

White Girl Adventures

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Please read and comment! I'm looking simply to entertain with this story, hope you like it! My friend came home from boarding school and this was the adventure that ensued. I'm sarcastic and slightly racist and this is my story.

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I spent the entire day yesterday doing nothing. I had been sleeping so much lately that I actually woke up early and couldn't fall back asleep, a first for my ever tired ass. I watched netflix and eat too much then dragged myself to hockey at 4:45. I had practice and felt slightly better about myself and came off the ice to find a text from Taylor. She asked if I still wanted to go with her to get her second tattoo. Still feeling like shit from having such a lazy day I immediately called her and said yes. I went home, showered, put on heavy makeup to make myself look older and put on my tightest pants and hooker boots. I called her and said I was ready and would be leaving to pick her up soon. She asked if I wanted to go to Ann Arbor with her after she got the tattoo so she could fuck this French guy Tristan from school. I said maybe and thought to myself hell no. I picked her up and we set off towards Detroit. She said that I really should come with her to Ann Arbor and that Tristan's twin brother (with a girlfriend) would be there and there two friends that we later discovered were black. We arrived at the tattoo parlor with no problems and I parked the car across the street from a pile of homeless people and we went inside. The building was so cool, there was amazing graffiti lining the walls to the upstairs and it smelled like cigarettes and badass-ery. There was one guy inside sitting behind a desk with a glass display and an old computer and he asked if we were lookin to get tattoos. I said no while keeping my lips as still as possible so he couldn't see my braces. Taylor said that yea she wanted a tattoo and rushed to say she was already in the system as to avoid having to show her nonexistent ID. He was confused as to why she said she was in the system. She then said she had already come here to get a tattoo and he relaxed and asked what she wanted done. She wrote down what she wanted her tattoo to say, showed him her tattoo and he took a picture and immediately sat down and didn't say a word for ten minutes. A bald guy named "Nemo" came out from the back room and greeted us kindly and asked if we wanted to judge his dance contest. The guy behind the counter looked up frazzled and said no he would not be dancing. I spotted two game cubes sitting next to the TV by the desk and asked "Are those game cubes?" Nemo replies all excited "Yea! You wanna play?" I said yea and Taylor looks confused. We grabbed two chairs and sat down to play NHL 2005 for about 10 minutes. I said "K I've had enough of this" and turned of the system and Taylor goes "thank god" and we sit back down. After a few minutes another guy comes in from outside and talks to Nemo for a few minutes. Nemo goes back into the office and the guy sits on the couch opposite of us. He was very attractive and didn't looking disgusting like Nemo and the other guy so I liked him. He was really nice and was quick to make conversation and tell us about his tattoos, his job as a teacher at a charter school, and give me advice on applying to colleges. He had a big tattoo all across his chest that you couldn't see because of his shirt and he told us this was his second time here to work on the tattoo and todays session would take about 5 hours. Nemo came out of the office again and they went upstairs to work on his tattoo. On his way up the stairs he said "you'll probably be hearing me screaming from the next room" and disappears. A few minutes later the other guy says his ready and after Taylor gives me \$100 bill we go upstairs. We go into an open room with a counter with built on speakers that was playing gross heavy rock, an old barber chair, and a checker board floor. It seemed that every room in the place had at least three Scarface posters. He put the stencil on Taylor and she sits down in the chair and he gets to work. The noise that the awful little gadget made was disgusting. It was constant buzzing for 15 minutes. I was becoming so distressed by this noise I was seconds away from asking for a cigarette. I looked at my phone to see that it was around 9:30 and my stomach dropped out my ass. I was supposed to be home by 10. I sit there becoming more and more frantic by the minute until I realize I'm going to have to risk it and call home and ask to sleep at Taylor's. I grab my phone and mumble I'll be right back. I hurry down the stairs and check out the window to make sure my beloved Hyundai was still across the street and call home. My dad answers the phone with his usual angry "the fuck you want" tone and I sweetly ask to talk to my mother. He snaps that she's in bed and demands to know what I want. I laugh nervously and say "can I perhaps, maybe sleep at Taylor's house?" He pauses gauging the situation, unsure how to answer. "Who's Taylor?" he replied after awhile. I rush to explain who she is and pray that he

