a real dance partner. I crept up on her and threw my boner between her ass cheeks. She was drunk enough to not mind. As soon as I squeezed her love-handles, I heard her ask her friend, "Is he hot??"

Her friend spread her eyes wide, shook her head, and pulled my girl's drunken body away from me.

"Well, fuck *you* guys."

It was close to 2 and my shoes were torn to shit, I was horny, but worse still, sobering up. I searched around for Matt so we could take the bus back, but in a typical move, he left without me.

And that's when I ran into her.

"I like your face."

"What?" I turned around. She was a short girl with looonnggg black hair. She had big eyes, too. Like... big *cute* eyes.

"Thank you." I replied, flattered.

She inspected me, "I mean, your nose *is* kinda crooked, and your eye brows aren't exactly even, but... I do like your face."

"Thanks."

She laughed. "Don't feel weird. Hi, I'm Gloria—"

"Nice to meet you, I'm Paul. I'm sorry, what's your name again?"

"Gloria."

"Huh?"

"I said my name is Gloria..."

"Laura?"

"NO, Glooorrrriiiiiiaaaa!"

"Sorry, it's really loud. What is it?"

"Gloria."

"Come again?"

"Hey!"

I laughed. "I'm just kidding, I heard you the first time. I just didn't wanna forget your name."

She liked it, so we kept talking.

"What do you study?" I asked, staring at her breasts.

"Are you really interested, or are you just making conversation?"

"Wow, you're difficult."

"Hey!"

"Say 'hey' one more time. I love it."

She laughed.

Apparently she's a photo j major, third year. She talked about some project she wanted to shoot where people stick vegetables up their ass and do a handstand—or something like that. Seemed interesting.

"Yea, my roommate Sharron studies photo j too. We're both working on the project together." She pulled her friend in.

Sharron's a bit taller, just as cute as Gloria, but a lot quieter. I honestly didn't know she was there until Gloria brought her up.

"Wanna hear a photography joke?" I asked them.

"What?" They replied at the same time.

"How much does a Cannon 50mm lens cost?"

"I don't know, how much?"

"About 7d dollars."

It took them a second, then they burst with intoxicated laughter. I was feeling that A game.

“You’re pretty funny.” Gloria said. She had really nice teeth.

The three of us talked and vibed nonstop the entire time.

Then, the bar shouted last call.

“Wait, I need to use the restroom before we leave,” Sharron told Gloria, then turned around and left. She had a great ass. While I watched it bobble side to side, behind the ruffles of her short green skirt, I noticed Gloria was staring too.

“She’s got a nice butt huh,” Gloria said without even looking at me.

“What’s that?” I faced her. Without answering my question she asked,

“Do you smoke?”

“Cigs? Nah.”

“No. I mean do you smoke *weed*.”

“Yea... Why? You got some on you?”

“Ha no, not on me. But I have a pipe loaded in the car, if you’re down. You need a ride right?”

“Fuuuucckkk yea.”

Then, out of nowhere,

“You know... you might have a threesome with us tonight.”

My heart sank (probably because of all the blood that flowed to my erection).

“Oh yea?”

She smiled and waved at Sharron who was walking back from the restroom.

“Where do you live?”

“West Campus.”

“Perfect, that’s on the way to our place.”

The three of us left the bar together, locked hands and made our way across the grimy fringe of post-2 AM downtown. The girls had their car, a white Lexus, parked on a lot on 7th St.

“Shotgun!” Sharron shouted. No shit.

We drove off, the girls chirping the whole way.

“I can’t believe the two sluts left with *those* guys,” Sharron mentioned, “Linda and Brittney do that every time.”

“Yea”—Gloria added forcefully—“fucking bitches. They didn’t even text me!”

“They texted *me*... Look,” Sharron lit Gloria’s face with her phone, turning the driver’s attention away from the road.

“You think they’ll be safe?”

“Eh... Probably... They’re *grownups*.”

“—Who’s Linda and Brittney?” I interrupted.

“Our roommates.”

We turned off of Guad. The deeper we went west, the louder it got outside. It was a fucking jungle out: drunks in packs, sharing bottles of Jack; woman and trucks, getting rear ended from fucks; annndd three huge dudes hunched over a girl throwing up. Wonder how that ended.

“I live right... up... there.” I said, then noticed an empty spot close to the front entrance.

“Dude, take that parking spot.”

“Where?”

“Right there!”

“Oh wow! These are usually never free, huh?”

“You must be lucky.”

We walked through the empty, stinky halls of my apartment complex. It felt like the girls were getting bored so I promised them there would be drugs and alcohol for us.

“My roommate’s probably asleep,” I warned them before opening the door. I switched the kitchen lights on and saw Matt thrown on the floor, queso everywhere. His face rested on a Kerby Lane to-go box, and he had one boot on, the other off—flung somewhere by the tv—and his light washed jeans half way down to his knees. He looked real pathetic in front of our guests; at least he had a shirt on.

“Your roommate’s got good taste in underwear,” Sharron snickered.

Past the kitchen, we made our way into the bedroom. I remember feeling invincible.

The girls both took a seat on my bed. I lit up an incense, turned my lava lamp on, and set the mood with some chill tunes, then pulled out the weed and wine. There’s always a bottle close to my bed. I started rolling a jay.

