

## Rave

The black light carves through the darkness of the club as it bounces against people's shirts, colorfully painted toenails, dilated pupils and teeth. A rainbow of pink, green and purple glow sticks igniting the crowd, which bounces to the beat of the music and blends with the smell of sweat, perfume and the occasional drunkard's vomit. It is an ode to youth, electronic music, promiscuity and decadence. A ritual of summer madness in Madrid and one that I absolutely love to be a part of.

I stumble my way across the crowd looking for my group of friends after a trip to the less than welcoming bathroom. Knowing them, they're probably somewhere in the middle of the dance floor, where the distance between groin and groin is nonexistent. It's the fourth time I've peed in a period of half an hour but I still feel as drunk as if I hadn't peed at all.

I've always loved to drink, especially in raves. The rumble of the trembling floor, the epileptic sequence of lights and choreographed rays of laser beams, the grinding of warm thighs and the explosion of hormones in all directions invite my already loosened senses to believe I'm a part of a modern Greek fertility festival. A celebration of raw animal desires and the liberation of the most primitive instincts.

But my peanut size bladder apparently doesn't like my alcohol excess tonight, so as I keep drifting through the dance floor as I come to the realization that I have to pee again.

-“YOU´VE GOT TO BE FUCKIN´ KIDDING ME” I yell to my insides. “ I´m peeing like an old man... *Shit*, at this rhythm I´ll have to start wearing dippers before I´m 30”.

I think about peeing in a corner.

- “It’s not like I´m the first person to do it,” I argue, trying to convince myself. “Fuck, I know I´m not even gonna be the last person to do it either” But after a moment of contemplation I finally consider... “Agghh, if I get caught I´ll get kicked out and It’s not worth getting my ass thrown out for avoiding another lousy trip to the bathroom.

So I proceed to resume for the *fifth* time the titanic quest to cross to the other side of the club to the bathroom. I squeeze between two couples concentrated in exploring their partner’s vocal cords with their tongues; circle around a group of women twerking in perfect unison to the beat of the DJ, accidentally step on a petit blonde woman (who immediately snaps at me and curses me faster than my drunk brain can process) and then...I see her.

Stilettoes. Long legs. White skirt and a red tank top that shows just enough cleavage. Matching red lipstick. Curled eyelashes and a long wavy black hair... Woooow. One look at her and my following thought is immediate.

- “Fuck my tiny bladder, I ain´t going nowhere. Worst-case scenario I got a corner of the club waiting to write my name on.”

I fix my eyes on her. She's dancing with three of her girlfriends. All of them attractive in their own particular way I'm sure, but in this moment my eyes can only fixate on her. I have eyes for her and only her. She looks back, smiles flirtatiously and turns around. Without hesitating, I quickly pierce through the people between us, grab her by the waist and pull her against mine. And with her back still turned on me, we begin to dance.

Her girlfriends giggle and "go to the bar to get a drink", or so they say. We stay and dance. I turn her around to look at her face. She's even more beautiful from up close. She has thick, defined eyebrows, green eyes and a small freckle on her lower lip. Dancing quickly evolves into grinding, then into kissing and soon we're intertwined on the dance floor like the couples I passed before I spotted her.

After a few moments of playful exploring, she asks me to accompany her to the bathroom.

- "Fuck yes!" cheers my frustrated bladder. "I can go pee again without losing track of her!"

We go to the bathroom; I rush into the urinal and almost yank my pants in the urge releasing myself. After I'm done, I wait for her 'cause women always take more time in the bathroom than men. While I stare at the women's bathroom waiting for her, I suddenly feel a tap on my shoulder. I turn around and I realized it's her who's tapping.

- "When the hell did you get out of the bathroom?" I ask surprised.

- "Oh, I went to the men's bathroom. The women's was too full" She replies with a little smile on her face.

She reaches into her purse, pulls out a little blue pill and passes it with a RedBull.

- "What's that?" I eagerly ask.

- "Just a little blue pill... You want one?" She replies.

