

B&W

Caution: this story contains foul language and truth about the ways of the world that may be unsuitable for younger viewers.



Once upon a time in October, 2 ladies—2 friends—drove from one work location to the other. Morale at the office had reached catastrophic levels. The boss instituted so many double standards, it made our heads spin. He followed no moral codes in decency, truth, common sense, or human kindness. My friend KC and I took turns ranting and raving about how this lunatic got to be in charge, who put him there, how this guy got to be the local face of our place of employment, and how many people—*our friends*— he was running into early retirement.

Eventually we decided that since we couldn't do anything about his situation, we would do something about ours.

"Ugh! It feels so good to get all this out! The tension in the office is killing me!" I said after an hour of high-pitched, fast-paced, tag-teamed complaining.

"I know! We need wine," KC stated.

"Truly! Poor Sandy. When the most optimistic, sweet-natured person in the office comes into my office cussing, the world is truly coming to an end! She needed to vent so bad, I was worried about who she ran into in the hall on the 20-foot journey to my office from hers!!"

"She needs this as much as we do. We need a party. A bitch-fest to complain about Jack Wagon!"

"Yeah, we do!"

"I volunteer my house for the premier Halloween bitch-fest! We need to word-smith that title a little."

It came to me like a light at the tunnel's end. "Bitches and Witches."

KC turned to me in the truck like she'd been struck by lightning. "Perfect," she said.

I came up with the invitation: a quarter folded letter-sized piece of paper, like a small card. The outside of the card had an image of a big black and white ball gown and the letters "B&W." The inside of the card had the when and where of our "Black and White Ball." That was a facade, since we handed them out at work. Opening the card to its full letter size were the specifics of the inaugural "Bitches and Witches" Halloween party. We were instructed to bring any beverage and appetizer-type food to share.

We all dressed in black, although by then we were beyond mourning the loss of morale. We were ready for the rebuild. Ready to just *do our jobs*. We laughed a lot, commiserated, and went home in higher spirits.

The boss didn't last long after that.

The B&W still meets about 3 times a year. We've evolved from complaining. Now we tell stories about our childhoods since we all grew up so differently but with similar morals and ethics. The stories remind us of songs, and we start singing until we're laughing too hard or forget the verse. We play games like Spoons or do brain teasers. We enjoy our wine or mulled cider or mimosas and we eat far too much because **Calories with Friends Don't Count**. Mostly we laugh until we cry.

And the Ladies of the B&W lived Happily Ever After.

The End.