

Sophia:

As we pulled up to the house, I could see the sound from the bass pulsing the walls. Teenagers poured out of windows and the screen door. A group of big guys dressed in khakis and black t shirts stood in front of the house blending with their dark surroundings. I suddenly felt uncomfortable in my too short black lace dress and my heels that were uncomfortably high.

With the fear of breaking an ankle, Chelsea grabbed my arm, "Let's go soph! The party has just started. You're officially a teenager now!" She dragged me forward, heels sinking in the dirt, all the way to the screen door. I couldn't believe I was freaking there. At a party. With alcohol and boys. Oh my God. Chelsea's long blonde hair trailed behind her and goose bumps formed on my legs. It's cold and damp out, awesome. We attracted the eyes of the male group guarding the door. Each one was practically salivating at our exposed flesh. It's so gross the way they sized us up. The way they stared at us like they have never seen the legs of a female before was disgusting. They're all just a bunch of pigs. "Ooooo Sophia! That one has such a cute butt!" Chelsea giggled into my hair. "And I think he's checking us out too." I guess Chelsea has never seen a butt before either. With a wink she swung open the door and we were met with a wall of harsh light and noise that I think is supposed to be music but really just sounded like my stomach during third period psychology amplified.

The whole place reeked of body odor and puke. I didn't think this many people could all fit into this one room. Every empty space held a body. Entwined couple occupied the couches and corners and stairs with cups in one hand and their partner in the other. Drunken boys and girls fell all over each other and people were dancing and running everywhere. Plastic cups littered the floor and spilled drinks made it sticky. Awesome, I'm trapped in one room with no space and its hot and smell. I already hate this. I should have just stayed home and dealt with Call of Duty and fights all night. Chelsea's hand still gripped my arm and she dragged me through the crowd of slobbering people to the only partially empty corner. It was such a relief to see Jenny, Tom, Evan and Taylor huddled in the corner. "Ehhhh! You guys made it. I was

waiting for you Chelsea.” Tom slurred. He places a sticky hand on her butt. “Tom, uggg, you're so...”

“Hot. I know babe.” he responded and slid his hand into Chelsea's. She let out a giggle and they slid into the crowd. Chelsea is willing to give herself to anyone who places a hand on her. She's only sixteen, guess it doesn't matter. I'll never be like that though. “How are you Sophia? Do you like the party?” Jenny asked sweetly. Her black hair was pulled into an elegant bun making her green eyes shine. “No, all it is drunken teenagers mauling each other and sucking face. What's the point of a party if you don't remember it the next day?”

Margret:

The point of a party is very simple. Just get wasted and have fun. God I wish I could go back to those times. The cool glass slid along my finger when I traced the circular top. Wine sloshed around staining the cup red. This kitchen is too calm and too safe with its deep blue walls and full sink. The four boys ran around destroying the living room and shouting at me to help them solve their petty problems in life. Nothing is ever clean, or it just never stays clean. I realized this after child number two and gave up trying. The wine was room temperature and went down smooth. Nothing is ever perfect, I guess. Uggg, there is just too many papers on the wood table. Too many permission slips to science museums. Too many spelling test and papers in greens and blues informing me of Family Skate Night and Family Dodge Ball Tournaments. I needed a cigarette. It really is a bad habit. I just might die from it but I don't care. The lighter was cold in my hand. It would have been so easy to just set everything on fire. Watch the blues and greens burn up in a flash and crumple into little gray ashes. I wish I could just light the four little problems I have into oblivion. But I can't. I'd drink to dreaming. These wine glasses don't hold enough. I emptied the glass and poured another half. No a full one. This is my Friday night now. Babysitting and watching the mess grow in my house, in my life while my daughter went out at a party where I want to be. The earthy liquid offered no comfort, so I finished my second. Gulped the rest of it begging for it to fill my mind with fuzziness. The wine filled my cup to the

brim. Threatened to spill over the edge and be wasted. So I took a sip. I remember my first party. The first time I drank. It was the greatest night of my life. The only consultation I have now.

The house smells of blackberry bourbon and sweat. Boys litter the front porch and kitchen playing beer pong and who can drink the most. Ew, they are so disgusting and gross. Two boys in jean jackets stand by the door to enter. I suddenly feel self-conscious in my short white dress and kitten heels. Maybe I dressed up too much. I wish I had brought a date. God, those guys are cute with dark hair and dark eyes. They are big and muscular and their faces break into a smile while I try to conquer the steps in my shoes. Their eyes go straight to my leg. It's so wrong how they look at skin like they have seen it before. They are all a bunch of pigs. I feel their eyes white hot on the backs of my thighs. It's like they have never seen a woman's body before. I like it.

