

And Meg answered, "So, I missed my own 16th birthday party. My mother had always told me "Nothing is ever more important than work. Nothing." And naturally, being a child, I took this to heart y^{know}. But she also had this huge ol' bash planned for my birthday one year. She invited anyone I vaguely knew and some former bosses. It was a whole thing for a month straight. Come the day of and we have a shoot planned for the show I was on. The thing was, my mother made a big fuss over it. But I fought against her, since it's work y^{know}. And I won with that argument, at least I thought. So I went and did the whole shoot thing, went overtime a bit, but I was home by 7 in the evening. Figured the party would've been postponed a day or something. I was proven blatantly wrong when I opened the door to several folks from a cleaning service picking up streamers and mopping the floor and so on. It was crazy weird and it didn't quite hit me that it meant my mother had in fact thrown the party without me.

She stood in the kitchen looking tired with a cup of wine in one perfectly manicured hand. "You see what happens when you don't care about your mother? Your poor guests were left all alone." I vividly remember standing there, staring at her, trying to figure out why she would do something like that. And then she died a month later. Happy sweet sixteen to me, I guess..."

Malcolm and Dorian looked at her with equally bewildered expressions.

Malcolm stated, "Well unless we want to talk about me being in the army, that's worse than any of my childhood stories... Got anything that compares, Dori?"