“Wow, you have so many guitars.” Gloria noticed, admiring my collection, and running her fingers along the head of the shittiest one, my Fender Squier. She turned to her roommate, “Isn’t he sexy, Sharron?” Sharron had the bottle of cab in her mouth and couldn’t answer right away.

“How long how you been playing?” Sharron asked me, smacking her lips then passing the bottle to Gloria, who killed it in two gulps.

“Bout a couple years”—I lit the jay—“My roommate and I wanna start a band.” I handed the cherry to Gloria. She immediately took a huge drag, blew two lungs worth of smoke, then pulled a second hit before passing it to Sharron.

“Uh huh...”

“Want me to show you how to play?” I eyed Sharron. She looked gorgeous.

“Oh no, I couldn’t—”

“—sure you can!”

I grabbed the shitty guitar and handed it her. She held the plastic body with both hands, and I made my way behind her. Gloria scooted over to make room, leaned back and smiled. I was on my knees, behind Sharron, helping her hold the guitar properly.

“Wait so I just hold...here?” She asked. Stupid question, but I let it slide.

“Yes dear... *Here*. And hold these three strings down—like this—and wham!”

She strummed an out-of-tune A major.

“Wow.”

“There you go.”

My nose was next to her ear, the hair behind it tickling me. I took a whiff and gave her goosebumps. She smelled nice.

“Kiss her,” Gloria whispered, one hand on her body the other on mine. She was terribly drunk and high. I felt it in her touch.

I was a bit nervous at first. I’d had fantasies before, but I wasn’t sure of how to go about it. But with two eyes, two hands and two balls, it came out real natural. First, I played Sharron’s clit like an instrument while the girls made out and Gloria slowly jerked me off.

“You’re so beautiful,” I told Sharron, then slid a finger or two in.

“Oh yesss,” Gloria moaned for the three of us. Gloria was in her own world, I was in Sharron’s.

I couldn’t hold it any longer, I was going to blow.

I laid Sharron's head down on my pillow, took off my shirt and entered her warmth. I didn't last 3 minutes.

"Awwww."

I felt embarrassed. Sharron pushed my weak body off of her red, sweaty one and both girls started blowin' me. It's the closest I've ever been to feeling there was a higher being. Then it was Gloria's turn. She'd already made herself orgasm twice all on her own. Sharron and I jumped on top of Gloria and went to town. Sharron was playing with Gloria's hair, tugging on it, and eating her out all at the same time (told you her hair was long). Meanwhile, I sucked on both girls' titties like a little baby boy.

Whatever, shit lasted hours, or at least felt that way. But, like the wine, eventually it ended.

We got dressed, chatted for a minute, then I walked them out.

"Hey! We never smoked that pipe of yours," I reminded Gloria as we stepped out of the elevator.

"Haha, nope, we didn't. Next time."

Probably won't be a next time.

"You two have a good night." I held the door to the complex open for them.

"Yea, you too. Let us know if you—"

"—SHIT!!!"

Over the hood of Gloria's clean white Lexus, was a homeless dude squatted over, pantsless.

Gloria, Sharron and I all stared at the man in total awe as he laid a long fat turd, then another.

"WAAAAAHOOOOOOOOOOOOH!" The man screamed. He took off his wool sock, wiped his butt with it and dashed off into the night.

Gloria's big eyes cried, Sharron called the police, and I walked up to the car. From up close, I saw the two turds and skid-marked sock formed an oddly shaped heart. For some reason it made me realized I should have sent some flowers to Olivia.

...I approached the speed of light.

The minute I walked into my apartment, Spring Break was over. It was back to school and back to work. Why? I have no idea. I hate school and I hate work. But I guess somebody gives a shit, so I'm still here. The best part of coming back to the apartment was seeing Matt's stuff thrown on the ground. He'd left the lights on, the tv going, and a stinky pile of dishes in the sink. The kid's a fucking disaster. The second best part of coming home was walking into my room and seeing nothing had changed. A blast of forgotten Paul hit my face when I walked through my bedroom door. It felt nice to be reminded of myself. The alarm next to my bed was still set to buzz at 8am, must have gone off the whole week. Fuck it. I was comfortable. Hadn't felt that way all break. I didn't bring much to Dallas, didn't do much there either. No beach, no pool, no nothing. I folded my dry, green trunks and tucked them away between my sweat pants and gym shorts.

Hungry, I moved to the kitchen, did a few of Matt's dishes, then got to fixing a sandwich. What's in the pantry? Nothing. Gotta buy groceries soon. So, I grabbed what I could: moldy bread, some peanut butter, and a rolled up bag of trail mix.

I picked out the mold, spread a solid layer of PB and mix, and then—last minute decision—squeezed three tablespoons of honey over it all.

Halfway through eating, Matt stumbled into the apartment with some blonde. She made her way to the couch in the living room without a saying word. She had a black eye.

"Holy shit, Paul! You're home already?" Matt slurred.

"Yup."

"Shit. Cool man."

I looked at the girl, then back at Matt, "So, uuh, how was your break?"

"Fuuuuuuccckkkiiinnnggg lame. I just smoked the whole time. Got back Thursday. By the way, have you been downtown? It's crazy!"

