

## *The Opposite Attracts the Opposite*

"I once found gray hair where you don't want to kn—well—you know?—Down there."

That was Shay, and what she had to say. Shay Fedelmen was her name. She was... different. If you asked her if she believed in ghosts, she would blast you with the sage shooting out of her smoke machine. If you asked her about the weather, she would think about sleeping with you, but only if you had the proper facial structure, soft blue eyes, and tattoos. And she'd tell you she wasn't that easy, easily something many people tend to think about themselves.

But thought and action  
are two vastly different sides  
of the figurative picture  
that is being painted  
in your head  
right now,  
aren't they?

Yeah, Shay was insecure. An anxiety struck, sociably anti-social introverted extrovert with an awkward raspy voice and moderate acne. She would talk the talk and then walk the walk. Walk the talk and talk on a walky-talky. She owned an iPhone, but preferred a walky-talky.

*"Breaker breaker. This is Heart-Breaker Breaker do you read me?... Do you read me? Over. Fleetwood Sack, do you copy? Are you over me? Over. What's the over under? Over."*

Shay sat on her bed, in her room, under the covers with a flashlight and a walky-talky. Imagine a scene in a movie, where there's a young curious teenage girl reading a murder mystery novel.

*"Uhh... What the fuck!? Over. I'm over here, in over my own head! Over. Tripping over you know who! You're seriously not going to COPY! HELLO! Over."*

Shay was in a pickle; over the pickle she was tickling at that moment in her life. She had many pickles over pickles in her day. She had plenty of boyfriend history, a whole jar of it in fact. Most of them ended up in the same place she found herself in, calling on her best friend Colleen, Colleen Lancaster, for help, help with what to do with that jar of marinated cucumber juice she always found herself reaching into.

"I know he's an asshole! But, he's fucking hot."

That was Colleen. And what you'd never catch her say. That's what Shay would say (to

reinforce her character). Colleen was the opposite of Shay in every way. Boyfriends, she had none. She was always too busy staying busy. How she even had time for a friendship with a girl like Shay was difficult to say, but again, we live in a world full of dichotomies.

While Shay awaited a response from her more rigid ambitious friend, Colleen was in her room reading a book on the origins of human beings and they're evolution; with headphones on. The loud emotional instrumental music kept her focused on her reading and away from the cluster-fuck of reoccurring broken record boy problems that awaited her at the other end of a walky-talky.

*"CALL-EEN! I know you're there! Please pick up. I'm begging you!... OVER!"* blared Shay's voice from the walky-talky.

Colleen continued to ponder the extraordinarily interesting history of humankind to the sound of synths, strings, and electronic drums.

*"I need to see you! I'm coming over. Over. Whether you like it or not...OVER!"*

Shay immediately hurled her comforter towards the ceiling and jumped of out bed. Her bedroom was a mess--unsurprisingly right? Because she was this classic "hot mess" of a chick—as she impulsively searched for shoes and socks. Finally, Shay was able to conjure up two socks that didn't match and ripped up slip-on shoes. She took one good long stare into herself in her giant closet door mirror, literally and figuratively, then burst out her bedroom door.

Colleen was finishing the chapter she set out to finish just as Shay arrived at her apartment. As soon as she removed her headphones and gave her body a yawn and a stretch, she heard the sound of tiny rocks hit her bedroom window. She quickly became nervous and stared at her window for a moment. Then, the pebbles came again. She walked slowly to her window, opened it, and peered outside. There was shay, chucking small objects at her window.

"BITCH! Where are have you been? Why didn't you answer me?" Shay bellowed holding out her walky-talky.

"Gah! I have a door you know!" exclaimed Colleen.

"Ah don't be such cunt! Let me in!"

"Aren't you gonna' confess your love to me? And-- And play me your tape recorded mixtape first!?" hollered Colleen sarcastically.

"Very funny bitch!" replied Shay. "Let me up! I need to talk to you!"

Colleen met Shay at her front door. She swung it open.

“Arhhhhhhh!” moaned Shay as she entered Colleen’s apartment. She barged straight in through the living room and right to the refrigerator commenting, “Nice place...” sarcastically under her breath. As if to mimic a rich artsy type observing a possible home to gentrify.

The fridge was empty, to Shay’s standards. There was no sign of dairy products or trans fats or high fructose corn syrup, so there was nothing. There was a half empty bottle of Brut Rose, not Shay’s favorite alcoholic beverage, but alcohol nonetheless.

“You gonna’ drink this half-empty bottle of *Brutt Rose*?” asked Shay.

“Shay,” began Colleen, “the bottle’s half—“

Shay didn’t care whether Colleen said yes or no and began to chug.

“Full...”

Colleen stood at the opposite side of her apartment with her hands on her hips with a quasi-disgusted look on her face. Shay finished her rather rude technique of a method to drinking Brut Rose. Then, she burped.

“Colleen,” began Shay, “you and I have been friends for how long?”

“Well---“

“*Rhetorical*! Let me get this thought going,” interrupted Shay. “And... And how many times have I been there for you?”

The answer was obvious,  
unless,  
that figurative picture  
was never painted  
in your head;  
merely sketched  
as only an outline  
in pencil.

Colleen maintained her position, awaiting Shay’s recurrent monologue on their friendship and life and the works.

“Again, don’t answer that! But, like, seriously. How many times have you been there for me in return?!... Equally as much! That’s for dam sure! Remember that time in Mr. Silkwith’s art class, when Debbie Rosenthal thought she was hot shit and made fun of your BADASS painting of your dog Sunn—Scrap—Pippy? What as his name again?—“

“Her name was Misty, Sha—“

“MISTY! Yes! I remember that? That bitch—Debbie—not Misty. She said something like, ‘Uhh, like nice painting Colleen, what kind of CAT is that?’ or something stupid and lame like that. *Pffth!* And people thought that was funny!? What!? Cause’ she had, like, 34 C’s at age seventeen?! And a *DADDY that loved her?!... And DADDY* made money as an investment banker?!... And bought her lots of things! And... she was voted *MOST LIKELY TO BECOME THE FIRST WOMEN PRESIDENT!...*”

Shay began to lose her train of thought and her tenacity. Her voice became less certain of itself, or at least, that’s what it sounded like. And again, Colleen held steady, as she was used to this part of the performance.

“Shay, what is this about?”

“Fuckin’ Brad dumped m--@!!!!”

“*RHETORICAL!!!!*” interrupted Colleen.