

Soul of Sam

Chapter 01

Three bright red numbers seven speak in the shrill voice of the alarm clock lying on the floor and breaks through the beautiful black bliss that was the night. Tempted to ignore this rude awakener and return to my black idle state of happiness, I realize the jarring voice marks a new beginning, a new day in this motionless empty existence of mine.

As I pull the bed sheets aside I rip the alarm clock's power cord out of its socket and kick it aside while working my way towards the toilet for a morning piss. Hovering over the toilet I assume the position and let the bladder take over as it delivers the sweet release while I close my eyes for a moment. The smell of piss journeys up and torments my nostrils at which point some loud knocks resonates throughout the room, torturing my ear drums. Who the fuck would want something from me at this hour, I ponder. Then a squeaky old voice follows the recent sensory disturbances: "Sam....., Sam, I know you're there, open up Sam, you're late on your payment again". Great, fucking Mrs. landlord is here to get her precious payments. "Fuck off Mrs. White, ill pay whenever the fuck I can which is not now", I tell her being slightly agitated and hoping to disturb her enough to get lost. For a moment all stays quiet and I pride myself in achieving this small victory and celebrate with a grin as I shift my attention back to the task at hand. But then, that voice again: "Sam, I'm sorry it has to be this way but you leave me no choice". No choice in what, I think as I finish my morning ritual and try to make my way to the front door to investigate.

As I perform my balance act, through a maze of empty bottles of booze and liquor, I'm greeted by a white rectangular life form living on the floor as I catch it in the act of hugging Mr. Jack Daniels, right in front of me. Bending down, I grab Jacky boy by the neck and toss him aside and focus on my new found friendship with this white square headed stranger in front of me. I politely give my white friend a hand and introduce myself. "Hi, I'm Sam, what's your name? Wait don't tell me. Your name tag says..... 'EVICTION NOTICE'. What..... a beautiful..... name you have Mr..... NOTICE".

Hand in hand with my new friend I make my way back to the bedroom where I carefully position myself in front of the bed and give gravity clearance to take over. With a dull sound I'm greeted by the bed after which I quickly enter my black blissful state of idle happiness again.

One escaping bright orange sun tells me the day is ending. Ironic, considering my day hasn't even begun. The black idleness that I have been indulged in has to be replaced now with the unchangeable reality that makes up my life. My eyelids feel so heavy that opening just one of them feels like a complete workout. As I rollover to the side of the bed I feel something pointy push into the skin of my cheek which finds its way to my curiosity as well as my annoyance. Sending out one eye to investigate I recognize my white square headed friend and try to remember his funny but rare name. As it starts to dawn on me, I realize the true meaning of my friend's intentions and I can't blame him for it. I guess I've been stressing the strings of patience a lot these last few months although it all seems a blur to me.

Slowly I push myself from the bed into an upwards position and carefully make my way through the room as I'm not sure if mind and body are on speaking terms again. Surprised by their ability to make up so fast I lose the carefulness and slide aside some empty bottles lying scattered around on the floor in an attempt to uncover my sneakers. After a successful search and rescue I put them on, get my keys, and step outside where some rain drops apply for the position of artificial tear as they glide down the side of my nose. I enter the stairwell and make my way down the 6 floors that make up the building.

Reaching the bottom floor I approach the buildings entry doors and walk towards them passing mailboxes on the right. In the corner of my eye I spot something sticking out of my mailbox and make a quick turn to the right to closer examine this sloppy work of the mailman. Too lazy to get my keys out I grab the edge of what now feels like a postcard and pull it out. As I flip it over I read: "Thank you". Confused by this short, though thoughtful, message I notice the card doesn't have a stamp which must mean that someone was so kind to personally deliver this card but then fucks up by mistaking the mailbox because I for one haven't been the ray of sunshine lately that earns you the anonymous "thank you" card award. I shove the card back in the mailbox and exit the building.

I cross the street, which runs parallel to my building, and forms a bond between the gracious city center and its bastard child that shouldn't be. Halfway across the street I stop as I try to find a cigarette in one of my pockets but I soon find myself shit out of luck and continue my step. As I'm now nearing my destination I realize the need to take care of the foul stench that dwells in the depths of the throat as my so called friends will not appreciate the message it sends.

After a few minutes I spot a convenience store and make my way over there and once in, I quickly scour through the aisles looking for some breath mints and cigarettes. With both items in my pocket I get in line being fully aware I don't carry any money on me. From a distance I read the cash register attendants name plate and try to think of something clever to say as I don't feel like running in this state of mind while being chased by a pimply high school teenager with raging hormones. Then it's my turn to get up the stage and do my best impression of a lost tourist. "Hey, Chuck. Listen up; I need to get to Maple Street ASAP. Can you give me some directions?" It's not worth an Oscar, I know, but the boy responds as I hoped and is polite enough to reply with the necessary information. Before I fully comprehend the amazing free performance I just gave I find myself outside the store chewing on a mint as I proceed my way on Maple Street. Arriving at number 101, I quickly silence the dwell of stench with 3 more mints and step through the door opening from where I'm greeted by so called friends with whom I supposedly share my so called problems. So please, allow me to introduce you to the gang.

The fat one with the disgusting looking facial hair, from which you can tell what he ate last week, is Hank or fat ass as I refer to him in mind. He has been a recovering alcoholic for 3 years now with 2 relapses from which in one he accidentally parked his SUV on top of his 4 year old daughter's head while making out with a bottle of vodka. Personal hygiene is not his strong point and he is somewhat slow in the head for obvious reasons. I don't particularly feel like speaking to him.

Then there is Lyle or dumb ass as I like to think of him, the stupidest motherfucker you'll ever meet. This guy manages to get it all and then piss it all away. He had the degree, the job, the house, the company, the cars, the friends, the wife and the mistress and still though he needed more so he cheats on them all with a grey goose, if you catch my drift. He's a pretty obnoxious arrogant person and has been with the group now for 4 months which are 4 months to long if you ask me. "Lyle, how are you, how's the wife"?

The highschool jock in the corner, acting like a runway model, who thinks he is too good for us all, is John. John, is at a point of his life where he can pretty much choose any direction for himself to head into but instead he's too busy looking good and letting the world know of his superiority over us. About a month ago he was caught molesting a teenage girl who married one of spiked drinks. Off course, his influential lawyer daddy came to the rescue and he got away with most of it except for the mandatory attending of these AA meetings. "Sup, John, Looking sharp man over there!" Fucking loser.

Oh, and finally that is Charlotte, a recovering alcoholic street prostitute who claims to have seen the light of Jesus fucking Christ himself and is now a devout Virgin Mary which is ironic, don't you think? She has been with the group for 7 months and apparently didn't relapse once into her old habits as a professional boy-toy, which I know is fallacy as I know her snatch is more open for business, it should get its own entry in the yellow pages. "Hello Charlotte, how is your day".

We used to be with eight people, including myself, but lately three former so called friends haven't been showing up anymore. You might wonder how I fit in this group of miserable sad fucks in denial and please allow me to enlighten you.

See, we all, at one point, shared a common interest in our mutual friend. But I, as opposed to these betraying dogs here, will stay loyal to my friend. I won't be ashamed of our special relationship and I won't act like I'm any better. These people are all living in a lie, a fantasy which they tell themselves everyday in order to get by. They're convincing themselves that life has something special in store for them as long as they try to achieve a higher standard. Become a "good" person in the social chainsaw called society and society will take care of you. But you become part of the collective chainsaw as it dismembers life itself and takes away its true idle beauty.

See, other than these people, I accept my role in the gutter of life. The social chainsaw might make you believe I've hit rock-bottom and am something not even worthy of a sleep in under the bridge. But I haven't hit rock-bottom. I am rock-bottom; I am the equation of society being deducted from life. I represent life in its most pure motionless form as I let it rape me over and over again with its idleness. I will not cheat on her by escaping into the social lie that is forms our social contract. Like my dear dead friend John use to tell me it's better to reign in hell than serve in heaven and believe me, I'm reigning in hell. We're thrown into existence and have been doomed to live.

I used to enjoy these meetings as everyone was pouring out their misery down on me as it reminded me of what life is truly about. The raw emotions of their greatest fuck ups scattered all over the floor acted as fuel to me, something to get me through the day. But lately, as my so called friends have begun to betray me and themselves, in their attempts to fit in again, I've been tempted to show them what my reigning here is truly about. In this world I am God. I see it all so clear as they relapse back in to their natural lies which tempts me more and more to violently make my point to each one of them. I have been planning something special for John the jock lately as he is agitating me severely and is the one that is the furthest along the path of re-becoming society's product.

I walk over to John as he acts being all busy striking poses for a team of non existing sports photographers. As I enter his personal space, which in has case is a little over half the building, I seem to break his bubble of the non existing team which he portrays towards me with a deep depressing sigh and before I even initiate the conversation he already responds. "What do you want Sam"? Baffled by his quick but honest response I try to think what goes on in his mind and look for a way to get a foot in the door leading to the mysteries of the world of the jock.

"Hey dude, how's it going"? Feeling stupid for talking this way I feel confident that this is his language and expect him to respond to what he knows best.

"I'm cool, what's it to you", he responds, still kind of hostile but turning towards me as he now clearly opens up for some verbal one on one.

"Just making conversation, did you see the game last night"?

"Yeah, it was an ok game, I guess. The Lions quarterback was out of shape though". Not having a clue what he is talking about and already bored with this brain-dead conversation

I try to come up with something clever to say which will allow me to get closer to this academy award winning loser.

“Yeah, so true”, I reply giving it some highschool attitude. Then a beautiful idea escapes the endless depths of my mind and I quickly add, “You know I have some tickets for the upcoming match around but I can’t use them, I got to work”. With big open eyes he turns to me as I now have the full attention of this simple material soul.

“No fucking way, how did you get those, I heard tickets have been sold out for ages”.

“Yeah, I guess, but if you want you can have them”, I tell him as the cheese is now on the rat trap and the rat seems to be interested. With a new born sparkle in his eyes he responds, “Hell yeah, can you bring them over next time”?

“It’s better if you come over and pick them up from my place”, I say, priding myself in this new found cleverness while knowing this sports junkie won’t refuse such an offer even if he has to climb 6 floors to my front door.

“Sure, I’ll swing by Tuesday night, I’ll be in the neighborhood anyway”. As we’ve been locking our eyes on each other during the last end of our conversation I become convinced that behind the sparkle in his material eyes I can still see a demeaning attitude towards me and the rest of the gang of natural born losers. Knowing what Tuesday night will look like I can easily return the happy mood he is drowning in and throw him a gentle smile as I tell him, “Sure, Tuesday night”.

As the evening passes by without me engaging in any meaningful interaction with my fellow losers as every conversation seems to be about their new found bright light in life as they escape the black tunnel their lives were trapped in.

Fucking assholes with their stupid metaphors on life! They don’t know shit about the black tunnel but I’ll show them. In fact I’ll guide them into the darkest tunnel in the room where you are beyond saving as you either make up your mind or become another brick in the wall that eclipses any light, if there even is such a thing.

Once our meeting is over and I find myself once more on the streets of this empty city I make my way back to the 6 story high brick rectangle where I reside.

Back in my empty apartment I quickly make my way back to the meaningful relationship I maintain with the bottle after such a depressing night. I wrap my lips around the bottle’s head and suck the life out of it as it feels him enter me, and bring me and my environment to life but only for a short while as our rough understanding never lasts that long. Before I even feel it coming, the darkness has already taken over and I let myself fall onto the bed while the bottle drops out of my hand and I enter my personal dark tunnel where no ray of light has ever dared to go.

Chapter 02

With an orange ray of sunlight piercing through my state of dreaming I feel my brain being set into an active state of motion. The rays burn gently on my face and render the illusion that the day ahead is going to be pleasant. I pull the sheets aside and push my feet overboard as I get into an upright position and sit on the bed side where I rub the dust and dirt of the night out of my eyes and wait for a formal apology from my brain for having me do this. All stays quiet of course and I resume the day by starting out with the daily bathroom rituals.

I get up from the bedside and walk into the bathroom where the bright neon light burns my eyes shut as I squint in an attempt to get used to life in the morning. Hovering over the toilet while waiting for the bladder to wake up and release some useless fluids I guide my hand over the bathroom wall in search for the valve that will turn on the shower.

After a few moments my hand proves to be a successful explorer as I hear water falling down to its destiny when it clashes into the floor and makes its way toward the drain. The steam from the water rises up and takes possession of the pores in my face where they moisten my depressed facial expression, making it look like a cheesy Hollywood drama scene.

Then finally the bladder wakes up and release comes setting in as I give into it and notice my facial expression changing to something more delightful. When the ritual is over I get up and take off the few rags that are covering me up and push the shower curtain aside revealing a waterfall of lukewarm water.

Knowing how the apartment suits my empty life of failure I feel the water with my hand and get it confirmed that hot water is still a luxury to me.

As I get in my body shivers in an attempt to resist and wait for more vital body organs to start their day job. When the somewhat warm to cold water runs down my body I feel my heart race as it must be doing overtime now to cater all the hungry organs with some high in demand blood.

Despite the fucked up temperature which is already affecting the day I notice my body swings into full gear as all its tiny parts are now orchestrating the complex flow of daily life. Before I start to feel more agitated I turn the water off and get out of the shower where my meat bag starts complaining again about the cold and shows it by having me wear this bumpy chicken suit. I try to walk it off but the airflow doesn't help much and makes me feel colder.

Still being covered in tiny drops I put on some reasonably decent clothes and head into the living room where I pick up some empty bottles on the floor and toss them over to the side where they resume their existence with a loud clang sound. Having cleared the way towards the kitchen I continue my journey towards them and as I arrive I inspect what is left in the cupboards and refrigerator.

The refrigerator has nothing left but some overdue milk that releases a sour smell that must be worse than having a dead cow in your living room and so I quickly close the door and look for some fresh oxygen. There isn't much left in the cupboards either other than a few slices of bread some sprinkles and an almost empty jar of peanut butter. I'll take whatever I can have and get the bread and peanut butter jar out and place them on the kitchen plateau.

From the sink I take a dirty butter knife and stab a little into the peanut butter jar until some of its contents stick to the knife and I can smear it over the two little squared white slices of bread.

Since I won't be having much else today I treat myself to an extra thick layer and throw the knife back in the kitchen sink and put the slices of bread on top of each creating my personal McPeanutButter.

As I take a bite out of the sandwich I open a window in the living room and some cold morning air comes rushing in as I try to find a cigarette that will have me. When my gaze wanders through the living room in search of one I finally spot a crumbled package of smokes on the only chair I own in the living room. I walk over to the chair and inspect the package as my eyes notify me of two inhabitants. With a mouth full of bread, peanut butter and saliva I try to pull one out with my lips leaving some peanut butter marks on the package.

With a cigarette in squeezed between the lips I take a lighter out of my pocket and burn the head of my cigarette as the smoke joins in the bread-peanut-butter-saliva play date. The taste is rather unusual but so is life I conclude as I puff some clouds of smoke out of the window.

The traffic below is still rather poor as the city must still be having its so needed beauty sleep as the sun tries to wake it up with its orange smile that will only grow brighter.

As the cigarette ashes burn their way towards my finger I'm being pulled out of thought in placed back into reality as the pain of burning fingers lets me drop the remainder of my cigarette. As the wind plays with it for a while it finally plunges towards its ending on the pavement.

I close the window up and push the final part of my peanut butter sandwich in my mouth and head towards the door where I put on my shoes. As I open the front door and walk out I chew on the final remains of my sandwich and head into the direction of the stairwell. As I head down the six floors and enter the main hall I notice the sun hiding behind some clouds leaving the city back in its old grey dullness.

I exit the building and head towards the bus station not much further away from here as it is about a 5 minute walk. I cross the street and enter into Maple Street where I speed up the pacing as I don't want to miss my yellow bus.

When spot the bus station in the distance I notice its inhabitants as some early birds are already waiting there while they gaze into nothing. As I blend in with the crowd I also gaze into nothing as if we stand there to model for some painter who is about to finish his most depressing masterpiece.

Thinking that we all must be clinically dead I am proven wrong when a yellow metal box in the distance grows bigger and bigger and finally comes to a stop right in front of us and triggers everyone into motion.

As we all enter the bus and find a seat we return to our zombie like state and wait for the occasional bus bell to ring as it marks someone's destination. The bus grows more and more empty and finally I find myself alone with the bus driver who doesn't show much signs of life either. Then we approach the final destination where I am instructed to get off the bus and as I do the bus drives off while I wait for another one to come and pick me up again.

While waiting for my next ride I sink in thought and find that the bus has a rather depressing effect on its users. Is it really the bus ride that is sucking all the life out of them or could it be about their destination?

Four squeaking wheels that carry another big yellow rectangular box derail my train of thought and sets me into motion once more as I enter the bus and find a seat somewhere halfway. My gaze just wonders of again as the belly of the bus really isn't that inspiring which doesn't work in its defense.

As the sight of the streets turn into a haze like a movie being fast forwarded I return my stare on something else as the hazy streets passing by only hurt my eyes. When my eyes lock on the front mirror of the bus I notice an older grey haired woman looking back at me and to make matters worse she even throws a smile at me.

It feels like I just witnessed a miracle as in my many years of taking the bus, a smile has never been an ingredient that could be found in the yellow bastard's belly. It leaves my heart beating a little faster and my face feel warmer.

Then the bus comes to a stop at its destination and I get up from my seat and walk to the front of the bus where I pass the old grey bus driver and say, "Bye" while I look at her from the corner of my eyes. She immediately meets my stare and throws in another smile and replies in her old crackled voice, "Have a nice day".

I stand there at my destination for a while wondering what just happened. Could there be any survivors in this grey city of brain dead zombies where people have lost their natural skill to interact with one another? The bus disappear within the traffic and so my little morning miracle dies with it leaving me with a little hope that things will look up one day.

From here it is only a walk towards the mines where my life will be seeing rock bottom once more. It's not such a well paid job but it makes me survive and I am not really in a position to complain anyway since.... Well never mind.

I work my way through some alleys and as I approach the other end a grey big building appears at the horizon that marks my destination. As I walk over some sand paths the building grows taller and then the big blue metal entry doors become visible.

When I'm a few feet away from the blue doors I wait for a second and take some deep breaths and hesitantly come closer as I try to peek into the hall. From a distance I notice the office of district manager which is surprisingly empty.

Feeling a little more confident I squeeze myself through the opening of the big blue metal doors and enter into the main hall where I quickly try to make my way over to the locker room without being spotted even though I must be one of the first here.

As I enter the locker room and make my way over to my locked I spin the combination lock a few times and open up the locker. I take out some personal affects and put them on the top shelve and close the locker again as I put the combination lock back in place.

Then suddenly with a loud bang my head I being pushed into the locker as an hand on the back of my head pushes it forward and grips my head against tight against the lockers.

"Morning pretty spic", a voice breath's into my neck. I recognize the voice immediately and realize my attempt to go unnoticed has failed. The hand against my head pushes so hard my head starts to hurt as another hand wraps around my waist and goes up over my chest while his breath stinks into my neck and the smell of it reaches my nostrils.

I try to resist but feel his grip is too strong and fear has taken over me and nailed me stuck to ground. Emptiness creeps over me as there is nothing for me I can do but wait it out until he becomes bored with me.

Then his death grip on my head releases and he walks out of the locker room leaving me with his laughter that resounds through out the room and preaches fear into me. Slowly life comes back to my limbs and I try to tell myself I should toughen up. It's nothing! Ill survives!

Trying to sooth my somewhat bruised head I exit the locker room and approach the elevator that will bring me down into the mines where I hope I can blend in with the darkness a little better. Once on the elevator I close the safety gates and press a little red

button that swings the entire thing with loud squeaking sounds into motion as it makes its way downwards.

When the elevator hits the bottom the red light bulb lights up and sheds the dark mine in a somewhat reddish glow but mostly remains hulled in darkness. I make my way over to the one of the darker spots and get to work as I hear the elevator swing back into motion and rises up again.

After a few moments the noises of the elevator accompanied by loud noises that must be the filth that make of the rest of the crew members working in the mine tell me what to expect and as the elevator bangs down on the stony floor I see my expectations confirmed. The crew spreads out over the mine like an infectious cancer would and leaves me little hope of continuing the day without being stalked.

For the first half our all seems to go well but then I notice one of the crew members approaching me as he starts to call out to his brain dead buddies of his amazing finding while seeking confirmation if his joke is really as good as he thinks it is.

Like a pack of hyenas they gather around me and start amuse each other with dumbfound expressions and movements. I try to ignore them but find myself being constantly on my guard for obvious reasons.

Then suddenly feel a hand feeling me up from behind and without hesitation I turn around with a shovel in hand. In the same fluent motion I swing the metal end of the shovel towards the hands and have them collide in an impressive encounter that makes the shovel sing in a high pitch tone while the hands seem to fly through the air dragging the arms behind them as the rude fellow falls on the ground and howls in a long dark groan.

I seem to have somewhat scared the pack of now but they soon turn their fear into anger and close in on me even more. Before I know it I have five disgusting faces breathing into my personal space followed by several hands grabbing my hands and arms while the shovel is being thrown away.

In an instant they push me to the ground and in the reddish glow that reigns these undergrounds I see their faces hover over me filled with anger and resentment towards me.

One of them spits in my face letting me know where I stand and inspired by his bold statement others soon follow drowning my face in a humiliated pool of saliva that reeks of tobacco and bad hygiene.

I see their lips moving as they must be expressing their deep thoughts towards me but I am already completely zoned out. All I feel is the emptiness hover over me as it takes a firm grip of my soul and squeezes the remaining will to live out of it.

Discontent with my attitude towards them they must conclude to make a point it is better to take it a step further and out of the reddish glow a fist appears that lands on my nose with a sound of a breaking face. I feel a cold stream of what must be thick red blood gush out of my nose and mix in with the foreign spit. The pain cuts through me like a knife and brings me back into the reality that unfolds on top of me as they must think they have just beaten some sense into me and are enjoying the effect.

Then another fist appears from the reddish glow and seeing it come closer I turn my head in an attempt to protect the face but to make it all worse the fist impacts with full force on my temple and shuts all the lights of in the mine as all my surroundings turn to black and my senses are being averaged out.

When an incredible pain pounding on my head brings me back and my senses kick in once more I deduce that it is all over. I just lie there on the ground by myself. No more predators, no more pain. I attempt to get up and wipe the mixture of blood and spit of my face with the sleeve of my overall. The rush of blood that drains out of my head as I get up

makes me think my head is about to implode as the pain is reaching climaxing and my body starts to take measure by making me almost faint. I slowly make my way over to the elevator again where I step on the platform and press the red button. As the elevator comes into motion and travels upwards I close my eyes for a second and try to forget it all but I can't as the pain constantly reminds me of current events.

As the elevator reaches daylight I walk off the platform and head for the big blue doors without looking around me or getting my stuff back from the locker room. Leaving this place is all I want now. Leave and forget what happened. Get back home and forget about my empty meaningless pathetic grey existence. Just forget.

Chapter 03

The next morning I get a personal wake-up call from my eardrums as it sounds like someone is rearranging my front door. I wait for a second expecting Mrs. White to rape me with her voice in the morning but all stays quiet and thus I turn over and pull the sheets a little higher. Then again, four clear resounding knocks on my front door. Being reasonably sober I quickly make my way to the front door and fling the door open as I want to rip the head off this persistent motherfucker only to be greeted by this way to much make up wearing woman that carries a bible and some pamphlets in her hand.

