

3 Girls in an Elevator

By Vivienne Muller

It was cold. *Anywhere was better than my dorm. Or his dorm. Or hers.* Bridgette really just did *not* need to deal with people right now. Unless they were giving out free hugs. Those always made her giggle. Unfortunately, not enough people were out that night willing to hug strangers. Luckily, there was an easy way to fix that.

Bridgette hadn't talked to Dana since last semester, but they were still cool. At least, that's what she told herself as she called up Dana asking for a ride to the grocery store.

She met Dana in the parking lot just south of the dorm. Bridgette instinctively headed to the passenger side. She never was very observant. She was almost in their lap before she noticed someone was already in the seat. Dana laughed.

"Haha this Jay," she gestured toward the person whose lap Bridgette was halfway in. The face that belonged to the lap just smirked, in a sort of benevolent way. "Jay, this is Brig." Bridgette waved "Hello—" possibly the most awkward option she could've picked. Though, you did have to admit it was part of her charm.

"You are an awful person." Jay glared at Dana, who continued "I mean it serves them right for taking strangers' booze, but do you really have to get such cheap vodka? At least go for ten dollars... Maybe fifteen." Jay picked up another bottle of what she had already grabbed and stuck it in the cart. Bridgette tried not to laugh. Giggles tumbled out from behind her hands anyway. Jay grabbed Dana's hand to console her, turning her head to give Bridgette a conspiratory wink. Dana crossed her eyes and stuck out her tongue. Bridgette laughed so hard she almost knocked the cart over. If laughter was fatally contagious, the three of them would have murdered the entire store.

"Who told you it was a good idea to put ice cubes in jello?" Bridgette demanded. Jay shrugged and kept stirring. Dana slouched against the counter, leaning her head on Bridgette's shoulder. "Remember when we used to pretend to be witches?" Dana nodded— or, at least tried to. "Those were the best times."

Tammy, Trina and Trebecca tottered tipsily toward Trina's truck. They crawled into the truck bed and counted the stars. None of them got past five, except Trebecca who managed to get to twenty, though she may have cheated. None of them had ever felt this much from Jell-O shots before.

It was Charles's first time drinking. He knew you weren't really supposed to drink alone, but he was embarrassed to admit he'd never had alcohol before and wanted to build up his tolerance so he could show his friends how cool he was. He also knew that you shouldn't take drinks from strangers, but girls were harmless... and besides, he was a *guy*. He almost made it back to his dorm. But a bush looked far more comfy.

"If you don't even like Jell-O shots, then why do you know how to make them?" Bridgette asked Jay. Jay shrugged.

"I was in a sorority." Bridgette was pretty fucking terrible at controlling her laughter. "B-but," she started between giggles, "you-you're like so edgy!" Jay raised an eyebrow. The elevator stopped. They'd reached the ground floor. The doors opened and five people funneled in.

"Jello shot?" Jay's smile was like lighting. It was bright and there was no escaping it.

Danny was such a pig. He downed his wiggling shot along with his girlfriend Jenny's in about two seconds. Half a second later he shivered from the burn and hiccuped. Jenny walked away; she was done with his shit. "What's her deal?" Drew asked. Danny shrugged.

"Probably just on her period," Thad offered. Everyone laughed except Sheila, who shook her head at these dumb-asses.

"Haha shit, I hope not. I wanna get laid tonight." Danny's chortle strangled itself. "Fuck, I better go find her." Danny started to run off. Sheila rolled her eyes.

"Well, that's the last of 'em." Bridgette really wanted to get out of this elevator. After all, it was 1am and she hadn't gotten a hug from a stranger yet.

2am. Several people were passed out on the sidewalk, some were so disoriented they just stood staring at walls. That night would later be known as the Great Roofie outbreak of 2012.

A punk chicana chick, a black rocker with a ring in her nose and a curly headed "babe" sat on a bench. Sometimes it's really nice to just sit back and watch the world burn.