Ode to a Night Out

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Hand me the hair paste. I'll grab a gob of the pliable blue goop, smear it with my hands, and meticulously apply to my brown, wavy hair. The cream-colored bathroom has enough cologne aromas to make even the most regular club-attender nauseous. The white v-neck is brand new and pure; I'll hoist the indigo skinny jeans up on my waist, but slightly hanging off my ass, a blue zip-up hoody to complete the outfit. Turn off the lights, lead me to the dimly lit living room where the electronic remixes screech and the bass-heavy rap songs boom.

Hand me the controller. Imitations of shotgun blasts and grenade explosions will emit the television, igniting the audial world of three cherry-faced roommates on a Saturday night. We'll scream, holler, cheer, and nudge each other on the stained blue couch throughout our virtual killing fest. You die, you drink. You win, you drink. Like a jolt to my senses, my character will fall to his demise from an unsuspecting bullet to the frontal lobe.

Hand me the wine. Make sure it's that leftover wine from three weekends ago. That red wine that's drier than overcooked turkey. Make sure that the 5 liter box is still about half full. Don't tell me that it's half full. Once my roommates admit their valiant defeat, we'll get down to one knee. Beers and wine in hand, we'll ignore our taste buds and gag reflexes for the longest ten seconds of our lives. We'll stand up to find the room a shade darker, our faces a degree warmer, our legs a pound heavier. Hand me the controller, it's only 9 o'clock. Put on that one song that we always drink to.

Hand me the drawstring bag. I won't remember where I put it. Don't put the glass bottles next to each other, they'll clang and give us away. I will take approximately five minutes just to get my shoes on. Get the door. Wait, let me check my hair. Okay. We'll chant “Way-yay-yay-yay-yay, I don't ever want to be here. Like punching in a dream, breathing life into my nightmare” as we strut out into the oak colored, wood-paneled lobby, our eyes half open. We'll smirk, slap each other on the back and laugh at our remarks, like old war buddies parked on bar stools. Clumsily racing down the stairs, we'll push open into the night, immune to the cold whipping air that harks us to stay indoors tonight.

Lead us to the bus stop. Keep up, we might start running. We'll probably stop running because that looks too suspicious. We'll keep joking, laughing, and howling at the moon until the cops drive by on subtle patrol. We'll be silent the rest of way to the bus stop, walking swiftly, but casually, constantly
in surveillance of the trees and foliage that border the path to transportation. The clouds will sift over the crescent moon like smoke signals, a translucent puff of gray across a dark purple sky. We’ll remain silent until we step onto that warm, stuffy bus, reeking of aftershave, alcohol, and shameless anticipation. It’ll be packed with girls in short dresses, guys in plaid shirts, and those poor souls who just left work and want to go back home in peace. We’ll ignore them. Their faces will blend, we’ll sway and stumble, they’ll chant and yell. The driver won’t say a word. We’ll grin, and share our destinations like we’ve known these people all our lives. The bus ride will end, and in our hearts, we never lament that we’ll never see them again.

Take us through the door. It’s ten o’clock. Jackie (or is it Jessica?) will welcome us with drunken hospitality, shrieking her hellos and slurring the list of people gyrating in her kitchen. She’s left her long, light brown hair curled and parted to the right side, the ends stopping just below her shoulders, resting over a red and grey tribal-print sweater, accompanied with sky-blue jeans and khaki-colored moccasins, and goddamn does she look cute. I might prolong a hug. I’ll yell and swear and sing and dance. Holy shit, Mitch will be there, haven’t seen that bastard since high school. I’ll ask you for the wine. As the night goes on, my taste buds stop fighting, my brain becomes weary, the poison seeps through my system, the alcohol masking emotions and freeing inhibitions. I might talk to that girl in the pink tank top, I’ll probably keep calling every guy Chad — names escape me.

Hand me the wine box. C’mon, I haven’t had that much. One swig. This time, I’ll cough. Eyes clenched shut, wine trickles down my chin, staining my shirt and sparking a coughing fit in front of an audience of mindless fans, celebrating the destruction of my distressed organs. But I’ll regain composure, my eyes will awaken to the shouts, and I’ll sing along to the songs I don’t know and unknowing shatter wine-glasses because I am one with the scene and the transparency deceives me. There is no distinction between the table and the floor, the walls and the ceilings, and the same face on each body. I will be invincible, will not wince from the piercing glass in my palm or surrender to my struggling stomach.

Send me to the bathroom. I will say to wait up, I’m just peeing. Don’t believe it. I will look in the mirror, I will note the darkness pooling under my weakened eyes, the paleness surrounding my blood red cheeks. I will admit my defeat. I will find solace by purging into porcelain. My throat will ache, my nose will sting, my eyes will clamp shut and wish the night into nightmarish dreams. Once the pain ceases, my head will tilt back to meet the support of a neighboring wall, my body sprawled over the bathmat like a heap of old clothes. Pick my head up off the hardwood floor. Help me break bad habits. Tell me that I’m stupid. Don’t leave me here. Tell me I’m not invincible.