In my most degrading voice I ask: "what?" hoping to send a clear message that today is not a good day especially considering the hour. My attempt proves futile as she starts ranting of in a way to happy voice about the Lord being her savior and asking me if I heard the big news about Jesus. Great, I think to myself, my personal door-to-door preaching ministry has arrived.

"I am God, ma'am". I tell her with a big sigh in my voice hoping to inspire her to drop the whole fake happy act. She gives me strangest stare and replies slightly offended, "No, no you're not, you can't be God", as if I confused her somehow.

Having lost interest in this woman and her stories I tell her, "there is no point in us having this conversation" to which she immediately replies "why not" in an obvious attempt to keep the conversation going. Intrigued by her persistence I'm willing to explain to her it is because our understanding of God is not the same. She fiddles a little with her pamphlets, looks me in the eyes and then asks me if she can come in so we can talk about it some more. For a moment I stand there completely baffled by what just happened and in some strange way I feel motivated to explore this situation. I take a step back and tell her to come in.

For a moment I go into the bedroom where I put on some jogging pants I have lying around and as I return into the living room notice the woman is sitting with her back towards me on the only chair I have. I walk past her and open a window. As I lit a cigarette and grab a glass with some left-over whisky in it she starts talking.

"Do you now that Jesus came to this world in order to pay for our sins", she asks. I puff out a circular shape of smoke and tell I wasn't aware of that. Then she continues, "Its true, and all you have to do is believe in him as your personal savior and accept him into your life". I swallow the little whisky that was left and feel it burn its way down my throat as throw the cigarette out and close the window and turn around in order to face her.

"Do you know my front door is locked and you can't leave my apartment unless I want you to", I ask her. Confused she looks towards the door as if the answer to my question is written on there. "See, ma'am, I am God and you just entered my holy sanctuary". The woman gets up from the chair and anxiously makes her way towards the front door while retaining sight of me, still standing in front of the window. With one hand she twists the doorknob and responds, "Is this a joke? It is not funny. Let me out, now".

"Why don't you ask God, ma'am. Have him open the door for you". Not expecting her to take my advice she actually starts calling on God which is ironic as I just explained her that God would be me in this case. She starts crying and mumbles something I can hardly make out but assume she is still hoping for the "God comes to my rescue" plan.

As I'm still standing in the exact same spot I have been in for the lasts five minutes I lit another cigarette and patiently wait for her to settle down and quit her whining. After all she came to me. From across the room she asks, "Why are you doing this, what did I do to you"? I take another drag from my cigarette and tell her it is not what she did to me; it is what she did to herself which seems to confuse her even more.

“You’re in denial of your existence ma’am. If God gives meaning and purpose to your existence than how come it feels so empty right now. How come you’re sobbing on a stranger’s floor? Where is your God in all of this, ma’am”?

I realize I have to wrap things up now as I’m pushing her slowly over the edge of sanity into what is probably unfamiliar terrain to her and so I urge her to answer. Wiping away some tears from her cheek with her sleeves she tries to say something but it all sounds like mumbling for which I won’t settle and again strongly urge her to answer.

“I don’t know”, she finally brings out with some clumsy stumbling. Well then, allow me explain ma’am I tell her. “In here I am God and maybe you can be God to, ma’am. All it takes is accepting the truly emptiness of life into your heart and believe it will not take you anywhere”. I squeeze my cigarette between my lips and walk over to where she is sitting on the floor, crying with her head in her hand, next to my good friends Jacky and Johnnie. I kneel down in front of her and take her arms into my hand and tell her to look at me. She shivers all over as I wipe away some of her crocodile tears away with my hands after which I place them on her shoulders and instruct her to look at me.

“Who is God?” I ask her while looking her in the eyes. Still stumbling over her own words she softly replies to me with, “God is Jesus, my savior”. Annoyed by her stubbornness I ask her again, “Who is God?” to which she again replies with “God is Jesus, my savior”.

I slide my hands from her shoulders on to her neck and get a firm grip as I squeeze my hands together. She immediately tries to pull my hands away from her neck but fails as I’m the expert here in this room. My grip is so tight my hands start to hurt after a while as they are warmed up by her red empty head with popping eyeballs. With every second I see the life in her become more silent and as I let go of her neck she falls with her back on the floor. I get up from the floor and take another drag from my cigarette and make my way to the crapper.

I spit my cigarette into the toilet bowl and wash the neck sweat from my hands while mumbling some broken thoughts. “The stupid persistent cunt, just bleed like me and you’d be standing outside right now”.

As I enter the living room I walk over to the body defiling my floor and check her pockets for anything useful. Other than her identification and some keys I don’t find anything. I throw her belongings near the bible and the pamphlets, which she placed under the chair she was sitting on, and start dragging her life-suit into the bedroom. I push her under the bed and make my way into the kitchen where I fix myself a bowl of cereal with some left over milk and vodka.

I take a seat on the only chair I own and grab the identification card from the floor with on hand while sipping some milk and vodka out of the bowl that I carry in the other. Amy Smith, 27 years of age and now part of my interior, at least for a while that is. I put the bowl on the floor and the identification card in my back pocket and get my shoes as I get ready to get out. After a few minutes I’m ready and unlock the front door again.

I open the front door and step outside as I’m greeted by a rising red morning sun that reminds me of new roommates face as life was walking out on her. No time for idle thoughts now though, it’s time to earn some money to support the boys, Jacky and Johnnie.

Chapter 04

After 2 busses and a short trip on someone's bicycle I approach a dull grey building where I work for the devil in what I like to think is hell itself. I dump the bike on the side and walk around to the side of the building where two big sliding doors make guard the way to the main hall. I squeeze myself through and check if I'm the first in. From a distance I see Tony walking around in his office covered in cigarette smoke. For some cruel reason he has been appointed as district manager of this hell hole which makes me his subordinate, I guess.

I try to make my way over to the locker room without Tony spotting me and get to work before anyone else comes in, but my attempt fails miserably and before I realize it the pig is defiling my name from over a 200 yards away.

"Jesus Christ Sam, get your ass in my office immediately and close the door behind you, you fucking retard", he screams and spits while returning into his white mist of smoke. I make my way over to his office and climb the yellow metal stairs that lead up to his room. From a reasonable distance I can see him sitting behind his desk with both feet resting on one of the corners while running his tongue over the running paper as he rolls another cigarette.

Once in were in his office with the door closed he just sits there not speaking a word. Already aware of what is going to happen I feel my stomach turn and feel the cereal complain about its residence.

"Sam, for fucks sake, this dick is not going to suck itself, get to it you cunt before I loose my patience and have your fucking ass deported back to spic land". I hesitantly walk through the white mist as my breakfast is canceling the cruise through my intestinal tract and demanding its money back at the front desk in my throat. Kneeling down in front of Tony, he grabs my head with one hand and opens up his pants with the other and then pulls my face towards what he calls the crown jewels.

"Suck it Sam", he tells me with a cigarette between the lips while he forces his jewels to meet the back of my throat. The smell is unbearable and invokes some strong stomach contractions at which point he strangles my throat shut. "Don't you fucking do it Sam", he says, as he is aware of the predicament he is in. I try to obey but the cereal proves to be stronger than the jewels and in a hurry they push the jewels out and leave Tony with a mixture of stomach acid, vodka and chewed on cereals on his pride and joy.

Enraged, he gets up and has his fist meet my jawbone which knocks me back a good meter or two. Lying there on the floor, with a complaining stomach and a burning throat, Tony rushes closer places another fist above the eye followed by one on the nose after which he backs off and spits on me from his chair.

"Get the fuck out of my office you fucking spic" he screams while I attempt to instruct my body to do so. Slowly my body follows up as I try to get on both feet and move towards the door. Afraid of enraging Tony even further, I ignore the pain and step up the pacing as I leave the room and make my way towards the lockers where I Johnnie is waiting for me.

In front of my locker I fumble with the combination lock while leaning against the locker door for the necessary balance. After what feels like minutes the lock clicks open and I open the door where I'm greeted by sweet liquid Johnnie. I grab him by the neck and kiss his head as his insides wash away the taste of dick and stomach acid. Even though one ear is severely ringing, as a bird on crack, I hear familiar voices approach in the distance.

Still relying on my locker door for balance, the rest of the crew comes in and I quickly try to toughen up and turn around, resting my back against the lockers. The crew soon notices me in my new found low and quickly gathers around me as it all starts over.

"The spic likes it rough", jokes one of them around while poking around in my face. At that point the ever so lovely Tony makes his royal entry and instructs everyone to get off their asses and get to work. As the crew walks out I remain behind not sure whether it is a smart move to pass by Tony. After some awkward stares back and forth he says, "I'm cutting your paycheck again" with a grin on his face which makes his disgusting facial hair stand out even more. I don't know why he does this but I'm sure its part of his testosterone dick driven ego that is in some need of some confirmation. Fuck it, the eviction notice is already in anyway so.

I move closer towards him and take position right in front of him as we look each other in the eye and non-verbally exchange our hate towards each other. I take a deep breath through my nose and sniff up all I can get and in one fluent motion release the remaining contents of my mouth as its finds a new residence on his face.

Baffled by my spit on his face he takes a step back and wipes it of with his hand while thinking of something demeaning to throw in my way but before he can I already left the room. Another day in hell, I think to myself as I make my way over to the main hall where the crew members already took place in the elevator and are about to go 400 feet under ground.

As I approach the elevator I see it carry about 13 men, all with a grin on their face while chuckling amongst themselves. I wait as the elevator goes down and comes up empty again after a minute or two, hoping its contents have dissolved into nothing. As the elevator comes to a stop again I open the safety door and step in while I wait for the engine to kick in and bring me down, so to speak. When the elevator goes down I see Tony leave the locker room moving towards his office. I keep my gaze fixed at him but he doesn't return the favor until the very last second right before the elevator is down too far for any further exchanges of deep resentment and hate. Arriving 400 feet below the surface of the earth I get to work in this empty dead environment.

After a day's full of work I, completely broken, make my way back to the bus station where I patiently wait for the bus's arrival while I apparently stink up the place with the odor of my blue sweaty overall. After a while a bus pulls up from a distance and comes to a stop a few feet from where I stand. As I get in and show my pass to the attending bus driver I suddenly find the man speaking to me in a tone that is clearly beyond hostile. Not paying attention to the man at first is say, "excuse me"? The man replies in a loud voice "get of my bus". Confused at this point I try to stay reasonable and ask for an explanation to which he replies "I have the right to refuse any passenger that bothers the other passengers" at which point a passenger behind me confirms the bus driver's thoughts and tells me "get the fuck off the bus, bitch".

Surprised, but not surprised I do as they tell me and just stand there at the stop as I see the bus leaving my eye sight. I walk away from the bus stop and cut through an alley where I push my back against one of the walls and bend my knees as I take a seat on a piece of carton. The feeling of complete idle emptiness runs through my veins and hits me hard as Jack and Johnnie aren't here the numb the pain. Too tired to stay in an upright position I let myself fall over on one side and close my eyes for a second. For a moment I feel it all draining out of me as black idleness comes setting and makes allows me to forget about my meaningless existence. Just a few more seconds, I think to myself, just another moment before I will get up and go home. But it's too late. A black dark sheet

pulls over me and draws me back into my daily black state of nothingness where I will reside for the night.

Eight hours later, the noise of a passing garbage truck wakes me up. Feeling like shit I manage to get on my feet and make my way back home. I exit out of the alley and head north as I sink into thought.

The God that I am has been defeated, defeated by a superior; defeated, as it keeps resounding through my head. Humiliated, tortured and extort. I cannot do anything else then bow down to this magnificent beast, this creature that brings pain and suffering so easily upon its prey as if it were his nature. I will prove my worth to him one day and show him my wings of dark misery, if only this weak numb nut of a spic would stay out of it.

Closing in on my neighborhood, I make a quick detour passing by the liquor store where I buy 3 Johnnies and a postcard. At the counter I grab some coins from the side pocket of my overall and ask if the attending gentleman if he can provide me with a pen. Cleverly, he grabs the small pencil resting between his ear and skull and drops it on the counter with some macho man attitude. I flip the postcard over; grab the pencil and write down "For a job well done" on the back of the card and then put it in my pocket with some left over coins. I grab the Johnnies by their necks and move away from the counter as the I-look-awesome-with-a-pencil-behind-my-ear guy suddenly remarks, "you don't need stamp with that, right" in a sarcastic tone of voice. Without looking back I tell him to fuck off and leave the liquor store.

Walking over Maple Street I start to recognize the pile of shit that is my building and cross the street towards the main entry. Once in the building I carefully put down the triplets and reach in my pocket. I take out the postcard and slide it in halfway into my mailbox after which I gently push it a little further until only the tip of a corner is visible.

Having left the triplets alone for too long already I quickly pick them up and climb the 6 stairs leading up to my front door. As I reach the front door I clumsily open it with one hand and step into the living room where I put 2 bottles on the floor and take 1 with me towards the bedroom. I walk around bed to check if my new roommate is not taking advantage of our living accommodations as she got the bottom of our newly shared bunk bed. Thankfully, she is the silent type; I think to myself and open the bottle in my hand and lie down on the bed.

In on tug I drink the bottle half empty and feel the marriage between body and mind being annulled as the room begins to perform its magic act on me. The walls are closing in on me and maintaining a fixed focus proves to be an impossible task. Then the ceiling seems to turn liquid when I kiss the bottle for the final half of its contents, at which point my sight turns all white, while a cold chill travels down my nerve endings and allow me to feel my heartbeat in every possible place of my body. One big beating clump of flesh lies there on the bed while one big motionless clump of flesh lies under it. The familiar grin of irony pulls my jaw muscles so far apart that it hurts. Then, the cold slowly fades out and white turns black as I pass out into a realm full of broken thoughts.

Chapter 05

With a brain, that feels 2 sizes too small for my skull; my hangover awakes me rudely with a consistent blow to the forehead. My eyelids are so glued together that it requires an intervention of one of my hands to have them separated again. With one of my knuckles I rub the dirt out of my eyes as I realize the bed either turned into stone or I'm lying on the floor. In an attempt to open up my eyes I only see a red blur appearing after which I rehire my knuckles for some more rubbing like labor.

With my eyes slightly warmer and hurting I order the eyelids to open up and reveal the red mystery to me. Still with slightly blurred image I can now clearly make out that the red blur is the face of a dead woman, staring at me, who has taken residence under my bed. For a moment I could swear my heart came to a complete stop but the primal body response sets me into motion and puts me flat against the wall in less than a second.

Her bright white slightly translucent eyes seem to follow me as I slowly move away from her while pressing my back firmly against the wall. Once the red head is out of sight I get on my feet and hurry into the living room where I take a seat on the chair and take a minute to catch my breath. With my head between my legs in an attempt to get some blood flowing in the brain I spot a bible and some pamphlet's under the chair and pick the bible up. I open the cover and notice a message written on the inside. "God is Jesus, my savior...For Amy from Lyle".

I place the bible back under the chair and try to understand what happened while I was passed out. Why is there a dead woman in my bedroom and, even stranger, why do I suddenly have a bible lying in my living room? I tell myself there is no time to wonder about how I got into this situation as I have to get out of it immediately. I check the time on the alarm clock in the bedroom, which show 03:23, and pull myself together as I get ready. I walk around the bed and kneel down on the ground beside the bed and reach for Amy's hand. Grabbing her by the wrist I notice how cold she feels as I pull her away from under the bed. I drag her over the floor from the bedroom over to the living room where I put her down I open the front door to check if there is anyone else awake at this hour. To my great relief it all seems quiet and I go back in and put my hands in Amy's hands and pull her over the door threshold into the hallway. From there I drag her to stairwell and make my way up to the roof where Mrs. White has her small hobby garden which she doesn't visit anymore ever since she broke her hip.

On the roof of the building I quickly make my way towards the unused garden and roll up some grass mats that Mrs. White was planning to use but never got to. With the dirt exposed, I grab a shovel and make an oval shape, grossly estimating if my problem would fit or not. I again take lifeless dilemma by her cold wrists and place her in the oval hole after which I roll the grass mat back over and dump the shovel on the side.

Once back in the living room I take the bible and put it on the table and throw the paper pamphlets in the bin. Still wearing my overall I get into the bedroom and change into something less proletarian like. The alarm clock reads 03:48 when I kill all the lights and look for a hiding place under the sheets of the bed.

For a while, I truly am convinced my conscience will not bother me about what just happened but as I read the time from the alarm clock it tells me 2 hours and 13 minutes just have past without me coming any closer to some sleep.

Instead of sleep I start to wonder what my conscience is and how it feels no remorse or regret but yet keeps me awake at this hellish hour. What is the purpose in that.

As I see my last hour pass by minute by minute I see the clock finally mark the end line as a big red 7 appears accompanied by a shrieking salvo of identical sounds. Feeling completely burned out I turn it off by ripping the extension cord from its socket again and

turn around as if to say it can go fuck itself. No longer bothered by the countdown towards the big 7, I expect I would be able to doze off any minute now, but something is lodged inside my brain and it somehow prevents me from getting any sleep as frustration builds up inside of me.

I turn over from one side to the other and back as this intimate dance with the mattress evolves into driving me in a deeply disturbing state of mind. Minutes seem to be stretched into hours as no second passes through the alarm clock without me knowing it.

At 9:30, time has put me in such a deep sense of depression that I just get up and decide to face the miserable day. I walk over to the toilet where I do my daily ritual in the bowl and turn on the shower. As the steam seeks refuge on my face, I finish up my ritual and take off the few rags that cover up some ribs pressing out through my skin. Naked, as I am, I step behind what is left of the curtain as it attempts to shy away from the toilet. With the building decaying more and more everyday, the water doesn't get much better than lukewarm which fits in with the other events so far.

After 3 minutes I call it quits and move into the bedroom where I walk around a little to speed up the whole air drying process. Still leaving wet signs of my physical existence all over the floor, I make my way into the kitchen where I fix myself a peanut butter sandwich with some sprinkles in a pathetic essay to bring some brighter thoughts into existence. My efforts fail like a Frankenstein experiment on crack even though I didn't expect any different in the first place. Having the sandwich stuffed between my jaws I get back to the bedroom where I pick up some pieces of clothing and cover my bony self up. I throw a quick glance at the red eyed demon that tells time and deduce I have a few more hours left before I'm supposed to meet up with the gang of like minded depressed souls.

When the moment is there and I enter the room of so called friends that all supposedly have a similar problem as I do, I greet them all in my best faked, "Hey all" and wave my hand through the air like I have the energy of a highschool cheerleader.

The crowd does not respond to my magic sparkles of happiness as I notice the them not being more than Hank and Charlotte who seem to busy in conversation they don't notice my grand entrance.

As I walk over to them, Charlotte turns towards me and tells me with the serious face of an ex hooker, "Something terrible happened". Surprised and confused by what could be so terrible it is worth denying my entrance over I reply, "What" as to which Hank now also turns towards me and says, "Its Lyle".

"Lyle? What's with Lyle?", I ask. Lyle has been arrested for diving under influence explains Hank to me to which Charlotte adds, "his daughter has gone missing for few days now".

At first it doesn't dawn on me since I didn't even know that Lyle had a daughter. I knew he had a lot at one point but a daughter wasn't one of them. But then the four little words start coming back to me and keep repeating in an endless loop.

For Amy from Lyle, For Amy from Lyle, For Amy from Lyle. I can't stop the thought from coming full circle as I now fully realize that I so happen to have a bible in my apartment which states: "For Amy from Lyle". Against my worst fears I ask what Lyle's daughters name is to which Charlotte replies mumbling, "Amy, I think".

Chapter 06

A ray of light pierces through my eyelids and signals the brain to get of its ass as I pull the covers a little higher in an attempt to hide from the morning glory. After a few minutes my attempt proves futile as my brain has now kicked into gear and there is no going back anymore.

I pull the covers away and try to place myself in an upward position as I feel my balance organs go insane and I fall sideways to the ground. The alcohol reigning in my brain still holds its coup over me and is not yet willing to surrender its position for common rationality.

Resisting its power over me I get up again and work my way to the living room with one hand permanently attached to the wall. The kitchen seems bigger than usual which must be shameless propaganda from my infected brain as my eyes deceive me.

Holding my self in an upright position with two hands clammed to the kitchen plateau I lean my head against one of its storage doors where I wait for a minute as my brain attempts to get control back from its usual enemy. Once the victory is complete and I celebrate with a little grin as the alcohol remains are being exiled to lower territories, I open the cabinet and uncover the some backup troops.

With one hand I take out bag of bread and put it down on the kitchen plateau that is now being strangled by just one hand. After that successful endeavor I send the hand back up for the famous peanut butter and put it next to the bag of bread where the both await further orders from their captain.

Feeling a little more confident now I release the other hand from its death grip on the kitchen and have them work together in fixing me my daily peanut butter sandwich. Once completed I pick it up and bring it towards my mouth and push it in as far as I can get it in and close my jaws as a series of teeth cuts of the head of this brave soldier.

As I feel it making its way down I make my way back through the bedroom and into the bathroom where I turn on the shower and feel the steam pass by my face as it tries to escape into the bedroom. I follow the little amount that succeeds and enter the bedroom where I take off my sweat pants and throw it on the bed and then make my way back into the bathroom where I push aside the curtain and step into the rays of water.

The water runs down and seems to bring my recent defeated enemy down with it as I feel the mind become clearer with every second. After a few minutes I can no longer appreciate the mediocre level of warmth that the water is providing me with and turn off the water.

Once back on the other side of the curtain I shake off some water and head into the bedroom where I pick up my sweat pants again and put them on.

Feeling much better now I make my way back through the living room and into the kitchen where I prepare myself another peanut butter soldier. Decapitating the soldier again with my dental guillotine I open my only window in the living room and let in some fresh air as to celebrate the brain's victory over whatever monster remained in my grey brain.

With the grey mass back in its rightful place a memory sprouts from its bottomless fountain and tells me today is the day that John the jock is supposed to pick up its non-existing tickets to a non-existing football game. Note to self: prepare nail gun before the jock arrives, I think to myself as I swallow the bottom half of my now mutilated sandwich soldier. Chewing down on the remains of my sandwich I walk in circles through the living room while I prepare my afternoon meeting with the sports fanatic that shouldn't be. If I recall correctly he would "swing" by around 20:00 which gives me pretty much all day to prepare for our evening encounter with destiny.

I notice I'm running out of bottled friends again as my eyes scour the floor in search of an untouched bottle going by the name of Jack or Johnnie. I'll have to do something about that fast since the physical benefits of a clear minded brain is something I aspire but the mental confrontation that I will have to encounter later in the day will be too much. In a slight panic I decide to get outside now and continue my search for friends as I put on my shoes and look through my bedroom for some old rag in order to be decent. With the keys to my domain in hand I open the door and step outside where a shiny orange other world blinds my eyes.

I turn around and pull the door shut and make my way over to the stairwell where I have my morning workout with each step of the 6 stairs. Once outside I again feel the black emptiness already creeping up on me as it starts eating me from the inside out as there is nothing I can do but be a passive bystander.

