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English Composition I

It had been a long five months since seeing Stef or speaking to her as a result of a falling out, and now sitting in the car with her driving to our destination I felt nervous. My Chevy Cobalt was bouncing as Iggy Azalea's "Black Widow" was playing on the speakers. The window was cracked and gave me a chance to breathe considering there was so much tension in the air in the car. I could tell Stef was nervous too as she was fiddling with her nails. We pulled into West Chester and began our search for a parking spot. It's always a hit or a miss finding a spot on the street, but Stef found a good spot in front of a construction dumpster on the street.
    Walking down Gay Street we rolled our eyes and laughed as we watched a group of drunk guys walking by making animal noises. Some guys were wolf whistling at passerby girls, there were groups standing outside of all the bars either smoking or needing to get some refreshing air after a rough night of dancing. I haven't been to West Chester in almost a year, but it looks like some things never change. It had always been one of my favorite spots to go to, especially with Stef. She was the only person I could really have a good time with and let go of troubles with.

 Stef and I decided to sit outside at Sidebar and get some food and drinks. The host sits us down and a second later the waitress comes over and asks us what we'd like for drinks. After telling her, she walks away. Sitting on the cold, metal chair with the brisk September wind rubbing against my cheeks, I look down at the restaurant's menu wondering what it is I should choose. I wasn't very hungry since I had just eaten almost a whole medium pizza by myself an hour earlier, but Stef was very adamant on going out to eat in West Chester tonight. Knowing she was out of her mind excited to hang out after almost 5 months of not seeing each other, I made a promise to myself that I would make the night fun for her no matter how exhausted I was.
    I see my Malibu Bay Breeze coming in the waitress' hand and I can't wait for the alcohol. I drink it all in almost three gulps and the waitress laughs.
"Would you like another?"
"Yes, please."
    She writes down our food order now and strolls back inside. Stef starts laughing. I look over to her and see that she's pointing to someone. It's Stef's ex boyfriend. When she sees that he's walking this way, she scoots her chair over towards a nearby bush and ducks behind it. What this girl would do to dodge a crisis.

Meanwhile, I am sitting at this restaurant looking like an alcoholic with one empty glass on the table, a full glass (Stef’s drink) and the waitress now comes with my second Malibu Bay Breeze. The ex walks by, glances down at the table with the drinks and me sitting there slowly sipping and he laughs.

I mutter, “Something funny to you?”

He continues to walk away.

Stef emerges from behind the bush and whispers “thanks” while I huff and puff. I never got along with her ex boyfriend. He worked at a correctional facility and yet he would illegally inject steroids. There was a time a year and a half ago when I reluctantly went to the annual XTU concert in Camden, NJ with Stef, her ex, and some of his friends. He had started a physical fight with his closest friend over of course, nothing, and continued to fight with the police when they attempted to break it up. A few weeks after that, Stef cut it off with him.

Stef looked at me with worried eyes. Knowing that she was uneasy about just seeing him, I tried to lighten the mood by bringing up one of our infamous stories.

“Remember when we went to Atlantic City in March a couple years ago during a torrential thunderstorm and you made me go on the beach?”

She laughed. Even though her and I have our disagreements we always know how to make the other feel better.

Our food now arrives and the steak fries and cheeseburger with chipotle sauce I ordered smells mouth watering. My problem with food is no matter how full I am, I can keep eating. Must be the Italian blood in me. I immediately go to town on my fries while Stef picks at her pizza like a bird with a piece of bread.

The “people watcher” in me comes out now. The next table over seats a drunk man with his wife who looks to be on the verge of walking away and leaving him there. This makes me smile. Seeing the troubles in others makes me appreciate what I have.

Stef now decides that she isn’t very hungry after only eating a slice of flatbread pizza. So, even though I’d like another Malibu Bay Breeze, I ask the waitress for the check. When we pay we take the long way around town to the car. It is now 9:46p.m.

We walk past the Barnaby’s where I’ve had many drunken nights leading to many rash decisions. Some good, some bad. I can’t even remember the last time I’ve been there now. Then strolling past the parking garage, I think back on the time when our one friend Corey jumped off a ledge trying to show off, but instead breaking his ankle. Now we scurry down a back alley across the street from Barnaby’s wanting to get back to the car and out of the cold. One time during a late December night Stef and I had to run down this same alley to our car to get out of the coming snow storm. Walking further down the street we see Doc Magrogans on our right. There is a steep set of stairs in that bar and I am humorously proud to say that I fell straight down the stairs one drunken night when Stef convinced me that we were being chased by a group of guys.

My car is now in view and we start to stroll in the direction of it laughing about our past memories. I feel an exciting rush of emotions.

We are at my car now. I see a paper on my windshield. I reluctantly reach over and grab it. As I start to open it I catch a glimpse of what the writing is inside. I look up at Stef and laugh.

I read aloud “9:56p.m – Failed to park in a legal and acceptable parking space. Amount owed within 14 days is $25.00.”

If we had took the fast way back to the car I would have been parking-ticket free. We both laugh and I sigh saying “Oh well.” Just another one of our stories to look back and laugh about. At first my nerves got the best of me when the night started, but I know now that things will never change between Stef and I.