

Gatsby's Guest

By Ashlyn Romiza

THE YEAR WAS '33. THE STREETS ROAMED WITH BOOMING MUSIC AND FANCY DRESSES. THE LADIES DRANK CHERRY WINE, HANGING OFF THE BACK OF WEALTHY MEN'S PRIZED-POSSESSION AUTOMOBILES. THERE WAS NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT TO GO ABSOLUTELY WILD! I WAITED AT THE LOCAL BAR TO BE ESCORTED TO GATSBY'S PARTY. AS I BEGAN TO GIVE UP ON THE OPPORTUNITY, THE FRONT DOOR CHIMED VICIOUSLY. "LET'S GO, DARLING!" MY LOVER YELLED AND I RAN TO JUMP ON THE WAGON BEFORE HE SPED OFF CARELESSLY. YOU COULD TASTE THE DESPERATION FROM A MILE AWAY - THE MUSIC ALREADY ROARING THROUGH THE CITY. "WELL, IF I HAVEN'T SAID IT ALREADY, WHAT A MARVELOUS HOUSE! WHAT EVERY WOMAN DREAMS OF!" I EXPLODED WITH HAPPINESS. I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THE WAY THE LIGHTS PLAYED WITH THE CLEAR WATER, RIPPLES LOOKING ... THEN, A MAN LOOKING MORE THAN HALF MY AGE HELPED ME UP THE STAIRS, SLIDING MY COAT DOWN MY ARMS. HE HELD HIS HAND OUT, GESTURING TO THE BONANZA INSIDE. "THE PARTY AWAITS, HAVE A GRAND TIME." AND I STEPPED IN, READY FOR A LIFE-CHANGING NIGHT.



Photograph by Hailey Brown

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