I cross the street without paying any attention to the oncoming traffic as this matter of the soul trumps any matter of my bony physical self. Reaching the other side of the street I continue my endeavors as I feel the emptiness take another bite out of my soul and only leave as a few breadcrumbs of hope that will have to do before I can inject myself with the so needed release of forgetfulness. The liquor store isn't very far now as I step up the pacing through Maple street where I make my way towards the convenient store.

As the store's logo takes up a large part of my vision I walk through the convenience store's entry doors as the logo passes over me. The store is still quit empty as this is an early hour of the day.

I make my way through the aisles towards the only aisle that matters where I quickly grab 2 bottles by the neck and proceed to the register where a familiar face that I can't place greets me with a nice smile which then quickly fades.

I put the bottles on the belt as I try to remember this face I can't seem to place. I give the boy behind the register a good stare and right at the point where I feel it is coming back to me he turns around and walks away from the register. Slightly confused I decide to wait as I am definitely not leaving without my 2 soon to be new friends.

After, what must be a minute or so, the boy returns with a big black dude in uniform following behind him and as they come closer the boy returns to the counter while the big guy approaches me and puts his claw around my arm.

"Could you please follow me, ma'am", he tells me in a deep Shaft like voice. For a moment I consider ripping my arm loose from his grip but I soon deduce that this would only be possible if I was willing to leave my arm behind.

As Shaft guides me to the back of the store where he takes me into a small grey room and instructs me to take a seat, I feel the vultures of emptiness pick on the remaining breadcrumbs of my soul. I take my place on the seat and wait for further instructions but they don't seem to come until the Mr. Barry fucking White takes a seat opposing mine.

For a while he just stares at me in some sort of attempt to break me or make me feel uncomfortable. If only he knew the level of uncomfortable I am experiencing right now!

"Ma'am, we have you on tape stealing products from this convenience store", he tells me in a continuously equally pitched voice which makes it sound as if he is performing a rap act to me. As I normally would appreciate such a generous gesture I feel to be fucked up now and want to get this over with as soon as possible.

"Yes, that was me, I admit, just let me pay for the bottles and let me go one my way", I attempt to rap back to him hoping he appreciates that we are at least on the same wave length.

"No ma'am, I cant do that, well have to document this officially so if you could please provide me with some identification"?

For fucks sake, Barry actually thinks I carry official identification somewhere under my shirt. Can he be the brightest tool in the shed? "I don't carry any identification on me", I throw at him quit agitated now since as the hole in my existence now fully eclipses. The emptiness of self is now so strong that it starts infecting my physical well being and I feel my surrounding getting weary.

Growing paler every minute the wannabe P. Diddy asks if I'm okay and if he can get me a glass of water. Water for crying out loud! I need my friends! With not much feeling left I get out of my chair and head towards the office door and try to steady myself while opening the door but the damn black muscle man puts his hand on the door rendering any movement I try to put into the door useless. "Let me go, I don't feel well", I mumble somewhat in his direction. His stupid gaze tells me he didn't get that message and I feel too weak to repeat it again. A cold chill starts running up and down between my head and my back and then my brain shuts down and all goes black as gravity pulls me down into the floor.

In the blackness I feel a returning sting on my cheek and as it forces me to investigate I open up and eyelid and spot an angel in white that is slapping me in the face again and again as he mumbles some words to me. If feel the emptiness is gone again and not understanding what has set this sweet release into motion I open my other eyelid and demand some confirmation.

As the image on my brain is being processed and filters out the haze and distortion i conclude the angel is in fact a medical assistant in a white outfit. Even though both eyes are open now the fucker keeps hitting me in the cheek while asking if I remember my fucking name. Off course I remember my name you dumb douche bag now get your fucking paws of me and give me the recipe of this substance that is leaking into my veins.

"Its Sam", I mumble in an attempt to make the stinging of the cheek stop and hoping to put and end to this all.

"Do you know where you are, ma'am", the medicine man asks me probably trying to confirm the drug is not eating away my brain.

"In a fucking ambulance, now fuck off with the stupid questions", I tell him trying to make the point that I feel quit alright and concerning the current state of the brain I could not wish for anything better.

Being trained to stay polite the man in white tells me, "that's good to hear, ma'am, we have injected you with some drugs so you might feel a little woozy" as he checks some charts.

"We will take you to the hospital where we can have you checked out further so please just try to remain still". The hospital for fucks sake! That is the last place i want to go. The will need my insurance which I don't have and then will want some personal identification which I don't have and from there it is just a simple calculation that someone on this yellow car is not a native resident.

Trying to come up with clever solution I choose to wait out the ride as my flying skills are rather under developed. After a minute or so, my yellow oversized bed pulls up the back of some hospital I don't know. The white man steps out and gives a jerk on the bed making the wheels under it pop out as I see the night sky appear. Not being able to appreciate the dark blue sky, the bed is being pushed inside the hospital where I'm assigned to some doctor who is showing around some trainee's.

Not feeling confident as the faces of the trainees seem to speak volumes of fear as I'm being positioned below some bright light next to a night stand. To make matters worse the doctor instructs the trainees to come up with a diagnosis of the patient which would be yours truly. The 3 guys gather around my bed and start lifting up my arms and asking if I want to keep my eyes fixed on someone's finger while he moves it around.

I try to cooperate the best way I can but as one trainee enters my personal space in such a way that my exhaled breath becomes his fresh new supply of oxygen I fear the worst. It only takes him a few seconds to figure it out of what kind of disease I'm suffering and as he proudly walks back to his superior he says, "the patient carries a strong scent of alcohol with her".

The doctor, being responsible for these young lads, has to check up on the concluded diagnosis and thus I have the pleasure of another man entering my personal space. With a disappointed gaze he looks at me and instructs one of the trainees to get the release forms ready.

Me not appreciating the poor lack of care am still glad that this turned out this way without any hassle about my identity as I'm probably just another drunk to them.

With now even the 3 little piggy's looking at me in a disappointed way I feel the need to apologize but of course I don't. I'm not sure how long this drug they gave me will last and the one thing on my mind is getting home as I have an important meeting to prepare for. The best I can provide them with is an empty smile and so I try to fake one.

When one of the trainees comes back with some release forms and has it signed by his superior I'm allowed to leave and so I do. I make my way through the sterile white hospital halls and push open a door that leads to the main hall.

Once the fresh air greets my nostrils and welcomes me back in a cold grey world I walk over the subway station that is 5 minutes away from the hospital. The journey requires some climbing and descending of stairs which demands more of my flesh than I expected. The weakness in my bones has rooted deep into my flesh and has a firm grip over what I can and can't do.

As I stumble onto the subway station I deduce it must be a rather busy hour since the station inhabits a lot of users. When I find my place between a vending machine and a garbage bin I look around and notice each subway user has a grey depressed look on their face. Although the station is packed there is no sound other than some birds flying over. For a moment I think I entered a mass suicide and expect everyone to step onto the rails as the subway train approaches. The thought brings some warmth to the flesh as I for just a second feel I found my own species.

But as the subway train rushes closer and comes to an abrupt stop I conclude no one was harmed as I move closer to the subway doors. Once the train monster has all its users in its belly, including me, he comes back into motion and rushes towards his next meal.

With more and more inhabitant of the train's belly I am being squeezed between the train's back door and a student's back pack that presses into my ribs. The air feels dry and smells like sweat as the train rushes on to its next destination.

After 20 minutes or so, I finally reach my stop where I get off and make my way down the station stairs and exit 2 blocks away from Maple Street.

Having disappointed my 2 friends and wanting to make it up I conclude that going back in to the convenience store would be a stupid thing to do unless I aspire to become P.Diddy's permanent groupie. I walk past the convenience store without looking through the window and make my way to a smaller liquor store down the road. With the sun on the horizon, shedding an orange glow over the grey city, I enter the liquor store and spot an older Asian man behind the counter watching some TV on a small pocket television.

I approach him at the counter as he looks up over his glasses and asks me what he can do for me. I tell him I'll take 2 bottles of grey goose vodka. As he wraps the bottles up and places them in a plastic bag, I hand over the last green money I have on me and tell the old Asian he can keep the change.

As I walk out of the liquor store it starts to rain. When I make my way back to my 6 floors high grey building I have to make another walk of shame past the big front window of the convenience store. I quickly throw a peek through the window and notice the store is almost empty except for a few highschool girls behind the register.

Once passed the store I start to see the famous grey building and step it up as the rain now starts pouring down on me. In my failed attempt to enter the dull looking building no completely soaked I make my way up again through the stairwell and finally reach my front door.

I slide my key in the door lock and twist the door open with one hand as I kick the door with my feet to open up. Once inside I kick the door shut again with the same feet while I put my keys away and put the bag on the floor.

I enter the bedroom and put on my sweat pants and check the alarm clock. Two more hours before I hand over my tickets!

Chapter 07

With 30 minutes on the clock and counting down before I have my encounter with my dear friend, the sports fanatic, I take another drag from the fourth cigarette that I just lit. I'm on edge tonight! The bag on the floor that used to house two bottles now has only one resident left. I walk around the room in circles as I puff some smoke rounds in an attempt to take the edge of a little.

In preparation for tonight I actually did a little cleaning meaning the empty bottles on the floor that usually dominate the view are now stacked between the refrigerator and the wall separating the kitchen from the living room. The amount of available space it give is something new to me and I somewhat feel awkward in my own living room.

With 28 more minutes to kill I open the window and throw out my dying cigarette as I soon after lit another one. The wind is fierce tonight and blow the window shut from time to time. Wondering if the jock will be early, on time or late is a dilemma I don't want to wrap my head around. I feel a rush of energy traveling down my veins and I start to think the drug I got earlier today is mixing rather well with vodka and cigarettes.

As the minutes pass by I feel the rush is slowing down time around me as I look through out the window down on the traffic passing by. It seems to be just one big line of illuminating color varying between white, red and orange. With my fifth cigarette burning away at my fingers I drop it into the depths and close the window and get into the bedroom where I lay down for a while in an attempt to make time pass by a little faster or at least to make it feel like it does.

With my eyes closed and my head pressed into the pillow I feel the sense of time regaining its normal flow again. In the distance a black entity lurks that seems to come closer and closer as I time passes by. Before I realize it is right in front of my as it grabs my conciseness in its jaws and runs of into an area unknown.

The darkness in this area is so thick that I can only see small shapes in shades of grey as I wonder around this realm of unconsciousness. Again in the distance I spot a shape that is different from its surroundings and as it comes closer I can make out a face in the subtle contrasts of the shades. Too far for me to recognize the face I can hear it being accompanied by and terrible cry that could be similar to the ancient sirens cries. As the face comes closer and her cry becomes louder I have to cover up my ears in order to repress the pain that comes with it. Then all of a sudden the black world is being ripped apart by light that tears cracks and holes throughout the realm and finally only leaves itself behind.

My eyes go slightly open as my ears notify me of the noise at the front door. I quickly glance at the clock and see it marking 5 minutes before 20:00 as the realization kicks in. I quickly get up and rush toward the door where I quickly rub some sleep out of my eyes. When I open the door I am greeted by the Y-chromosome cliché that says, "Hey babe, sup", as if to say we are sports buddies now. With my brain still somewhat sleeping and now feeling slightly annoyed I wonder where all my previous excitement went. I turn around and try to sound cheerful as I mumble, "Come in" and walk towards the kitchen.

Hearing the door shut behind me I realize he is following and so as the good host that I am I guide him toward the chair in the living room as I pick up the bottle of vodka in the kitchen. I drink the remains of what is left and feel the goose burning down my throat which puts me back on edge as it affects my brain instantly.

I walk back towards the front door and spot the jock sitting on the chair in a macho man attitude like pose as he tells me if I have anything to drink for him. Being already 2

steps ahead I pick the plastic bag up and release it of its final resident. I unwrap the second bottle of vodka and open it up while I get into the kitchen for some glasses. I open up the cabinets in the kitchen in search of something that could pass of as a glass but the best I can do him for is an empty peanut butter can. As I pour the peanut butter glass full of to the bear's nose that makes up the logo I glance over at the pretty boy that is now walking around in my living room as if he has to investigate the emptiness of it all.

When I hand over the glass he looks at me with a demeaning look as if the glass is not worthy of his precious royal lips! I ignore the stare and tell him I will get the tickets as soon as he finishes up his drink and so he takes his changes.

Expecting him to be a rookie drinker I get confirmation when his facial muscle system starts randomly jerking around as the glass contents make their way down his throat. When he hold the glass steady in his hand so that the bear on the logo is now no longer being drowned, he says, "fuck, that's strong" after which he coughs up a little throat slime hoping to soften the burn.

Being the tough guy that he is he of course takes another sip right after the other which I think is very brave and very useful to me as it will prove my job of creating a blunt force trauma on his skull much easier.

After his third sip, having the peanut butter bear now playing in vodka up to his belly, his eyes become hazy as he takes a seat on the chair again. I walk past him and say, "I'll get your tickets now" as I enter the bedroom.

From under the bed I expose a sledgehammer that I normally use for personal safety as opposed to the popular baseball bat. But as you must be aware of right now, I'm not really big in the sports department.

I lift the hammer upwards and get a tight grip on its handle as approach the living room again where I see my friend with his eyes closed on the chair, probably imagining the football game already. I walk by put the hammer over one shoulder as I make it ready for its future encounter.

The sad boy takes another sip from his glass and now has completely stolen all the liquid fun that the peanut butter bear was indulging in. He places the empty glass on his knee and holds it there with one hand which provides me with an opportunity too good to miss.

With the sledgehammer handle pressing into my shoulder I slightly lift it up and shift the hammers handle over my head as both hands now firmly grip the lower end of the handle. I take a breath and then with all energy returning back into me I swing it over my head towards the peanut butter bear with a tremendous force.

The hammer breaks the glass in an instant and then marches on to the knee which surprisingly easy breaks in a similar fashion as the glass.

With an incredible ear deafening scream, John lets me know that he doesn't appreciate my gesture and falls on the floor where he crawls around like cockroach that is born with a brain deficiency. The scream is soon replaced with crocodile tears as he wets the floor and coughs up some more slime.

Let's see how big of a man Johnnie boy really is! "John, listen to me", I urge him with the hammer leaning over my shoulder as he looks up to me with his face covered in tears and confusion. "I'm God; do you recognize that I am your God"?

He looks up as the confusion on his face now reaches a whole new level and tries to access his already alcohol infected brain for some answer. Finally he says, "What do you mean", looking like a tortured puppy.

"Didn't you once play God, John", I ask him in an impatient tone of voice as I don't really want to explain my reasons for doing this to him. Again he looks up to me with big

black puppy like eyes and asks me, "What do you mean" as he crawls a little further away from me into the kitchen.

"Didn't you drug a junior highschool girl and then raped her, John"? Then I seem to have struck a nerve within him as he recalls his youthful naughty adventures with the female genitalia.

"Is that why....you are doing this", he stumbles while tears run down his face as he crawls further and further into my kitchen for reasons unknown. With the sledgehammer still resting on my shoulder I walk into the kitchen and bend down through the knees as I come face to face with our beloved crippled sports fan. He responds by crawling so far back that his back presses into the kitchen wall and there really are not moving options left for him now.

"I'm doing this because I can, John, that is all. Isn't that the exact same reason why you did what you did? Do we really need a good reason to fuck each other up in ways unimaginable to other, John"?

The alcohol effect seems to be repressed by the adrenaline rush that was released by the sledgehammer meeting his knee as the clear gaze in his eyes returns. Yet the adrenaline seems to also have neglected him now as he starts to cry more and louder.

Getting more and more impatient with this prolonged evening I ask him again, "Do you recognize me to be your God", to which he bravely though stupendously replies, "You're not God", in a soft cracked up voice.

"I know I'm not God, John, but I am your God, I decide what is going to happen to you now, your lawyer daddy can't get you out of this mess", I tell him patiently while looking him into the eyes.

"Fuck you, what gives you the right", he spits while some drool starts to gather around his mouth. I get up again and stretch my legs a little and put the sledgehammer, head down, against one of the kitchen's lower cabinets and take the bottle of vodka. With the bottle opened I drink some more to clear my throat as I expect this conversation to last for a while.

"What gives me the right, what doesn't give me the right, John? Who is going to tell me wrong from right? God? The law? The both don't apply to me", I tell him with the bottle in my hand while leaning against the refrigerator door. With all the drinking I feel hungry again and so I decide to make myself another peanut butter sandwich as I take uncover all the necessities.

With two slice of white bread on the table and a fresh unopened jar of peanut butter I get to work and treat myself to an extra thick layer of the brown stuff. As Johnnie boy is now being neglected for a while as the act of sandwich making requires my attention he remarks, "You're fucking insane, Sam", but I decide to ignore the potty mouth and focus on the task at hand. Once the beautiful sandwich is ready, I pick it up in one hand and the bottle of vodka in the other and push my back against refrigerator as I slide down and take a seat on the floor.

I take a bite out of my peanut butter sandwich and as rude as it may be start to talk and say, "We are not that different, John, except you deny your existence whereas I embrace mine". He now has taken on the annoying habit of periodically sniffing up whatever green like wetness is running down his nose which on several occasions interrupts me while I'm talking to him.

"What are you going to do to me, you won't get away with this", he says when an awkward silence breaks up the flow of our conversation so far.

"I guess you have your answer right there then", I mumble as I push the rest of my peanut butter sandwich in my mouth and try to flush it down with some vodka. I take a few

seconds to swallow it and then run my tongue over my teeth to get the remains to follow a similar destiny.

“Do you recognize me to be you God, John”, I ask now for what must be the third time or so.

“Please don’t kill me, Sam”, he replies evading my question knowing it will only speed up the road trip towards his destiny.

“Do you recognize me to be you God, John”, I ask again and now with more determination in my voice to prove my point that playtime is over.

“Please, Sam, I’m not a bad person, really”. Although I’m not up for more delays I am willing to answer this one considering he is still young and must not know a lot despite his claims otherwise.

“I’m sure you are right, John, but you played God once before and now someone else wants to play God with you. It’s really not about whether you are good or bad”.

Loosing all hope now he starts to cry again and this time it is worse then before as the realization of what is to come must now have come full circle in his lizard like brain. I get up and push myself off from the refrigerator with the vodka bottle in hand as I move closer to the boy sobbing in my kitchen. After a few moments I decide to get things over with and pour some vodka on his bleeding broken knee to which he responds with another scream of agony.

“Stop your fucking crying”, I urge him as I put the bottle on the kitchen plateau and pick the sledgehammer back up. Johnnie looks at me with a terrified look and behind it all I think I see some disappointment that he wasn’t able to get out of this one.

“Listen up Johnnie; I’m going to ask you this one more time, if you answer truthfully this will all be over, if not, I will break you bone by bone, got it”?

“I am God; Do you recognize me as your God”, I ask him hoping to have proven my point as the sledge hammer starts to feel heavier by the minute.

Half crying and mumbling while drool runs down his mouth and the green stuff is now traveling down his cheek, he says, “Yes”, in an crackled almost silent tone of voice. Well, it doesn’t deserve an Oscar for most enthusiastic performance but ill settle for it anyway and lift the sledgehammer over my head again.

Already leaking two bodily fluids I notice his bladder doesn’t agree with his recent decision either and responds with a well-fuck-you-then statement as it resigns and has the once so tough sports jock wetting himself and my floor.

As the hammer swings over my head with a strong determination and force, the black metal end invades the though outer shell of his head and enters the domain of what was once the God named John. With his eyes still open he falls to the side where a big red pool of thick blood emerges as I put the hammer down and get to the bedroom where I lie down and wait for the darkness to come.

Chapter 08

In the darkness I wonder again, haunted by this face that comes closer and closer while it brings this terrible sound of pain and agony with it. The face is still too vague to make out who it could be but I can tell it is a woman's face. Her cries cut through my bone and marrow and leave me powerless as I crawl up in a bowl of human meat with my hand covering my ears and my head pushed against my knees.

Just make it stop, I scream, make it stop. But it doesn't, her cries continue and still come closer until my hands covering my ears doesn't make a difference anymore. The pain is unbearable and all I can think of is how to escape this hell I'm in.

With her cries so loud and painful the face starts to fade out again and an orange spot in this black world spreads like a leaking oil tanker. Once the blackness has shifted to this new shade of orange I feel my eyes opening up and the reality of the day comes to life.

A big orange sun at the horizon attempts to color the dead city into something that it's not, yet I appreciate the effort of trying. Slowly I push the sheets away and get out of bed. When I guide myself to the bathroom with my eyes closed and my hands doing all the work I slowly force my eyelids to get to work and open up.

Once I'm in the bathroom I take a seat on the toilet and start the morning rituals while I feel my eyelids complain about their working hours as they quickly sign off again and leave my hands doing all the work.

With one hand I fumble in around the pocket of my sweat pants in search of a smoke. Having found one I squeeze it between the lips and light it as I feel the bladder empty up.

While leaving a trail of smoke from the bathroom through the living room and into the kitchen I still heavily rely on my touching senses as I try to find out what's left for breakfast.

Then I suddenly feel a sticky residue on my feet which I find rather alarming and worthy of forcefully waking up the eyelids for active duty. As I look down at my feet I see them slightly painted in red and as I follow the red trail towards its origin I fall backwards on the ground and in a reflex crawl, like an animal in danger, away from the sight.

Two big dead eyes are staring at me from the kitchen floor as I now feel the urge to throw up whatever is left inside of me. After a few seconds, I feel the urge disappear and get up again. I step back into the kitchen and have a closer look while I bend through my knees and reach in his jacket with my hand in search of some official documentation on this stranger. I come up empty and take a step back as if I can analyze the situation better from an overview perspective.

I ponder what could have happened and attempt to retrace my steps but my memory is mostly a blur. One thing is for sure though. I can't be seen with a dead body in my kitchen and so I'll have to get rid of it. Running out of places to keep secrets I step towards the front door and make my way to the roof where I lately keep my private burial place.

Once on the roof I check if there is any place left for another meat package and as I approach the garden of death the stench of the bodies enters my nostrils and sets my gag reflexes into motion. I deduce there is not much room left in the garden but I'm also not really swimming in options here. Feeling my stomach contents travel up towards my throat I quickly make my way back to my apartment where I assess the situation once more and try to come up with a best practice for getting rid of bodies.

Having already pretty much exhausted the do-it-yourself burial on the roof I try to think of alternatives but again come up empty and so the roof it is.

To prevent leaving a big trail of blood that leads up to my front door I take a plastic bag and wrap the guy's head in it and drag him into the living room. The blood on the kitchen floor will prove to be difficult to remove and so I get a bucket of water and empty it over the kitchen floor, leaving it to mix with the blood.

I get back into the living room and drag the guy by his feet out through the door and into the direction of the roof. The sun is now almost revealing more than half of itself and the orange city now turns into a more yellowish white like city.

After a few moments having reached the roof I carry my burden towards the garden where I leave him in the pathway and just cover him up with bags of compost. Checking if anything is obvious from a distance I conclude the job well done and quickly get down the stairs and head to my apartment where the water on the kitchen floor has soaked up a little of the blood.

Not owning a mob, I resort to some old shirts and towels hoping they will suffice. After minutes I have some red shirts, a bucket full of water and blood and a floor that has an obscure shiny red color. Feeling content with the job I throw the shirt in the bucket and put the bucket in one of the lower kitchen cabinets and get into the living room where I take a seat on the chair and start to wonder.

