

Anon's Adventures in Asshattery

Report 1: Wednesday

L^AT_EX-anon

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Abstract

We present the first day of Anon's story with a particular emphasis on his faults and social ineptitude. This is achieved through the use of contrasting support characters in the form of Brad, his college roommate, and Sally, a potential love interest.

1 Introduction

Anon hammered at the machine's keys without any particular purpose or direction. He'd just mastered the use of its word processor and so fancied himself a great writer every lazy summer evening since. This evening was unfortunately so afflicted with laziness that even *he* managed to get bored.

So great was this evident boredom that he did the unthinkable: phoning Brad on a Wednesday night. It wasn't a matter of simply not wanting to phone Brad. It was more that any call could result in a legendary hangover, two (uncaught) felonies, and at least one exotic venereal disease¹. With any luck, he thought, Brad would already be too hung over to want to do anything insane that night.

1.1 The Call

Brad wasn't, much to Anon's terror². He also didn't express any pressing need to get drunk and potentially violate international law, either, much to Anon's unbridled joy. For once, Brad was the sensible one.

One thing that Anon really didn't expect was the mention of guests. Rather the one guest. Evidently she was Brad's friend who Anon was assured to have met before via some convoluted

¹Reports indicate that the Centers for Disease Control got involved the last time this happened. No source, however, was willing to speak much on the matter.

²The author apologizes for the lack of actual dialog so far. This will be rectified in the upcoming subsection.

network of acquaintances of family of classmates³. Regardless, he held such an idea as being nothing short of terrifying.

1.2 The Drive

Anon's shitbox refused to start. "Fucking machne". Anon kept cranking until he was sure the starter was liable to burst into flames. "So much for that then." He walked back inside and gave Brad another call, resigning himself to being at his roommate's mercy for the rest of the night. He meandered back inside, located the nearest phone, and called Brad once again.

Ring. He couldn't expect a response that quick. Riiing. Still reasonable. Riiiiiiing. Alright, this was roughly at Brad's average range. Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing. "For the love of god." RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING "**Will you pick up already?!**" "What?" "Hey Brad. Change of plans here. Can you pick me up? I'll buy some beer if that sweetens the deal" "No." "What do you mean, 'no?'" My car won't even start."

Brad sighed. "Dude, chill. I didn't say *nobody* could swing by. Hang on. I'll call you back." Anon began to wonder whether it'd be polite to just call the whole thing off and wait for the weekend. Before he could properly arrange that sentiment, the phone rang. "Yeah, so Sally's going to pick you up on the way over. You're still on for that beer though." "Sweet. See you soon then." "You too." Anon beat Brad to the punch in hanging up before the realization of what was about to happen properly sank in.

"Ah." Anon ran to the bathroom to make some sad attempt at looking better. He hadn't been completely idle during the summer, but working in his dad's warehouse didn't exactly come with a strict dress code. In other words, at first glance he'd appear to be either a college stoner⁴ or barely a step above homeless.

He'd barely managed to wet and brush his hair when he heard somebody honking outside. "That's awfully convenient for the plot," he observed while noting the fact that he'd both clumsily broken the third wall and acknowledged the nature of the poorly written smut story he found himself in. Rather than continue that line of reasoning for long, he politely yielded to the author and made his way out of the house.

1.3 The Actual Drive

This new girl... Anon strained to remember what the hell her name was for a moment. Whatsherface's car was far nicer than he'd been expecting. He hadn't really had any expectations, but with those thoroughly smashed, he approached the passenger side and tapped on the glass.

She practically jumped out of the seat before wheeling around to glance at Anon and fiddle with the lock. Once he got the door open, the smell made it clear to Anon what her connection

³In reality, Anon hadn't so much as heard her name before as far as he could recall. For that matter, he wasn't confident in having even met anyone Brad cited as a connecting reference.

⁴That was more accurately Brad's station in life.

to Brad was. It was going to be one of *those* nights.

Anon sat on the plush seat and briefly considered how to introduce himself in a situation like this. She made the task a little easier: “Hey, so you’re Anon?” “Yup. Sally, right?” For once he was able to remember a name without meeting someone a dozen times or more. “Brad tells me you’re going to get some fuel for the festivities.” He noticed the car phone between them. “Yeah.” “Rad.” She slammed the shifter in reverse and lurched out of the driveway.

They didn’t really say much on the way to the Brad’s house, only stopping to pick up thirty cans of the finest cheap swill the nearest liquor store had on offer. Anon mostly concerned himself with looking out the window and counting the yellow-orange streetlights as they crawled by. Judging by how slowly she was going, it was clear that she hadn’t quite known Brad long enough to pick up his special brand of intoxicated driving expertise. “So...” She jumped. “Uh. Nevermind.” “Oh yeaaaah. Anon. Right.” She didn’t have an apparent endpoint for this response, though sobriety was approaching like a freight train.

Anon glanced over and noticed for the first time that she was a fox. And that she was a girl. And that she wasn’t exactly plain. And further that he had yet to master the art of observation. He concluded that with a little more practice, ten beers, and a good hour or two, he may even know her occupation, major, and, *perish the thought* eye color⁵.

