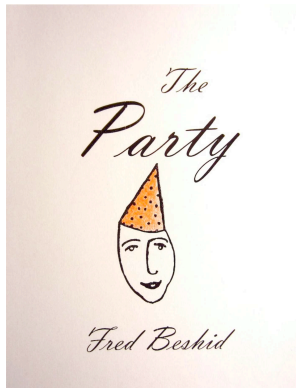


*The
Party*



Fred Beshid



Andy's girlfriend, Marie, is pressuring him to attend a birthday party for her best friend, but he would rather be at home watching TV in his underwear. He reluctantly agrees to go after Marie makes him feel guilty. While Marie socializes with her friends, Andy looks for places to hide. The bathroom provides a temporary respite, but he soon finds himself forced to interact with an odd assortment of creative types. Since he can't hide he decides to make himself useful by taking care of some intoxicated partygoers.

The Party

Order the complete book from

[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/6957.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

Your free excerpt appears below. Enjoy!

Copyright © 2013 Fred Beshid

ISBN

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2013

First Edition

When we pulled up to the Hollywood bungalow for the birthday party I was filled with dread. I saw a small gathering of familiar-looking people talking on the porch as loud music blared from inside the house. I stared at them trying to conjure up festive feelings but failed. I hated parties because I loathed small talk. Standing around answering a stranger's nosy questions about my personal life is my idea of hell. I put those thoughts away and thought of Marie, my fiancé. I agreed to go to please her. This was her best friend's 30th birthday party and Marie felt obligated to support her. I guess the only true measure of love is sacrifice.

"Andy, I know you're not excited to be here but I think you'll have fun if you put in a little effort," Marie said, rubbing my head.

"I wish it were that simple. How about if I just wait here? I don't want to impede the festivities," I pleaded.

"Stop being silly. Let's go," Marie said, pushing me toward the car door. "There will be other creative types like you there."

"You say that like it's a good thing."

"It's not?"

"I'm not like other creative types that need to hang out with like-minded *birds of*

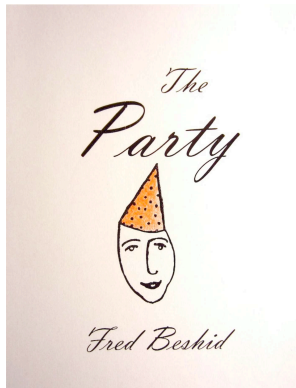
a feather in order to validate one another. Not that there's anything wrong with that. Just for the record, I don't want to hang out with other weird people. Misery loves company not weirdness. Weirdness loves solitude."

"You're *so* dramatic," she said, shaking her head. She opened the car door and started toward the house. I jumped out and caught up to her. After all, I had already agreed to go to the party.

As we walked into the house an extremely lethargic guy tried to sell us something in a small plastic bag. We politely refused and pushed our way through the crowded living room, searching for Marie's friend. There were all kinds of colorful people there: hipster types, hippie types, stereotypical beret-wearing types, punk types in shredded clothes, goth types in black lace and biker types in leather jackets. Marie hugged a few people as we crossed the room. Finally, we saw her friend in the kitchen.

Her friend kissed her on the cheek, leaving a smear of black lipstick. I cringed as she hugged me. I couldn't believe there was a company that manufactured black lipstick. She plopped a party hat on my head and tooted a party horn in my face. I forced a smile and wished her a happy birthday. I took off my party hat when she turned around and I left it on the kitchen counter. She introduced Marie and I to some friends. I quickly grew weary of the small talk and hand shaking, so I retreated to the bathroom.

As I enjoyed the solitude of the bathroom, an urgent knocking on the door startled me. I reluctantly gave up the comfort of my porcelain throne to a young lace-clad goth who needed to "pee real bad." As I walked down the hallway I was drawn to a guy with a guitar playing in one of the bedrooms at the back of the house. When I walked in he was alone, sitting in the corner quietly staring off into space. I sat on the bed among the



Andy's girlfriend, Marie, is pressuring him to attend a birthday party for her best friend, but he would rather be at home watching TV in his underwear. He reluctantly agrees to go after Marie makes him feel guilty. While Marie socializes with her friends, Andy looks for places to hide. The bathroom provides a temporary respite, but he soon finds himself forced to interact with an odd assortment of creative types. Since he can't hide he decides to make himself useful by taking care of some intoxicated partygoers.

The Party

Order the complete book from

[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/6957.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**