"Yea, dude, I might go and see if I can't catch a free show or something. What are you up to?"

"What am I up to? It's Round Uuuuup!"

"Oh word, you guys doing anything?"

"Yea. We're having a barbeque."

"Can I come?"

"You have to buy a wristband and I don't have any extra."

"..."

"But, you should come to our FOAM party next Saturday. It's going to be HUGE. Jake told me we throw the biggest shit-show in town."

"Foam party? Sounds tight! I've never been to one."

"You've never been to a FOAM party?"

"Nope. What's it like?"

"Basically it's a huge bubble bath in the air. Remember to wear a bathing suit, and put your wallet and shit in a Ziploc bag. Everyone gets a little wet."

"Yea, makes sense."

"They're really fuckin' fun. Dude. One time, I finger blasted some slut in the foam—so cash."

Matt opened the freezer and pulled out a fifth of tequila.

"BABE, YOU WANT A SHOT?!" Matt yelled across the room. No answer.

Matt poured two shots anyway.

“You want one dude?”

“Sure.”

Matt poured a third shot.

“Here.”

We tapped our glasses on the counter, down them, then he took the third shot.

“Babe, you sure you don’t want a shot?” Matt asked as he refilled the glasses. The sight made me sick: peanut butter, trail mix and tequila do not mix well.

The blonde kept quiet.

“Suit yourself...”

Matt grabbed a glass in each hand, threw the shots in his mouth and admitted, “Yea, I’ve basically been drunk since I got back in town.”

That’s the last I saw or heard from Matt, and it was now the Saturday of the party. I was at the apartment with my buddy Daniel, playing some FIFA and downing Nattys. I met him last semester in Astronomy. We sat together almost every day. The kid was chill—a bit weird, but chill. He was *that* kid in class. You know? The one that always raised his hand, asked irrelevant questions. We both took American Lit this semester by coincidence and started actually hanging out. We live pretty close to each other, so it sort of just happens.

Paul 9:54 – *Are you going to the foam party tonight?*

Hot-girl-french-class 9:56 – *Yea!*

Paul 10:00 – *Awesome, see you there.*

Hot-girl-french-class 10:02 – *Cool ;)*

“Is this party going down or what?” Daniel asked.

“Yea it’s going down. Didn’t you get the Facebook event?”

“No. Did you?”

“No.”

“I don’t know, man, Matt’s a sketch ass mother fucker.”

“We’re going to this party tonight, don’t be a bitch.”

“Alright, alright. I got my bathing suit right here. I can go change if we’re gunna leave soon.”

“Yea, let’s head out.”

We got to the frat house, and there was this loooong line of snapbacks from the curb to the door. The plastic wrap around the fence wasn’t keeping anything in. They had lights, LOUD music and I swear I heard a pledge get thrown out a window. Matt wasn’t kidding, this was the biggest party ever. And I wanted in. Unfortunately, Matt wasn’t replying to any of my texts.

“I guess we’re gunna have to get in line,” I told Daniel.

“Sketchyyyyy.”

There was a swole, shirtless guy at the door—tall too, about 6’4” and he musta weighed like 2 somethin’. He had a massive tribal tattoo over his trap and deltoid, some bacne around it, and super thick, super blond hair. Next to him were the two most attractive girls I’d ever seen in my life. They were laughing, giggling, and letting in just about everyone.

Then it was our turn.

“Hey, what’s up!”

All three of them got quiet.

“I, uh, I’m Matt’s friend. I’m on the list?”

“Get the fuck out.”

And that was that. Daniel and I walked half a block then sat down on the curb.

“Shit man, I told you we weren’t getting in.”

“Shut up dude.”

“Fuck. This is so lame.”

“You’re fucking lame—Let’s sneak in.”

“What? You’re crazy man.”

“Crazy? No, I’M FUCKING SOBER!”

There had to be a way in, I knew it. Daniel and I rounded the side of the house, and made our way through the back ally. He bitched the whole way.

“Dude, forget it. Let’s just go back.”

We were by the AC units, I could hear them hum. I ripped open the plastic wrap.

“Hey, aren’t you listen to me?”

Behind the plastic wrap was a wooden fence. It was rotten enough for me to snap a plank back if I just—

“DUDE! Holy crap *man*. You’re crazy.”

“Daniel. Look. Either you’re in or you’re out”—I squeezed a leg through—“but I’m fucking in.”

“Fuck you Paul, you’re gonna get your ass kicked.”

No one saw me. Perfect. I tipped toed around the side of the house. There were crushed cans, broken glass, and used condoms all over the place.

I peaked around the corner, then crossed over into the madness.

Paul 12:21 – *Hey, you still here?*

The back yard had hundreds and hundreds of drunk people EVERYWHERE, screaming, dancing, and having the greatest night of their life. This party had everything. Beer pong, flip cup, some games I’d never seen before, and, oh my god, such a solid ratio: 2:3, guys to girls. I made my way inside to look for Matt, but couldn’t find him. There’s no way I could, it was *stupid* packed. They had the DJ playing between these two MASSIVE ice sculptures of females shooting lines of vodka out of their vagina.