1.4 Finally getting there

After what felt like an eternity, they finally arrived. Anon was the first out of the car by a long shot. He’d already rung the doorbell for the third time by the time Sally had managed to reach the doorstep and look him over. “You’re cute.” She demonstrated herself as a woman of many words in a way that still managed to make Anon’s heart foreshadow its eventual resignation.

“*Wait, what?*” He’d have been lucky not to actually voice that if Brad hadn’t appeared in the doorway. “Heey Brad” “What’s up? Got the beer?” “Shit” It was still in the car’s trunk, and Anon wasn’t exactly interested in asking. Sally jumped in, clearly sobering up by the minute. “Oh yeah, I got it. You two go on ahead.”

“So what’s the deal with her?” Brad seemed a bit surprised. “Oh. Just a friend. She was one of those loners in class, so Bill, Jess⁶, and I took her under our wing” “Ah, gotcha. Mind introducing us? We’ve said about five words up to this point.” “You got it, buddy!” “Huh.” Hang on. Was he being set up here? Anon may not have been the most outgoing or social person, but he definitely wasn’t some kind of charity case! But wait, wait, wait. Where did that assumption even come from? This might be a more interesting night than he’d bargained for.

Sally demonstrated her capacity for speed and stealth by returning with the beer unnoticed before Anon and Brad had settled into the living room sofa. She then proceeded to demonstrate Brad’s earlier comments circling around the room while staring at the other two, beer still in hand. After an uncomfortably long pause, she plopped the beer down on the coffee table and

⁵Green.

⁶Brad’s classmates and friends. Anon hasn’t heard of them before either.

sat on the recliner nearest the couch.

1.5 Introductions

Anon was the first to break the silence, asking the other two whether anyone else would be showing up that night. “Nah. Jess might get back from work in a couple hours, but that’s no guarantee.” “Eh, alright.” He was also the first to grab a can from the box in front of him. Brad followed with a shrug. The first round went by before anyone had bothered to say anything.

Now feeling the first little, warm wave of a buzz, Anon shattered his own personal records for sociability. “I don’t think we’ve really been introduced.” Brad perked up. “Oh shit! Hey Sal, this is Anon. Anon, Sally.” They shook hands in mock formality. “More beer?” “More beer sounds good” “Mmhmm” So went the second round. They even began to talk about such important topics as what they did over the summer and what they thought of the weather.

Anon did, in fact, learn the big three topics ahead of schedule and with only $\frac{1}{5}$ the initially expected alcohol consumption. Such economy was laudable in the current recession, as was the fact that he’d had good cause to have never met her before. She was a psych major, nothing short of a warning sign per the common wisdom among his peers, and she’d even spent the summer in relative comfort doing absolutely nothing of significance, yet another. Yet there was something about her halting demeanor that was absolutely charming. They had their third round and kept on talking about trivialities for some time.

2 The night goes on

Anon felt that familiar biting urgency again. It was time for a smoke. He’d been fighting that urge for three years now, since he was first introduced to nicotine addiction as a desperate senior among a crowd of his peers one painful January night. Beer and cycling were his other vices, both perfectly manageable given supply and need. This was the only one that could transcend such sensible boundaries.

Sally wanted to come with him. Brad busied himself with locating his bong, so Anon had little grounds to refuse. They sat in the warm silence outside on Brad’s back porch for what felt like an eternity before Anon finally found the pack of cigarettes and lighter in his front pockets. “You smoke?” “Not really. Just when I’m at parties.” “Alright then. That’s how it started for me. Don’t you get addicted now, ya hear?” He pulled a cigarette out and lit it, sucking in a bit of chemical relief before inhaling. He continued until it was half spent before offering it to Sally. “You really sure?” He wasn’t keen on being blamed for giving anybody else a habit like this. “Yeah” She took the cigarette, inhaled, and sputtered. He couldn’t help but laugh. “Fuck, what the hell do you smoke, Anon?” “Uh... well, whatever’s cheap. You used to menthols or something?” “Guess so.” She handed it back and he continued with his ritual.

“Nasty habit.” “God, you sound like my mom.” “Yeah?”, he blew some smoke near her face. “Well, there’s a reason for that.” “Fine. Gimme.” She took the cigarette and drew right

up to its filter before her face turned and she spent the next minute hacking it up. “You might wanna stick to weed.” Her expression after that was the most pained “fuck you” Anon had ever seen. He burst out laughing, which only made it worse. It wasn’t his intent to pick on her, but the situation simply demanded it. She seemed to pick up on that and started chuckling along with him.

“God, I’m pathetic” “Nah. You should’ve seem me the first time. I threw up all over a junior’s shoes, went home, and cried.” “No shit. I didn’t take you for the bitchy type, Anon.” “Really. You’re one to talk!” She pinched him, and he pinched right back. “OW” “Well, don’t get into a fight you can’t win, Sal.” “Oh yeah?!” “Yeah!” Brad had found his bong and decided that it was an opportune moment to intervene.