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finds her description acceptable and after another pause he says "yea I guessâ No trouble out of you, ya here?" I agreed as adorably as I could and hung out. It was now around 9:40 as I marched my way up the stairs trying to think of where I could sleep. I sit back down in my chair and wait rather impatiently for 5-10 minutes and see Taylor's looking at her phone and her face suddenly drop. I wondered what the actual fuck the problem could be as she wiggled around to get a look at her half finished tattoo. He stopped and looked up at her. She goes "Is there a De in there?" He freezes and looks at the tattoo and the stenciled on ink and goes "no. Why should there be?" I laugh out loud and return to picking at my finger nails and watch as he quickly fixes the situation and adds in the missing "de". He goes back to work for awhile and Taylor again makes a weird face and looks at her tattoo. She goes "shit. Sorry but I spelled this word wrong. It's because I have dyslexia" After a frantic 20 minutes he finally got the situation rectified and stamped on a new stencil. She showed me the new words and I point out that they aren't lined up right at all. Taylor and the tattoo "artist" assure me that its fine and he gets back to work. After what feels like 10 hours and is probably only 15 minutes the hot teacher and Nemo come out from the other room and walk by. Hot teacher is shirtless and I can barely keep my composure when I saw him. He smiled at all of us and they head downstairs. 10 minutes go by and I'm about ready to kill myself and everybody around me. I'm pacing around the little room and keep checking the progress on the tattoo. He's on the last word and is about to get to the "2012" part of the tattoo and the only thing keeping me going is waiting for hot teacher to walk by again. Taylor is clearly in pain at this point and her cheeks are red and her eyes are shiny. I don't know whether to laugh or cry. She looks at me and goes "is he on numbers yet?" I look at the tattoo and assure her that he's almost done with the first 2. She perks up and I go back to waiting. It's around 10:45 now and I'm ready to fucking leave, this has been three more hours than I have ever wanted to spend in a tattoo parlor. He finally finishes and she shows me the finished product. As I suspected would happen, its off center and looks weird but I pretend it's fab and tell her it looks marvelous. He puts ointment on her and tapes a paper towel to her and we're on our way. We get in the car after being harassed by a homeless person and I'm so cold I'm literally seizing. After being confused by all the oneway streets in downtown Detroit for a hot minute we finally get on Jefferson and I sigh with relief. I send a brief I'm alive text to everyone and their mother and head back towards home. Taylor asks if I still want to go to Ann Arbor with her and I'm unsure. After discovering that our company will be black people I'm not feeling too thrilled about going. We debate for awhile about whether I want to go or not and I finally decide that if they have alcohol and cigarettes I will go. She calls them and we find out they have a few more cigarettes and wine. I finally agree to go on this impromptu road trip and surprise stranger sleepover and give a list of things we have to do before we go. First, get gas because I was less than a centimeter away from being on empty. Second, go to my house to get tampons. Third, get food. We pull in front of my house and I'm nervously trying to think of a reason that we would be back at my house at 11 at night. We run inside and don't see anybody so we go up to my room where I change my tampon (yum), put a t-shirt in my bag, look in the mirror and wonder who the bad ass looking back at me was, and grab some gum. I decide that it would be best to tell my mother that I'm sleeping at Taylor's because my father cannot be trusted with passing along the message. After quickly telling a confused and half asleep Mary Helen that I was going to Taylor's we left. In my state of starvation I look past my cars actually desperate need for gas and go straight for the new McDonalds. We're blasting radio music as we pull in and Taylor rambles on about feeling like a "real teenager" for once and I'm feeling pumped as hell for this night. We get our food and happily share our chicken and fries and head towards the freeway. We drive through the ghetto to get to the freeway and I remember we need gas, we make the executive decision that stopping at the ghetto gas stations before the entrance of the freeway would be a bad idea and we get on the freeway. The map on Taylor's phone tell us that we have a 50 mile drive ahead of us and it will be taking an hour and 10 minutes to get to our destination. We head towards Ann Arbor on the ghetto freeway through Detroit and I'm getting more and more nervous about the gas. I drive as long as I can to get as far away from the ghetto parts of Detroit and once the "check engine I have no gas" light came on I decided we have to get gas. We pull off and I know were still not out of Detroit and Taylor goes "Oh this is Mexicantown its fine here, my old hair dresser Carmen use to be around here". This makes me feel better but then I look around and notice "nope it is not fine." I see a gas station immediately and notice the shitty cars at it, the garbage, terrible location, the gang symbols spray painted on the gas pumps, and overall shadiness. This is literally the shadiest