With my head between my knees, I rub my temples hoping to stimulate any train of thought that might clarify anything of what has been happening to me lately. The bodies, the postcards, the dreams, they all are new to me but how are they related? Am I doing this? Am I stuck in some sick dream?

The thought hurts my brain and leaves me more confused than enlightened and so I get back to the bedroom and turn on the shower.

Once the water is running down my legs onto the bathroom floor I notice the reddish color mixed into it. I quickly check if I'm bleeding but soon find my hands are covered in the blood that used to color my kitchen floor. With some sturdy rubbing I get all the blood off my hands and now aim for the temples as they must be covered in red as well. Now that the water running down is no longer infected by this red substance I turn off the shower and walk through the bedroom, grab a cigarette, and move on into the living room where I take a seat on the chair again and give this whole mystery-uncovering-adventure another go.

As my train of thought passes by the station named postcards I remember I usually left the cards in the mailbox. Maybe I should have a closer look at those later. Smoking puffs of grey into the room, the sun comes now completely up and casts its warm rays into the living room, speeding up the whole air drying ritual.

After a few moments I get back into the bedroom and put on a shirt and of course my trusted sweat pants. I get back into the living room and head towards the door. Having the door opened I step out and make my way down to the mailboxes in an attempt to make some sense of this twilight zone I got myself stuck in.

Once in front of the mailboxes I spot another postcard sticking out. I push it through and open the door of the mailbox and take out the five or six postcards and close the box up again. Climbing the six stairs again I go through the cars and notice they all depict a sunny resort somewhere in Cuba as the big blue letters always say, "greetings from Cuba".

Back in the living room I close the door behind me and walk into the kitchen where I stick the cards backwards on the refrigerator with some magnets. With all the messages exposed to me I let them all board my train of thought in this search of some questions of the soul.

Trying to make sense of these friendly though somehow cryptic messages I notice that only the first message stands out from the rest as my name is explicitly mentioned.

Does this mean this is someone I should know? How else could it be that my name is on there? It must be someone I know but who do I really know in this city? It is all too vague to me and thus I decide to get on with the rest of the day but then a thought sparks from the depths of my grey self.
Could it be?

Chapter 09

The cards on the refrigerator suddenly slide down a little as some very loud knocks on my front door almost break the door out of its hinges. The sudden impact releases a shot of adrenaline into my veins and leaves me for a moment nailed to the ground. Then I re-find my courage and step towards the door. As I'm halfway between the kitchen and the door I suddenly hear a loud voice screaming, "SAM, open up, its Lyle, I want to talk to you, SAAAM". For fucks sake, Lyle! Why now? Why me?

As I open the door I uncover a soaked man heavily under the influence of some brain eating alcohol going by the name of Lyle who apparently think I'm his friend in need.

"Lyle, come in", I fake in the best way I know how to be enthusiastic. He walks in and takes his overcoat off and puts it over the chair while he takes a seat on it and rubs some rain drops out of his face.

"I'm sorry to drop in on you like this but I had nowhere to go", he says leaving a strong scent of bad breath and whisky in the room.

"Amy, my daughter, has been missing now for over four days, I'm loosing it, Sam", he tells me with a crackled voice while looking me sturdy in the eyes. The dilemma of my confusion builds up as I know I somehow have his daughter's bible lying around but have no idea where she could be though. I try to comfort him the only way I know how and say, "You want a drink" as I grab a bottle of vodka from the floor.

"Sure", he replies. As if a drunk would refuse a drink! I walk into the kitchen and grab a used glass from the kitchen sink and pour some vodka in it and take it back to my guest. As a good host we drink together and as soon as his glass is empty I offer a refill, and of course on for myself.

His eyes become more and more glazy and he starts crying out loud right there in my living room as I take another tug of vodka. Feeling the effects kick in now take a seat on the floor as my chair is taken and my legs are not the most trustworthy friends right now. I look at Lyle as he whines about missing Amy and mumbles some words in between I cannot make out. I'd like to comfort him further but don't know how and feel to drunk anyway. Then the only clever thing that comes to mind is, "It'll be okay", and as I hear myself say it realize the emptiness of the words.

He looks at me with an weird gaze and then thanks me and tells me I'm a good friend. I feel his pain in a way but the alcohol is suppressing too much of it to really put us on the same page. I take another sip from the bottle as it now is about the empty up and have to start taking it slower as gravity suddenly pulls on me and make me hug the floor.

I hit my head with a slight impact and for a moment all I see is blackness.

Then I pull myself backup and see this stranger in my apartment crying on my chair and drinking my vodka from a glass that is mine. As I take a closer look I notice it is fucking Lyle from the AA meetings I so love to indulge in. What a beautiful opportunity this is. One I cannot resist!

I pick the vodka bottle up by its neck and stand up and move into the bedroom where I pick the bible up from under the bed and take it with me into the living room where I hand it over to Lyle while I walk past him and go stand behind him.

He looks at it confused and says, "This isn't for me, Sam, I once used to though but not anymore", and grips it tightly shut with his two big claws.

"Open it", I tell him in a voice that has him believing there will be a message in there that will make everything okay. As he opens the bible and flips over the cover the life changing message is revealed to him. For Amy from Lyle.

With a stupid gaze on his face he turns around and looks at me as the bottom of the bottle of vodka lands on his temple and brings the darkness into him as the lights go out. Like an unstable house of cards he collapses and falls off the chair onto the floor where he remains motionless.

With the filth removed from my chair I drink the remains of vodka from his glass and lit a cigarette while I take a seat on the chair. Puffing away some clouds of smoke I prepare for what is to come as I look at the soon to be cadaver drooling on my carpet. No more sad stories for you I think to myself while I get up from the chair and move into the kitchen where I unveil my trusted yellow, black hammer of wrath.

With Lyle on the living room floor I decide to move him into the bathroom as I don't want another crawling cockroach over the kitchen floor and so grab him by one arm and pull him through the bedroom and into the bathroom where I place him behind the shower curtain. Now its just waiting for my friend to wake up with a splitting headache which will keep him manageable so the speak.

I lit another cigarette while I get the sledgehammer from the living room and take it with me to the bathroom where I take a seat on the toilet cover. With the sledgehammer handle in hand and a cigarette in the other I wait in patience for my friend Lyle to regain consciences.

After a while he slowly wakes up again and reaches for his head that must be complaining about the recent indent I added to his skull. With a moan he looks up to me as fear takes over his facial muscular control center as the sledgehammer swings through the bathroom and lands with an dull impact on his foot. The bone snaps like a twig as I seal his fate by marking my possession with the black metal head of my hammer.

In and loud scream he cries out in pain and as rationality takes control of his brain again he starts crying for help which of course will not be responded to as I know all too well. Sealing his fate permanently I lift the sledgehammer up again pull it over my head as I locate the right spot. Then with all my wrath I swing the hammer passed my head and towards Lyle's other foot in attempt to make sure this will be his final stop. Surprisingly clever he responds and retracts his foot inwards while his face still preaches the pain he must be in. I look at him and say, "If you do that again, the next blow will be breaking your kneecaps as I work my way up to you face", to which he responds in an almost silent moan that I cannot make out. As his foot slides back into its original position I lift my hammer up again as Lyle retracts his foot again and I immediately anticipate and have the hammer land on his upper leg. The femur breaks with some hesitation but considering the odd angle of his upper leg I can confirm that it is definitely broken and also the scream, that resounds through my apartment and can be heard in the empty apartments next door, hints at it.

I walk out of the bathroom and get myself a cigarette as I wait the moans of pain to die out and become one with the background noise of the traffic six floors below me. As I blow some smoke into the living room I hear his moan dye out a little but still consider it too much for a conversation eye to eye.

As the cigarette burns away at my fingers I decide to check up on my friend anyway and make my way back to the bathroom. As I enter through the bedroom and attempt to enter the bathroom I spot Lyle crawling over the floor trying to exit the bathroom. Understanding his attempt his futile I step on his back and enter the bathroom where I take a grip on the sledgehammers yellow handle and lift it up and turn around. "Better get back here, Lyle", I say as I look at the back of his skull with the hammer over my shoulder. He turns his head and looks at me with the saddest eyes you can imagine and starts his whiney cry again.

“Why, what did I do to deserve this?”, he mumbles while drool leaks down on my bedroom floor. I step over him into the bedroom and block the exit to the living room as if on some level I still fear that there is the small chance of hit foot miraculously healing and he would attempt to escape his destiny.

“It is not what you did, Lyle, it is what you are”, I patiently explain to him as he crawls back into the bathroom, probably out of fear thinking another blow of my yellow friend is imminent. As I approach him a little he crawls back more and more until his back presses against the bathroom wall again and I can take a seat on my throne, the toilet cover. I put the hammers head down on the floor while I keep the handle in my head and relieve my shoulder of the weight that was pressing in.

“You’re a sad fuck, Lyle, your existence here is a waste of time, an useless waste of oxygen”, I explain to him hoping to clear things up a little as his face of fear is now showing several signs of confusion. Trying to overcome the pain of his broken limbs he starts asks in confusion, “I have been trying to be a better man for months now; you fucking know that”.

“I do Lyle, but that is not what I’ m referring to”, I attempt to explain as I doubt he will ever get it. As I take another impatient drag from the cigarette I continue to explain that his once so powerful position in society doesn’t mean shit to me and that true power can only exist from where we are now. His face shifts back and forth between confusion, pain and more confusion as he realizes that this is not working in his favor. As if there is such a thing!

In an attempt to get on my non existing good side he remarks, “I understand, Sam, I do, I really do”, which angers me more and more as it feels the student is playing games with the teacher, the pagan is disobeying his God. I pick up the sledgehammer and lift it over his head and pull it upwards as I determine its desirable path as I ask him, “then explain it to me Lyle, if you truly get what I’m saying I will let you go, if not I will bash in your head”.

The confusion and fear on his face are now replaced with stupidity as he realizes he was not in the position to be clever in the sense that he attempted to be. As I wait for an answer we lock eyes both knowing what is expected of each other although have the better end of the deal.

All stays quit as I puff out some smoke and follow up by another drag from the cigarette that I have squeezed between the lips. After having waited for a while I decide that his time is up and in effect his time has come as I say, “You treat yourself a victim of your circumstances, Lyle, it has always been the alcohols fault that you are where you are now, the endless whining during our meetings have told me a lot about who you are”.

“You fucking freak, you have been using us, having us spill out our personal baggage”, he tells me in anger as he delays the fate that is upon him.

As he tries to speak more negative of my recent behaviour I bring the hammer down as it bounces of it skull. He falls to the side as I put down the hammer and wonder into the bedroom where I take a seat on the bedside, pondering about a suited location for this clump of meat.

I decide to take in little fresh air and stray towards the door and walk through and head towards the stairwell as I explore the available options.

As I explore the streets hulled in darkness with the occasional lamppost shedding its light and hinting at the possible directions I can take, I search the depths of my brain for an answer where I can leave 162 pounds of meat without it being traced back to me.

I walk into a direction of a Maple Street where I pick up the smell of some junk food which infects my brain instantly and leaves my following the scent towards its source where I uncover a small mobile snack bar with an Asian guarding the hotdogs and cans of soda.

As I approach, he notices me and says he is closing up in an effort to have me give up and leave but I don't and put a dollar on his shiny metal counter and say, "one please", as I give him a look of impatience and determination.

With a sigh and a facial expression of dislike he takes out a napkin and hands it over to me as he says, "help yourself then", as he picks up the dollar and puts it in a bucket where it falls in with others alike.

With the sausage lying on ketchup bedding I bring the whole closer to my mouth as a thought sparkles from my mind. Could I?

As I push the remains of my dollar worth of food in my mouth and digest it with some camel like motion of the jaws I finally bring it to the back of my mouth where it continues further on its journey of dismemberment. To confirm the possibility of my bright spark of the mind I make a detour from Maple Street and proceed towards some empty abandoned factories that are now the shelters of bums and junkies. As I approach I see some bums warming their hands over a handmade fire in an empty barrel. I walk past them and enter into one of the old buildings as the moon illuminates my path through the windows without glass. As I enter a big production hall I spot the meat hooks on a rail system that shine quite bright in the moon light. I proceed as these are of no use to me and I'm looking for something more specific. Something less passive than a shiny hook on a rail system, although I appreciate its former purpose. When I move into a smaller hall I find what I was looking for as a metal machine in the back grabs my attention and I walk over there without straying my gaze away from it.

As I stand in front of the powerful unused machine I press some of its buttons but soon notice the entire thing has been unplugged and the power cord has been cut off. Probably for security reasons as you might never know what these junkies and bums think of next.

I'll have to find some way of powering this beast and look for alternative ways but soon find myself shit out of luck and decide to look around some more. As I wonder over the factory floor in search of some inspiration I stumble upon some old storage bins. I check for anything useful as I go through the mostly useless tools. Then I notice several ends of some cut off power cords and take some of these out of the bin. I return to the old shiny cutting machine and kneel down at its tail and try to peel out some of the wires. As the brown and blue wire becomes exposed I separate them from each other and do the same with one of the cut off power cords. I mangle them together and put some stress on then wire by pulling them apart. It holds!

I try to find the closest power socket and as I find it I plug it in as the machine gives a short sign of life when the cutting blades come into motion for just a second. Satisfied with the achieved result and my personal McGyver skills I unplug the power cord and get up. I throw one more glimpse on the grey animal and then head out of the hall back into the main hall where the meat hooks still remain in their idle positions while casting glitters of moonlight into their surroundings. When I exit the building I notice the bums have left and the fire they were warming to has now been reduced to a trail of smoke that slowly grows thinner as its host is dying out in the cold wind.

When I find my way back to Maple Street I quickly head back home where I have some dead idle meat to dispose of but as I proceed I feel myself getting more and more tired as if my muscles grow weaker by the second. As life drains out of me I notice the grey familiar sight of home sweet home and as I barely manage to get through the entry door I feel I lose control over my face and then the neck. Quick as I can I hurry up to the sixth floor and get in to my apartment where I immediately grab a pen and write some blurry words on my hand as the light is turned off and the exchange is made as I take place in the backseat of the brain.

Chapter 10

My eyes slowly open as I find myself lying on the floor eating dust and dirt. Surprised by how I got here I get up and look around me in search for an answer that doesn't come. I walk around the living room to investigate some more and torture my brain with a salvo of questions. What happened? Did I come from outside? Why was I outside?

I fear of what I will find, considering my findings lately haven't been all that uplifting, I search the bedroom which gives me no clues and brings some joy to mind. I approach the bathroom for an inspection and as I enter the smell of a drunk bum reaches me and makes me look aside where I find a man with lying on my bathroom floor leaking some vital fluids of life into the shower drain. As I turn him around I recognize his face as that of Lyle and am not sure what to think or even where to begin. As I let go of him I notice a blue stain on my hand and open my palm further to see what it is.

As my palm unfolds before me the stain turns into a sentence and says, "The old slaughter house". I ponder for a while on this mystery but soon figure out the two must be connected but to be sure I decide I better first check before I do anything stupid. Relative that is!

I feel there is not much time left and I have to make use of the night while I can. I open the front door and get outside and make my way down where I exit the building and head toward the factory graveyard, and old industrial area that is no home to bums and junkies. I rush over Maple Street and take a side cut through an alley that saves me up to two minutes.

Seeing the factory graveyard appear on the horizon I step up the pacing and feel my heart beat against my ribs as my lungs are not used to this kind of treatment. After a few minutes I enter the terrain and head to the slaughter house that luckily I not that far. The darkness of night provides me with a natural camouflage which brings hope to mind that the next time I will be here at least the darkness will be on my side.

On approaching the main hall I see some white rabbits escape uncertain doom that I am not aware of. The big blue doors leading to the main hall remind me of the mines and leave me with a feeling of unease as I enter though them into a big empty hollow hall. The meat hooks attached to the railing systems shine in the darkness and make the sensation of being there even worse. I walk thought the hall as my footsteps echo back to me from all sides.

Once I made it across I enter into a smaller hall which is filled with old machinery used for killing chickens, cows and pigs and after tonight it will have been used for yet another purpose. As I scour through the machines I look at my palm again but notice all the running and hurrying has turned the personal message into a blotch of blue ink.

Then as I approach the back row of machinery I notice the power cord of one of these machines has been fixed in a way that only an amateur could fix it. I walk over to the machine and plug the power cord into the socket nearby and search for the most logical way to turn this shiny thing on. Having found a red press button on the side I hesitantly press it down as the cutting wheels rush into motion and creates a set of iron jaws capable of pulverizing anything into something unrecognizable. Perfect!

I turn the machine off and hurry back the same way I can but notice my smokers lungs are now severely complaining about the overtime they have to endure. It takes me almost twice as long but I finally reach the entry doors of my grey rectangular existence.

Cleverly, as I think of myself, I start looking for a way to get a body from the entry doors to the factory graveyard and scour around the building for a while in search for inspiration. Then in the distance I spot a rusty trolley that lies sideways in the mud. As I approach the trolley and turn it around in its intended rotation I find it rather useful for

carrying dead weight and take the trolley further around the back of the building. When I get to the back of the building which is covered in darkness as the moon doesn't get here, I put the trolley down and look up to what should be my shower window.

I hurry back to the front side of the building where I enter through the entry doors and hurry back the six floors up to my front door. When I enter my apartment I go straight through the bedroom and into the bathroom where I open the bathroom window which is rather small but should be big enough the amount of meat I'm about to send down.

As I pull Lyle into a straight position I get the feeling he is rather warm but discard it as a sensory illusion since I have working out myself these last few hours. With his head through the window I bend down and try to push him through but find it rather difficult as the weight seems to increase by the minute. Then suddenly his feet start to twitch and I jump backwards on the ground as his sudden movements scare the be-jesus out of me.

I hear a dull sound of a man, hanging halfway through my window, calling my name. "Sam.....".

For a moment I hesitate and but then I realize there is no going back from this. I up to my neck in this shit and have to push someone else down in order to keep myself up. The metaphor is rather ironic I thing to myself as I approach Lyles swindling legs and grab them both tightly and push him out of the window. Out of my apartment! Out of my world!

The rush seems to slow down time as I wait for the dull impact to travel back up which seems to take rather long but then confirmation crawls through the window with the speed of sound and I close the window back up.

I quickly make my way down again and hurry to the back of the building before anyone will take it on himself to investigate this sudden sound in the midst of the night that made our grey building shiver.

As I arrive I notice Lyle landed head first which should have made the entire thing a rather short experience and I feel happy for him as I put the trolley next to him on its side and try to push him in. Once he is in the trolley for the most part I tip the trolley back on its wheels and start to drag the whole thing through the mud.

I look around me for something to cover the trolley contents up as I realize I won't make it far if someone sees Lyle's brand new tricks of the limbs. When I have the trolley almost back at the front of the building I notice some old rags and cloths hanging on a line to dry during the day I presume. I quickly run over to the line and rip of some big sheets that will do just fine and as I approach the trolley again I cover Lyle up in the sheets like a baby in a child carrier.

Feeling confident about pulling this off now, I drag the trolley onto the pavement and start riding it across the street into Maple Street. As I approach the two-minute-short-cut alley I decide to take it as it now not only is a shortcut but also provides me with the necessary darkness and isolation.

Once through the alley the factory graveyard appears once more on the horizon and grows more and more as I pull the trolley through the dirt. My hands begin to feel soar and raw but I know this is not the time to complain and proceed in my way as it is only a few more meters now. The big blue doors leading into the main hall still has some unrelated feelings creeping up on me.

With the trolley and me in the main hall it is only a matter of seconds before I get the both of us across and have us enter the smaller hall where I continue to lead the trolley towards its final resting point.

Once the trolley is just a few feet away from the shiny cutting machine I plug the power cord in again and look for a big box or bag that can contain a rather large quantity of grinded meat. In some storage room I find some cut off power cords on the floor and some boxes that contain more crap. I pick on box and turn it upside down as all its

contents fall out on the floor as I return to my rusty trolley. I put the rather big box on the exit side of the machine and press the red button as his jaws of death come into motion with the matching sound. I walk over to the trolley and reposition it so that it is perpendicular to the machine as I tip the trolley over and the sheets are ripped apart by the machines blades and not long after are drained in blood. The sight is not something I want to be reminded of during my idle sessions in the darkness and so it turns around as the machine does all the work.

After a while I no longer hear the tearing of flesh and the breaking of bones and conclude that my package must have gone through the machine all the way. I turn around and as the machine still heavily roars with its now bloody teeth, I silence it by ripping out the power cords and check the box on the exit side.

For what it's worth it looks rather normal for a slaughter house. I turn back to the storage room and look for something useful to cover up the box containing Lyle's new outfit. When I can't find anything remotely useful I settle for less and take an old rug from the storage room and put it over the box. It is not the best solution but it will have to do considering the circumstances.

Before dawn breaks I hurry back the same way I came and once again enter the grey old familiar building. I rush up the six familiar stairs in the building's stomach and approach the front door. In once continuing motion I open the door and slam the door behind me shut as I walk into the bedroom where I let myself fall onto the bed and wait for the darkness to come and make me forget everything about tonight.

The wait is not long and the darkness is thick and effective as usual when I drift off once more into the better side of life. Sweet idle darkness!

Chapter 11

The next day I wake up feeling more depressed than ever before. I can't keep this strange life up for much longer as I feel it is all crashing into me. I pull the covers over my head some more in an attempt to drown the sun out but of course I fail as rays of light march through the sheets into me eyes where the poke into my brain, reminding it needs to wake up. Realizing there is no escaping this dark sense of depression I get out of bed and walk into the living room where I take a cigarette and light it while I enter the bathroom.

Sitting on the toilet with my smoke, I look at the bathroom window that reminds me of recent events. Until yesterday I had been so unfortunate to have to expose of these appearing bodies but now having actually killed someone! The thought of it falls heavy on my soul as I sigh a cloud of smoke into the bedroom.

When the morning rituals are finished I get into the kitchen and fix something to eat while I check if I have still friends left that are willing to make me forget. Forget about last night. Forget about everything!

Disappointed, I get into the bedroom and change into something more reasonable for a public appearance and head out the door towards my usual place to meet new friends. Walking over Maple Street again I approach the familiar small entry door of the liquor store as I make my way over there. When I enter the store I'm greeted by an ever so lovely Asian woman who is cleaning her glasses with her apron while she watches some local news report.

I walk past her towards my aisle and pick two bottles up as I hear the television set ramble, "this morning 2 homeless men called in a crime scene at the factory graveyard where the found an dismembered arm. Police put the case under investigation but has not made an official statement yet". For a moment my heartbeat slams so hard in my chest that my hand starts shaking which is heard through the sound of the bottles on the shelf clashing against each other.

The Asian lady puts her glasses on her nose and yells something in an Asian language to me as I feel my face grow paler. What happened? I was so careful?

The inner questions don't bring me anywhere and I conclude and walk over to the counter where I put the two bottles on the counter and try to watch at the news story as some vague images of the factory graveyard flash by. I quickly pay for the bottles and get back as soon as my legs will take me.

As I re-enter my apartment I go straight into the bedroom and open a fresh new bottle of whisky that I feed to my stomach in an attempt to make it all stop. My world is collapsing as a house of cards. The glimpse of my future taunts my brain and creates a new all time low in my depression.

