

All-Night Cartoon Party

by Kirsty Logan

Last week I went to a Hallowe'en party dressed as Jessica Rabbit. The month before I went to a flat-warming party as Betty Boop. I don't know why I always try to look like cartoon characters. I had to get a taxi to the party, and the driver watched me in the mirror the whole way. As soon as I arrived I headed for the kitchen. Strangers make me nervous and I needed a drink.

I dug through the fridge and made a good strong drink, a little bit from each bottle. My hands were shaking and I spilled vodka on my dress. There was no-one else in the kitchen, so I slipped a bottle in my bag for later. I walked around the flat trying to find someone I knew. Everybody watched me go past, but no-one recognised my costume. I guess they don't watch cartoons.

'Hey, are you supposed to be from a cartoon or something?' said the Grim Reaper. I had to take a big drink before I could reply. I didn't know what to say, so I said 'Could I see your watch, please?' He looked down my dress while he thought about it. Then he shrugged and told me that the battery was flat. I just stared at his cardboard scythe, so he went into the kitchen.

I thought about following him into the kitchen; my glass was almost empty. After all, he seemed to be the only person here who liked cartoons. For a while I just stood in the unfamiliar flat, holding my glass and trying to decide. I finished my drink and went to get another. The guy who had recognised my dress wasn't there. He must have tiptoed past me when I wasn't watching.

I wanted to know if it was too early for me to leave, but a watch didn't go with my costume. I found some interesting things in the kitchen: a postcard of Venice, magnetic poetry, a bottle-opener in the shape of a fish. The magnetic words went into the pocket of my

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dress, but everything else was too big. I wished I hadn't tried to look like a cartoon character. The fact that I'd spilled my drink on myself didn't help. All the other girls in the flat were angels, fairies, princesses.

I wandered round the flat again, trying to find someone I knew. The zombies, tigers, witches and mad scientists watched me around their masks, but didn't speak to me. I had a drink in each hand, so I didn't care. I didn't care that I couldn't take the nice things in the kitchen. I didn't care that no-one here watched cartoons. I didn't care that I had vodka on my dress.

There weren't enough drinks in this stupid flat. I had better things to do than put on a dress and let idiots watch me walk past. I went into the kitchen, put all the bottles in my bag, then left this cartoon.

