

The House Party

By

Michael Pudney

Lady Gaga was bursting out of the speakers as clusters of teenagers spread between the living room and kitchen. An array of booze met the lips of every underage drinker at the party. Most people didn't know whose house it was, or what the occasion was. It was one of those 'friend through a friend invitations' which seemed to apply for pretty much everyone', except Danielle. Danielle knew every detail. She knew the host was that lesbian a couple of years above her at school who was one of those proud-to-be-gay people. Danielle had voiced her opinion of Mel in the second cubicle of the girl's toilets in the Art Department by scribbling, '*Mel is a dirty lesbian scummer*'. She still felt obliged to attend her party however. She felt that Mel needed the status of Danielle at her house. She stood with Naomi and the two other girls she currently liked. Holding her slightly warm Smirnoff Ice, she examined girl's outfits and hot guys. A couple of people were dancing and she turned her nose up at them. The girls around her kept one eye on the party and one eye on Danielle, in desperation for her attention. Danny walked past her; she instinctively pouted her mouth and put her Smirnoff to her juvenile lips. Danny noticed but didn't seem to care. Danielle was pissed off, "Wha' is he like?"

"Wha's that babes?" Naomi immediately jumped to attention.

“Danny, he’s bin ignorin’ me all nigh’. Who does he fink he is?”

“I know what you mean babes, bu’ it’s not like you’re together though innit.”

“Look around ya Naomi. There’s no one here that’s even close to me when it comes to looks.” Naomi looked down at herself in disappointment. “I mean, e should be all over me. Does he not know how long it took to put in my eyelashes?”

“He’s got no respect for ya Danielle.”

“Do you know what Naomi, he’s got no respect for me.” Lady Gaga cut out and the sound of a band Danielle had never heard of began to play. An audience gathered and the dancefloor cleared as Mel and a friend started dancing erotically. Whistles and cheers came from the gathering audience as the two girls rubbed their chests up against each other until their nipples grew hard. They smiled as they rubbed lips stained with alcohol. Danielle tutted and huffed at each move she believed to be more disgusting than the next. She noticed all eyes on these two girls and in particular, Danny’s. “They’re such posers,” she said in Naomi’s ear, who was clapping along with the song that was now saying ‘Money, money, money, must be funny, in a rich man’s world.’ Mel and her lover kissed passionately, pushing each other’s hands through each other’s hair. Danielle couldn’t take it any longer. She grabbed Naomi and yanked her onto the dancefloor. She began to dance with Naomi as elaborately as possible. Poor Naomi just stood, confused.

People cheered when two more girls hit the dancefloor, Mel and the other girl smiled at them. Danielle glared. She heard someone from the crowd shout out, "Get your tits out!" Danielle grimaced but kept working hard at her one step left, one step right, one step left, one step right routine. As Mel's friend was kissing her neck, Mel looked directly at Danielle and smiled. Danielle saw Danny's eyes checking out Mel's arse. She knew she'd have to up her game if she was going to be the most memorable person of the night. Suddenly she grabbed Naomi and gave her a smacker on the lips. Danielle's face contorted as she pulled away. Mel burst into laughter at the pathetic attempt at being a lesbian. Naomi went in for seconds. Danielle screamed, "Get off me you dirty dyke!" She shoved Naomi back and into the speakers which suddenly cut out at the line 'Gimme Gimme Gimme'. A few laughs and a few gasps came from the crowd. A couple of people helped Naomi to her feet who, when stood up, touched the wet from her lips left by Danielle, and smiled. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Mel stared at her broken speakers.

"Me? What are you doin, you fuckin...you fuckin lezza!" The crowd stayed, hoping for a catfight.

"You just broke my speakers to muppet! All because you're trying to act like a tit!" Danielle had no response, she was well out of her depth. So Danielle did what she did every time she was in a situation she couldn't win, dig a hole for herself.

“Shu’up! You’re the tit! You tit grabbing bitch! Who do you think you are trying to show off in front of everyone, eh? You think you’re real hot stuff don’t you but everyone knows you had a nose job in year 10!” With this, believing she had won the argument, she shouted, “Naomi, we’re leaving.” Like a dog, she obeyed. Danielle turned to Danny, “Danny, don’t follow me. I’m going home and I don’t want you to stop me.”

Danny said, “Ok.”