

**SLIGHTLY AWKWARD
ADVENTURES**

Epic Party Fail

By, Dai

Hi, my name is Dai. Ok, it's really Daisy, but only my sister calls me that. This last year of school has been epic. From my first time to my epic party fail. I don't see how it could get any better or any stranger.

Epic Party Fail

My sister's wedding took forever. The ceremony was a marathon of standing, kneeling, and Latin. The reception was a bunch of stiff drinks and dancing the chicken dance. A sight I would just love to scoop out of my head. Eventually, the wedding ended. Most people go on honeymoons, but her new husband Derik was set to deploy in two days so, they went to a hotel for those days. She would be back home with us until they can determine the best place for them to live. Derik couldn't say where he was going just that when he came back, he would have a new assignment as an instructor. With that comes a stable assignment and a place for them to set up and playhouse.

My parents are planning a one-week cruise to Alaska. A week on a boat in the cold staring at whales. The ones in the water not dad. I was planning an injury that would keep me on dry, warm land when my sister said, "*I can stay with Daisy while you two are away.*" I wanted to scream, "*it's Dai, not Daisy*" but she just saved my life. As well as my parents lives. My sister always wanted the Lifetime tv movie sisterhood crap. In high school, she was a peppy cheerleader, pep squad and crap like that. I run the school newspaper and wear shirts that tell people to go fuck themselves in Latin. Ut te ipsum. My Latin teacher loves that shirt. I have the same thing in ten languages.

On Thursday, I came home, and my parents were gone. Off to harass the whales. In the living room, I found my sister. I guess I never actually said her name. So, I came home and found my sister Lacey on the couch. She was doing something I never saw her do before. She was frowning. That's my job. She and Derik met in high school. When he graduated, he joined the Marines. He is now 22, and she is 20. In a sense, she was a widow to the military. Lacey said, "*Derik called. He said we would most likely end up in California.*" It was Lacey's dream to

move to California. Her room was decorated in Californian things from the bear flag to pictures of LA and San Fran.

She turned and said to me, *“I tried everything I could, and I just don’t know how to understand you. All I wanted was a sister that would.”* She trailed off. I said, *“we have this weekend to do whatever you want.”* I half expected something girly, something Lacey. She said, *“I want to throw a party. An epic, massive somebody called the cops raging party.”* I don’t drink, I don’t smoke, and up until a few weeks ago, I was still a virgin. I don’t party. I said, *“let’s make mom and dad regret going off to harass some whales.”* I decided I would try and be a sister to her until she leaves.

That night Lacey texted every friend she had. It took hours. I fell asleep around 3am. In the morning, I went to school, and the word on the party was already out. Lacey was still well known even in my class where I was not known at all. Yet people came up to me all day saying they were looking forward to the party. My bestie Tara said she asked Ted to the party. I wanted to tell her about his side job. I even tried to blackmail him into stripping for her. But my terrible wicked idea fell flat. Then reality came crashing in.

Lacey realized she couldn’t buy booze or serve it to minors. A party can’t become epic without some liquor. When it looked like it was all over, I said, *“we still have access to the place where your bachelorette party happened.”* Soon more texts went out, and the party was on. A guy who knows a guy, who knows a girl, who is dating another girl, who knows a guy that knows another guy that can get the booze for the party. The party was on Saturday. We spent all night Friday setting up using an empty warehouse in the back. We covered all the windows with trash bags and duct tape. We locked every door that had a lock. In the newly christened party hall, we set up some tables and a platform for the DJ. A friend of Lacey recommended a woman named Raging Lib, but she was busy that night. Lacey found a man with over a million YouTube hits. A DJ named Rex Dino Z. He showed up about 4pm. He was maybe 16, but he had all the professional equipment to have a rave. Around that time, the guy with the booze showed up. We

paid him, and he asked if he could stay. We thought that if he were here, he wouldn't be out talking to the cops.

Lacey had an idea. She had Rex who was going by RDZ play something loud. It didn't matter what. He started a thumping raging techno beat that would call every cop within miles. We went outside and heard nothing. Not a sound. We may actually get away with this. We made it clear that there would be no drug use. So, we planned for drug use because people suck. Around 7pm the first of the partygoers arrived. By 9pm the party was loud and popping. Is popping a word used to describe a party?

People were running around. It was pandemonium outside of the hidden room I was in. Firecrackers were going off. Tyler was humping away working hard. He was cute, and he was trying, but he was no Ted. Still, Tyler was a friend and coming in here with him save me from the batshit fuckery happening outside of the room. It was all going so well. The party was epic. A once in a lifetime event. Which I guess I already covered with the word epic. What am I going to do when he finishes?

The party was in full steam. We realized and kind of planned for the eventual drug thing. What we didn't plan for was a need for security. As it turns out people filled on drugs and alcohol tend to make bad choices. Such as the already mentioned drugs and alcohol. A fight broke out on the dance floor. It started with just two teen girls. By the time we lost control of the dancefloor, it looked like an episode of the old show Jerry Springer or that church scene from Kingsman.

