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English Comp 100

Prof. Sabatino

Life Memoir.

“Twenty years from now, you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do than by the ones you did do.” (Mark Twain)

“What did you just say to me?”

“I said: F--- you, you f----ing asshole you're an ugly human being.”

“WHAT?”

“I said you're ugly!”

“Ok, that's it.” \*Bwak\*- his fist collides with my face, as I tumble ass backwards onto the cold, hard ice, I see it- Red.

Its Halloween night, mischief is to be had, costumes to be worn and alcohol to consume (WC here). She and I are going in a couple's costume: she's Little Red Riding Hood and I'm the Big Bad Wolf, even we've never gone out and never will. She's excited. Its her very first Halloween and perhaps her last. She puts on her red shawl and adds some fake blood, crimson, to her face “to make it extra spooky.” She adds so much that it begins to look like makeup, smeared and caked on. I tell her it looks amazing. “C'mon, let's go meet up with the others.” The group of four meets up in the dimly lit kitchen,

Indiana Jones and Skrillex await. We all share a warm laugh, some crack about the red on Red's face. This is going to be a good night. It's Party time.

We meander to the Party feeling the biting cold that seeps into your bones, typical of a Canadian winter. Red Riding Hood is beyond ecstatic, bordering on manic, not caring about the bitter wind blustering down the flat streets. She begins to chat up random people before we even arrive to the Party, her words coming out at a 1000 mph she is like a Coke can that's been shaken too much, practically about to burst.

Finally, we arrive at the Party. Standard fare for a college gathering: a grimy frat house lit with sickly yellowish lights, a floor somehow already stickier than superglue and the cherry on top, a crudely duct taped beer bong attached to railing of the stairs. Red immediately gravitates toward it, marveling at how "crazy North Americans are" and she decides that she must give it a whirl. A man with Cat Ears lazily taped to his head decides he'll be the one to help her out. As the liquid goes through the translucent tubes and into Red she visibly begins to sway after she is finished. "Oh boy this isn't good." A quick aside with Skrillex, "Let's keep an eye on her, she is kind of a light weight, you know how she gets when she's like this."

He sighs, "Yeah, I'll keep an out don't worry I've dealt with her when she's like this."

"Okay." I shrugged knowing full well that she wouldn't listen to either of us.

The night stretches on, grown children drinking from red cups. Red is enjoying herself, playing pong with the other ghouls and gremlins eventually becoming part of a mini team with Cat Ears. The scene is straight out of what a high schooler thinks college is: red cups with already the fetid remains of cheap beer, ghouls and ghosts rocking back and forth emitting a cacophony of laughter mixed with Fetty Wap's Trap Queen. It's as if the movie Animal House had taken place in 2015.

Skrillex and I are both in a team for pong, determined to beat at least Red and Black Ears. "Listen Ears, just because you used to be my next-door neighbor in first year doesn't mean I'll go easy on you!"

He smirks, "you're on Wolf".

The match is intense, bringing out our competitive nature. Even Indy who is often nonchalant, seems to be enjoying the show. Eventually we are both down to the final cup. Neither team seems to be making any headway. Back and forth. Miss. Miss. Airball. Ears and I are both staring at each other, brows furrowed. Perhaps this is about more than just the game of pong. Out of no where Red throws the perfect basket, nothing but net. I look to Skrillex and we both exclaim:

"How in the hell did you do that? What???"

Red is beside herself, bellowing triumphantly and with more than a little slurring "Ha I knew I could do ish. You always doubt me! Me and the Catty won!"

She turns to Black Ears and hugs him. Skrillex and I both looking away for something else to do.

"Well, they seem to be hitting it off."

Skrillex looks unamused. “Yeah whatever let’s find something else to do.”

The Party is moving at an almost sluggish pace now, most costumes being peeled off for comfort. Red is greeting another Partier for the 4<sup>th</sup> time now. Its time to go home.

“Red are you ready to go?”

“NO.” She’s clearly upset about something. “I don’t want to go back home with Skrillex. I hate him!!!”

I plead with her, “C’mon Red, it’s getting late the Party’s over.”

Blacks Ears appears from my side. “Hey Wolf if you want she can just crash at my place, I have a futon all set up.”

I glance over to Red. “Are you sure you want to go with him?”

She insists, vocally. “I can’t be near Skrillex tonight I’d rather go with Ears.”

“Are you 100% sure?? I know you and Skrillex aren’t getting along but I think it’d be better if you went with us.”

“NO. I can’t stand to look at him. I want to go with Ears at least he’s nice to me.”

I go to find Skrillex. “Listen I don’t know if she go anywhere, she seems pretty belligerent.”

He seems flustered. “Look I’ve tried everything to convince her even before the night started she’s been pissed with me. I don’t think we can stop her on this one.”

“Fine.” “I need to talk to Ears.”

I find Ears sitting outside on the stairs with Red, they seem to be chatting quietly and laughing.

“Hey Ears. Looks like Red needs to head home tonight. Your place is right around the corner?”. He nods.

“Yeah mine is around the corner, not even two minutes from here.”

“Okay. Listen Ears, I really care about Red and so does Skrillex. If you take her to your place, she’ll be alright?”

He looks at me straight in the eye. “Yeah man don’t worry, I can tell you and Skrillex have a thing for her. She clearly needs a place to sleep tonight. I can even call you in the morning if you want just to let you know she’s Ok.”

“Alright, sounds like a plan.” “Later Ears be seeing you around.”

“Night man.”

The next morning, I wake up to the sounds of a light rap on the thick steel door, barely audible at first. I hear something else. Subtler, it sounds like sobbing, that short little snuffle someone makes when they’ve been crying for a while. I shudder. This can’t be good. I open the door. Then I see it- Red, streaming down her face from last night’s makeup.