I take some clothes off and crawl under the sheets in another pathetic attempt to escape it all. I realize I can't as I carry this virus of life within me. Thrown into existence and doomed to live!

The rush of alcohol burning its way through my veins takes the edge off a little and makes things seem more relative as the beautiful substance puts things for me in a new perspective. With the sun now shining full bright into my apartment I feel so fucking annoyed by this supposedly wonderful thing that I feel like taking drastic measures and get out of bed in search for something to silence the sun's all seeing Eye.

Not having many possessions now proves to be a negative thing as I have a hard time using my creative mind under the influence off a mind altering substance. Already annoyed I now become more and more agitated and as I wonder through the living room I pick the chair up in a sudden motion and throw it into the wall where it leaves a hole.

I return to the bedroom and enter the bathroom where I take a piss. Halfway through I notice a thick red substance lying in the corner of the shower as my lizard brain brings a thought to mind. When I'm done I kneel down and push both of my hands in the pool of blood as it sticks to me like honey on a spoon. I walk into the bedroom again and go stand in front of the window as if to say I accept its challenge.

Then I put both of my hands on the window and pull my hands down from top to bottom leaving a red stripe of past human life behind. Pleased with the effect I get back into the bathroom for more and soon I celebrate victory over the sun as its effect is no longer present in at least my bedroom.

To commemorate my victory I finish the bottle of vodka and get into bed where I enjoy the relative reddish darkness as I close my eyes for a while and let the alcohol clean up all the bad memories and idle feelings.

A few hours later I wake up again and feel the hangover pain inside my head punching from the inside of my skull. With my head under the sheets I rub my temples hoping to ease the pain a little. It doesn't make a difference I realize and get out of the bed and head straight into the bathroom where I check myself in the mirror.

With big eyes the images reflecting in the mirror is staring at me as it discovers the he is bleeding from the head and as I feel put my hands up to investigate I notice my hands are covered in blood as well.

I try to think good and hard what could have happened but I proves useless as nothing comes to mind which is understandable considering it feels like my zombie brain is about to explode. I turn on the water and wash of the blood from my hands and face.

When I turn back into the bedroom I notice the window and wonder what has happened here and for what sake the window is covered in blood. As I walk over to the window and investigate by feeling its texture I begin to appreciate the beautiful piece of unknown art.

Then my brain reminds me of the meeting I'm supposed to attend to that just grew a little smaller in the amount of attendees. I turn around and throw a gaze at the alarm clock which notifies me of the time left which is not much. I get a change of clothes and open a bottle of whisky lying on the floor and take a sip or two. I open the door and walk outside where the still ever bright sun burns into my aching face.

I expect only one attendee at the meeting who should be more confused about her shortage in friends than I am and maybe I will even tell her where they can be found. One of them is even more popular than ever before I encountered him. The price of fame is high though!

When I make my so familiar route over Maple Street again I pass by the Asian liquor store and not long after that the convenience store where I throw a gaze through the big display window and notice business is going well but there is no time for capitalistic appreciation and head on into the direction of number 101.

As I approach the door aside of the a little plate marking the number 101 I hear a voice coming from my back as it notifies me of the others attendees presence. Together we enter the building as empty chit chat emerges between us and has me thinking about all the non-necessities in life, like what I think of the weather, what I think of the park being renovated and how long it takes me to get from my grayish dull building to here.

I'd like to intervene with a hey-did-you-know-I-chopped-up-Lyle-the-other-day, but it doesn't seem appropriate amongst us ladies and so I we indulge some more in life's less vital topics like the upcoming holidays and the weather forecasts.

As we enter into the main room and both take a seat on the chairs that are lined up in a nice intimate circle, we continue some more of our superficial brain teasers while we wait for more of our common friend to appear.

After a minute or so the conversation becomes quiet unbearable and in mind I see myself already grabbing the empty chair next to me and bash it into my conversational partners brain in an attempt to make things more interesting.

Then to take a detour from our dull thought exchange program she says, "Where are they?" as she looks through the still very empty room and then at me as if to ask whether I agree or not. I just give it a little nod and let her know as that I do. I certainly do!

"Excuse me, while I go freshen up a little", she then says very lady like and gets up from her chair and walk over to the bathrooms and leaves me alone in thought. As the bathroom door closes behind her and I find myself alone in an empty room in a circle of chairs with my empty friends and I ponder how I could change this into something more meaningful. Something more inline of recent events!

Then a noise from the front door derails my train of thought and leaves me rather annoyed while Hank walks in with way to happy facial features as he must be excited to spill some more of his misery into the circle of trust.

I throw a forced smile back at him and tell him that Charlotte is in the bathroom and will be out any second now to which he seems to become more and more thrilled as the knowledge of more people listening to his sad stories must be somehow exciting to him.

He takes a seat in the circle of chairs and starts talking as the idle chit chat continues again but now with a new conversational partner. I understand it would be polite to engage in this, unfairly thought of, meaningful way of interacting but it asks too much of me and my brain and I just reply with nods and looks and hope he subtly gets the underlying message. Gladly he does as the awkward moment between non speakers rises from the depths of our minds.

Then when Charlotte returns he suddenly sparks up knowing he found his other half, conversational wise. They greet each other as if they were longtime lovers with the cheerful greet and some kisses on the cheek. Together they engage in a conversation they were not able to have with me and I soon feel somewhat left out and decide to make use of the bathroom myself.

As I walk over I notice I'm either being unnoticed or ignored as I head over the bathroom but I find myself not really caring. Their time will come when ignoring me is no longer an option!

I swing the bathroom door open and enter where the sterile smell reminds me of a hospital. As I splash some water in my face and try to get rid of the empty chit chat thoughts that haunt my brain I look up into the mirror and watch the water make its way down over my chin into the sink below. Feeling the cold water damping of my face, I notice new thoughts clear my brain of its recent infection.

Satisfied with the quick recovery of my brain I approach the bathroom door and open it slowly as the image of my two friends in our safe circle appears. To make sense to my little grey world I see them unusually cuddly with each other and notice they even sneak a kiss in now and then as they think stupid Sam must still be taking a piss.

I close the door again and make it very obvious this time that my hand is on the door handle attempting to open the door. As predicted the lovers slash friends now returned to idle chit chat again and as I make my way over there and enter the our shared circle of friendship I'm greeted by two half empty smiles that rather see me dead than alive.

"Has anyone heard of Lyle yet", I ask in an attempt to diffuse the situation a little and regain some much lost trust. They both look at me in a somewhat pain sharing gaze

that I fake through my expression and have them believe I share their feeling for our missing friend.

“Still haven’t hear anything yet, I think the police is looking into it”, Hank informs me while he shifts his weight from side to side.

“We should do something ourselves”, I suggest to them which seems to generate a sparkle of interest as they both look up. “What do you have in mind”, Charlotte replies with and over exaggerated interest in her voice as she keeps up her whole mother Theresa act.

“Maybe we can spread around some flyers”, I suggest as I attempt to get these two lovebirds to pay a visit the grey box of my existential life. They seem surprised by my sudden managing skills as I initiate one great idea after the other.

“You could come by tonight, if you’re up to it”, I say as I invite them over to my humble apartment for some further planning on Lyle’s long gone rescue attempt.

“Does 9 o clock work for you”, Hank asks to which I cheerfully nod and reply it is perfect for me. Having dealt with our scheduled night activities we proceed into our complaining ritual while we tell each other how sad we were at one point in time and how it was all Jack and Johnnies fault.

I fake my way through it all and come up with some rather depressing twists if I can say so myself. When the evening is reaching its end we make our way over the table containing some coffee and donuts where we celebrate another successful evening of pathetic whining and complaining about life’s occasional curveball.

When I exit building 101 and snort in some fresh cold air I greet my friends and as we separate our ways. As I head into the direction of home I pass an old fashioned electronic store which has big sale signs stuck on its display window and as I’m halfway passed I notice some television sets in the display area showing the all too familiar factory graveyard. An anchorman with a big, what he must think is masculine, mustache is reading from his autocue while a picture aside from him displays the words “Factory graveyard murder” in big red letters.

Fate is catching up with me I think to myself and proceed in my path towards home. With the old grey building growing taller I cross the street that is leading to the entry doors of the building. As I enter the building I make my way up again and enter the apartment where I prepare for tonight as I open the still almost full bottle of whisky and put it to my mouth.

I feel the determination grow with every milliliter that burns through my throat and see my collapsing life from another perspective as I conclude it is not all that bad.

Chapter 12

The evening passes rather quiet and slow as the occasional drink I feed to myself slows down all perception. I try to kill some time by walking around the living room while lighting cigarette after cigarette as the room fills up with thick cloud of smoke. When the hour is almost there I do a quick check if everything is in its right place and open up the window to get rid of the mist cloud that haunts the living room.

I take a final sip of the bottle of whisky and put it aside as I prepare to play host for some unsuspecting guest that will be most surprised when they find out the true context of the night that is upon them. As the whisky sinks into my stomach and puts me further on edge I take a seat on the chair and wait for their arrival.

Outside it start's raining and the wind turns in an angle that has the building sing in a high pitch that should prove useful later tonight.

Then a knock on the door sets the night into motion as I get up from the chair and walk over to the door. As I swing the door open I'm cheerfully greeted by two faces eager to help out in our mutual search of Lyle.

As they enter into the living room I close the door behind them and instruct them to wait for a moment as I get into the bedroom to get something. Once in the bedroom the only thing I get is my guts, as two people is a first. Even for me! I take a few deep breaths and close my eyes for a second as the darkness comes over me and gives me new strengths I was not aware off before. I make a quick detour into the bathroom and splash some cold water in my face and look into the mirror which confirms my determination as the person looking back at me has a big gaping hole in her soul.

In the bedroom I slide a black suitcase from under the bed and open it which exposes all its shiny toys. Surgical knives, pliers, and medication, the whole lot! I take out two surgical knives, one in each hand, and get up on both feet again and head into the living room where the two lovebirds are actually holding hands while staring out of my window. I silently walk over the carpet into their direction while they are both drowning in their own affection for each other. With a few more feet to go I push on feet back and gain more grip. Then in one quick motion I sway forward and plunge the small but effective surgical knives in their backs at lung height.

As I let go of the knives and step back in uncertainty of what is to come the lovebirds apparently now have more important matters to attend to as they let go of each others hands and start to rub over their backs. For a moment they remind me of wild monkeys but then their gazes, realizing that their end is near, tell me otherwise. These monkeys can reflect upon themselves and are now wondering why they ever agreed coming here.

When their legs will no longer carry them they collapse on my floor. Charlotte goes first and is able to get the knife out of her back but too weak to go on from there while Hank takes while and finally falls face down on the ground where I think is knocked out from the impact.

Charlotte sits with her back against the wall under the window they were looking out of. I kneel down and retract the knife out of Hanks back and pick the other one up from the floor. Too much in shock, Charlotte looks at me with her big blue eyes as her punctured lung must be filling up slowly and make breathing for her harder and harder.

"Don't speak", I urge her, "it will soon be over". I check Hanks pulse as his shirt turns red and notice he is already as good as gone since I only detect a faint heartbeat rhythm. Before he leaves a stain on my carpet I grab him by the arms and drag him through the living room into the bedroom and from there into the bathroom.

As I let go of his arms I hear him suddenly moan in a low voice and am surprised by his body's persistence. When I return to the living room I notice Charlotte crying as the life must be draining out of her and she is about to pass out into the unknown. I really would have liked to spent more time with them and show them what I am all about but this I more of an practice round as two guest on my floor is more then I could have ever dreamed of.

Then is I enjoy the sight of life draining out of Charlotte's eyes I something strange happens to me. My face grows numb and before I know it I can't control my speech nor do I hear anymore. I get up and hurry into the bathroom where I take a look into the mirror and try to gain control back over my facial features but all fails. To make matters worse my right hand suddenly remains in a hanging position and refuses to move at my will at which point I fear I must be having a stroke which I confirm to myself when my left arm follows in similar behavior.

When I'm about to storm out the bathroom I suddenly loose all control at once and gravity becomes master over me and pulls me down as I fall on my knees on the ground and remain there for a moment. There is nothing I can control anymore as my body just sits there on the ground while I'm watching out from the inside.

Suddenly I wake up and notice my body is sitting on the ground. I fear the worst at these times and fearfully look around me afraid of what I will find. As I get up and enter the bathroom I notice a man lying face down on the shower floor while bleeding heavily from his back. I quickly feel his pulse in his neck but cannot detect any and conclude I must be back in my personal fucked up twilight zone.

Then a moan from the living room reaches my sense and I hurry over there to inspect what else could make this night even worse. Below the windows sits a pale woman gazing out into nothing with her big blue eyes and as I get closer and feel her pulse I notice she is still has a pulse going.

I actually am finding someone alive in this twisted reality! As fast as my legs can take me I rush out of the door and run down the 6 stairs and through the entry doors onto the street where I make my way to the nearest payphone.

With the horn in my hand I dial the emergency number and quickly get a female voice on the other end of the line, "nine-one-one-emergency-response, Sarah".

As I hesitate at first I finally break loose and say, "A woman is dying on Evergreen Terrace 642" and hang up the phone and head as fast as I can back up to my apartment. Very tired, I approach the front door and enter where the woman is now lying on her side as she must have fallen over. I leave the front door open and go back outside and walk to the apartment aside from mind and take a step back. Then I with all the force that I have left in me I plunge my shoulder into the door and fall into an empty apartment. The pain in my shoulder from the impact swells up but time is not a luxury at this moment and I get up and walk back to my apartment.

As I approach the woman below my window, I notice her blouse is drained with blood on her back when I put her arm around my neck and put her on her feet as we make our way through the living room. When we step outside I guide us to the apartment next door and enter the empty living room where I put the woman down on the floor on her back. Her eyes are closed and as I check her pulse I notice only a very faint sign of life.

I walk out of the apartment and check if I can spot an ambulance in the distance as the sound of one trigger's me and puts me on edge. I quickly hurry back over to the woman on the floor and do a final check if there is still a heartbeat left. Thankfully there is and I get outside once more and head back to my own apartment where I close the door behind me and put my ear to the wall connected to my neighbor's apartment.

For a while there is nothing but then after a while I hear footsteps enter the room accompanied by two male voices that are instructing each other. Then after a few more moments all returns to silence and I quickly walk over to my door and open it slightly up as I peek outside.

No one is there anymore and I deduce all should be safe now for me to exit my apartment and see what happened. When I walk over to my neighboring apartment and gaze into the living room I notice only a pool of blood lying on the floor marking the spot where I left her. In the background I here the sound of the ambulance driving of and not long after the sirens are turned on again.

There is nothing more I can do and so I head back into my apartment where I still have another body to take care of. I feel so warm from the recent rush. My heart is doing some critical overtime and I can feel it beating in my hands, legs and temples as I enter into my living room and head for the bathroom.

I take a look in the mirror and turn on the water and splash some of it into my face hoping it will have a calming effect on me. As I turn the water off and look into the mirror again while the water drips down my face I suddenly feel a weird sensation in my face and as I try to move my jaw I suddenly notice I can't anymore. Then for a second all turns black as my vision flickers on and off but finally returns to me with a haze. Then suddenly my hearing fails soon followed by a failing vision again. When I want to feel for myself with my hands what is happening to my face I notice these have betrayed me as well. I start to panic and seeing nothing and hearing nothing I feel myself fade out as the eternal force of gravity pulls my down.

Finally I wake up again and notice I'm lying in Hanks blood on the shower floor. Not understanding why I get up and enter through the bedroom into the living room and look under the window where... Where is she?

A red blood stain on the wall tells me she has been there and I cannot be dreaming this but could she have found the strength to leave? No, impossible! But then where is she? I conclude she must be around here somewhere, if she tried to escape than she must be bleeding all over the place as I left my mark on her which means she is mine now and mine alone.

I open up the front door and walk towards the stairwell as I look for traces of her blood. As I proceed I notice the neighboring door being open which sparks my interest in ways I'm currently exploring. When I give in to my curiosity I push the door further open and notice a red stain on the floor.

I enter the apartment and do a quick search for more clues that could tell me anything about her whereabouts but I come up empty handed and proceed checking out the stairwell which returns a similar result.

Confused, disappointed and annoyed I return to my humble grey abode and make my way into the bedroom where I let myself fall on the bed and start to rethink what I could have missed. Of course nothing comes to mind and I start to wonder how this will affect my future endeavors. Not feeling up for much else I just close my eyes and wait for the darkness to set in as I check the alarm clock which marks the night as officially over.

With both eyes closed and having had more than the usual exercise I feel the dark setting in quiet fast. Faster then usual that is!

Chapter 13

Today marks the last day of the weekend which, the majority feels, is a holy day, at least in their eyes. I'm not sure if anything can be holy in this empty existence and pity those who cling on the every attempt to provide their empty little lives with the illusion that it is part of a bigger scheme. How can it be, after all, that life has a deeper meaning when nothing in this shit hole even moves in the direction that could even suggest or hint to a grandeur meaning? No, we are definitely alone in this conundrum.

I stare towards the ceiling as the feelings of misery pour through the cracks of sobriety and affects my thoughts for the worse as clear minded they may seem. With my head pushing into the pillow I turn on my side and stare into bathroom where nothing seems of any importance seems to be. In the corner of my eye I spot the red glow of the alarm clock as it marks the day being cut in half. I turn over once more to my other side and am now greeted by the wallpaper lines on the wall that are slight coming of.

Feeling physically and mentally like a dime I fumble a cigarette out of a packet with my lips and light it as I turn back to lying on my back as I conclude setting myself on fire is not in my best interest. With some puffs of smoke attacking the ceiling and convincing it that yellow is the new pink I sink into thought again and start wondering about recent events. Lately it feels like I have been stuck in a twilight zone where I cannot remember anything I did the day before and I'm seriously questioning my sanity.

Days like these feel darker then I can bare and the discolored line on my wrist reminds me of this flaw. Sunday is a good day for a suicide attempt I tell you. While everybody is making sure their sins are forgiving for at least another week, so they can indulge some more in the days ahead in their meaningless routine of who-can-escape-reality-the-best, you can be sure that any attempt will succeed since the city falls into silence as it puts on his shiny Sunday shoes. The hypocrisy of it all is just too ironic.

Having great trouble to cope with this holy day in a sober state of mind I finally get out of bed and walk straight into the living room where I put on my Sunday shoes and get out of the apartment in search of Jack or Johnnie. Either one I find first will be greatly rewarded and gets to go to first base with me, if you catch my drift.

As I move down the stairs in the stairwell I spot a nail gun lying in the hallway on the 3rd floor, used by some worker as the walls all get their annual make over. For some reason the sight of it greatly appeals to me as its yellow cover breaks with the dull grayish colors of the building. After some fantasizing about this great toy and all the possible ways it can bring destruction, I choose to continue in my path and make my way down the remaining 3 stairs.

Once outside I quickly make my way towards the local liquor store on Maple street where I hurry through the aisles in search of my medicine. Once found an being acquainted to 4 new friends all going under the name of Jack I make my way over to the counter where I handover the green adoption papers.

With 2 bottles in each hand I leave the store and make my way back again to my grey world. Just a few feet from the entry doors I glance at the mailboxes but there seems to be nothing of importance and I proceed into climbing up the stairs.

Passing the third floor I can't help but feel so compelled to give the yellow nail gun some more of my attention that I actually put down the 4 bottles in the stairwell and decide to take a closer look at it. As we spend some quality time together in which I do all the talking and make flattering comments my yellow friend's weight, color and shape, a sudden thought creeps over me. Suppressing any rationality and acting like a teenager with high school crush on her 20 year older math teacher, I subtly try to take my yellow friend with me. As I enter the stairwell again I'm confronted by 4 sad looking bottles that I

recently neglected and now have to somehow take with me again. The nail gun is too heavy for just a few fingers and requires the grip of my full hand in order to keep it in the air. Clumsy I try to grip the bottles in my other available hand as I almost knock one over which raises the hairs in my neck. Not seeing any other solution, I move up the last 3 stairs and walk to my front door with only the yellow toy of pain in my hand. Once inside I put it on the chair and make my way down to quickly get the foursome that I irresponsibly left there alone without any parental guidance.

Once we are all safe inside and I give the 4 bottles a nice spot on the floor I shift my attention to the nail gun and take it with me into the bedroom where I plug it in and check if it is actually loaded. I realize that my sudden interest made me forget completely about the recent darker thoughts I had a wonder if life as a construction worker could be the answer to all of life's questions. Though still thrilled about the nail gun I unplug it and slide it under the bed and enter the living room and open of the bottles while I lit another cigarette.

With some alcohol in burning down my throat I take a drag from my cigarette and aimlessly look out of the window while I think of my recent temporary high as I feel it fading out. There is really nothing to see my stare just remains fixed on something as I again sink into thought. Even the sky outside has been grey for as long as I can remember. Grey, the recurring theme of this idle existence! Not going forward, not going backward. Just staying motionless in existence waiting for death to release you from the grey chains your in and bring you into the darkness that must be like the dark black bliss of the night.

The cigarette burned half of its own tail without me taking another drag from it as these reflecting sessions seem to run deep through the valleys of my grey brain. Outside nothing has changed still, as if I was hoping the dull grey sky would suddenly turn into a vibrant grass green, just for me sitting her on a Sunday afternoon.

I take another sip from the bottle and have its contents burn a way through my throat again after which I take a final drag of what is left of my cigarette and drop it on the floor as I step on it. While I blow a little cloud of smoke I head into the bedroom where I fall face down on the bed as I hop to get some more black empty sleep to make the day go by any faster. I close my eyes and feel the alcohol infect my brain as the bed suddenly seems to float through the room. I gladly take all the side effects as the memory of an empty Sunday afternoon starts to wear off and I slowly see black snow twirling down as I fall into this black never ending abyss.

Once at the bottom of the black abyss, the brain eating infection is instantly gone as I wonder around in need of some understanding of this deep level of darkness. I take a look in all directions and there is nothing else but blackness.

Then, the second time I gaze into the blackness, a face suddenly appears on the horizon. The face is that of a woman with deep intriguing dark black eyes and long running black hair that covers her face on one side as she remains in mystery. As I get closer her face grows in size as I give in to the hunger that wants to explore the darkness around me.

When I arrive at a point where I'm so close that her facial features become more and more visible as the mystery surrounding her dissolves into nothing, I realize the woman's face is exactly like mine. I notice her deep dark eyes locking on to me as her stare nails me to the ground and leaves me unable to move or think in any way I try to.

Although I'm not moving and my curiosity fled somewhere into the darkness, the face comes closer and closer up to a point she fills up the horizon and her sight even enters my brain from the outmost corners of my eyes. Her eyes, still locked on to me, begin to tear up and slowly a tear runs down her cheek as this terrible high pitched crying

sound emerges from her slightly opened mouth. The sound goes right through my bones and manifests itself in a painful sensation the mouth that can only be described as grinding teeth that pulverize under their own pressure.

Her misery cuts my soul in two as her face shows a pain unknown to me and my knees cave in. On the ground I twirl up and try and try to keep the sound out but it is useless as the sound now comes from within me. Through the cries I hear my name being called over and over again and feel the strong urge to get up and stop the sounds but I can't. It has me paralyzed with fear and pain as I lie there alone on the ground in the darkness.