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gas station ever. We pull up and I grab \$40 cash and we hurry inside to pay and notice a guy in the grossest blue car ever has pulled over and is seriously staring at us. I nearly shit my pants and we go inside. I see a black mans head and a huge ghetto jacket standing in front of the counter that is blocked by bullet proof glass. We go over to the counter and the guy turns to look at us and I'm ready to book it the fuck out of there and notice the cutest fucking baby kitten tucked under his arm. Taylor and I loss our shit, we go up to him and ask to hold it and pet it and ask about 50 times why he has it. He hands me the cat and I notice a lip of chew about the size of a golf ball in his lip and he pays for his 7 UP. I ask why he has it and he goes "it's my friend" and then he goes "you want for \$250?" I politely say "no thank you sir I wouldn't want to take your friend" and hand him back the cat and he leaves. I go up to the foreigner behind the bullet proof glass and tell him 40 on pump 2. We're walking out and Taylor grabs my arm and frantically whispers "hurry". Taylor is a bad ass and her being scared was terrifying so I ran towards the door in double time. The guy in the blue car is still out there and staring at us even harder now. Taylor gets in the car and I lock the doors and turn towards the pump. First of all I was so actually scared for my life it was weird. Second, there were only \$20 on the tank. And third I had no idea what gas to use. I'm ready to break down into tears and I sprint inside where more fellows have gathered. I go to the guy and say "I had forty on tank 2 not 20. And i have no idea what gas I'm supposed to use. And will you please watch us out the window so were safe?" Being that we're in Mexican town he has no idea fucking idea what I just said and he confusedly hands me back \$40. I scream "NO!!! \$40 on tank 2 and what gas do I use!?!?!" He goes "Oh" and tells me to use unleaded. I run towards the door where a scary gangster is standing and looks me up and down and goes "Hey shawty watchu doin out hurr" I go "hi sir" and sprint to the car while stilling being stared down by the blue car man. I'm pretty much in tears now and am fumbling with the gas things and finally get it to start filling. I stay outside the car to watch the gas fill and am looking around like a crazy person breathing like I just ran a marathon. Taylor is in the car crying on the phone with her roommate. I'm standing in the cold watching a homeless man walk towards the gas station and me and watch the tank finally fill to \$40. I cap the tank and get in the car just as two of the scariest black men ever pull in right next to us and are completely staring at me. I start the car, ignoring my seatbelt and Taylor and floor it out of there. I'm shaking and breathing so hard its actually funny and Taylor is just staring at me. I start screaming "WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED!! WE WERE JUST IN HELL! THAT IS ACTUALLY WHITE GIRL HELL!! WE COULD HAVE DIED!! ARE WE BEING FOLLOWED?!?!? WHAT THE FUCK!! OH MY GOD!!!" Taylor goes "holy fuck that was scary". And I just scream back "WHERE THE FUCK AM I GOING?!?" She tells me and we turn onto another road that looks normal as hell. At this point were both laugh/ crying and she's trying to tell me it wasn't that shady but I'm having none of that. We both look over and we drive past a brightly light gas station with three nice white people standing outside with there nice white cars and I just scream "WHY THE FUCK DIDN'T WE GO THERE?!?!?!?" We're both laughing hysterically at this point and I'm basically ready for death. We finally get back on the freeway with a full tank of gas. Its about 12:20 now and we have a 30 mile drive left. I drive and Taylor sits on her phone and we talk and laugh and I scream to music because I'm still in overdrive from our brush with the ghetto. We finally have like 5 miles left and I'm bouncing in my sit from sitting still for so long and am dying to know whats gunna happen next. We pull off the freeway and Taylor assures me that she knows where we are now and directs me to a subdivision. I ask if she's sure this is right and she goes "no this is wrong turn around". We finally get to right place and we get out the car. Its a nice house and he walk around to the back yard which is on a bit of slope and then theres a huge drop and at the bottom of that theres a HUGE lake. We go to the windows at the bottom of the house after I fall in the snow and the lights turn on and they let us in. We climb through a window to see a clone of a preppy black kid at my school, a tall and adorable black guy, and a guy with an average face and literally the most amazing body I have ever seen in real life. He's arms were HUGE and he was wearing a super tight shirt so that was fab and you could see his abs though it and he's ass was beautiful. The clone's name is Bank, the tall guys name is Matt, and the hottie is Yann (sounds like yawn) (his family is french as hell and is the twin of Tristan who is no where to be seen). We sit down and at first its kind of weird but then its lovely and everyone thinks I'm funny as hell. Banks and Taylor are just talking for awhile and talk to Matt and we drink lots of wine and he laughs at my jokes while Yann puts on music and takes Benadryl (the cold stuff that makes you sleep) because he's sick but mostly because he wanted to try it. Then we go out and smoke cigs. And then Tristan comes out and I decide Yann is

