“Molly! I love your top,” screams Megan. Molly spins around to face the mirror. What was her suite-mate talking about? This top makes her look fat in the tummy and weak in the arms. Her stupid moccasins scrunch up against her skinny jeans making her legs look like upside-down safety cones. Her hair is oily and messy and spiders around her plastic-rimmed Dolce and Gabanna glasses. No one is going to hit on her at the party tonight. No one is going to even notice her. She doesn’t look good, she doesn’t look good.

“Oh you know if you really hate the way I’m dressed Molly then just say it! You don’t have to be mean and sarcastic,” Molly says loudly. She is not yelling. She just needs to be heard. She is not yelling.

The whole room goes quiet and all necks snap into Molly’s direction. Megan is standing there with her lip folded into her teeth, seconds away from crying. Why does she get to cry? It’s Molly who should be crying.

“I didn’t mean to make you upset,” Megan says, patting Molly’s arm.

“I’m not upset! I’m not upset,” Molly explains as she rips her shirt off and slams her bedroom door behind her so she can find something else to wear.

She is not upset.

As she flings peasant shirts and cardigans on her bed, looking for an outfit that she can feel somewhat hot in, Molly begins to rethink the way she spoke to Megan. Maybe she was overreacting, Megan would never intentionally hurt her feelings.
“She knows how self-conscious I get when we’re going downtown,” Molly mutters to herself, “especially when I know I have to see Greg tonight.”

Greg is Molly’s ex-boyfriend. She broke up with him because he couldn’t make her orgasm and he always wanted to hang out with her. That was two weeks ago and she has been avoiding him ever since. The breakup didn’t bother her. That first weekend, she threw out everything he had ever given to her, got really drunk and made out with Chris, the hot track star. She didn’t miss Greg.

He was going to be at the party, though. He is obsessed with her, and is probably waiting for her right now.

“Well, maybe he isn’t going because of you,” Jessie, Molly’s roommate had said to her earlier, “maybe he just wants to hang out with his friends.”

No Jessie, it is not because he wants to hang out with his friends. Sure, they hung out with the same group of people but she knew Greg. He can’t live without her and he’s going to follow her around all night.

Molly re-entered the common room with a new outfit on. Her mustard-colored cardigan reached her mid-thigh and underneath she wore a low-cut tank top. She kept the skinny jeans but traded the moccasins for brown leather ankle-high boots.

She looked around and waited for someone to tell her how she looked. No one said anything.

“Is it that bad?” she said.

The room collectively shook their heads and offered Molly a shot. Great, they’re mad at her.
“Okay, I know I can be weird about what I wear but I didn’t mean to upset you guys,” Molly said. That was the closest to an apology they were going to get so they better take it.

Reluctantly, they did and lined up six shots. One for the each of the girls in the room and two for Molly.

“Maybe it’ll help you relax,” Megan said.

Excuse me? What was that supposed to-

Molly decided against it. She planned on getting drunk anyway and if she said anything about Megan’s rude comment, she would have no shoulder to cry on if Greg, who she didn’t care about, ignored her at a party.

The five girls downed their Bacardi Dragonfruit shots and walked to the bus stop. Molly was ready to party.