I try to open my eyes and see what is happening around me and as I do I notice the woman's face is just about 10 meters away from and shows expression of extreme pain and suffering. Her eyes lock onto mine as her face slowly starts to decay as if it was rotting away like a corpse. Her long black turns into a filthy looking grey while the skin on her face becomes paler and thinner. Her eyes become bigger every second as the skin around it retracts more and more and finally leaves the image of a starving woman behind.

Then I suddenly feel the ground disappear below me as I sink into an ocean of cold water where I float under a big bright full moon as its light attacks the darkness and breaks it up into smaller and smaller parts until there is nothing more of it left to see.

I wake up feeling my entire body covered in cold sweat and find myself breathing very heavily as if I just run a marathon. As I realize I had another dream I notice that I took the pain and fear with me into the reality that is the night. I memory of her face still haunts me in my thought and is slowly driving me insane.

As I turn on the lights in an attempt to break the memory of the darkness, I suddenly hear the light bulb break as if destiny does not want me to stray away from the dark path I am walking on. Looking into the darkness of the room I feel her face now enter my room as a start to see her everywhere I look in the shades of my surroundings. To make matters worse my ears start to deceive me as well as I think I hear a woman crying.

With my body covered in cold sweat, I rub my hand across my forehead trying to get rid of some of this excess fluid but as soon as the sweat transfers on my hand I feel it reappearing on my forehead.

The fear and pain combined with the darkness and emptiness drive me to new depths I wasn't aware of. A cold chill runs up and down my spine as complete disorientation kicks in and I start feeling like a stranger in my own bedroom.

In fear of what is to come I scream and cry for it to stop but she never does. Her cries never stop. Stumbling through the bedroom in desperate need of a resolution, the moon lights up as yellow sparkle from under the bed and as I turn my head for a closer look I notice the nail gun. Clumsy, trying to stop the tormenting, I pick it up and try to plug the power cord in.

Failing in the first few tries, I finally manage to electrify the nail gun as I sit on the floor with my back against the bed and the nail gun in hand. As I lift the nail gun up and put it against my head the face suddenly becomes smaller and her cries fade out with her as I feel sanity take possession of me again and instruct the hand to go down immediately.

With my hand half in the air I loose grip of the nail gun and let it fall beside me where it remains after a dull sound of the impact. Catching my breath and feeling my heartbeat slows down again, I unplug the nail gun from the power socket and push it back under the bed. I get up and enter through living room into the kitchen where I untwist the light bulb from an old lamp and get back to the bedroom where I swap the failing light bulb with the new one.

I still feel my heartbeat racing in my temples and decide to calm down a little more over a little drink. I pick up a bottle from the floor and open it up as I return the now brightly lit bedroom. As I sit on the bed I start a long make out session with the bottle as I drink a quarter of the transparent liquid. Immediately I feel it enter my brain and dethrone king sanity as it takes over and makes the rules a little less strict.

I put the bottle down on the floor before I lose balance and fall backwards on the bed as all memories are swept under a big rug of forgetfulness.

Not feeling satisfied enough I work my way back into an upright position and drink some more until the bottle is now half empty.

I feel the brain slowly objecting to its forced resignation as the blackness comes over me and takes over his domain. I shut my eyes to stop the room from spinning and focus on the fight that is taking place inside my brain concerning best memory routes and interpretation methodologies. The blackness soon wins as I feel the pass out approaching closer and closer.

Finally it arrives and I feel myself losing control over body and mind as sweet idle black bliss comes setting in and releases me from all that is real. There I lay, passed out motionless waiting for the brain to regain its strength and re-take its rightful place. Then suddenly my body starts to move as I feel my hands twitching and my back stretching.

To make matters worse I then experience my back straightening up and bringing itself into an upwards position. The confusion is tremendous. Am I dreaming? Am I possessed? What is happening I cry out in thought!

No reply of course, yet my body now stands up starts walking into the living room with relative ease considering the amounts of vodka I just drank. The blackness now fades out again I wonder if I will wake of from this delusional state of mind that has me trapped inside my own body.

The strangest thing then occurs as my vision returns but yet I am but a mere bystander in my own head. A passive soul locked in a physical body that cannot be controlled. I see myself enter into the kitchen where I open the cabinets and take out some slices of bread and the peanut butter jar. In front of me a spectacle unfolds of two hands working in sync with each other as they create a peanut butter sandwich with apparently an extra thick spreading.

As the sandwich is brought to my mouth by my traitorous hands I start to experience the taste of it yet I don't feel any of my muscles move. I feel like screaming but I can't. My body has turned its back on my soul.

In my new role of passive bystander I give up in my attempts to be more, and decide to just wait out the ride while this zombie body does whatever it plans to do. Chewing on the remains of the peanut butter sandwich we apparently are going out as my hands open the front door and my legs walk out of our apartment into the direction of the stairwell.

I slightly worry whether my body will pull this off on its own without my precious guidance but am quickly proven wrong as I move down the steps faster than I ever did. Once in the main hall I see myself enter through the entry doors and head into the direction of the liquor store.

After what feels like the grand tour of the city I see myself enter the liquor store and approach the counter where a young Asian woman is attending. Then I suddenly hear myself speak, "this one please", as my hand slides a postcard on the counter. The Asian woman replies, "That will be 40 cents then", to which my hand replies by sliding over a dollar and then starts tapping on the counter while awaiting the refund.

Once the transaction is over I apparently want something else as my body remains at the counter and now asks, "do you have a pen for me, ma'am", to which the woman

replies by revealing a yellow pen from her vest and hands it over to me. I feel my body bending over and spot my hand flipping over the card as it writes down on the back,

Dear friend,

As you must be aware by now, you are no longer alone in your pitiful existence. I have been watching you for a while, as you are now watching me, and I must say you did a rather nice job in cleaning up my mess.

I hope you will come to appreciate these little rides in the backseat while its my turn to have some fun and make both of our lives a little less dull.

Yours forever,
God

As the writing unfolds all the little mysteries fall into place and now becomes a whole. It is far greater than I ever could have imagined and means I'm in some serious problems if this continues. I have to find a way to make this undone or something. Something has to happen.

Chapter 14

That night as I lay in bed, staring passively out of my body to the ceiling which is apparently something new roommate really likes to do, I suddenly feel a little twitch in my fingers. The feeling surprises me as this must mean my body must have stopped cheating on me and is now returning with its tail between the legs. I off course welcome him back as being without was quit a lonely experience.

As I try to gain back control and move different muscles around I slowly regain full control after which I immediately turn my gaze away from the ceiling and turn towards the alarm clock. It reads 02:12 which means I have a little less than 6 hours of sleep left and although I really would like to use these hours in the way they were intended I find it rather difficult to doze off after what happened.

Though just keep going back and forth between the two brain hemispheres, creating all these questions but not many useful answers.

Who is this other entity inside of me? Why does it kill so much and leave me with the mess? Can it hear my thoughts? When does it come out?

The questions keep going back and forth but any way I look at it I can't find a satisfying explanation. After a while I feel more and more tired of all this overuse of my brain and try to get some precious sleep as I close my eyes and turn my back to the alarm clock. Having a hard time letting go of all the unanswered questions they keep haunting me but after a while I feel the brain slowly signing off as the thoughts become weaker and weaker.

As I see the few remaining questions disappear into nothing I notice the black cape of sleep being pulled over me as if it takes me under its wing and delivers me to the eternal darkness.

Once there again, I find myself looking into an ocean of black emptiness, surrounded by nothing but blackness. As I look into the distance I see nothing but then I hear the familiar cry again. It is still so faint that I can listen to it with ease but I notice it comes closer every second. Soon I can make out the shades of the face of this crying woman again as I become unbearable to hear her.

Her face now takes up the horizon again and her cries bend my knees as I crash into the ground where I again attempt to cover my ears from hearing her. Soon it becomes useless as the sound travels now outwards from within me. I cannot deny her anymore and feeling the tremendous pain resounding in my head I try to get on both feet and look her in the eyes.

Stumbling up and down I finally manage to remain standing and open my eyes as I lock my gaze onto hers. Her eyes lock onto mine as she comes closer and closer and resisting her cries become so hard it feels like the flesh is burning right of my bones.

Then her face starts to decay again and her cries grow duller as her facial features become dismembered by and force unseen. The sight turns my insides out and I feel my stomach convulsing against what I'm feeding me eyes. The sour taste of stomach acid travel up though my throat towards mouth as the woman's face now looks like it is melting away as her eyes and nose are no longer in their initial locations.

She turns a mute when her lips are melted together and I only can tell that she is crying by her strong jaw movements. When there is almost nothing left of her face other than a melted clump of meat and bone, I spot another face in the distance.

The face is very vague and I can make out all the facial features as it blends in with the surrounding darkness. Having to know who this new stranger is and what it is doing in my dreams I move closer towards it.

As I approach him his face suddenly turns towards me and show me the face of an eerie looking older man whose forehead is heavily sweating and has multiple chins suggesting severe obesity. He then turns away his gaze from me looks into the direction of the woman's face and starts to laugh in a most loud unheard of way.

He laughs so hard that tears start run down his cheeks and drool is appearing on his lips and yellowish teeth as he occasionally spits it off. I don't recognize the face and laughter becomes so frightening that I can't want to turn around and leave this place.

But then I notice that I can't as my feet are stuck into the ground and I can't move nor turn. The mans face now turns towards me again and continues in his sick twisted high pitched laughter as he looks at me.

After having tried to get loose for a while I give up and try to scream towards the fucking old fart but then the weirdest sensation occurs to me. As my lower jaw moves down it is suddenly stopped and pulled back in place by my facial muscles and as I touch my face with both hands I feel my lips are no longer there.

Then suddenly my vision through one eye drops lower and lower and as I shift my hands from where my lips should be toward my eye I notice the shape of my entire face is changing.

As I try to keep my facial shape in its rightful place with my hands I notice these now also start deforming and keep sticking into my face as if I'm burning alive but cannot feel the fire while the man just keeps laughing.

The sound of and alarm clock finally breaks down the entire illusion of night and has me realizing the pool of sweat I am lying in. I push the sheets aside and quickly get into the bathroom where I check myself in the mirror and conclude that everything is still there and in its correct position. Satisfied I turn on the shower and get in as the sweat drains down my body into the shower drain.

Once I'm done I put back on my clothes as I get ready for another day in the mines. Though today is going to be a big experiment as Sam is not coming in for work but the animal inside of Sam is!

I pick up the last bottle of vodka and twist the cap of and throw it aside. As I'm not sure where the borderline is between me and my new invader I just put the bottle to our mouth and start dinking till it feels like my throat is the burning port to hell. As the effect kicks in and I fail to anticipate the speed of its arrival and fall straight into my living room floor as I pass out. The war inside my brain starts to take place over who will reign over this precious pathetic little bony body. And of course since the infectious liquid inside my brain now fights against me I my other self starts to reappear and takes control back.

First my eyelids are opened up and then my hands apparently go up to hold my head as the fall I just made must leave quit some pain that goes along with the gain of possessing my brain. The irony of it remains frozen inside me though as there is no way of expressing my joy.

Surprisingly fast, my twin soul gets up and sends me over to the bottle again that is slowly dripping the valuable contents on the carpet. With one hand the bottle is put into a vertical position as my hand brings it closer to my mouth again on pours down the final third of the bottles inside. The determination is admirable but a little over the top I think as I see things unfold from the backseat.

Gladly we both are aware of our daily routines, schedules and duties as my feet guide the rest of me out of the door and down to the entry hall where is assume we are heading for the bus stop.

As we arrive at the bus stop I see the last passenger getting and we have to run to make it but as we step on the bus stop the driver closes the doors and attempts to drive off.

I feel fucked and humiliated by this display of power from someone that has no more tasks than a space monkey. Already expecting we will take a seat on one of the four bus stop seats I notice my brain roommate has other plans and carelessly throws us all right in front of the bus. With two hands on the windshield I notice words are coming out of my mouth as it informs the bus driver to open the fucking door before, apparently we, smash in the windshield.

After a little hesitation the driver opens the door and we set foot on the first step and enter the bus where we look the driver in the eyes without blinking the whole time.

“If you pull a stunt like that again I will turn your glasses into a bicycle, you understand”, we tell the little scrawny boy that is behind the steering wheel. He looks at us with what must be fear of driving a bus without his visual perception and gives us a little nod of confirmation.

Then we walk sturdily into the back of the bus and take a seat next to an older lady who is carrying two empty grocery bags. Baffled by what just happened I gain a little hope for the day to come as I can't wait for my brain invader to meet some of the lovely lads at the mines.

When the bus stops and all the passengers are getting out of the bus we follow them all the way into the other bus that will bring us further to our destination. The quietness during both trips feels like a collective silence treatment that for some reason everyone is handing out to everyone.

When the sight of my final stop comes into sight I quickly leave the yellow silence box and make my way towards the grey box.

After a few minutes we arrive at the same old big sliding doors that are as usual at just a few feet apart so I can barely squeeze through. As I enter the main hall I throw my usual glance into the office of smoke which today is surprisingly without smoke. What could that mean? Did Tony die?

Either way I get to the locker room and leave some valuables behind when I get to work. As I step onto the elevator I and proceed downwards into hell I get the strange feeling that something is wrong. Something is way different as I sense the feeling creep up on me and as the elevator hits the bottom and as I step out the lights are suddenly killed.

From behind we are apparently grabbed by two sets of hands that press us down into the dust as the lights come back on and we try to make sense of the situation and my other self demands answers which she translates into her own language.

Being dragged across the dirt for over ten meters we finally come to a stop as the hands turn us around on our back and can now clearly see what is happening as two men on each side hold us down while Tony appears from the shadow kneels down.

As Tony sits on his knees he slides our legs apart and pushes his hand under our shirt. I don't feel the sensation of touch but my other self fights him off in every possible way she knows how and yet there is no changing our fate. With two hands he pushes our head down into the dirt and moves them down the neck of my shirt. In a violent tear he rips my shirt off my body and exposes me to the darkness that reigns in these mines.

As I sit in the backseat of my brain, unable to change anything of what is happening to us; I feel her fear and pain and deduce that we must share these primal emotions. When she becomes more and more tired of the fighting she finally comes to a stop and an all too familiar cry starts to take over.

At first I can hardly hear her but as we become more and more naked in our existence and covered in unknown hands, the cry amplifies and starts to break through the walls of what I thought was a safe place.

The laughter on his face cuts through us like a knife as he rips open the buttons from his overall and reveals the demon possessing him. He pushes our legs apart again and squeezes himself in between while he rudely enters our domain and breaks apart everything that is left to break while the laughter never stops.

I fear the worst for my driving friend as the emotions pouring through to my understanding become so dark that I can no longer ignore them and start to feel her pain and suffering while the background melody of loud laughter and a lonely cry continues to cut our existence apart. I soon find out that now either one of us is the proud owner of this defiled body as it has been lying there motionlessly in the dark. Her cries have come to a stop as mine have increased but cannot be heard nor expressed.

After a while, what must be like raping a corpse, Tony leaves us in our miserably ruined domain and runs his hands once more over our body as he approaches our face and says, "How was that you fucking spic", as he sticks his tongue out and runs it over our lips onto our cheek. We don't respond anymore and I fear my once so tough inner God has now been tamed into a meek creature of the night. I know she is still there though as I feel her fear, her pain and her misery still very much pouring over me and I find myself caving in under the fierce pressure of it all.

As Tony gets off me and regains back control over his demon I still hear the laughter in the background which keeps resounding in our hollow environment below the surface of the earth.

With the laughing man now turning his back on us I hope it to be over but the hand retains a firm grip on us although both of them aren't fighting anymore. Then as Tony walks away towards the elevator he says while looking over his shoulder, "She's all yours guys".

One of the hands holding me into the dirt now loosens up his grip and takes a seat on us as he squeezes our legs between his hips. The other pair of hands now shift grip also and hold down both of my arms over my head as a new face appears in the light and runs his hands over me.

From the backseat I feel her pain continue as our house; our domain gets stepped on again. The misery pouring down on me leaves me drowning in my own existence as I feel nature take over and even I can no longer hold on under the load.

The darkness becomes complete when I lose consciousness as I drown in our shared pain, fear and misery.

Chapter 15

When I gain conciseness again I find my self alone in the mineshaft. I fear the friend I only recently got to know is now either dead or a permanent mute. I try to get up but find my limbs hurting in a way I have never felt before and fall back to the ground like a young deer taking its first steps in life. The dust rises up and finds its way to my nose, mouth and eyes leaving me in more pain than I already were.

As I attempt to get up again I find myself succeeding and stand there completely naked in the dim light of a few light bulbs. I pick up my overall try to cover shameless self up which takes me a long time as every bone and muscle is screaming in pain. Buttoning up the overall I stumble towards the elevator and can think of nothing else then leaving this hell hole but fear what is in the other end. As I get on the platform and press the button that sets it into motion I find the upward motion pressing me down and feel my knees tremble under the illusion of added weight. I quickly take hold of on of the railings and try to keep my self steady but me cant. My body feels like a lead weight and I finally cave in under the pressure as I fall down on the metal platform that travels upwards to the surface.

Once the elevator reaches the surface I notice the darkness outside is already setting in. From a distance I hear man celebrating their victory over me as I crawl of the elevator platform towards the big blue sliding doors.

After what feels like ages I finally reach the doors and squeeze myself through them and continue my snake like motion in the cold. Reaching a junction I try to stand on both feet again but the traffic rushing by leaves me disoriented and gravity pulls me down once more. I let myself fallback onto the pavement under a lamppost that shines its bright light right into my face and leaves my blinded as I close my eyes in some need of idle darkness.

I feel my ears start to deceive me as I think a car pulls up to me and a door unlocks as it swings open. The need to investigate is there but my body disobeys every order I send and my eyes remain shut. Again the passive insider that listens to its surroundings concludes someone is approaching me as two distinctive click-clack sounds follow each other in perfect harmony.

Suddenly my arm is being pulled out and turned around something or someone which pulls me of from the ground and repositions my body back into a vertical stance. For a moment my eyes fall open as gravity infects every nook and cranny of my physical being. Two yellow shoes radiate the light from the lamppost into my eyes as gravity pulls my eyelids down again and delivers me back into the idle blackness.

From the muscles that are still on active duty I get the report that my surroundings must be a car and I worry for my destination as the door is shut. Then the car is set into motion as my back is pressed into the seat which hurts surprisingly much.

Then a voice starts to talk to me but I cannot process it anymore. I'm to far gone into the blackness. The sweet idle blackness!

As the smell of my apartment enters my nose and tells my brain I somehow made it home I find myself lying in my bed with some extra unfamiliar blanket over me. Every bone in my body still hurts ad so I close my eyes again and hope to fall back into my black realm of peace but the sun is already at its daily peak and shines bright into the room.

Carefully I try to move my limbs and pull the thick layers of sheets aside. Slowly I turn over on my side and throw both feet over the bedside. With the weight leveraging down I bring myself upwards and sit on the bedside where I catch my breath for a while.

I gaze into the living room which seems emptier than it's used to be. The bottles on the floor have disappeared along with the traditional dirt and dust that inhabits the floor.

Feeling confident enough, I get up on my feet and slowly move into the bathroom where I take a seat on the toilet and wait for my bladder to start his job.

After having spent almost 10 minutes on the toilet I slowly get up again and move back toward my bed where the indent of my body is still visible as I crawl onto the bed and position myself in the void and pull the sheets back over me.

The emptiness of existence crawls under the sheets with me as the memory of recent events flash by. His laughter resounds in my head and turns my eyes into rivers of painful thoughts and I want to do nothing else but forget but I can't. The only thing that made me forget now turns me into a passive voyeur, watching as my body gets ravaged.

Seeing no other way as I rather share my pain than completely take it all in myself I stumble into the kitchen where one bottle of vodka remains. I open it up and make my way back into the bed where I take a few sips and await for any apparent mental changes that could indicate any life of my passenger.

As I wait in silence and get no sign of life I drink some more until the one third has entered my stomach and I feel my memories being smoothed out into meaningless events.

I close my eyes and feel I lose control over myself but still no one takes over. No other self, no friend, no Sam, no one takes the steering wheel in hand as I lay there paralyzed on my bed awaiting for someone to respond.

Then a twitch of the fingers confirms that there is still life in my severely humiliated and damaged inner God. As we lay there on the bed together waiting for something to happen she suddenly starts to speak and says, "What do you want"?

Surprised by her tone of voice as she displays a level of hostility I wonder what she is referring to with her question. How can I want anything in the position that I'm in and why so hostile? What did I do to deserve that?

"You are too fucking weak, Sam", she then speaks again as if she is aware of what I am thinking.

"I am Sam", she again speaks which brings me into a whole new level of understanding our complex but intriguing relationship. Am I the voice in her head? Why am I too fucking weak? And what did I do wrong all of a sudden?

"You let these creatures rule over you while you stay idle in your pitiful existence and do nothing; it is time you take control over your life".

Understanding to which creatures she is referring to I don't get what she means with the whole taking control over my life part.

"As long as you don't take control over your life I will be here and do it for you", she comments on my thoughts. I have a sense of understanding the bizarre situation I'm in now but still feel very much confused and am not sure what is expected of me and who is really expecting it from me.

The confusion along with my still severely bruised bony body makes me tired very quickly and I feel my eyelids closing up now and then I'm nodding in and out of idle black dreams. Then after a few moments the idle blackness sticks and I enter back into my safe black world where no one knows me and no one can find me.

Chapter 16

Waking up with a surprisingly clear mind I get up without any further ado I get into the shower as today feels like no other day. Today is see things more clear than any other day before. It is like I got a glimpse of myself through someone else.

The water of the shower is still on the somewhat cold side but I don't really mind as a grand scheme has been unfolding in my mind these last days. It will be a solution to everything for everyone and today I will be the day I set it all into motion. The water runs down the drain as I shake of the remaining water drops on my limbs. While I walk from the bathroom to the kitchen, in a slightly higher pacing as usual in order to air dry faster, I look around the living room where it dawns on me in what a mess I live. I really have to do something about this if I'd like to receive some people over somewhere in the near future.

In the kitchen I prepare a quick sandwich to go as I get ready for another day in the coal mine with my dearly beloved co-workers.

With a peanut butter sandwich being attacked by a little less then 32 teeth I put on my shoes and get out the front door as I make my way to the bus stop. I walk down the stairs and pass the entry doors where I notice another postcard sticking out of the mailbox. Considering the sender and the lack of a decent stamp I choose to ignore it and exit the building. After a few minutes I reach the bus stop take my spot in a line up of morning zombies all being quit excited of their day to come.

During the 2 bus rides I have to make I choose to blend in with my fellow creatures and pretend that I can't see or hear anyone else. This way no one will be bothered by another fellow being by having the rudeness of striking up a conversation or asking a question. The bus ritual is rather intriguing as round and about 20 to 30 morning zombies stare aimlessly around while trying their best to ignore any visual impulse reaching their infested brain.

Once I have the bus driving away from me while I take in a deep breath and introduce my black lungs to the miracle of fresh oxygen, I start to walk into the direction of the grey box that is the coal mines main hall. It's a little over 8 minutes walking as I see the big sliding doors, leading into the hall, appear to me. I squeeze myself through the little opening they provide and notice the same thing as every other working day. Tony in his office, full of smoke, while on the lookout for anyone particular coming through the sliding doors! We immediately lock our eyes on each other as he makes his way outside of his office, presumably to let me now that is carnal urges are acting up again.

