

I going to kill this bitch!!!

I scream out as I get into my car slamming the door so hard I thought the window glass would shatter. I'm a little dizzy I can feel it, but I'm also too enraged to just stop, breath, count to ten and rationalize.

I was preparing for an epic night with my girls. We haven't hung out together in a long time. I'm desperately looking forward to it. We all have our own lives that are moving fast work, school, being mothers, trying to maintain healthy relationship it can be a lot to juggle. Whenever we get a chance to hang out we make the most of it. Excitedly I head home to get ready. Laying out my outfit I say to myself, "Yeah girllllll you're going to kill it tonight". It's all about the shoes they are going to set this outfit off just right. My phone begins to ring as I set out of the shower, Its Blair, she calling to cancel. At this point I should be putting on pajamas and picking out a good movie to watch until I doze off, Right! Wrong I continue to get dressed leave the house I jump in my freshly cleaned car headed to the club, it sparkles like the sky on a clean night and all you can see is the stars. My first stop is the liquor store for the Patron of course that's the only drink that doesn't give me a hangover once I've emptied the bottle, and I do intend to empty this one. Stopping at the nearest WAWA to get a cup with lid so I can conceal the contents next. I'm happy, looking good smelling good, feeling good it's going to be a good night I can feel it. I pull up to the club as I double check my hair and make-up reapply my lip gloss I take the last sip of the full cup of alcohol then walk to the entrance. All eyes on me just like I like it.

I don't wait at the door the owner knows me and allows me to pass without paying the cover charge. As I enter standing off to the side to survey the place. Everyone is nicely dressed the music is bumping I see an empty bar stool an make my way to it. "Patron chilled please", I shout to the bar maid. The full bottle I drank on the way here hadn't kicked in yet so just one shot to get me there a little faster is all I need. The lights are dim and the vibrant colors from the strobe lights are dancing all over me making it hard to focus and my vision a little blurry. "Patron chilled" I shout again over the loud music, "Make it a double" says a very tall handsome guy. We make a small introduction I thank him for the drink, taking it straight back with one gulp. The beat drops to one of my favorite songs. I gently grab his hand leading him to the dance floor as we engage in a very raunchy slow grind I dip low, as I come back up I see a bright pink figure charging straight towards us. I really couldn't see the face but I damn sure could see this horrible pink dress too bright, too tight, and not paired well with neon pink shoes. The best part of the song comes on I turn towards the gentlemen raising my arms around his neck and he grabs my waist pulling me closer. This is

what I came for, I just want to dance all night no thinking or worrying about anything until tomorrow. The song ends Mr. Handsome takes my hand leads me back to the bar, but before we make it to the seat we're bombarded by this pink dress they exchange words I guess I couldn't hear anything over the music I could only see that the body language and hand gestures exchanged between them weren't so friendly. I try to side step them both thinking this is surely none of my business. He reaches for my hand pulling me back towards him at the exact moment I feel my eyes stinging and face wet from the cup full of whatever pink dress had in it. The alcohol starts to burn my skin it feels like a thousand needles are being pressed vigorously against my face as my rage kicks in and I leap forward in attack mode a fight breaks out between pink dress and I, I'm not sure how I became a part of it. Why did she charge us? Who is this man to her? Why did she throw her drink in me? Why is any of this happening? Why is my vision so blurry? These are all the questions shuffling through my mind like a deck of cards as I am being dragged out by security. I'm pissed off to say the least vision and thoughts cloudy as I make it back to my car trying to piece together what just happened the only thing I remember is the girl in the pink dress throwing a drink in my face. I pull out the parking dazed and confused spotting the pink dress, put my car in reverse. Yelling "I'll catch her out front" "I'm going to kill this Bitch". I slam on the gas and it all goes to shit! Reversing I hit nine cars, one being a cop car. The cop swings open my driver door yanks me out slaps the cuffs on me hauls me off to jail. All I wanted to do was have a good time but too much drinking landed me in jail with a DUI.

Because I decided to drink way too much which collided with my better judgement, I got into a fight went to jail and received a DUI. It cost my mother a lot of money for all the damage that was done to the cars I hit plus all the lawyer fees of going back in fourth to court to only have the case dismissed because the arresting officer was on leave of absence and did not come to any court dates. I later found out that my Uncle and that officer were in the police academy together, and he was able to call in a favor. I also was made aware that the prosecutor on my case was an old classmate of my mother's which also worked in my favor. As well as the judge on my case and my grandfather who is a retired FBI agent are golf buddies. When it was all said and done I walked away from whole situation with a clean record and a second chance. However, I still felt horrible about the whole thing. I embarrassed myself and my family and cost my mom a lot of money. I would spend the next eight years of my life trying to make it up to them and trying to redeem myself.