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a million times hotter. Its around 1 when we get there and about 1:45 now BTW. Long story short for this part is I bond with Matt and Bank. Matt falls in love with me a little bit. I'm sitting with Yann later and he has his arm around me (he has a girlfriend and I DO NOT care one bit) and Matt is sitting with us and I desperately want him to go away. I ask for a tour of the basement and Yann and I leave and we start crazy hooking up and I know if i wasn't on my period I would have had sex with him. He asked me how far I would go and I said I'm having a situation that would prevent much. He understood what I meant by that and he asked if I would be willing to try anything else. In my wine haze I immediately thought he meant anal and said no! I told Taylor that in the morning and she basically shat her pants laughing. (she didn't think he meant anal after all). I keep saying "but you have a girlfriend" (I really didn't care I just wanted to see if he did) and he'd be like "agh i know.." and then i'd just go at him again. After awhile Banks comes in and I shoot up and go "so thats the work out room. fun." and walk out. I bond with Matt and Banks more and I'm slightly drunk from all the wine at this point. And then I bond with Tristan who is unreal nice and adorable (Tristan is the guy taylor wanted to fuck). And then its like 4 in the morning and Yann is over on another couch with a blanket and I ask to see whats up stairs and he takes me up there. We hook up a lot. Banks comes up again and says to come downstairs so we don't get in trouble with the mother who is in fact home. We go downstairs. Yann goes back to his couch and I talk to Banks and Matt more. And Tristan and taylor are in his bedroom (they don't have sex because she later told me "I actually like him"). I want to hook up with Yann more but Banks and Matt won't leave (Tristan told me that Matt really likes me so i had to be nice and talk to him a lot BTW) and so i tell them I want to sleep and they need to go into the other room. They leave and Yann and I hook up for like an hour (he's so hot I told nina and caroline I wanted to eat ice cream off his ass). Then its like 5:30 and he mumbles I'm tired and rolls over and legit spoons me on this little ass couch and falls right to sleep. I'm sitting here like ZOMG. And I turn around and curl up on his HUGE FUCKING ARM. Then I'm like shit I can't sleep and go to a different couch after awhile. I don't fall asleep and I hear Taylor's alarm on her phone at 6. I'm still drunk. Tristan comes in and sits next to me and I pretend to be asleep. He goes "hi hun. I'll get you some water and aspirin." and I mumble ok. He comes back with it and I take the aspirin and he taps me on the nose so cute and goes I'll let you sleep for a few more minutes. He comes back at like 6:10 with Taylor and Banks and i still haven't fallen asleep. I stand up and everyone decides I will not be driving due to my recent mass consumption of wine. I hug everyone goodbye (except Yann who's still asleep) and we crawl out the window and Taylor drives us back to GP (again it takes an hour and ten minutes to get there). We go to her house and the sun hasn't even risen yet and we have already been awake for over an hour. I shit you not. I demand to walk to the water and we watch the sunrise for like .5 seconds and then leave cuz its freezing. Taylor didn't tell her mom she was leaving so her mom thought she has been in bed asleep since 7:30 last night. So we sneak back into her house at like 7 and I get into her bed and hide and her mom walks in while I am hiding in the bed so she doesn't see me and her and Taylor walk out. Taylor comes back and we both pass the fuck out until 9:45 and I sneak out the door and drive home and pass out until 4. I slept through a dentist appointment, 3 missed calls from my mom, and my hockey practice.

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