As I predicted the fat man follows his usual pattern and I again make my way over there though with less hesitance the usual as today is different day. I once more climb the familiar yellow metal stairs of shame as I have done so many times before.

As I step into his office, and take the liberty to close the door behind me without the boss asking, I look him straight into his eyes and say, "Your dick can go fuck itself today, you disgusting fat hairy piece of shit". Tony looks at me with big eyes and for a moment seems lost for words as I just broke our daily routine which must be too much for his brain to process. Then, as expected, he becomes enraged and gets up out of his chair and spits, "You fucking cunt, who the fuck do you think you are, you filthy spic. I fucking own you and if you don't do as I please I'll have that bony piece of ass of yours deported on the next plane to whatever shit hole you people grow in".

With a little enjoyment I glance at his red head which reminds me of a late friend and turn around and open the door of his office. While I step out of his office I turn my head sideways, as the yellow stairs enter my brain through the corner of my eyes, and say, "Fuck you, and fuck your disgusting little dick". As I walk down the stairs I can hear

him rush out of his office in pursuit of any dignity that might be left for him to pick up. As I step of the last yellow step I hear I yelling to my back, "this isn't over you little cunt".

I ignore him and get into the locker room where I put the few valuables I have on the top shelf and give the combination lock a spin. I walk toward the elevator and have it descend me 400 meter below the ground where I get to work.

After a little over 20 minutes or so the elevator goes up again and not long after that brings a fresh batch of raging testosterone down. As the crew finds their spot and gets to work one of the guys turns around and yells, "What the fuck is up with Tony, what did you do"? I turn around and although I don't feel like shouting as it awakes these brain-dead zombies from their work flow, I still yell, "I became a fucking civil servant" as I plant this train of thought in their minds. As soon as the words have left the depths of my throat, heads begin to turn as if I offended them in the core of there simple souls. Their faces speak volumes of understanding. They too, are aware of the predicament that this puts them and their boss in. Not only has he lost his leverage over me but now the balance has shifted into my advantage as I now theoretically would be able to make proud use of the legal system which could make certain people look real bad in the eyes of lady justice.

As I turn around, having set things into motion and don't want anyone calling my bluff, I return to work and continue the day as any other while patiently waiting for it to end. Although this state of clear mindedness is something new to me, especially during working hours, I feel the emptiness creep up on me again as it slowly starts infecting my thoughts. At first I feel confident that I will be able to cope but at the end of the day my head serves as a haunted house for its residents and makes the day less bearable.

When I return back to the bus stop, where surprisingly many others are waiting, I feel so depressed that I quickly leave for the nearest liquor store and treat myself to a nice bottle of whisky. Once paid for I turn the cap off the bottle and drink about one third of its volume as I try to silence my mental thirst. As I return to the bus station I notice it is now almost empty. It starts to dawn on me that I just missed the bus and now have to wait for a little more than an hour for the next one. I would feel bummed but as my thoughts are being averaged out by this beautiful substance, which took hold of my brain, I find myself not really caring as I position myself on one of the four seats the station provides.

With my eyes closed as I feel gravity pulling on me from all sides as I wait for the next bus to come. On occasion I open my eyes and notice the bus station attracting more and more people with a similar destination like me. When the bus station is again refilled with enough people worthy of transportation towards their destination is see the familiar yellow rectangular box appear as it pulls up in front of us where it comes to a stop and start devouring the people.

Trying my best to steer my feet in the right direction I find myself leaning against the bus as I follow the flow of people entering. Once it's my turn to work my way into the bus and find a seat I am welcomed by al these faces that seem not to want me there. But the substance holding my brain hostage is still very much in charge and demanding I cannot really be bothered by the grumpy facial features.

A the bus makes its way to the veins of the city I occasionally wake up with my head squeezed against the window, leaving a big mark of spit and breath fog. Once the bus reaches my stop I stumble of the bus and manage to work my way through the entry doors where I check my mailbox. Noticing the postcard sticking out I quickly grab it and continue my goose like walk up the stairs and towards the front door of my apartment. After a few tries of getting the keys into the lock I finally open the door en step into my domain.

Without doing anything else I step into the bedroom where I fall over into the bed as I feel the postcard slip from my hand. With one cerebral hemisphere already passed out,

as I conclude that several limbs are no longer under my control, I try to pick up the card again and having finally caught it I bring it in front of my eyes. After a short reminder to the brain that the eyelids need to go upwards, I read a short message on the back of the card as it states, "KILL THEM"!

For a moment I find myself confused but then a single clear thought runs between the few synapses doing overtime. Could it be? Does she want me to kill for her?

The thought doesn't go much further as I the weight of my body becomes too heavy for me to carry and I fall back on the bed and doze off into a sea of black dreams.

A ray of light pierces through my eyelids and tells my grey mass that the back of my eyes are painted orange. Then, as rationality kicks in I conclude I am being betrayed and that the true perpetrator is a rising morning sun that brings the city back to life, so I speak.

I open my eyes and have the morning sun burn my eyes with its bright white light as the brain swings in to full gear in an attempt to block the rays out and has me squinting my eyes.

With my grey brain in full motion it is futile to resist and I surrender to the day as I get out of bed and head into the bathroom where I splash some water in my face and lend my brain a helping hand in getting the rest of me into a state of activity. With gravity pulling the water down my face and delivering it to the sink drains below me I take a good look into the mirror as the sensation that someone else is looking back at me creeps over me.

The sensation, that in the back of my head, there is someone else who shows her presence through the sparkle that lies on the surface of my deep black dead eyes as if someone in me is saying, "Hey, I see you!"

I ignore the thought further as I understand that carrying this passenger around is something I will have to get used to. At least for now!

I make my way into the living room and head into the kitchen where I fix myself a quick meal as the conversation I had the other night with my inner self passes through the grey brain and has me wonder the situation that I find myself in.

Am I too weak when it comes to taking matters into my own hand? Should I do so more? Can I?

As I hurt my brain with all these questions I conclude my inner voice does have a point. There is no sense in it all. I have been bowing down for too long and for what? There is no point in allowing anyone to enforce my existential depression. I should take matters in my own hand. Besides who is there to stop me? God? The law?

For a moment I feel complete clarity in my head as the cover of blackness gets lifted for just a second and reveals a side of life to me I was not aware of. The beauty of controlling it all appeals to me more than I ever could imagine and releases a rush of excitement in me.

Then the black cover of depression falls over me again and the beautiful thoughts that once were become a mere memory. I exit the kitchen and stuff the meager peanut butter sandwich I made in my mouth and start processing it as my jaws repeat their pattern of the old up and down. Then more questions set in and haunt my grey center of self.

Can I really take control over the situation? Start dominating over others! Take life? I understand that it would be beneficial if I and my inner friend were on the same page but can we really be? It is not like we can pay each other a visit every now and then and discuss best practices. Or can we?

When I think of our brief conversation the other night I wonder if there is a possible pattern that I could discover in our encounters. I launch another salvo of questions on my grey brain but my attempt proves futile as nothing comes to mind.

With the peanut butter sandwich remainders between my teeth I look for something to flush it away with and spot some leftovers in a few bottles on the floor. I pick up a bottle from the floor and put it to my mouth as I run the little leftover through my mouth with my tongue.

With an empty bottle in hand my sight wanders off and runs over the bottles birth certificate that show me I am holding a little Johnnie and that his due date is still years away. As my gaze is now fixed on the bottles emblem a though bubbles up from the depths of my mind and leaves me with a big eureka moment.

Could it be that we switch seats when I pass out as she then takes over the steering wheel? Could it be that when the effect wears she loses her grip over the steering wheel and has to pass the wheel back over to me again?

The thought bounces through my head and has me pondering what this could mean. Should I investigate? It is not like I haven't passed out before! As I give it some more thought I conclude there is only one way to find an answer to this matter.

I head into the bedroom and put on something socially acceptable and make my way over to the front door where I exit my apartment. The day is still young as an orange glow still hovers over the grey city and creates the illusion that life is beautiful.

When I exit the building I cross the street and enter onto Maple Street where I notice the liquor store appear in the distance as I step up my pacing.

Once at the entry door I enter and have the privilege of being the only and probably the first customer. I walk through the aisles and pick up a bottle of vodka and a whisky but it shouldn't matter. She will either come out and play or she won't!

As I head over to the counter with two bottles in hand I'm greeted by an older Asian man who looks at from over his glasses that balance on the very edge of his nose. I lift the bottles up and cleverly remark, "these two puppies please" as he starts to enter some numbers into his cash register and lets me know I owe him 17 green ones. I pay up and say my goodbyes to the old man as I walk out and tell him he can keep the exchange which he thanks me for with a smile that runs from ear to ear.

As I walk over Maple Street once more with one bottle in each hand I notice the grey building appearing on the horizon as it grows bigger and bigger. When the building takes up my entire field of view, I enter its belly through the entry doors and head up to my place of residence where I put down the bottles on the floor and change back in something less socially accepted.

Back in my comfy self I head into the kitchen where I get a pen and paper and head back to the living room where I take a bottle from the floor and proceed into the bedroom and take a seat on the bed end. I put the bottle next to me on the bed and gaze at the alarm clock and that marks 09:23 which I write down on the piece of paper.

I put the paper down and pick up the bottle again and twist of its cap. With the bottle open I start drinking as the contents pour into me and burn the phlegm out of my throat. For over ten seconds I am pouring and the effects starts to appear as a blur falls over my eyes and has me thinking the room is changing shape and texture.

Still pouring the bottle is now half empty and I feel my muscles no longer communicating their otherwise so fine coordination towards each other as the bottle slips of my mouth and falls to the ground where it remains pouring for a while.

My head is about to explode if not the apartment. The walls are closing in and out on me as the room spins around and I loose more and more control of myself. Then the familiar cold chill starts appearing and makes me feel there is no more blood left in my grey brain as the liver must be doing overtime right now. The chill remains with me for a few more moments and then there it comes again. The all forgetting darkness! The sweet perfect idle darkness delivers me into a realm of nothingness where I can be idle.

The now familiar orange shades that break the lasting bliss I indulge in so much appear again and dissolves the dark blackness into itself and forces me to come back as my head pounces on each heartbeat. The pass out is over but the pass over is only now beginning as I notice my face and hands are no longer under my command as I am being pushed into the back seat of my brain.

When I experience myself lying there trapped in paralyzed bag of meat I feel someone taking over again as my body brings itself into an upright position. My hands go up to my head and rub my temples as I gaze around the room. Suddenly we notice the yellow piece of paper that states some information that only has meaning to me.

As the new commander directs our body to stand up and walk into the bathroom I'm able to see the alarm clock once more as it now says the time is 13:29 which means my visit to the dark realms have lasted a little over four hours where I apparently now am stuck until my possessive other self returns home again.

As we look into the mirror I recognize the empty face looking back and now that this is not me. The black dead eyes that are staring back preach of death and revenge as the sight of it all creeps up on me and fills me with fear.

Then the reflection in the mirror starts talking and says, "What are you doing" with a fierce undertone in her voice that tells me her question is all but social.

What am I doing, I wonder. It is not like I have gone here before. This is just me figuring out who my inner demon is and what it want from me which is apparently not a social conversation. Could she be aware that I now know how to pass over and take position in the back seat as I force her to come out?

Then suddenly with a loud sound the mirror breaks as my and plunges into my reflections dead eyes. The mirror shatters down into the sink as some smaller pieces find there way into my hand and lodge themselves deep into my flesh. A thick red stream of blood runs down my arm and drips onto the floor where it is accompanied by some smaller fragments of mirror.

From the back seat of the brain I now notice a force that is pulling me out of it and forces me to take over again. Could this be the bodies defense mechanism as it releases heart racing substances in my veins since the excitement might be a little to much for the current commander of self.

Slowly I feel my fingers twitch again and notice my more control is over myself becomes available as a grin appears on my face which can only be me since my grumpy other self has no reason for euphoria. I wait patiently in my house of flesh as all the doors are reopened again and movement becomes available.

It takes a few minutes for the numbness to disappear but I now can stand on my own to feet again and although it must look somewhat like bambi's first steps I feel good as I gained some valuable insights.

Things will change from now on I think to myself as I take a seat again on the bed end and let myself fall back on the bed. Things will definitely change!

Chapter 17

That afternoon I take my time and start thinking of my new future perspectives which is something I haven't thought done in a long time. The black tumor that strangles my soul like a barbed wire around my heart is being pulled tighter. The house of cards that makes up my life is now shaking on its fundament and is close to collapsing as the stench of death and destruction is catching up with me.

This new passenger has turned my empty idle grey existence into something darker and now the consequences are preparing for their repercussions that they will bestow upon me. I see no other option anymore then to erase it all! Like I was never here to begin with! In life a ghost in death a ghost! It will all be the same to me!

I wonder around the room smoking cigarette after cigarette while the weight of my emotional backpack becomes so heavy that start showing the first cracks in my existence as it crushes down on top of it.

Any way I look at it I see no available option, twist or plot that will get me out of this mess as I'm already to far in. I'm drowning slowly in the quicksand of life as it reached its way up to my neck and has me breathing heavy while it pushes the life out of me.

When the endless walking around in circles through the living room starts to add to the bottomless depression I kneel down and lie down on my back on the floor. There I lie in my finest hour! The final days of my meaningless life amongst the others are counting down!

The empty bottles around me are countless and tell a story of a life not worthy of mentioning. These last days will demand a lot from me as so much has to be set into motion yet but only the end will remain the same. I cannot, I will not wait for societies analysis of my sick and twisted existence. They will not understand that it is them who made me, them who hide from the confrontation with the emptiness of this overrated life. Indulging in escapism! Telling each other fairytales of the non-existing beauty in life!

Enough self pity I decide and get up from the floor and head into the kitchen where I splash some water in my face. With a wet face I start preparing for what is to come and walk through the living room into the bedroom and enter the bathroom where the body of this lad still lays motionless on the bathroom floor.

I'll have to find a way of getting rid of his body and with the roof garden and the factory graveyard being exhausted, my options grow smaller in number. The apartments next to me could work but will prove too unsafe as it is too close to me and so I haunt my brain for any other options.

All stays quiet and I feel rather disappointed in my grey masses ability to come up with something creative and try to give it some more time and thought. As seconds turn into minutes and minutes into a lot of time for coming up with something clever I deduce this is going nowhere.

I walk into the bedroom in pick the previously opened bottle from the floor and take a sip hoping it will kill my inner critic as he filters out the bad ideas which is something I don't need at this point. Any idea will do!

Waiting for the translucent liquid to affect my brain I notice not much change and take another sip hoping this will liquor up the pool of thoughts. As I again push the train of though passed several stations I notice no viable thought is boarding and my train returns as empty as it had left. It becomes severely frustrating to me now as I have to take action and dispose of what is left of the decaying meat behind the shower curtain.

I drain all the life out of the bottle and hope this will have some different effect on me and allows me to get rid of this fucking meat tumor on my shower floor.

Then a bright sparkle emerges from the depths of my infected zombie brain that creates a wide grin over my face. She wouldn't like it though I mumble in thought while I light a cigarette in victory over my dead end IQ.

While I blow a cloud of smoke into existence out of the depths of my lungs I start to think of it from different angles making sure it doesn't fallback on me. This time the brain is more cooperative and tells me all should be safe if I proceed in my, if I may say so, rather clever plot. The days of me cleaning up the mess are over! Let her clean up her own mess from now on starting with this one.

I open the front door and get out, leaving the door open. I walk past the neighboring apartment where the door still is slightly opened and proceed to the apartment next to that on. I look through the window to see if there is any furniture that could indicate someone is living here but the absence of it all confirms what I expected.

In front of the door I take a step back and plunge my feet with all force within me right next to the door handle as it breaks the lock and swings the door open with a bang. The living room is almost exactly like mine including how empty it is which should work just fine. I walk back to my own apartment and head into the bathroom where I pick the somewhat older mans feet up and drag him face down over the floor into the living room where I take a moment to make sure all is safe.

Then I quickly drag him outside and passed the neighboring apartment into the second apartment away from mine. As we enter the living room I notice that the bump his head made along the way has his head bleeding a little again and leaves a small trail from the front door into the living room. It should be fine I conclude and head back to my apartment where I close the door again and pick up the final bottle of vodka up and twist the cap off and take a few sips but not too much. Not yet!

I put the bottle down again and exit my apartment once more and head towards the stairwell where I take my time to get down while I over think the future conversation I'm about to have. As I enter the street I make my way into the direction of the payphone and take the horn of its hook and dial three digits and patiently wait for response.

Then a male voice answers, "nine-one-one-emergency-response, Chuck". For a moment I hesitate and consider the option of blowing it all of right here and now as I am taking a huge leap of fate but as I pull myself together I respond, "Yes, I'm reporting a domestic disturbance at Evergreen Terrace 638, please hurry" and hang up.

I get back to the building and make my way back up to the sixth floor where I enter my apartment and grab the bottle of vodka. I take another sip and then head over to apartment 638 taking the bottle of vodka with me. As I open the door and notice the dump of meat on the floor that is now turning slightly blue, I walk around it and take a seat on the floor.

With not much time left before my emergency call will be responded to I start to drink the vodka as if it was water and I hadn't any in days. The substance does what it always does and blurs my surroundings followed by a cold chill and the darkness that pulls over me. With my last remaining strength I lie down on my back and shift my body slightly more towards the motionless blue body of my play date. I take his hand and put it on my throat as I feel the blackness hover over me when my muscles grow weaker.

It is almost there now. For just a few moments more I lie there and then all goes silent and I enter the black dark world that is within me as I take a seat in the back of my mind.

"Ma'am can you hear me", I hear someone saying in a somewhat hollow voice followed by some sounds of a hand slapping in the face. I can only wait as I'm in a world of darkness and gave control away to someone else that has yet to wake up and claim her

role of helpless victim in a domestic disturbance as these come common in this part of the city.

Slowly but surely little rays of light find their way into our eyes as the eyelids occasionally open and close again. Then when the eyelids report for duty and return to their routine of blinking we notice the two paramedics that are hovering over us while a police officer in the back is talking to some other guy in an overcoat.

A hand of one of the paramedics grabs us in the neck and pulls us upwards as he provides us with a little cup of water and asks if we're okay.

I am! But I don't think my symbiotic friend fully comprehends the situation around us which is confirmed when we say, "what happened" in a depressing voice.

"You don't remember ma'am, you don't know what happened", the other paramedic asks us.

Of course she doesn't. I do though but I'm not about to tell as this has to be a lesson learned that I will no longer put up with the fucking crap that she throws at me.

"We think you were being strangled ma'am", the paramedic again says filling in the details for us. Then the paramedics turn towards each other and say that it is better to take us with them to the hospital for a check up. With a paramedic on each side we are lifted and up and put on our feet again as we an overview of the room reveals a dead blue body which must put some pieces of the puzzle in its place in its place for my other self.

The two paramedics guide us towards the door and help us gently down the stairs thinking we must be pretty shook up after such a dramatic turn of events whereas the biggest problem of my evil twin is the pounding hangover headache. Rather ironic when you passively observe it from the backseat of the brain. If only there was popcorn!

When we reach the bottom floor and head for the exit, a paramedic asks how we are feeling and if any of it is already coming back to us. My twin sister responds with a soft no which is rather unusual for her to be so timid and silent.

As the paramedics help us on the bed in their yellow ambulance we are instructed to lie down and just relax which is more than we could have asked for and so we wholeheartedly comply as the ambulance is set into motion and drives off.

Through the back window of the ambulance I see the dull grey building grow smaller and smaller until it finally disappears behind the horizon. The ride takes a little over 5 minutes and as we approach the hospital I notice my brain's phantom hasn't spoken at all since we had the pleasure of lying down in the ambulance. Could I have crossed a line, a rule of thumb or etiquette, maybe an unwritten rule amongst split personalities?

When the fine young men, which have been assisting us in our adventure into socially unknown situations, pull the bed out of the ambulance and wheel us into the hospital hallway, I start to think what new twist it would add to our plot if we were to meet the doctor and his triplets once more.

As we get assigned to a room and wait for a doctor to come and run some tests I notice the paramedics from a distance as they are in conversation and throw me the occasional stare. Not knowing what that means or how I should interpret it I choose to ignore it and impatiently look around a little.

When my stare wanders of a little into meaningless gazes at the ceiling I suddenly regain focus as a female voice says, "Good morning, what is your name, ma'am" in a cheerful voice.

"Sam", we respond in a somewhat shy way as if my twin sister has found a new level of depression and is excising the best way to convey this to the outside world.

"And your last name", the lady asks while she notes down what I think is my name on a form that consists of a lot more squared boxes.

“Sanchez”, we respond again in the same shy depressing tone of voice that must have our surroundings think that we had some traumatic experiences earlier this morning.

The woman writes it down again and takes a breath indicating the next question is about to come and so it does when she says, “What is the name of your insurance company” in a rather strict manner. I don’t have insurance of course as I don’t even have citizenship but this is not something that you tell everyone. Even though I cannot change anything I find myself thinking of a solution but come up empty handed and give up. This is something that is upon my other self. She will have to get us out of this one.

All stays quiet for a while and then as if it were scripted in a play we suddenly start crying as the sound of small moans escape the lungs into the surrounding environment. I am not sure how this will play out but it seems to buy some time as the woman gives us a sympathetic glance and says we can do this later as she puts down the paper and walks away.

For a few moments the crying continues but then in an instant the act stops and we get up from the bed we were assigned to and check our neighboring patients. In one bed lies an old man who is listening to some music and across the room is one empty bed and in another is an older female who is sleeping.

We approach her bed and slide her chart out of the protective casing and take the whole thing back with us. Once back on our own bed I notice my hand picking up the piece of paper and copying over the information from one chart to our own. When the required information is there we make another quick visit to the older lady and slide the chart back in.

Sitting there in bed again for a while now waiting for a doctor to come we are finally greeted by an older man in a long white lab coat as he takes out the chart and scans through it. After taking in all the bogus information he finally tells says, “So Sam, lets run some test” and approaches me as he takes a seat on the bed side.

For a while we do all kinds of useless things like following his finger with my eyes or looking into a little light. I feel we should get out of here but apparently my twin is going to sit this all out which leaves me a little annoyed as I feel a force appear that I’m pulling me out of the backseat again.

When all the physical and mental tests are over the doctor concludes there is no further reason for us to remain in the hospital and informs us that a police officer is waiting in the hallway for me to make an official statement. Before the old doctor in his white lab coat proceeds with his visits to other patients he tells us to take my time and take it slow today.

With that in mind we try to take things real slow as I notice that my sinister duplicate does apparently not have any plans to make an official statement. From an angle we take a peek through the door of the room and spot the uniformed officer waiting by a vending machine where he is having a cup of coffee and selecting a snack from one of the machines.

In a quick motion we leave the room and move in the opposing direction without looking back. The exit comes closer and closer but seems still so far away as the tension is rising.

Finally we exit the hospital and start to make plans on how to find our way back which will probably be by subway. As we approach the subway stairs I notice the switch is occurring again and feel I’m gaining control over my legs again as the my significant other is now being forced back into its cage where it will remain until I open its door once more.

I head over to the station where I blend in with the grey crowd of purposeless zombies all waiting for the subway to take us somewhere. To take me home again!

