

Chapter Two

Later that evening, around eight twenty, I heard knocking on my door. I opened the door, and what do you know, Anna was standing right in front of me, smiling from ear to ear. "Oh, God, not you again," I said as I held the door. I wanted to tell her I forgot, but I knew it wouldn't work. Instead, I said, "Now what, Anna? Please, don't tell me that you're ready to go now."

"Yes, I am. It's eight twenty it might take us forty-five minutes to get there. You should have been ready," Anna replied with excitement on her face.

"Where the hell is that place?" I asked as I pulled the door closed after she walked in.

"We need to leave now; hurry up and get ready," she replied, dragging me to the closet. I reluctantly put my clothes on, and I had to remind her again that I would not be staying past midnight. "I know, girl, you told me a thousand times already. I'm not staying past midnight," she said, mimicking me.

"I will assure your little butt gets home at exactly eleven fifty-nine," she added, looking at me and smiling.

"Oh, you got jokes, don't you?" I replied, rolling my eyes at her. It turned out the little twerp didn't need me after all because when I got in the car, thinking I was the only one, I noticed Jasmine was sitting in the back. "I thought you didn't have anyone to go with you?" I asked, frowning, at Anna.

"I never said I didn't have anyone to go with me. I asked you to come," Anna said with a smile, making me look like an idiot. I had nothing to say this time because she was right after all. After thirty minutes of driving, we ended up in the middle of nowhere, and I thought we were lost. I didn't know where the hell she was going. The road looked deserted. I only saw a few homes and very few street lights on the road. I felt like I was in a scary movie scene, and it gives me the chills. Something felt creepy about the place she was heading to. I continually glanced around in case something creepy jumped in front of the car. I couldn't believe Anna had agreed to go to a place in the middle of nowhere. I couldn't hold my tongue anymore, and I

said, "Anna, it looks like we're in the middle of nowhere. Do you have any idea where you're going because I have not seen one house since you entered that road? I don't like this."

"Please, you're giving me a headache. Stop the whining already, it's not like we're walking," Jasmine replied, sitting in the back.

"I'm sorry, is your name, Anna?" I asked with sarcasm while rolling my eyes. "I can't believe I agreed to this. What if something goes wrong?"

Chapter Three

I looked at my phone, and I had no signal. I took a deep breath and said, "This is just great! Here I am with Tweedledee and Tweedledum who have no clue where the hell we are going." I turned my attention to Anna again and said, "Anna, what kind of party is in the middle of nowhere? What if something happens? Whom are we going to run to for help?"

"Have you ever heard of a cell phone, hello?" I heard Jasmine say in the back. I was livid with anger and wanted to choke the crap out of her. I turned to her, and she rolled her eyes at me, and I said, "Listen, don't make me stick my foot in your mouth. All you dumb idiots care about is alcohol, sex, and partying. So yes, I've heard of a cell phone because I happen to own one, you moron. My point is my phone doesn't have any signal, and I'm sure yours doesn't either. How do you girls know that your so-called friends who invited you to this dinner party in the middle of nowhere are not going to offer you for sacrifice?"

"Come on, kids, stop the catfight. You see, we're here," Anna said with excitement as if she'd just won a gold medal. I turned my attention to the front and saw a huge mansion. My gut feeling was telling me to go back home. "Wow, that's a beautiful mansion. Donald Trump must own this place," Jasmine said as she hurried out of the car the minute Anna parked.

Something didn't feel right about this place. What bothered me was the location of the mansion in the middle of nowhere which gave me the creeps. There were a lot of beautiful expensive cars parked in the lot. The mansion was charming, but why in the middle of nowhere? The other thing that troubled me was the people I saw coming out of their cars who

were not our age. Why are we here with a bunch of older people?

"Look, Michael and the others are going inside," Anna said with excitement.

"I don't like this place," I said to her.

"Well, why don't you stay in the car?" Jasmine said, walking away from the car toward the front door.

"Who was talking to her? I really can't stand this girl," I said as I got out of the car. Anna turned to me and said, "Listen, why don't you come inside with us for a little bit, and then we can leave around eleven."

"Who are you fooling, Anna? I know you are not going to leave any time soon, so cut the crap," I said as we were walking towards the mansion entrance. I looked above and couldn't avoid noticing the light illuminating the statue of a gargoyle with two horns, red eyes, sharp-looking teeth, with enormous wings sitting on a human skull. As we were getting closer to the entrance door, we saw two giant, rusty, Jagger gargoyle statues looking at us as if they were ready to attack us. It gave me the chills. The usher at the door looked a little weird. He was standing still, and I thought he was also a statue. I reached out to poke him to see if he was real, and he turned to me; I screamed as if I'd just seen a ghost. Anna jumped and asked, "What's wrong with you?"

I laughed and said, "That guy scared the crap out of me. I thought he was a statue. Gee, whose idea was it to put him at the entrance door?" Anna and I proceeded inside the mansion. As I looked around, I noticed that everyone else was dressed up — all of the men dressed in black and white tuxedos and the women in black dresses. We sure didn't get the dress code memo because most of the people I saw from our college weren't in fancy attire, including me. "Did Michael say anything about the dress code," I asked Anna. "Yeah, he said we didn't have to dress up," She replied. Something didn't feel right about this so-called 'party'; the two idiots dragged me in. Am I the only one feeling this way? I can't be that paranoid, can I? I have to get out of here. The sad thing about the so-called party, there was not much partying going on. People were talking to each other, and the music was enough to put me to sleep. It feels more

An Invitation From Hell

like a senior citizens' evening event. Maybe we're too early or something because there's nothing fun about this party so far. I'd rather be home on Facebook or playing that stupid Farmville game.