Ah, Bridget Jones’s Diary…

When most people hear those words, they think of heinous breakups, the weight fluctuations of Renee Zellweger, and the singleton’s national anthem, “All By Myself.” However, I always think of awkward family gatherings, turning over a new leaf, and the undeniable chaos of being an “adult.”

Over Columbus Day weekend, my family celebrated my Grandma Jean’s milestone birthday which was wonderful, but my journey getting from my apartment here in New York to the magical land of Marin County, California was anything but. I left at 5:30am to hop on the subway to catch my flight—but the E Train was down. Seeing an MTA employee sitting in the booth, I asked her if I could take a different train and she literally told me to “go f\*\*k myself” and continued to eat her egg sandwich while I dragged my bag up several flights of subway stairs. Not having the energy for dealing with another MTA employee, I decided to spring for a cab—*I work hard and I deserve it*!

No cabs to be found.

After running up and down 8th Avenue for 10 minutes ferociously searching for anything to drive me to the airport, I whip around the corner and throw my hand up after seeing a cab, who swiftly passes me as my panic really sets in. Then, out of nowhere, a Drag Queen crossing the street observes “It looks like you need a cab, honey.” I asked if she would help me and she replied “No, boo thang” and strutted down the block. I finally manage to find a cab and got to the airport.

The flight was easy but long, even though we landed a half hour early (which was great, because the Viewing Party started about 4 hours later). However, all of the luggage from the flight didn’t come out for another 1.5 hours and considering my parent’s house is about an hour from SFO, I was starting to get nervous. I then catch the Marin Airporter just in time—the driver puts my luggage in and I board the bus—but after finding out that I didn’t have cash on me for my ticket payment, the driver kicked me off the bus on the side of the airport road. If this was any other day, I would be pissed, but instead I chalk it up to becoming more and more like Bridget every day.

I manage to get a cab and navigate through an hour and a half of traffic all the way back to Novato.