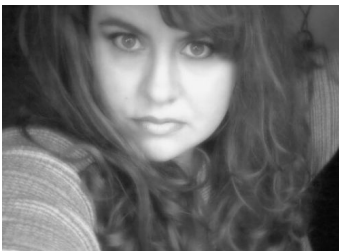


I've never been one of the "pack"....

Written by Mona

Sunday, 28 February 2010 22:17 - Last Updated Sunday, 28 February 2010 22:17



I don't know if anyone besides me has noticed that some single women prefer the company of other women when they go places. They will travel together in 2 and 3's especially to the bathroom at a bar. Perhaps, it's mother natures way of keeping them in a herd? I'm not sure. A few weeks ago I heard about a club that stayed open til 4 a.m and I decided that I wanted to check it out. So I did... I hadn't made it to the front door of Rocky's when I heard a "cat call" and "You shouldn't be coming here alone. Where's your man?" I ignored it. I'm guessing since he was with the other smokers that the "cat caller" was the one the who introduced himself within 5 to 10 minutes of me being there. I excused myself and went to the lady's room.

Once in the bathroom, I met two women who were using the "buddy system" and as I checked my lip stick. Two other women came in. One of them had celebrated her birthday too much and she desperately needed a couple of things. She was very upset that she wasn't feeling well, her

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looks and what her boyfriend would think when she came out of the bathroom looking like she needed to be "fixed up". I am surprisingly prepared for other people's needs. I gave her a mints from my mini purse, I fluffed her hair and told her she looked "great". Then after she washed her hands I gave her some lotion and let her use the chap stick that I carry for emergencies. I let her keep it (a birthday present). Her friend was saying, "Isn't she great?" and as usual "You aren't from around here are you? Where are you from?" Ah, southern hospitality, they exclaimed and asked if they could buy me a drink or find me later. I thanked them and they disappeared into the crowd.

Then in a interesting twist of events, the other duo of female friends inside the bathroom had overheard me. One of them asked where my female companion was or my boyfriend. I told them I was alone. They gasped. Then they told me I didn't need to be in a "suburban bar" anyway. I needed to go the "city" and find a "sugar daddy". It was the slurring of the words that made me chuckle (actually I laughed rather heartily). Unfortunately, she didn't know why I was chuckling and she thought I was having some "self doubt" about whether I could get a "sugar daddy". She walked over and said to her friend in A LOUD VOICE, "LOOK AT THESE" and she pulled the wrap that I had tied around my waist and covering my cleavage. She then grabbed my boobs. "God gave you these for a reason! Why are you hiding them? You should be showing them off."

Now, understandably, when there are intoxicated people around there will be times when they will be uninhibited and do something out of there ordinary. I'm sure that she doesn't usually walk up to women and "feel them up". Her friend was no help. She chimed in with the same opinion. "You're beautiful. You should come with us." (I was being adopted into the their herd) I thanked them politely and said that I was going to go get a drink and meet them later. Before exiting the bathroom the one who groped me said, "If I see you out there not working it. I'll come over and embarrass you." Her friend chimed in with, "She will too." I smiled and said I'd be fine.

I saw them later and they had a swarm of men around them. I thought they were gay at first, but then I quickly realized that they were practicing what they preached to me. Then they saw me. I was waved over and asked to tell them my name again. Intoxicated people forget names rather quickly. As I was walking toward them, the girl that needed the mint passed me. She greeted me and a few steps later her friend did too. The guy who seemed to have attached himself to me from the moment I walked in was young. I kept encouraging him to find someone younger. He insisted I have another drink on him. I excused myself again and he watched me walk away again.

The two ladies had actually come with two male companions. I found out later they were

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co-workers. One of them was an analyst for Walgreens' Headquarters and another worked in accounting. The other was in human resources. I won't lie. Although they were dressed nicely, I hadn't guessed that they were highly educated. I was wrong. I was asked to leave with them and I declined. The accounting guy asked if I would "facebook" him. He slurred through his name. I said "sure". He said, "do you promise?" His female friend who had groped me earlier, yelled at him. "Stop being a slut. She's out of your league." There was a laugh out loud moment. I was turning away when I noticed he was wearing a suit to a bar with a long dress coat. He looked like he was ready to represent a client in court. "You promise you will facebook me, right?"

I went back inside because I had walked with them outside. Sadly, the younger man (he was 22) was still waiting there. He looked sad. He was watching me and I think he was hoping that I would walk back over. I sighed and thought he must be alone too. I was stopped by a security guard who had pointed two fingers at his eyes and one finger at the two men at the bar (I was passing by them). They were talking loudly about who was sitting there first and who had moved. One of the two was wearing a nice coat and he seemed like a "yuppy". I can't think of a better word.

The shorter man had on jeans and a tee. I shrugged off the threat because I could hear the conversation and security couldn't. The younger of two was apologizing (the yuppy) and the other was saying, "It's the principle of it. I can move. I have a problem with you talking about ME, when you couldn't bring it to me as a MAN but you talked about it to the two women sitting over there." The "yuppy" apologized again. Security was still waiting for someone to move so they could pounce. So I drifted closer and whispered. "You two fella's having a friendly chat?" They stopped talking "at" each other and looked at me.

Odd...they seemed to forget about the seating arrangements completely. I asked if they were aware that security was watching. They looked around for the first time. They hadn't noticed and since I had walked over and nothing had happened someone with security walked over and asked if everything was "fine". I excused myself. Not drinking too much at a bar is more fun than I had ever thought possible. Before I left I saw the two men buying each other a round of drinks and of course, they asked me to come over and thanked me.

Turns out one of them was a Marine (and he was the one arguing about the "principle" of the matter) and the other was a college student. The Marine was wearing the jeans and from his stocky build I kind of felt sorry for the other guy. I had a feeling that the Marine would have been left a few bruises on the other guys pretty face. It was the Marine who asked me who I was with.

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When I said that I had come alone he responded, "Wow. You are a brave girl."

I thanked him. It was time for me to go. I decided that it wasn't bravery that made me want to try things alone. I think it has to do with me not being in the "pack". I don't use the buddy system. I've had bad experiences with the buddy system. (there's is the understatement of the year) Perhaps, I should give more thought into NOT going places "alone".

People seem to find it unusual for a "female" and that intrigues me. I want to investigate that theory further.