I heard some laughter in another room... It was FOAM room. So I went over to check it out. I didn’t believe Matt when he described it, but he was *spot* on. It was this walled off space with four or five bubble machine *things* pouring gallons and gallons of soap into the air.

I found a keg, filled a cup, and dove right into the FOAM. I couldn’t see much in there, but could feel the floor boards bounce up and down. It was kinda fun, but I wasn’t feeling it. I bumped into people the whole time, even spilt my beer on some girl.

“Eww!” She spit at me.

“Cunt!”

I moved deeper into the mess, felt a text come in, and then made the mistake of pulling out my phone.

Hot-girl-french-class 12:31 – *Awww no, I left already*

Within seconds, the bubbles fucked it up. I tried drying it with my wet shirt. But no use. My phone was dead.

Everything around me felt wrong. I looked up. The PA chained to the ceiling blasted all sorts of terrible shit. I looked to the side. People danced and had fun. I looked down. My hands were soggy.

I was out of place, I didn’t know anyone at the party, and I felt awkward... really awkward.

“Oh shit, cop!”
There were sirens, but I couldn’t hear them.
“Fuckers!”
It was a frenzy.
“Oh my god.”
I dropped the paddle.
“Alright y’all, thank you for coming! The party’s oover...”
I looked around, couldn’t see anyone, only voices.
“They’re just jealous they’ve never been to a frat party!”
No one saw what I’d done. No one existed. I offered my hand.
“Are you ok?”
She loosened her embrace and looked up at me. Her fake hair was a mess and three lines of mascara covered up a face that had once sparkled.
Somehow, she looked beautiful.
Her shiny glare traced my body, down my arm, then,
She slapped my hand aside.
“WHAT’D YOU DO?!”
“Huh?”
“YOU HIT MY BOYFRIEND!”
“Wha—”
She scratched the fuck out of my face.
“OOWW—GODDAMMIT.”
I pushed her small body back down, and ran away.
“STOP HIM!”
I don’t remember how I got out. Maybe through the front. Maybe through the side. I don’t fucking remember. I only remember being chased through a neon horde and wondering,
“Where do I go?”
Red lights, blue lights.
“Shit, not the house.”
Neon lights, bright lights.
“Don’t... turn... around.”
Snapbacks, fannypacks.
“Shit-shit-shit!”
Cute girls, cute boys.
“YOU MOTHER FUCKER, I GOTCHU!”
Breaking free, I sprinted down 24th and cut right on Speedway. There was vomit on my shirt, blood everywhere and my chest hurt. Close buildings moved quick, farer ones slow. I approached the speed of light and closed my eyes—
Then opened them. I was somewhere behind the Gates building. No sign of human life, no idea of the time. Around me stood tall walls and real trees. My body was completely cramped up, but I felt safe, like, no one would ever find me. Not Stacey-Grace, not her boyfriend. Not her boyfriend’s friends, not Matt. Not Daniel, not my professors. Not my parents, not Olivia. Just...no one.
My back to the dirt, my head on a tree: I absorbed Earth’s soft empathy and held on to waking life—not with desperation, but concentration—so I could watch the sky. There wasn’t a cloud overhead, just universe. I floated upward.

So, this one time in West Campus...

By: Iván Brave

*The stars at night are big and bright,
Deep in the—*

...I was caught masturbating in my room on 420.

So Marley fest was a lot better this year. Maybe because I went by myself.

Last year, I went with my then girlfriend at the time, Patricia, and we met up with all her friends at the festival. Her and I had wake'n'baked HARD and were already super blazed by the time we got there. I mean SUPER blazed. Anyway, fuckin first thing we did when we got there was sit in a circle with her zombie friends, and smoke, and smoke, and smoke some more. And that's it. We missed all the bands I wanted to check out. I don't remember doing anything, really, other than feel like her friends were lame. I should have figured as much though, Patty was lame too. A great lay, but fucking lame.

"If I wanted to hang out with your loser ass friends and pass around a pound of weed, we could have done that at Jester."

That was the last conversation her and I ever had.

This year, I said fuck it to everyone and went by myself with nothing but a print-out ticket, five bucks and two spliffs. Somehow, with that, I walked away with an eighth, a yellow vapor-genie, and a tie-dye Bob Marley tee. Don't ask me how.

I was on the crowded bus, the 5 I think, sitting in the back row, and headed back to the apartment high as balls, hungry, and tired. A bit stressed too, I knew I had a ton of French homework due the following Monday. Next to me on the bus was a crazy old bald dude talking to himself, a hot ass group of chicks, and... hold up...

"Hey. Aren't you the—don't you work the cash register at Ken's?"

The kid smiled, "Yea dude that's me."

"Aww fuckin' a I knew it was you. What are you doing way down here?"

"Selling donuts!" I thought he was joking at first, but next to him was a large bag. He opened it, and inside was an endless assortment of glazed, sprinkled, and filled goodies. I even caught a whiff, but then he shut the bag. "Yea, you won't believe the sales we make down here."

"I can imagine."

We crossed the bridge.

"Want a donut?" He asked.

I felt tempted, "Oh, I'd like to, but I just gave away my last couple bucks."

"Nah man, don't sweat it, I was offering you one on the house."

"Dude, you're the best!"