I quickly lost sight of Lacey and Tara. A bright pink prosthetic leg flew over my head. I realized I need to get out of this place. If it's the last thing I ever do. Someone grabbed me by the arm. It was Tyler something. He works on the paper. We still print a paper as well as a Vlog. He said, "*I know a place where we can get away from this.*" As he said this a guy ran past us in an

adult diaper and a superman cape. I said, “*lead the way.*” We went into an office just off a hallway near the front. Tyler went to a wall. He pushed a piece of trim away to reveal a hole. Using an unsharpened pencil from a desk, he put the pencil in the hole, and the wall panel opened. It was a secret door. Tyler said, “*we don’t have long, the door will reset soon.*”

Tyler is a genius with systems and programming. He designed a program that allows us to send secret messages in the Vlog as well as in the paper. All you have to do is hold your phone above a section of the paper, and you get a link to whatever we want you to know. He helped Stacy’s father set up a surveillance system here. Stacy’s father worked as a special kind of employment agency servicing the personal entertainment industry. Ok, he was a pimp. He never went to jail because they didn’t have enough evidence on him. And now I know why.

We went inside. The room was small. Inside was a raised platform and a couple of monitors. Tyler said, “*you use the monitors to see if the room is clear.*” I sat down on the platform and Tyler moved in. He asked if he could kiss me. I said, “*just once and no tongue.*” He moved in when I stopped him. I gave him a mint I had in my jacket. It was a hard-mint candy. He chomped on it. Then he moved in again. As he kissed his hand moved from my side to the side of my clothed breast. He was actually a good kisser, so I took his hand and moved it a little forward on my chest. Then the door opened.

The door to the office that leads to this room opened, and my bestie Tara and Ted came in. It was hard to tell if they were on the run from the horde or looking for a private place. Her shirt was ripped, and he had what looked like the beginnings of a black eye, but as soon as the door closed and they jammed a door under the handle they went at it. Where I got a sweaty hand on a shirt, she got her shirt nearly ripped off as they fought to take clothes off. At one point, she slipped on her pants and went down. As she got up, she came to her knees and face to face with his crotch. She unbuttoned his fly and pulled his jeans and underwear down. I remember thinking, “*I know that cock.*” Tyler gasped as Tara removed what was left of her shirt then the bra.

We watched for about a minute as they went at it. This was no porn movie. Tara wasn't ready for him in any way. When he tried to enter her, she lost balance and fell backward off the desk. She tried to stand up when she slipped and grabbed him to steady her. And yes, she grabbed him by the shaft. Quickly letting go, she fell forward knocking him down and going face first into his crotch. Tara crawled up to him slipping and bumping along the way. Eventually, she found her way to him. I turned to Tyler. His eyes were wide, and he was breathing heavily. I turned his head to me and kissed him. Then I slipped my hand down to his pants. He was erect. The end of school was coming fast. Tyler was set to go to Columbia University in New York City. My choice is Berkeley in California. I would most likely never see him again. I didn't think about how I will see him Monday in the editorial meeting at school.

Tyler finally finished. I can't say it wasn't interesting. I also can't say I enjoyed it very much. Maybe you should have something invested in the person to enjoy the action. I like Tyler, but I don't think of him like that. Ted was a piece of meat. A thing to do because others thought I should do it. Get that first time past me. Looking out at Tara and Ted it looks like they have something more than a one-time thing. Watching them felt dirty. Like we were intruding on something private, and we were.

Tyler tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to another screen. There was a group of men just outside of the building. They had some sort of guns and those zip tie wrist cuffs. I said, "*oh shit the police.*" Tyler said, "*no that's much worse it's the security company.*" I went through the channels looking for Lacey. She decided to treat this party like a movie convention. She dressed like Olivia Newton-John from the last part of Grease. The leather pants and teased hair Sandy. I eventually found her near the door to the warehouse. I had to get her out of there. I turned to Tyler. He didn't say a word he just turned the monitors off then he went to the door and unlatched it. Tara and Ted jumped when the false door opened. We directed them to the hidden room after telling them about the security moving in.

Using a quick map Tyler made, I found my way to Lacey. I told her what was coming. She went to the stage and said into the vacant microphone, “*Attention everyone the police are here.*” I told her they aren’t the police. She said, “*yes but if they see them as the police they may not fight against them.*” We didn’t have time to argue. I showed her the way back. There we all were in this little room. Tyler went to the platform and moved it. Underneath was a set of stairs going down.

At the bottom was a room with computers and monitors. It was a security room. Tyler said, “*this was made so Mr. George could record all the people coming in and out of his business.*” He laughed when he realized his slip about coming in a brothel. What a geek. Tara asked, “*does this record?*” She hesitated then asked, “*everywhere?*” Tyler went to another monitor and said, “*why no, somehow the recording from that room was erased.*” Lacey started to laugh. At another monitor, she found a recording of her bachelorette party. It was about the time what’s her face was choking on the giant green dildo. I said, “*Lacey stop watching that.*” I was pointing at Ted as I said it. Ted said, “*it’s ok she already knows.*” The room went silent. Then on the screen came the strippers including Ted. About the time he was shaking his man parts at me Tara said, “*I know everything.*” I said, “*I wanted to tell you but.*” Tara interrupted me by saying, “*it’s ok you were keeping a secret for someone I care about.*” Tyler made a copy of the recording for Lacey. It included me having sex with Ted. I mentioned it was child porn, but Lacey said, “*no this is a weekend with my sister at a spa.*” I am going to kill Tyler.