The wine touched my lips. It was sweet and cool.

Sophia:

Oh my God! That's disgusting! Tom just vomited all over the floor next to me. He smelled of sweat and rum. I think I might just puke too. "Sophia! Sophia! Hey! Come over here," yelled Jenny from right next to me. Guess she's had a bit to drink too. The cup in her hand contained a dark thick liquid. It smelled like paint remover laced with blackberry and must taste awful. She swayed a little while she talked. Jenny leaned into my face and her breath was rancid with what's in her cup and onion dip. "I think Caleb is checking you out girlie." So not OK. My hands went straight to the cotton lining of my dress and pulled it down lower on my thighs. The group erupted in laughter that was drowned out by the beat drop of Drake pumped throughout the house. Please stop looking at my body. Please. I hate this party. What were even better were my three fantastic friends over their laughing at my insecurities. It was awesome. "Quit laughing! It's not funny guys," my voice came out in a nervous squeak. They didn't listen. Of course. I stared at the polka dots that lied on the couch and hoped that no one I

don't know would talk to me. "You know Sophia, he's not the only guy staring," Evan laughed. "I feel so violated, you want all this attention? It's gross," I mumbled into the air.

Margret:

Who wouldn't want all the attention of every guy in the place? That's the best part of being young and single. I wish I could relive those days when I wasn't tied down to one man and a family. I never wanted it or him in the first place. I curled my lips around the bottle. Why thick blue mouth of the bottle and tilted its weight into my mouth. I need more. Why didn't I just buy in bulk? "Mom! Joey won't get out of my room!" "I'm not in his room! He hit me Mom!!!!" Not enough wine and too many little voices. "Leave me alone and be quiet! You little shits." That took a lot out of me. The wood chair scraped the floor, awesome, but I sat on the hard wood anyway. I used to be so popular my house phone would ring every ten minutes. Now I'm sitting at the table, cell phone in hand, staring at the contacts of married woman and their husbands, in the quiet. The flame ignited the end of my cigarette and gray smoke curled out from the end. No more wine, no dates, no parties, no one around, and so I counted the cigarette butts in the ash tray on the table. Too many to count. It needed to be emptied. The abundance of car keys lay at the middle of table. Maybe I could just run out real fast... no I can't. All I have is my memory.

"Margret! I think you have a secret admirer over there," giggled Jennifer. "Larry is staring at you." Larry is the cutest boy I know. He graduated last year and I'm only sixteen. He has hair the color of sand with bright green eyes. What am I going to do? I've never talked to a boy before. I wonder if he liked what he saw. He's sauntering up to me with that crooked smile on his lips. My heart feels like it's melting. This is the best. Out of all the girls still in school he chose me. He chose me. Larry takes a step toward me and is only a foot away swaying to the music. Frozen in place, I can't talk or say anything. Nervously I stood in front of him while he smiled. "Would you like a tour of the house?" he said in his velvet voice. He winked. My heart fluttered to my throat and I shook my head yes. I am after all only sixteen.

Sophia:

I'm only sixteen, I practiced saying in my head while Caleb walked towards me. He graduated last and was the most gorgeous boy I have ever seen. His hair is dark chocolate brown with ice blue eyes that froze me on the spot. I was stuck and he approaching fast, the picture of calm and serenity. He smiled exposing perfect white teeth with a gap between the first two. I felt my heart melt. Taylor giggled behind me and taps my butt pushing me forward. Why did she have to do that? Mental note: hit Taylor later and reject her request for completed math homework... serves her right. "Sophia" said his velvet voice. "I'm only sixteen," was ready to pop off my tongue when he interrupted and spoke first. "Would you like a tour of the house?" He's so beautiful. I can't get any form of coherent speech to form in my head, let alone come out of my mouth. I can't believe he chose me out of every girl. Why was he looking at my body? What's so special about me? Jenny's voice cut through my endless stream of thought, "She'd love too!" Oh my God, I could kill her. My eyes slanted in her direction, I saw her simple smile and she shrugged. I heard my heart in my chest but I'm only sixteen is all that filled my mind.

Margret:

The only thing on my mind was how that sweet wine painted my vision with bright colors and tilted the room. My chair and the ceiling fan swapped places, then switched back, then flipped again. I love this feeling. The shouts of the kids grew fainter and fainter. If I had just a little more they might disappear forever. Wouldn't that be something? The door slammed shut and Tim comes in arms full. He carried his briefcase and paperwork; the other held the most amazing thing in the world. My wine. It's cheaper in the box so that's what it was but wine is wine. I don't care where it came out of. Wasting no time my glass is under the spout and filling my cup with bliss and surreal fuzziness. "Hey Margret." voices fade with the first sweet sip. God I needed that. "Have the kids eaten yet, Honey?" Is he really talking to me right now?