He opened the bag, let out another blast of glazed air, and I pulled out a raspberry-filled.

"Dude, *thank* you!" I took a bite into the cold delicious pastry, then a second bite, and killed it by the third.

"Not a problem dude."

I put my hand into my jacket pocket.

"You know—" I looked around the bus, licking my fingers—"I got this vape, if you wanna hit it."

I pulled out the vape and showed it to him.

The kid looked around, his locks swinging around with him and he nodded his head, "Fuck yea I'll take a hit." He grabbed it, put his other hand in his back pocket and pulled out a lighter, ripped a big one, and held it. His face turned red. Still holding it in, he handed me the piece and gave me the O.K. with his fingers. Then, he aimed down and released the vapor.

"Real smooth man."

It's weird how no one gave a shit about us smoking in there. Would you care if you saw two stoners lighting up on the bus?

I ripped a hit myself.

He asked, "Hey, you wouldn't mind if I take another hit would you?"

"Dude, of course not," I said as I coughed, handing the vape back to him. He ripped it. "Anyone who works a graveyard shift at Ken's has my *utmost* respect. You're a fucking hero man."

Mid-hit, he winked at me with a glazed eye. We hit the vape a couple more times. Meanwhile, we're both munchin' away at the donuts in the bag. For some reason he preferred the cake ones.

"How do you do it man?"

"Do what?"

"Like, don't you get sick of eating donuts all the time?"

He laughed. "At first I was eating them nonstop, but now I only eat them every once in a while. I guess I kinda got used to it. It's sick working there though. The co-workers are nice, I get to make people happy selling them something they want, and of course ALL THE DONUTS YOU CAN EAT!"

"HAHA fuckin' a man, fuckin' a."

The bus got close to my stop. I pulled the yellow line.

"Hey man, it was good meeting you but I got bounce."

"Ahh yea, likewise brutha."

I got up, and moved towards the exit. But before I walked out the bus, he told me, "Hey! I made enough money to cover me for today. All these donuts are really just extra. You want the bag?"

It was a 420 miracle. I accepted the bag, said thank you, and made my way to the apartment. It had been such a solid day so far. Got to chill at a festival, smoke with the kid from Ken's and still had plenty of time to finish my French homework. Perfect.

I swung open the front door and heard,

"PAAUUL!"

It was Matt.

"Whaaaaaaaat??" I was not in the mood. When I didn't hear a reply I threw the bag in the fridge, locked myself in my room and started studying. But it was hard to concentrate. He ran from room to room, and I knew it was only a matter of time before he'd—

Knock, knock

I opened my door.

"Dude, you'll never believe what I found outside today." He walked in past me.

"Dude, what the fuck—"

"Dig this, I'm walking back from the house and out in a bush I see this shiny thing. I get up close to it and notice it's a fuckin' Superman lunch box. Like one of those old school tin ones. I figured, shit, might as well open it. And Paul, dude, guess what was in it..."

"Some fruit roll ups?"

"No... A joint!"

I laughed at first, not believing him. But, sure enough, he pulled one out; it looked kinda crumped and the tip burnt.

"Wait, so you just took the joint? Matt that's gross. You don't know where that's been."

"Where it's been? Are you kidding me? This is a sign from GOD. Let's smoke this shit."

“Where did you say you found this again?”

“The sidewalk on San Gabriel—” he signaled out my window and added, “musta been those niggers who always hang around next door.”

“Damn.”

“What?”

“Dude, you just said NIGGER.”

Matt took a second. “Jesus, yea I did huh...”

We passed the joint around a couple times, it seemed to never end. It was another 420 miracle. He snuck second or third hits while he thought I wasn’t looking. Whatever. I was too busy trying to play music. We talked about our day a little bit, but then didn’t say much, just looked ‘round the room. It was getting late. Eventually the joint got so small we had to use a binder clip to hold it up—I mean, of course we’re going to smoke every last bit of this miracle weed. Shit.

Some random, hour long youtube mix played in the background. The lighting was dim: only my cheap lava lamp and desk light were on. Matt rested comfortably—almost too comfortably—on my bed with his eyes closed as he drifted into his own world. I looked up at my ceiling, folded my arms behind my head and drifted into mine:

I see our two neighbors outside, looking around for the missing joint. Them freaking out. Hah. Nah... why did they leave it? That’s stupid. They’d hit it though. Maybe they dropped it because a cop was walkin up on em. Wait, a cop wouldn’t give a damn right? Shit. This is good. Ahhhhhh. ~LaVa lAmP~. Lava. Lamp. Lamp. Lamp shade. Lamp on lamp violence. Give me a lamp dance! Make it good. Yea, good. Good? Guuddd. Gud. Gud God. In God we trust. God has a trust fund? Trust fund babies. Babies. Bay Bees... BAY BEES? HAHAH.

Jesus. “Calm down,” I told myself. The spins always get me. Or do I always get the spins? Whatever.

Matt’s white polo camouflaged him over my comforter.

My dick got hard.

“Shit,” I thought to myself, “probably should’ve finished my homework instead of smoking.” Now I was high as balls, hungry, tired *and* horny. I looked at the clock and set a game plan.

“Ok. I’ll go get another donut. Rub one out. Finish my homework. Then go to bed.”

