

Sleepless in New Orleans

Some days I wish I wasn't so f#cking observant. In about 20 seconds I can locate exits, possible "funnel" areas, and where the clan of "wooh" girls are. I'm an introvert who got sucked into an extrovert pit because my boyfriend is an extrovert. He dragged me to a downtown Halloween party and while normally I can pull off looking like a law-abiding citizen, today I don't have the energy. I spent most of my day gathering the hype to come. I wait for this never-ending party to end and spend my time thinking about my upcoming trip.

If I were to describe myself, I've been told I look like a young Cindy Crawford with my natural sun kissed brunette hair but with my blonde short hair, I've been told I look like Marilyn Monroe. It's the beauty mark I always say. While on the outside I look like a chic, well-dressed Latina with big boobs and big green eyes, offering small talk and common comradery, I would prefer to be at home with my eight dogs who, despite licking their genitals at any given time, stress me out less than most humans. Why is this pertinent? Because I never make lavish or outlandish choices. Because I'm always the sensible one who lurks while others indulge. Because I have no friends.

As I watch the last of the downtownians dissipate into cars on the cold streets of Santa Fe, I can't wait to escape to my Halloween vacation in New Orleans. Far from here. Now I know what you are thinking-this b#tch is complaining about being social yet excited for a trip where people are swarming?!? Truthfully, I am, but for a perfectly introverted reason. Voodoo.

It's Thursday-a week later. Time to ship out to New Orleans, first from Albuquerque to Houston then to our hotel. Just my luck, both times on the plane, there were crying kids next to me. Now to give some background, I'm in my thirties, well-educated, raised with respect, but I have absolutely no intention of having kids. My legacy lies elsewhere. Kids make me cringe. I'm on travel with my partner Kirk. Kirk who wants kids. Kirk who still believes in humanity. Kirk who makes friends everywhere he goes. He is so nice and approachable, sitting in his tiny plane seat while maintaining his jolly giant attitude-the man is six foot three. I sit with pressed lips, headphones, my book and despite my very apparent disdain- they will not slap the kid screaming in the seat in front of me.

It's finally come. We're in New Orleans. I sit with a tapping foot in my seat waiting for people to leave the plane. Kirk is next to me giving the cue that my resting b#tch face is extra obvious. I crack a half ass smile and assure him I won't aggress anyone. As I walk into the New Orleans airport I feel almost...a heavy breath. Like I just walked into a sauna.