Scraping the chair against wood floor, glass in hand I floated to the stairs. I had to ignore the raging mess and shouts of the boys and my husband. They will surely send me to the mental institution. The stairs threatened to bite my ankles all the way up. Nine, ten, eleven... just one more and I made it. Climbing into bed, the ivory quilt covered my whole body in pillowy down. So warm finally. One sip, maybe just another one, OK or half the glass. That felt better. I wonder what Shophia is doing right now. Did I just slur in my head? Wow that's new. Whatever it was worth this high I'm feeling right now.

The orange walls surround us in the last room of tour. There is a bed in the corner made up in deep orange sheets and a fluffy ivory quilt. The room is neat and beautiful with little trinkets and porcelain figurines adorn the top of the dresser and night stand. The window has a black curtain hanging to the floor, moonlight seeping in through the sides and candles are lit in every corner of the room. My heart is beating so hard I can feel it beat my ribs. I can't believe this is happening. Larry has actually brought me to his room or a guest room. This is amazing. He's so cute in candle light, I can't stand it. Everyone always told me things like this would happen. I've seen them happen in movies. I just never thought it would happen to me. OK, just be normal, be cute, and don't be weird. He goes over and takes a big blue bottle out from behind the bed and walks over to me with a smile. A smile sprouts on my face. I have never had alcohol before. I have been told not to, but it wouldn't hurt. He might not think I'm worth his time if I don't. He fills two glasses half way and hands me one. "You're really beautiful," he remarks. "Thanks, my dress is new." I respond fluttering my eyelashes. The drink smells earthy and looks like grape juice. Taking a sip, I have to control my face to not cringe. It's bitter and warms my insides. Larry sits on the bed and is looking at me expectantly. Maybe he wants me to take another sip or sit next to him. Maybe I should do both. The bed is soft and billowy under my body. Larry sitting next to me slides closer and he smells of spiced rum and campfire. It was intoxicating. My lips wrap around the glass and I sip at the wine. Larry's green eyes were frozen on my lips. I think I'm buzzed. The room is titling and my hand finds Larry's for stability. Heat rushes to my cheeks and I don't know if it's the alcohol or my hand on his. Everything seems brighter and fuzzier at the same time. I like this feeling. Larry leans forward and places his lips

*on mine. The room spins around us and the orange changes to every color. I like this feeling.
"Can I have some more wine, Larry?" He takes the bottle with a smile and fills my glass.*

Sophia:

We've been through every room in this house. They were filled with used furniture and family photos, just like any old house. God will it ever end. With every room I felt my heart practically leap into my throat. Those times where there was a slight hesitation by a bed side or the window, I thought I was going to die. He's just so cute. I know I shouldn't want it but he's just so cute.

The hall way was long and dark and adorned by gorgeous posed family pictures. The walls were a romantic mauve color. Where does it end? It felt like there was no end, like I'll be wandering behind him for the rest of my life. That's OK though, he's got a cute butt, I don't mind following. The door at the end of the hall was made of dark mahogany wood. It was beautiful and romantic. I followed Caleb inside and the walls were the same mauve color as the hall but it was accented with ivory sheets and bed spread and ivory furniture. It was all so beautiful. "You're so beautiful, Sophia." Oh My God! Did he really just call me beautiful? I've never thought I could actually be beautiful. He sat on the bed and pulled out two plastic cups and a clear bottle. "Why don't you relax a bit," he said handing me the already full cup, "You seem a little nervous." his smile was amazing. But I don't know. It seemed strange. I wondered if mom is passed out in bed and spilled wine all over the carpet. I put the cup down on the dresser and went to sit next to Caleb. He smelled of pine trees and beer. Not actually what I had in mind but nothing is perfect. "Why don't you drink?" he asks. "I thought we could do this without drinking. You know actually be aware of what's happening." I so totally hoped he didn't think I'm a loser for this but I'd rather not turn into my mother. Caleb downed his cup and poured another one. He downed that one too. "Come on Shopia, just one cup. I promise you'll love it." I can't do this. I can't. It would just destroy everything I ever believed in and ew, God he just slurred my name. Pulling my dress down over my thighs, again, I stood up and walked out.

Out of the romantic room and out of the crazy party. The crushing cold told me I'm still in control. Still pure of any altering substance and I'd rather be shivering by myself than alone passed out drunk.

Margret:

I heard her voice talking with her father in the kitchen. As I was letting the black pull me under, she was unaltered and in control. She was climbing the stairs perfectly and turned out my light before going to bed. I drink to you baby girl.