I got off my chair, and felt really dizzy. Kitchen. Two bear claws. Got back to my room. Then, did some facebook stalking while I finished the noms. I closed the FB tab, and opened up a private browser. Headphones were on and I was excited.

“Is this a pornhub or xhamster kind of night?” Out of habit, I typed in p-o-r-n-h-u-b-dot-c-o-m. Watching the page load almost made me cum. My mouse caused movement. My eyes splashed with white LED light. The subtle greys, the washed out blacks, that incredible Halloween-orange logo.

Categories.

Milf, nah, ebony, nah, teen?... nah, “shit man no cute chicks.” The problem with watching porn high is I get really turned off by the acting. Back on the homepage, I watched a couple of the new vids but wasn’t turned on. I clicked on one that seemed hot, but lost interest quickly, and ended up surfing the related vids.

First there was,

Big tit jane sucks cock then does doggy

Didn’t watch ten seconds of it. Then there was,

Cum on my fabulous tits

Again, girl looked better in the thumbnail. Next,

Hungarian milf rides a thick cock

“Now we’re talking!” But I couldn’t cum so I followed the next one,

FRENCH WHORE LOVES DIGGING HER TONGUE INTO HER FRIENDS SNATCH

All caps. Perfect.

Opening sequence: two hot French blondes, riding horses. I think they’re supposed to be friends or something. I don’t remember. Usually, I skip the intro, but I was actually digging this story. Anyway...

They galloped along and talked about passion and pleasure. Eventually they stopped, got off their horses and walked over to the older blonde’s house. She explained how her sister makes her life... impossible? Random. Then there’s some sort of power struggle. The younger blonde referred to the older as *madame*, but the older blonde asked (politely) to be called by her first name. Camera zoomed in on their smiles, the jazz set in, and then fade to sex.

They made out a bit before pulling out their fake titties. There was a quick *combat de seins* then the eating out began. The older one dove in face-first. The younger one enjoyed it.

Gotta say, the scenery?, ridiculous. The two girls, I realized, were inside a small corral—horses, yellow hay, and pussy everywhere. The girls’ *cheveux* lost to the background.

The older blonde—bored with the plastic, faceless *vagin*—fixed herself another make-out.

Double vag shot... Yes, good time to jerk it...

Wait.

I paused the video, and looked at my dirty hands remembering I had fondled that nasty ass ground jay.

I ran to the restroom and, like Pontius Pilate, washed my hands.

Ok.

Back to the double vag shot.

I could’ve came then and there, but tried to make it last. I gotta train for the next time I have sex.

Clit-rub shot, then 69 shot. They were still wearing *les tights* hah.

Women have better orgasms. The older blonde was: Losing. Her. Shit.

Yea, bitch, moan for me. *Oui*, bitch. “*J’ADORE LES PUTAINS FRANCAISES!!*”

She looked at the camera and asked me to cum on her face. That’s when I felt the tiny tingle creep up. I went faster. It was the point of no return. I threw my head back and got down on my knees in fervent wank.

The load flew out onto a tissue I was holding with my non-dominate hand. One shot, two shot, three shot, four. My eyes were fixed on my throbbing erection and could hear French screams coming out through my headphones, but couldn’t understand them anymore. I just stared at my dick, my cum, my hands.

The rest of the video was bullshit.

I quickly cleaned up and told myself I’d finish the goddam *devoirs* tomorrow morning. I faced my closet, and took off my clothes. I turned to go to bed and realized,

MATT WAS STILL IN MY ROOM!

My face musta been priceless. I just stood there, naked, ashamed, and flaccid. Matt, the stoned bastard hadn’t moved. He musta been too stoned to say anything. Maybe he’d woken up

right before I got undressed, maybe he had woken up to my wank grunts. Who knows. And who cares. I forced my eyes closed and prayed it was all a dream.

It was all I could do.

...

Are no reason boners a real thing? If they are I had one in French the last Friday. It was the last class of the semester and the professor was explaining the final to us, giving us tips—practically handing out the exam—when I went and popped a chub. Know what’s worse? I had on gym shorts. Yea. I thought I could squeeze a workout before class. Ended up squeezing something else.

So there I was, with my sweaty boner, pitching a tent. Olivia next to me. I held my breath, counted to 20 and sang the pledge of allegiance in my head. It usually helps cure my hiccups. It didn’t help cure the bone.

“Yo, psst, Olivia.”

“Yea?”

“I’m playing a show this weekend, you should come.”

“Oh no way! I didn’t know you were in a band.”

“Mhmm, I play guitar.”

“Oh wow! That’s really cool. And yes! What kind of music do you play?”

“So, it’s my roommate, Matt, and I, and one of our buddies, Jay. I play guitar, Matt sings, and Jay’s a DJ. We make like blues-rock dance music. Have you heard of Boys Noize? We’re kinda like them.

“No, never heard of them.”

“Oh, how about Spank Rock?”

“No?”

“Justice? You’ve heard of Justice right?”

“Oh! They sound familiar.”

“... Well, we’re like Justice and The Black Keys put together.”

“Oh my god, I love The Black Keys,” Olivia exclaimed.

That turned me off a bit. “Great, so you’ll come to the show?”

“Yea I’d love to come. Just send me the Facebook event.”

