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Saucy Stories

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Saucy Stories

By Sarah Elardo

John poured scorching hot spaghetti sauce all over my new white Sweater, which I just spent my paycheck on when I went to Anthropology, but of course my drunken, senile uncle didn't take responsibility, and instead evilly stared through my soul in my Grandmother's kitchen that Sunday night and said, "Look what ya did ya little Jerk." The color of the red carpet on the TV screen looked much more royal than the sloppy splash on my shirt.

Alison and I drooled over the screen as Jennifer Lawrence's white dress moved down the red carpet effortlessly, without one single noticeable wrinkle on the whole five foot long gown, a powerful urge came over me, forcing me to want to look down at my despicable outfit choice, and hunt down Jennifer's stylist and beat her to a pulp; But we all knew that wouldn't happen, so instead I was even more urged to look John in the spacy eye and say "Vai a farti fottere tu

baldoria potabile sciattono aloiche!" Because my fat uncle needed to set down his crown, take it out of his hand and off of his head and realize that in fact it was his fault, and he should be fired as an uncle, and a bad stylist. But "why should you care?" You weren't at an awards ceremony, sitting next to the boy you have a huge crush on for the night, hoping he'll look at you and lean in for a reassuring kiss that will make you go wild. You were

on an old, mildew-smelling couch, next to your old, mildew smelling Grandpa; who were you trying to impress? Was that money spent on that sweater really worth it? Could you have spent it on something more memorable? There, on that questionable couch, next to Papoui, I learned a very valuable lesson. save your money, and spend it on a passport. Go to CVS and ask the old female cashier with a mustache, that

could easily pass for a man, go to the back of the building with her and take that awkward picture that can take you from one country to another. Then get on a plane and fly to Nicaragua. Drink with the people there, who appreciate you the most. Give them your shoes, water that isn't the color of dirt, and change something for the better. Then take your passport and travel to another place, work and live for yourself without Kyle at home holding you back, Because if love is

restraining, then it's not real love its only a seatbelt. Then with a passport, it's just as easy to get on another plane and go to Europe. A whole new world, a whole new economy to give money to, a whole new country to backpack through, another place to drink too much red wine in, and eat as much spaghetti sauce in as you want. Now this is a place nobody would ever complain about getting sauce spilled on your shirt. Because "When in Rome?" right? Oh, and when you're there, don't forget to throw a coin in

The Trevi Fountain and see the pope walk by you so you can think of the best family member of all. GOD. Gotta thank him, because we all know that "most of us wouldn't wake up everyday if we knew that we couldn't end it with a glass of wine." he gave us the chance to make these memories, to travel and create these stories, the entertaining ones that you can write in a journal, and take home to tell Grandpa

and the rest of the family at Sunday dinner, over sauce. So forget the sweater, who cares if Uncle John ruined it, it taugt you a lesson. I'm never going to shop at Anthropology again. I'm gonna save my money and spend it on traveling, to go and help others so I can stay away from the Uncle's who drink too much and talk in circles, and take my life down the right direction.