

Unbuttoning a Buttoned-Up Lawyer

Welcome to a new, experiment in *Motif*, where readers can dare me to take on zany and bizarre tasks in Rhode Island. Readers gave an abundance of awesome dares to choose from this month, but my choice became clear last Friday.

I was at a house dance party, and things were getting pretty wild. The music was loud, the people were sweaty, and the 'Gansetts were plentiful. At midnight a strange man in a business suit and clean-shaven face walked in. He immediately grabbed my attention and I approached him. "Hello," he said hesitantly. "My name is Jeff. I snuck out of a wine and cheese party on the third floor for my law firm. This party seems more interesting, can I join you guys down here?"

"Of course you can!" I said. And then my curiosity kicked in. "What do you *do* at a law firm party anyway?"

"We eat and drink and talk lawyer stuff. It's not your style. Trust me," he explained. "But I dare you go to up there and make a scene!"

I laughed and then realized that one of our readers dared me to crash a house party and do something that would never be forgotten. This was my chance!

I looked at him, looked at the door, then looked back at him and his eyes widened. "Oh, no, no, no. I was just joking ... " but before he could finish the sentence, I was out the door and bolting up the stairs. Now, don't ask me what the hell I was going to do. I had no idea. But as soon as I opened the door and saw a room full of men and women wearing clothes I only wear to funerals, I knew instinctively what had to be done.

Everyone was too engaged in their conversations to notice a sweaty, barefoot girl in a bright purple dress that was in no way appropriate for December. I stared down two men talking in the corner and cradling their wine glasses. I approached the more timid looking one, made eye contact, grabbed his baby-blue, button-down collared shirt and ripped it open revealing his chest hair. I took a step back, giving him a split second to assess the damage. Unsatisfied, I spit into my hands, slapped them together, and then tousled his hair until he looked decent, maybe even sexy. I then took another step back, said, "Now, that's better!" and walked out.

Days passed and I didn't think about what happened, perhaps because I wasn't sure if it really had happened. But on the third day, I received a text message from an unknown number. "Hey, this is Jeff, the lawyer that crashed your party. I had a really awesome time. Oh, and you know my coworker whose shirt you ripped open? He wanted me to tell you that was the best moment of his life."

Check! Dare one complete.

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