“Well, we don’t really have a Facebook event for it...”

“What??”

“Yea, Facebook events are kinda lame.”

“But, like, how are people going to remember?”

“I’m telling you right now aren’t I? You’re invited! I’ll send you a text.”

“Haha, weird. Alright just let me know,” she said.

The professor let us out.

The eve of the show, Matt, Jay and I were at our practice space; it’s this storage unit off of i35. Super cheap... The unit, not the price. First week we rented it, Matt and I put up some sound-absorbing foam all around the walls, and a couple of matching throw rugs on the ground with different, fake Persian prints. They’re from Target I think. Anyway, we rigged it up pretty good considering the tight space we had to work with. Two of my guitars, amp, second amp, mixer board, table stand, 20 million Monster XLR cables, and broken mic stand are stored in there. Matt owns a couple 58s—he buys them by the pack—and his own broken mic stand. We keep that in there too. Oh and Jay keeps his gear stored in with our shit. How we met Jay’s a funny story. Matt and I were walking home from downtown because we had missed the bus, we’re sobering up, and while we’re cutting through Rio, this dude (Jay) and his girlfriend

bumped into us. Matt immediately tried to box the kid, but was cooled down by the bottle of Jack Jay had.

“Yo man, my bad. Want a swig?”

“Shit. Hell yea!”

Love at first sight.

We took a few pulls each (except Jay’s girlfriend, who’s allergic or someshit, I don’t remember), and after we’re drunk again, Jay invited us up to his house. Messy as shit in there. We consumed more Jack, then Jack and coke, then actual coke, and then we finished the bottle.

“I’m going to this after-party down the street. You guys down?”

I don’t remember Matt or I agreeing, it isn’t like us to just walk into a coop. I just remember Matt forcing these scruffy looking kids to do a keg stand, and them (never having done one) all laughing, and chugging, and throwing up, and laughing some more. Finally, Jay walked up to Matt, shoved him aside, and pumped a good 15 second long drag from the black hoes. That’s when Matt and I knew he’d be a good band mate. We didn’t even know he could DJ then, we just knew the fucker could party.

Anyhow, back to the practice space.

“Matt, you’re not singing the lyrics right. You’re off-pitch as fuck!” I shouted at Matt.

“Well, if it didn’t smell like dick and cum in here, maybe I could,” Matt hissed, staring at Jay dead in the eyes.

“What?” Jay asked, taking his headphones off.

“Fuckface. I said it smells like DICK AND CUM IN HERE.”

“I said I was sorry, dude. You know Mary likes to come over and hear me mix.”

“Yea? Well, next time you’re going to fuck over Paul’s guitar amps at least bring towels or something.”

“WAIT! It was over my guitar amps??” I had no idea.

“You didn’t tell Paul?”

“Yea... sorry man,” Jay apologized.

“Shit. Well, Matt, get your fucking lines right.” I write all the lyrics for the band, but can’t sing for shit. So Matt, who was assistant choir director at his old church, sings. And I mean, when he isn’t belligerent, he’s got great presence. Ok, ok. He’s always got great presence.

“These...lines...BLOW!” Matt shouted, holding my writing up to my face.

“Fuck you man, the show’s tomorrow, and you’re drunk as FUCK. You can’t even sing to RE a drop of golden sun. Get your shit together.”

“Fuck the show.”

Jay and I just stood there, silent. Jay booked the show at the venue he bar-backs at—took him weeks to convince the manager—and I practically invited everyone I knew in Austin. My dignity was on the line. This had to be the “it” show for us.

Then Matt continued, “You know, FUCK you Paul. And fuck you too Jay.”

“What did I do?” Jay whined.

“Suck a dick, the both of you. I’m out of here.”

And with that, Matt stormed off and drove home drunk. The fucker didn’t even pick up his empty Natties.

“If Matt’s gone, does that mean we’re just going to jam out tomorrow? No vocals?”

“I don’t know...”

“Cuz if we are, that’s going to be pretty lame.”

“Maybe your beats are what’s lame,” I stabbed.

“Oook. Guess this practice is over.”

Jay lit up, packed his equipment and headed back home. I stayed... all night... practicing alone.

Show day. Tuesday. And I spend the whole morning asking my friends to come to the show. I probably came off as desperate, but hey, I'm used to that.

Paul 12:00 See you at the show tonight?

No reply.

When I got to the club, I loaded in all my equipment... by myself. It was pretty sad. Not as sad as this empty, crummy bar dive at 7pm, but still pretty sad. Eventually Jay showed up with Mary, and he loaded in his keys, laptop and other random gear I've never seen him use.

I'm at the bar, nervously sipping on a tall boy, checking my phone and hoping Matt would show up. No one I invited was there.

“You guys go on first,” the manager told me, then stuck out his greasy palms at me, fingers extended, “20 minutes!”

“Alright,” I sighed.

At least the other bands and their friends were there, I thought to myself. All rockers. One of the groupies from the band that'd play later introduced herself to me. She was this tall, skinny as hell brunette. Too many tattoos for my taste.

“Hey, so what do you guys sound like?”

“Oh, you know Vance Joy?”

“No.”

“What about Flume. You've heard of him right?”

“Nah, haven't.”

