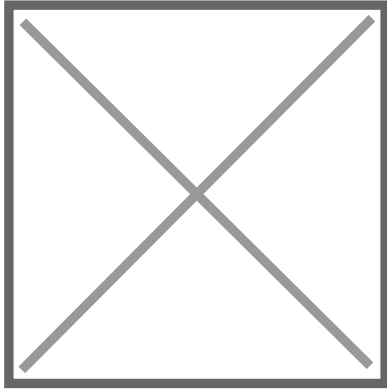




Hungry, Hungry Hip-Hoes!

Description

Hello, Thursday! Now if you donâ??t mind, Iâ??d like to politely ask you to move your ass to the left so Friday can cut in line.

Soâ??as you know, this past weekend I dumbassedly (no â?? not a real word, but it should be) uploaded a video of myself on YouTube during a night out with some friends at an awesome club downtown. It was my first time back in almost a decade, and itâ??s got a new name and has been completely remodeled. This place is spectacular, and it was an amazing night, to say the least. With 3 kids, we donâ??t get the opportunity to â??go bigâ?? on the weekends like we used to, so it was really great just letting loose and getting crazy. Apparently you can still do that in your thirties on a Saturday. But Sundays are definitely different.

I remember clubbing it up 4-5 times a week, easy! Now, itâ??s more like 4-5 times a year. And when I think back to the days when my friends and I were in the scene, we hated the times we had to stay home, for fear that weâ??d miss out on something amazing going on at the club that night. Well, after my experience this past weekend, I can finally put those fears to rest. The drama and people-watching of the early 00â??s are pretty much EXACTLY the same as in 2014, and I shall break them down.

Feed Me, Seymour!

Have you ever walked into a pet store, wandered over to the fish tanks, and immediately felt like you were in an episode of The Walking Dead? These fish are literally giving themselves concussions by repeatedly running themselves into the glass, hoping to get to you and whatever food, if any, you might be hiding. That pretty much sums up what you see at the club. Guys walk in, sharply dressed, and headed for their respective tables or the bar, and BOOM! a bevy of scantily-clad girls will immediately make their way towards them. Itâ??s so entertaining to watch, too. Some girls pretend to dance and just â??happenâ?? to end up in front of said patron, desperately hoping to get an invite to sit with the â??cool kidsâ??. They flirt with the bouncers, laugh at every joke, even though thereâ??s a 99% likelihood she canâ??t even hear what the joke is because DJs such as **GABE VEGA, CHRISTOPHER A. LONDON, MIKEY BEATS, ERICK DIAZ**, etc. may be spinning that night, and the music is so out of control you canâ??t help but dance and scream. I mention these particular DJs because theyâ??re just

as talented as the world-famous DJs youâ??ve heard of, and theyâ??re also pretty non-douchy. If you have an opportunity to watch them or hear their music, do it.

Random side-thought: My new favorite jam combines two of my fave types of music! Itâ??s called **Open Wide (feat. Big Sean) by Calvin Harris**. Check it out. Itâ??s on repeat in my car. ð???

Anyway, many of these ladies (I use the term â??ladiesâ?? loosely) succeed in finagling their way to a table, ANY table, so that they may drink on someone elseâ??s dime and feel superior to those below. Itâ??s so beyond obnoxious, I actually laugh. Luckily, I donâ??t personally associate with girls like that, but Iâ??ve seen it happen hundreds of times over the years, so I donâ??t see an end to this tunnel.

A Friend of a Friend

Okay, hereâ??s where I may catch some slackâ?!

When you go out to a club, and you pay a lot of money for bottle service so that you and YOUR friends can have your own area to kick back, dance without getting molested, take your shoes off, and just let go, it REALLY pisses me off when friends bring friends, who THEN bring friends to â??join usâ??. The friend of the friend doesnâ??t bother me. Itâ??s the friends THOSE friends bring who make me livid. I mean, who do you think you are? First off, I invited Sarah (these are ALL fake names), and Sarah brought her friend Jennifer. Thatâ??s fine. No biggie. But when weâ??re all settled in, and then out of no where, Jasmine and Michelle roll up and Jennifer just invites them right up, as if itâ??s an open bar, because theyâ??re HER friends. **And thatâ??s where I draw the line.** Iâ??m sorry â?? I didnâ??t realized the table was under YOUR name. Let me just get the VIP host so I can get my credit card back. And Iâ??m not one who is afraid to say something. Trust me. Iâ??ve done it more than once. And the funny part, is that I end up the bad guy with the bitchy reputation! LOL, as if.

Think of it this way:

Imagine meeting up with friends for dinner, and as you are all eating and partaking in friendly conversation, Jasmine and Michelle pull up a chair and start eating the other half of your burger. Not cool, ladies. Not cool. Order your own foodâ?!!â?!!and ORDER YOUR OWN DRINKS!

Nowâ?!, if Iâ??m at my table and someone I know walks by, then they get an automatic invitation to join. or, if my friend, whom I have personally invited, sees someone she knows and asks if itâ??s cool if they join, thatâ??s cool with me, too. But my feeling is that, if itâ??s MY table, then itâ??s MY rules. And I obviously donâ??t mean that I get to dictate what and how much everyone drinks â?? I could care less, but thatâ??s because youâ??re our guests. And the reverse is true. If Iâ??m invited to someone elseâ??s table, and Iâ??m *their* guest, I follow *their* rules. So if I have a friend with me, I ask if itâ??s ok if he or she joins us. If not, my friend and I leave. And I never, EVER pour myself a drink at someone elseâ??s table until itâ??s offered. And if itâ??s not offered, then when the cocktail waitress walks over, Iâ??ll order my own, separate from the table. It makes no difference to me â?? Iâ??m just glad I have somewhere to hide my purse and sit!

