

Carpet Stains

“Molly, I just found the ‘rents are going to be out of town this weekend,” Allison’s face doesn’t hide the joy in her eyes.

“So, does this mean another epic rager?” Molly, who is just as excited, shuts her locker door.

Allison responded with a fast head nod before the two girls slapped in a chorus of high-fives.

Like many of Allison and Molly’s parties with underage partakers, Friday night began like normal. Kegs of alcohol, bought by Allison’s older brother, and a plethora of party snacks and drugs could be found all around the house. From the second floor to the basement, their classmates filled every square inch of the place. Allison, gracious host that she is, mingles and flirts with any and everybody while pointing them to various make-out spots.

After a while, Molly rushes over with a panicked look on her face “Allie,” she screeches, “James is about to blow chunks, but these asshats are blocking the bathroom.”

All Allison could think about is James puking all over her mother’s freshly cleaned, white carpets. Allison runs with purpose, parting everyone as though they were the Red Sea. When Allison reaches James, she steers him, and his puked-filled mouth, towards the second-floor bathroom. But it’s too late. As soon as they reached the second floor, James spews the nasty, yellow, foul smelling liquid onto her mother’s

carpet. Shock washes over Allison as his stomach contents hit the floor. In that moment, she knows that her parents will kill her.

She spends the rest of the weekend scrubbing and scrubbing in a vain effort to get the Dorito-smelling stain out of her mother's carpet. But on Sunday, when her return, her mother's radar went off. She spots the stain on the carpet.

"It's just coffee." Allison says as she walks towards her room.

