

Final Paper
All the Loves of Your Life at Once

There are two options when you meet all the loves of your life in one night, you can either be scared and scope them out shy, from a corner, or you can work! That was the boy standing by the counter, who like to catch my eye of likes is by said, another boy opening and closing the fridge door is a joke, big expressive eyes teeth that you so white you just wanted to ski down him, another boy tuning the guitar, another boy with just the right amount of base and boom in his laugh, not overpowering my conversation, but just not enough to send tingles through my neck and background music to my ears. You know when you catch someone's eye and you find Jules that feel like coming home after a long day? That, that was what I was feeling everywhere I looked. Tall boys, clean-cut boys, boys with just the right amount of tattoos, upper sleeves only, and if it was a whole sleeve tattoos artwork you just wanted to trace your finger around. I was at by far the hottest costume party I have ever been to.

And the reason for it, the reason I didn't want to blink and shut out any of these boys, even for a second, was the witch doctor. in the corner. Or, as she prefers to be called an "esoteric enhancer of the divine arts." She's actually witch doctor though. She keeps greasy chicken bones in her coat pocket, she purposely combs her hair in strange ways saying that it's like intent as picking up the universe's knowledge, and right now she's at this party just lounging on the beanbag chair within a Halloween sculpture of a pumpkin, and she's just staring at me, sometimes smiling, sometimes playing with her chicken bones in her pocket. She's the only weird part of this party, but God do I love her.

I've been having the worst dates lately. Some guys you tell them your most deepest thoughts or your most funniest jokes and they don't even notice because the check in the sports page, or daydreaming about what they want to do to you, but get to what they want to do to you, they gotta make it worth your while. And I was tired of guys not making it worth my while. So, I went to the witch doctor and told her "give me something to take this pain away, and give me something to make my nights real warm. I believe in love I told her, I believe in true love, and I want it now... Please, please, please." I mean, I didn't exactly say I like that, I may have cried a little, I may have promised her some weird stuff like howling at the moon at the same time together, but either way she has given me what I want. She promised me that this party would be the one where the loves of my life would be, and wow, did she go above and beyond.

My best friend Shelley pulls me away from three guys. "Why the guys in this place so hot?" Shelley asked, standing on her tiptoes to reach into my ear her glasses bumping up against my cheekbone.

"Have you been drinking?" I asked her. I agree that her and I hear a couple nearby guys begin talking about how nice my smile is.

"So many hot guys here," Shelley says, in her dreamy manner of speaking. She gestures towards about five guys near the hanging octopus art piece that people are allowed to paint. The guys look to be standing around, sometimes painting, sometimes commenting on art. Shelley loves art.

I shook my head and pressed Shelley's hand off my forearm. "You and your art geeks," I say, with a laugh that draws a gasp from a nearby boy. "Why don't you just walk over to them show them a shoulder, and see if any of them want to paint you."

"No, you don't understand," Shelley says. "They all try to give me their number, almost all at the same time, and then they told me that I just had to pick one and they were giving me five minutes to decide. What the heck do I do?" Shelley asked bouncing up and down on her toes. Shelley suddenly gets that angry pouty look she gets, her bottom lip sticking out, those all scrunched up. "This is all your fault isn't it?" She whispers. "That crazy witch doctor did it to me too! I thought you were joking but she did it to me too I'm not ready for that many commitments! This is too much pressure."

As Shelley was finishing her sentence, another group of hot guys sauntered into the party. The party was in a warehouse, so made it a bit difficult to see that first, so at first I just saw six the buff guy silhouettes, what once the rave light flashed on them old my God. These guys had muscles with the capital "M." And there were about 30 of them. I felt my knees weakening. The other girls at the party also noticed they started laughing too loud and playing with their hair and dancing with each other. I could see the guys start to notice and wander over over to them.

"Shelly... Not now. This is a megaton nuclear warhead of sexiness in this place, as just need to stop being afraid, tell them to take turns, tell them to be good little boys, and you need to lay down the law," I said.

"No!" Shelley said stop "Stop drooling over those buff guys, you always crush on the buff guys. You need to talk to that crazy chicken bone witch doctor, and get her to stop this weird ritual before we end up single for the rest of our lives."

The strong boys were walking towards the dance floor.

"Just let me at least need them," I told Shelley. "Give me a sec, I'll be right back."

I put all my power into my strut for the first two steps but right before I could walk onto the dance floor, I felt a soft hand on my wrist, not clammy like Shelley's, soft and warm and comforting like a pillow. I looked behind me and saw a girl smile warm as the sun, dimples that looked like crevices in gingerbread, dressed as a punk rock Cinderella.

"Look," she said. She nodded behind me and I saw the boys that I had been talking to before watching me about to walk onto the dance floor. They had furled brows and her eyes were like lasers scanning my face and body language. "Don't you ever get tired of all these guys acting like they own you, when they don't even know you," she said. Her voice was like windchimes on a spring day, and I found myself smiling despite myself. "You really look like you need some company tonight she said stepping close to me her breath close enough to hint of candy canes and peppermint. "How about we run away from here and you be my Prince charming?" She asked.

My mouth dropped open. Her hand was cupped perfectly into mine; I could feel her pulse beating in time with mine, but just a bit quicker, promising excitement, promising adventure, promising someone who understood everything I never though... But she was a girl. She was... A girl. And I was... Straight. And I could feel all the guys looking at me, it's like they all looked at once, like magnets, like cats at a laser pointer, it's like they knew that she wanted to take me away from them.

I freaked. I dropped her hand and laugh too loud, too close to her face, rudely.

"You got the wrong idea, lady," I said. "This restroom is for males only."

I don't know why I said that at the time. It was such a stupid joke, I was just so nervous. Was I comparing myself, my sexy body to a restroom for guys?

She frowned, eyes widening with hurt. She took a step back and look me up and down "Liar," she said. "If you're lucky you'll see me again."

She stomped away right out of the warehouse party, and I never felt so empty my entire life.