“Ok. We're like if Depeche Mode and Of Monsters and Men had a baby.”

“I don't know Depeche Mode but, man I love the song ‘Little Talks!’”

Sickening. It was a terrible conversation what ended when the manager came back,

“Alright, you guys can start sound checking. How many are you in the band?”

“Three, no two.”

“Alright tell me what you need.”

Jay and I fiddled around on stage. I looked at him, he shrugged. We were going to suck, I knew it. We were going to suck, and there wouldn't be a single soul to hear us. Not only were none of my friends here, fuckin, the other bands that were there all moved to the bar inside. Fucking no one was there. Just the sound board engineer, and he wasn't even looking at us. Just killing time with a magazine. He didn't care when we'd start, so long as we got the fuck off in 40 minutes. Jay and I killed time. I tuned, detuned and retuned my guitars; Jay hooked up the drum machine he's never used.

“Dude, check this out!”—Boom, Boom, Boom-boom-boom-boom—“hahah!”

I quivered, and reached for the mic to introduce Jay and I to the dead flies on the ground.

And then, when all hope had faded, Jay shouted, “Hey, Paul, look! It's Matt!”

Matt entered with every single brother in his fraternity, girl he's ever hooked up with, their friends, four or five of our neighbors, and a whole slew of random other folks. It was the grandest entrance I'd ever seen.

“Sorry I'm late. Jake and I walked up to this hot ass group of chicks, and had to invite them to the show.”

I wanted to yell at Matt. But I didn't. Instead, I plugged in another vocal mic for him.

“Matt, holy shit. You’re here!” Jay said with a grin on his face and a slap on Matt’s shoulder.

“C’mon, you think I’d ditch you?” Matt winked at me, then added, “Guess what I brought...” From the inside of his tucked-in dress shirt, Matt pulled out a HUGE bag of ecstasy. “Got this shit from the bros. Let’s make this the best fucking show of all time.” Matt handed us a tab each. We swallowed em facing the audience.

Matt looked around, “Say, Paul, there’s that sloop of yours?”

“She’s not here...”

“Fuck bitches, right?” he said, trying to cheer me up. It worked. He handed me another tab. “Remember to focus...”

I swallowed the tab, “Right.”

The show was underway. Jay hit play, I counted in my head, and Matt pulled in the mic.

“Alright fucktards, we’re ANANDA! Get yo ass UUUPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!”

Jay’s steady beats were kicking in. First white noise, then kicks, then hats, a few claps, keys, then kicks again. I came in strumming my guitar. Meanwhile, Matt was bobbing his head side to side, arms out extended and waving them around rhythmically like only a man on too many stimulants could. The lighting was dim, and in the crowd I saw Jay’s friends walk in. Three dudes, shirtless, with neon batons in the front, fisting the air. This other guy, the one who usually fire dances at coops, had the eyes of an Amazonian shaman’s, and wore glowing fingertip gloves with longhorns out. He fingered the space around him, mesmerizing the girls around him. Within minutes he had a whole group of em following him like mother goose. Matt’s brothers saw Jay’s shirtless friends and followed suit. Fifteen sweat-glistened, muscular-crazed bros shook their heads violently and spun their shirts in the air. One of them had bought two whole bottle of whiskey at the bar and walked around shoving the heads into people’s mouths. The beats kept pounding, and Matt pulled two girls up on stage. Their outfit’s color palate consisted exclusively of elements from the periodic table. They’re dancing, eyes closed, arms up, and Matt’s slipping tabs into their mouth. A dangerous amount, it seemed. But there was plenty to go around. So much, Matt handed one of them the whole bag and told her to pass it around. She did. Now there were so many people. Maybe they had caught wind and were now coming out of the woodwork for the free ecstasy and whiskey. It was packed. Very packed. Folks had to climb up on stage to make room. The glowing fingers guy even brought up his line of chicks up to the stage, and—including Matt, Jay and—there were like 20 of us up there. Two of the girls were practically naked. They pulled Matt back and unbuttoned his shirt. He then turned around and undid the girls’ bra. The crowd cheered, then did the same. Everyone was taking off their clothes. Naked dance party. And the beats kept pounding. Matt stripped down to his socks. Jay to his underwear and a pair a headphones. I was shirtless, with pants and underwear pulled down to my ankles, but junk covered by my guitar.

I had a full on, reasoned boner. Halfway through the chorus, I looked up, and there she was. Olivia. In a long dress. She actually came. We locked eyes, and Matt shouted.

“ORGY!”

Thinking back, he might have said it as a command, but there had already been a couple of folks fucking on the top of the bar so he might have just noticed. No matter what, after he shouted, everyone took turns sticking things inside of one another. The once grimy floor became blanketed in shoulder blades and knee caps. Fifty, sixty people, all on the ground. Felt like I was the one making them do it. They were fucking to our music. It was Roman. It was awesome.

Between a battle field of shot semen and flopping breasts, Olivia made her way over to me. At about four feet away from me, she strapped off her dress. There were no words. Under a spotlight, her body unreal, she came and grabbed my guitar strap, swung it over herself, and made love to me.

So like, eventually, the show ended. Matt crowd surfed his way out, Jay disappeared, and Olivia and I made it back to my room.