I guess it all comes down to etiquette. Would you walk over to a strangerâ??s table at a restaurant and start pouring your own wine before itâ??s offered to you? I think not.

â??Hakuna Matwataâ?!

Okay, what I am about to say is 100% true. When I was at the club on Saturday, I was rocking leggings with heels. To me, leggings are THE perfect club clothes. You can get them with all sorts of amazing patters, slogans, landscapes, the possibilities are endless. Pair them with heels and a cute but sexy top, and youâ??re free to twerk the night away without the fear of accidental impregnation. Wellâ?!,.. apparently most women have missed this memo. On Saturday night, I can confidentially say that I personally saw only 3 other girls wearing bottoms that touched their ankles. The majority of the rest of them wore dresses that were so short, I knew that their goal, by the end of the night WAS to be bent over, touching their ankles. It was CRAY-ZAY. I will admit that most of the ladies were in great shape, but thatâ??s kind of irrelevant here. Regardless of your size, WTF are you thinking when you give yourself the once-over before you hop into your now \$500 Uber ride 5 miles down the road to your favorite hotspot? I know what you SHOULD be thinking â?? You should be thinking, â??Man, I really need to get a full-length mirror so I **STOP FORGETTING MY PANTS**. Cuz really, *you* may call what youâ??re wearing a dress, but to me it looks like a dress whose size stops at 5T. Where do you shop? Carterâ??s? WTF!

Ladies, if you have to constantly tug and pull down your dress to make sure your vagina doesnâ??t feel â??left outâ?• â?? pun intended!, perhaps you should pair said dress with some dark tights! Or some leggings. ORâ?!,.. you could buy a dress in YOUR SIZE and FOR YOUR AGE, because let me be blunt. Women who dress like that are almost always looking for a husband. But you will never, ever find a man who will respect you and take you home to his mama if you look like a high-priced escort. Whichever guy you meet that night will hit it and quit it and you will never hear from him again. I know Iâ??m not the Anna Wintour of club wear, but when you put on a dress, make sure you can do a tiny squat without exposing your twat.

Anyhoo â?? this is my favorite new club, hands down. And my husband and I met at this same location when it was a different club, so that makes me love it more. The bouncers were cool, the VIP host was super nice, although my buddy promised him a girl. â?? gotta work on that one, and our cocktail waitress was so cool that weâ??re actually becoming friends. BUTâ?!. I do feel like clubs the world over could make ONE teeny weeny change that would greatly help those of us who be â?!

Aging at da Club

Listen, Iâ??m 35 years-old, and have more confidence now than at any other point in my life. And I know that sounds like a total cliché, but itâ??s true. When I was in my early-to-mid 20s, I *thought* I was confident; but in actuality, what I was, was entitled. I was a self-absorbed, stuck-up brat who, with my friends, â??were **not** the girls who waited in line. **Ever**.â?• I wish I could say that I would love to slap that brat, but even at 35, I still feel the same wayâ?!. but for VERY different reasons.

At 35, and with three children, I donâ??t feel I should *have* to wait in line for the simple fact that, by 11pm Iâ??m going to be exhausted, the babysitter will be waiting on me, and Iâ??ll most likely have to leave. And following this logic, if I know Iâ??ll be tired by 10:30, I certainly donâ??t want to spend that time just getting to the entrance!!! By the time we leave, the 20-somethings will just be arriving, so whatâ??s the harm, reallyâ?!.? I think there should be a **special** entrance for those known as â??The Familialsâ?•.

I remember back when I was in my 20s, people in their 30s, to me, looked out of place and pathetic. Well guess what? Iâ??m now IN my 30s, and when I see 20-somethings, my first instinct is to look for the nub where the umbilical cord was just cut, because to me you kids look like giant, well-

dressed fetuses. But, back to my point, here's what I envision would and should transpire:

You and your friends roll up to the club and valet, because your back already hurts and your feet are numb, and when you get out, you immediately approach the bouncer and show him your ID which states you were born in the 70s. You see his eyes widen, so you make sure to also mention to him that you have children. At this point, the bouncer will politely ask you to hold a moment, while he turns on his earpiece:

Bouncer: *Hi, Sir. It appears we have some moms here who have been on lockdown this past week. They need drinks, ASAP. Over.*

VIP Host: *Roger that. Let's get these ladies in, immediately, and if we dont have any available tables, let's at least get them some chairs and drinks, pronto. DJ, we're gonna need you to turn up the beats STAT. Over.*

DJ: *Roger. Sir, may I ask why? Over.*

VIP Host: *Roger. The Familials have arrived. I repeat the Familials have arrived. Over.*

DJ: *Roger! Got it! Don't forget their shots! We don't want a repeat of last month. Mrs. Johnson went crazy when her sitter called early with an emergency. Over.*

VIP Host: *Roger that. They're already on round two. We gave them shots as we stamped their hands. Over.*

! Then we all trickle in, get comfy and then get **crazy**.

Category

1. Uncategorized

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