- "Sure, why not." I agree hoping it's either Viagra or Ecstasy. After all, I thought "5 vodka RedBulls, who knows how many shots of Jager and a couple of beers to chase everything down, will definitely pose a major challenge to get it up."

I down the pill and we go back to the rave.



I wake up suddenly to the sound of construction workers piercing my head. I can hear them somewhere around the block but it's hard to determine exactly where they are. Each sound of the hydraulic hammer reaches all the way to the center of my spine. A ray of sun catches my eyes from a whole between the drapes. It's so bright, I can't open my eyes fully. My mouth feels like sand paper and- "Oh my god my head is killing me. I bet if Mike Tyson kicked my ass last night it wouldn't hurt so badly". I need an aspirin so bad right now.

- "Where am I?" I think in the confusion.

- "This doesn't look like my bed" I notice immediately. The sheets are way nicer than the ones in my bed. They look like Egyptian cotton.... Wholly shit its like sleeping on a cloud. But I digress.

- "Why am I naked?" I begin to fully wake up after I notice my revealed body in an unfamiliar place.

- "The walls are painted blue," I notice. "Ok this is definitely not my apartment. My walls are beige," I

- "Where the fuck am I"? I immediately ask myself in the confusion as I turn around in the bed... There she is. She's laying on the left side so I can only see her dark long hair, but I start remembering now.

"Ooooooh Ok. Everything is starting to make sense now" I think. "I was at the rave, I met her, we hooked up I guess... Yeah I remember ... Sorta"

I sit up on the bed moving ridiculously slow so my head won't explode in the process.

- "Hey at least you hooked up with an outrageously beautiful woman" I think to myself, trying to ignore the insistent pounding to my head. "It was Fuckin' worth it"

- "I really liked her last night, so I should stick around till she wakes up. I began to ruminate. "I don't want her to think I'm the guy who fucks you and then disappears forever" So I decide to stay. I want to properly say goodbye and maybe give her my number to start hanging out. I still feel the weight of the world over my head still so I think I should take a shower.

- "Ok that's what I'll do" I resolve quickly convinced of what's should be my next plan of action. I get up slowly out of the bed I recite the steps of the plan to myself. While this happens she begins to turn around in her sleep.

- "Ok I'm gonna take a shower and as soon as she wakes up-- Wait a minute... She's got an Adam's apple- Wholy shit. ... What the fuck... WHAT THE FUCK!!!!

The construction worker must have taken the hammer and shove it down my throat 'cause I feel my stomach drop to the floor. A cold bucket of water has just been thrown over my head in the shape of a freaking apple. I'm definitely in panic mode now and I feel my chest collapsing as I begin to breath faster and faster.

"She- he, has an Adams apple. Oh God... Ok this changes fucking everything." I babble desperately. I lift the sheets slightly and take a peep inside the bed just to make sure.

"Yeap. He's got a dick... Big, thick, a pretty intimidating type of dick. I understand as my panic level grows from 100 to 1000 percent I need to get the fuck outta here fast.

"How did I miss this? --She looked so hot last night? Am I gay?-- Holly shit I might be gay.-- I don't think I'm prepared for this. But Wait a minute, -- " Never mind I have to fucking go".

Dozens of questions pour into my brain per second trying to build the puzzle that was yesterday's rave. I begin searching for my clothes, finding one article at the time. I find my underwear in the floor, my socks under the bed, my pants folded on a chair. I gather everything as fast as I can I proceed to the door, not caring if I may leave something behind. As I'm about to leave, She- he- she—whatever I don't have time to think of it right now, wakes up.

" Hey where you goin' " ?

Silence invades the room. I try to find the words to invent a story to why I have to go. I open my mouth but nothing comes out. Unable to create a good excuse for leaving I decide to just simply ask what happened. No point in sugarcoating it now.

- "Did I stick it in? --- Did you? Ummm-- What the hell did you give me last night?"

- "It was just a little blue pill honey, why?" replies the woman on the bed. "You didn't like it? As she gestures me to come back to bed."

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