Chapter 18

Being able to find myself and my other self, I feel it's time to take life back into my hands again. I can no longer have this grey passenger piggy back riding on my soul while leaving a trail of stench and death everywhere I go. We have to merge into one and I for one will not be backing out meaning the rules have to change and I have to rule over her as I am the true and only ruler of our shared comfy body.

For a while I just walk in circles in the living room as I rethink all events up to this point and finally break the endless cycle by opening a window and lit a cigarette. The wind feels less cold than usual and for a moment I find myself really enjoying this simple raw emotion that must go by the name of pleasure. The ashes from the cigarette twirl down in the wind and fall victim to the curb that runs parallel to the building, 6 floors down.

With my index finger I shoot the remains of my smoke into the transparent distance as it plunges down to a similar ending as its product. I close the window and make my way over to the bedroom where I gather up some clothes suitable for another working day. Today is going to be different though. Today will mark a change in history of Sam's empty existence. I slip into some comfortable clothes and pull my overall over it as I walk over to the living room where I pick up a fresh pack of smokes and my keys as I approach the front door.

Once on the other side of the door I tear the cigarette pack open and pull one of its inhabitants out with my lips while I walk over to the stairwell. Once down in the first floor I walk out through the main entry doors and head over to the bus stop where several odd stares welcome me in their little club of bus waiting. Gladly it doesn't take more than a few minutes before the bus arrives and I get in and take a seat near the second exit that is located halfway.

While the bus makes its route through this empty soulless city I closed my eyes and try to think of nothing. Just the black idleness runs through my mind as I try to forget I'm on a stinking shitty bus with stinking shitty pigs in a stinking shitty city. My attempt to forget doesn't last long, or at least it feel it doesn't, as the bus comes to a full stop and everyone is getting out as we must have arrived at the end station.

With my fellow animals we gather on a new stinking station where we patiently wait for another stinking bus to bring us to our empty destinations. The whole ritual seems so useless and unnecessary and yet it is what fuels the city. After a minute or so I see another yellow rectangular box marked destiny heading my way and as people start to get up I conclude this must be my ride. The bus driver is a reasonable old woman in her 50's considering the white grayish hair and the wrinkles around the eyes. She opens the bus door and then just stares aimlessly in front of her as if a miracle was to take place right there in front of the bus.

I catch myself wondering what it takes for a city to drain the life out of its civil servants as I get on the zombie bus to hell. As with all passengers the white haired woman doesn't even look up as I walk past her and try to discover a deserted seat.

Having found one I park myself in it and try to continue the, now derailed, train of thought concerning the life draining abilities of the city. I gaze over to the mirror in front of the bus and as I do so the old lady, in charge of our destinies, looks up into the mirror as we lock our eyes on to each other.

For a second I feel the social awkwardness of looking a stranger right into the eyes come over me and feel the urge to look away but yet I don't, and feel we have been involved in this game of staring now for over a few seconds. Her empty eyes reflect the bottomless pit of her soul and I assume she must recognize the same in me explaining the duration of our intriguing non-verbal encounter. Then she looks away and puts the bus

into motion as it will bring us to our destination where we can explore the deadly repetition of life some more.

It is not a long drive but it feels longer to me as lately I find myself sinking into thought as my new found self requires some reflecting. Although I don't want to give it too much thought I can't help but wonder if I'm even capable of pulling all these devious plans off. With my other self in captivity I have to be sure nothing will go wrong now I have come so far along.

The bus makes a mean turn to the right as my stop comes into sight and I make my way towards the exit where I pull the stop sign. As the bus stops and the doors open I get out of the bus and walk towards the alley where I had one of my lesser good night sleeps. I walk through the alley and after a while I can see the dull grey building raping the horizon with its colors.

Once I'm near the big sliding doors that lead the main hall I remove my hands from my pockets and push the right door a little further open so that I can squeeze through. Once in the main hall I notice some of the workers have already begun and I wonder if I'm later than usual. From a distance I see Tony stressing through his room and I just stand there for a second, waiting for him to notice me.

It doesn't take very long when the familiar voice defiles my name. "Sam, get your ass over here", Tony calls from his office. The good employee that I am, I hurry my way over there and climb the yellow metal stairs once more that lead up to his kingdom.

"Yes", I say standing in the doorway of his office while he takes a seat in his chair and prepares to throw his feet on the desk's end. For a moment all stays silent and I'm not sure what to expect but then he starts.

"Sam, I hear you received nationality", he says in a calm, though somewhat crackled voice while looking at me with his big red eyes. I am completely aware that this conversation would come as the balance has shifted between the red neck and the spic because ever since the spic became a national spic the red neck has no leverage anymore and to make matters even worse, the spic is now in a position where she can mangle the red neck through the legal system. Although this is not the direction our destinies will take us into, for now it is best if Tony thinks it is as it makes him an easier prey.

"Yes, since last week", I tell him while throwing a free grin his way as I can clearly see him suffer in the mess that he got himself into. "You know this puts me in an awkward spot, Sam, and let me tell you, if you take me down I WILL take you with me", he threatens in a pathetic attempt to shift the balance back in his advantage. Feeling it is best to play along I tell him I understand and that I just want a normal life in this country to which he nods and mumbles something I cannot make out.

With Tony being convinced the odds just shifted in his favor I tell him that I really want my working papers in order as soon as possible and urge him he should really come forward in this. Looking somewhat confused about what I'm aiming at he asks, "what do you want from me"?

"Bring the papers over tonight so I can go through them with my legal advisor and have them back by Thursday".

"Fine", he finally says with a deep sigh as he motions me to leave his office and get to work. As I walk down the yellow metal stairs and towards the locker room I can't help but having quit a big grin on my face as my other self, though disappointed about recent events, wholeheartedly agrees with the direction I am going in. This may prove interesting when I let him out of his cage as we haven't been on the same page before about where we are going with this miserable empty life of ours.

That night I wait patiently for Tony to appear as we agreed that he would deliver around 8 o'clock. As it is still a good 2 hours early I anxiously walk around the room some more feeling the thrill of what's to come as I feel like a kid the night before his birthday.

I move to the storage room where I keep some stuff I never use but tonight will prove useful. As I unlock the door of the storage room a dusty cent of neglect comes forward and tells me about the room's personal hygiene. I take out the sledgehammer that is positioned against the back wall and close the door again.

With the black metal head dragging over the floor I walk into the kitchen where I put the sledgehammer next to the fridge.

I throw a glance into the room and spot the chair in a position from where a clear glimpse into the kitchen would be possible, which is something that this black night cannot afford. I take the chair and put it somewhat more in the middle of the living room which makes no sense interior wise but who complains when you don't have an interior.

With a little then 2 hours to go I decide it is time to release the beast within, my personal demon, my other self. I get into the bedroom where I throw myself on the bed and fumble a little around under the bed in an attempt to find a bottle of vodka. Having found one I take of the lid and put the bottle to my mouth and start to drink.

With almost half of the bottle empty I stop for a second to mix some valuable oxygen in with the stream of alcohol. When the bottle is two of a third empty I put it down and rest my head on the pillow and wait for my naughty caged friend to come out and play for one more time. The cage is open, very open I might add as I have to be sure my friend will come out for a little game of viva piñata with my employer's fat hairy head. Then the lights go out and I turn into the black idle emptiness that comes over me as I pass out.

Two hours later I suddenly wake up as the alarm clock seems to scream into my ears that it is time for my meeting with destiny. Through the blurry images that my eyes provide me with I try to make out the numbers on the clock and after some serious squinting I deduce that Tony should be here now any minute. I stretch a little as I want to be limber for whatever is to come and then get up from the bed and get into the bathroom where I take a piss and try to freshen up a little so I can be presentable for my soon to come guest.

Anxious for my dear friend to arrive I quickly lit a cigarette and open the window so I can kill two birds with one stone while smoking and being on the lookout. As I look down the street looks more deserted then a dying stray dog with rabies. Hoping that the fat fuck will keep up his end of the deal I work my way through the next 3 minutes as they are being count down by the cigarette in my hand as the ashes crawls up my fingers. Having no more than a cigarette bud squeezed between the fingers I release the now useless product and move back into the living room as I close the window.

Slightly agitated that my Mexican donkey hasn't arrived yet I walk back into the bedroom to assure myself that time is still passing by and my guest is now a little over 6 minutes late. I try to analyze the situation and start thinking it was all a bluff on Tony's part but conclude this cannot be the case.

Seriously troubled now, I walk in short circles through the living room while chewing my nails of and possibly a small part of my fingers. After a few minutes I get tired of my circular motion as it doesn't bring me any closer to understanding the situation and decide a little booze wouldn't hurt at this point.

I walk into the bedroom where the bottle is still on the floor next to the bed where I left it when I passed out. I pick the bottle up and put it to my mouth as the transparent stinging liquids enter the abyss that is my stomach. With the bottle still upside down

releasing its content into me, I look out from the corner of my eyes to the alarm clock and see it has now been over 20 minutes and the fucker still hasn't shown up.

I drop the now empty bottle on the floor and plunge my body onto the bed as I smell the scent of bed sheets overdue. Lying there motionless for a little over a few minutes I turn around as a 3 knocks on the front door pound through my head and physically torments my brain with the good news they bring. Tony is here!

I get up and hurry my way into the living room where I quickly check if all the props are in the right place and then go stand behind the door as my hand reaches for the door knob. I turn the knob around and with a click the lock confirms the opening of the door is now an undeniable fact.

Having waited for this moment for quite a while the act of opening the door seems to go in slow motion but I quickly wake up from this delayed dreamy state as an hairy ape like being on the other side of the door tells me, "Here are your papers" and turns around planning to walk away.

For a second a rush of pure adrenaline rushes through my veins as I rethink all my options since this behavior of my fellow actor is not something in the script. Then strange enough, considering who's in charge of this series of organs, rationality kicks in and with a clever line responds, "Heeeya Tonny".

Clearly surprised by my performance he turns around and looks at me as I put on my I-am-completely-drunk-please-take-advantage-of-me costume. Not surprisingly he responds to my new found outfit and takes a step back into the direction of the door as I stumble back into the living room.

Arriving at the kitchen I turn around and look at Tony as he stands in the doorway not sure whether he should or shouldn't. To encourage him some more I pull up my t-shirt as a shy little schoolgirl would pull up her Sunday dress on her first day at school.

I again become a little agitated as this is all taking way too long and I don't have the luxury of time on my hand this night but then carnal urges seem to kick in and he now has at least one foot into the living room.

Chapter 19

Tony, the sick twisted fuck, finally had the decency bring his fat hairy physical existence into motion and guide it past the door into the living room. His stupid grin on his face provided me with more determination to proceed in my deeds which sparked some sense of joy and allowed me to return the grin. This night will be the night. This hour will be the hour where I will force God to bow for me, force to respect me as his superior.

As he wanders through my apartment he occasionally looks at me from the corners of his eyes as if to say he doesn't trust the situation or me but I know there is nothing left that could give me away. I planned this night so carefully and lived through it in thought so many times that it has become a Friday afternoon rehearsal to me.

Finally at ease Tony places his hideous blob like self on the chair that I put there as things fall into place. Revealing the yellowness of what is left of his teeth he attempts to throw a smile at me hoping it will suddenly melt my big black heart. Off course, I cannot make him think otherwise and again return the gesture with the most convincing effort.

The stage is set for my plan to enter the next phase as I know have this 184 pound tumor in the room using up my oxygen.

I stumble past him as I see circus du soleil being set up in his pants as he must be planning his next defilement of me as I'm in this helpless state of drunkenness. I offer him a drink but he refuses and so I stumble in half circle around him while mumbling some words that don't even make sense to me.

Without making eye contact I continue in my circle and as I'm safely at his back again I let go of his shoulder and quickly reach for the sledgehammer that I placed behind the wall separating the kitchen from the living room.

With the hammer in one hand I notice I overestimated the weight and send in backup in the form of my other hand as they now both firmly grip the hammers handle. I swing the black metal head on my side and give it some momentum as it now starts swinging forwards.

In a swift second I introduce Tony's right temple to the black hard metal end of my sledgehammer as they engage in a short but intense encounter. With the most beautiful grace his head sways to the left and soon his fat rugged body follows as they enter a new, gentle, encounter with the floor. There it is I think to myself as I watch the motionless body of this God taking up space on my floor.

I grab the bull by the horns and, with great difficulty and physical effort, drag him into the bathroom where I place him his back against the back wall below the shower. I quickly get back to the kitchen where I also put a suitcase of old surgical equipment that I managed to get on a cheap knock-off sale.

Once, reunited with my sleeping beauty I put the case on the floor, kneel down beside it, and open it as it reveals all its shiny toys in the playful light of the bathroom neon. I get out some plastic handcuff strips and put them on the bathroom floor as they scatter around like a Mikado puzzle. I take Tony's right hand and put a plastic strip around his wrist and pull it so tight that soon his hand turns blue.

Still completely out of this world, Tony proves to be the perfect play date as I get out the surgical pliers and clamp his pinky between them. With the sound of a pinky resigning from its 5 man army squad, the pliers close, as the awol pinky hits the side wall and falls to the floor where it fails to play the game of Mikado fairly as it scatters out the strips even more.

I pick up the pinky from the floor and throw it in the sink where it leaves a trail of red life as it makes its way down to the sewers. Tony, still dreaming of what he presumes can only be pretty colors and a simple chain of events as he is not the brightest tool in the shed.

Now, might be a good time to chain this rabid animal in its place so we can continue any future interactions without one of us bailing out. I walk into the bedroom where I the power cord, of my precious earned nail gun, is clearly visible from under the bed. I grab the end of the cord and pull the nail gun by its tail from under the bed and take a firm grip on its handle.

Once back in the bathroom I electrify the nail guns tail, bringing him to life as a personal Frankenstein experiment. For a moment I check if the nails are in place and then get to work on my beloved former hero. I take his blue hand and put it up against the wall, pressing it firmly into the wooden boards as I jam a nail through the hand.

Completely surprised by the moment I suddenly sense a malevolent clump of meat enter my personal space and soon after land on one of my cheekbones. For a moment all life drains out of me and the invisible force of gravity takes over as I fall backwards through the door opening into the bedroom where I take a few second to pick myself up again.

In the background I hear rabid Tony raging full of life meaning there is still a lot of work laid out for me to do. "You fucking piece of cunt", he spits and shouts as he drools a long grey swirl of saliva from his mouth. I enter the bathroom again and put the cover of the toilet down and take a seat on it, while rubbing the injured cheekbone, being still out of range of the tumors field of infection. Tony is turning so pale now I expect it to only take a few more second before he passes out into the eternal blackness of the mind. As he turns around to focus on what is holding him back, the notion of his blue, in short supply of a pinky, hand with a 5 inch nail drilled through it becomes too much for him to handle as his knees start trembling. He turns around again as I'm greeted by the face of a ghost with red bloodshot eyes and what I think is a tear running down over his cheek. What a gorgeous sentimental thought, I catch myself thinking as Tony loses the battle with gravity and is back on the floor again.

I quickly get up, take his other hand and put it against the same wall and drill 2 nails through it as I'm not too fond of these script improvisations from my dear pale actor friend. Still feeling the sting of our previous encounter in my cheek, I get to the kitchen and pick up the sledgehammer.

Back in the bathroom I put Tony in the right position as I pull his legs straight out over the floor. Looking like a pull-doll I take hold of the sledgehammer and place the black metal end on Tony's right knee for point of reference. With the other hand I pull the hammer up into the air and have it come down with a similar raging fierce that Tony just displayed. The knee cracks like a twig and to make sure I slide his leg into a position that should not be possible before. I change my position for a better angle on knee number two, and again it snaps like a twig. I put the hammer against the wall opposing Tony and take a minute of rest on the toilet seat cover as I light a cigarette. The smoke fills up the bathroom and reminds me of Tony's office room except that the roles have turned now.

Tony's face now and then twitches as if he is having a bad dream, a nightmare. Just wait until you wake up, I mumble while I inhale the last nicotine left in this cigarette as the ashes start burning the ends of my fingers. At this point there is nothing left for me to do but wait until Tony indeed wakes up and so I make my way into the kitchen where I spot the eviction notice on the refrigerator, held into position with four magnets, one in each corner, kind of like Tony, I guess.

I take the piece of paper and walk out of the front door and make my way to the first floor where Mrs. White has her place of residence. In front of her door, I give 3 gentle knocks that trigger the sound of an old lady getting out of a squeaky chair, trying to make her way to the door as fast as her old physical self will take her.

As the door opens her face greets mine with a genuine smile as if she truly is happy to see me.

“Hi Sam”, she says in her old soft voice as she has to look up to me considering growth hasn’t treated her generously. “Hi, Mrs. White, I just wanted to come down and tell you that I will be out of the apartment first thing in the morning. And I would like to apologize for all the trouble I caused you”.

Her face flabbergasted by my speech seem to tear up her eyes a little and in that soft voice of hers she replies, “Thank you Sam, that means a lot to me, would you like to come in for a cup of tea, I was just making some”. Considering Tony might be lost in darkness for quit a while and I don’t think he will go far once he wakes up I reply, “it would be my pleasure, Mrs. White”.

As I follow the old lady into the living room I stumble over some yellow shoes as she instructs me to take place on an old sofa against the wall while she gets the tea ready. As I press my meat into the sofa, a voice comes from the kitchen asking me if I want sugar in it. The irony of the question triggers so many emotions at the same time it kind of feels like a bad trip. Do I want sugar in it? It would be great to have some sugar in it, something to make you forget you’re up to your neck in the bucket full of shit called life. Sugar!

“Sure, Mrs. White, Sugar would be nice”. A few seconds later she returns with a plate in her hand as she balances with the to tea glasses on it. As she puts down the glasses of tea on the little table in front of the sofa, I spot there is a slice of lemon in each glass of tea on which sugar cube is fading into nothingness. Tea with sugar and a slice of lemon, well fuck me, I’d never say the day would come but then again here it is. Me sitting in a reasonably nice apartment with a friend while drinking some tea with sugar and a slice of lemon. For an instant I forget about everything. No Tony, no Jack or Johnnie, no idle existence, just the company of a friend and again my cup of tea with a cube of sugar and a slice of lemon.

“How are you doing Sam”, Mrs. White suddenly asks while taking a seat next to me on the old sofa. “I don’t know, Mrs. White, I just don’t know”, I reply, speaking the truth but hoping not to sound too depressing during this pleasant encounter.

“You know I really regret having to evict you from your apartment, I always kind of think of you as my daughter”.

“I know you do, Mrs. White, and please don’t feel sorry, it is better this way, you’ll see”, I reply to her while we lock eye contact. “I hope you’re right, Sam”, she tells me with a curious look pondering about what I could be referring to.

“I really hope you will find your way Sam, I really do”, she says as she picks up her glass and takes sip and instructs me to do so either. As our glasses empty up, she gets up from the sofa and walks over to a cupboard containing some old vinyl records. She opens the one of the cupboard doors and looks through the selection of records as she tells me, “Sam, I would like to give you something which always reminds me of you”. Slightly confused about what she could mean and which “you” she is referring to I take the last sip of my cup of tea and poke a little in the lemon slice.

With an old vinyl record in hand she walk over to a probably even older phonograph and turns it on. She slips out the record and puts in on the phonograph. As she picks up the needle I notice she has trouble putting it on the right spot as her hand slightly shakes but a few seconds trying prove prosperous.

She returns to her seat as phonograph starts to recreate the voices of the old vinyl record. I try to focus on the sounds as I am intrigued now to what to expect. Why would an old dame think of miserable me when hearing some old record?

Then a deep dark voice enters the room as the record takes off and cuts through my every bone and leaves me frozen up with a cold chill running between brain and toe.

As goose bumps now cover my outer self and leave me looking like a human orange I feel something breaking down inside myself. The blackness that makes up my heart is fighting with everything it has but seems to be losing anyway. This is stronger, so much stronger it starts to hurt. The feeling kills me from the inside as the this personal confrontation between heart and mind now comes full moon and can no longer be denied.

Mrs. White just sits there not speaking a word and then picks up both of our glasses and makes way into the kitchen for what I expect is another refill.

My inner self is now in such a state that my hands shiver and I cannot control any muscle in my body as the record is not even halfway. Everything seems to break in my insides. Every organ screams I should kill these sounds of the devil in protection of our shared friend the heart.

The war inside me changes locations and crosses some rivers and seas as I feel my eyes tear up and a teardrop finally makes its way down over my soar cheek bone. I quickly try to wipe it away but find myself pressing the soar almost blue cheek too hard. For a second a rush of pain moves through my body as Mrs. White leaves the kitchen again with 2 refills of tea and spots me in sitting there in the fucked up state that I'm in.

She puts the glasses of tea down and slowly walks over to the phonograph and lifts up the needle ending my beautiful misery as the heart, though injured, returns to being numb and idle, just a clump of meat beating in the rhythm of time.

Mrs. White picks the vinyl record from the phonograph and slides it back in its blank casing and returns to the old sofa where she takes a seat again. She puts the record on the table in front of us and says, "If you want it, it's yours".

In understanding I try to throw a smile her way but it hurts too much on my previously tortured face and so I tell her in a soft voice, "Thank you, Mrs. White", as we both resume to drinking our tea. Almost being aware of each others thoughts we don't speak for while for reasons unknown but guessing it has to do with this sentimental vibe that haunts the room after my recent performance. As we both are sipping little amounts of tea Mrs. White suddenly breaks the awkward silence and asks politely, "maybe you should go now, Sam".

I can tell something changed in her facial features as she seems hurt. Unintentionally hurt by me I presume and so I put down the remaining contents of my glass and bring myself in an upright position. I pick the vinyl record up from the table and make my way to the front door. Reaching the door knob I turn around and see Mrs. White shying away from any facial interaction we could have. "Ill be okay, Mrs. White", I tell her as I take a firm grip on the door knob and twist its neck. The door opens up and the sound of pouring rain welcomes me back into my empty black idle existence.

Chapter 20

As I pass by the building's entry doors I throw a glance at the mailbox which not surprisingly has the tip of what has to be a postcard again sticking out of it. I quickly make a detour and grab the card out of the box and flip it over. The back reads: "Fuck you, you are mine". I realize the stupidity of me being aware of my other self now, even though I cannot sense it or interact with it other than these postcards and my actions. I throw the card away and make my way to the stairwell.

Moving through the stairwell I put the record under my shirt as I feel it is too valuable to be touched by the rain. I quickly make my way back and in front of my door I wait for a second in hesitance. I think I just heard some rumbling behind the door as if someone nailed to my bathroom wall is trying to change his destiny.

I open the door and remove the vinyl record from under my shirt and put it on the chair in where Tony previously sat. Curious of what the fat ass has been up to I spot him knocking his head against the wall in realization of the futility of any escape. As our eyes lock on he is completely overcome by fear by just the sight of me and I now know that Tony is completely aware of my devious plans.

I take a seat on the toilet cover again and rest my head in my hands as my arms balance on my bony knees. Completely unexpected Tony still manages to bring out some sensible words as he tells me, "I'm sorry Sam, I'm so sorry for everything, please don't do this, please....".

A little disappointed in the true nature of what was once this powerful God that reigned fiercely over me I choose not to return the favor and without a word I leave the bathroom and enter the living room where I pick up the old vinyl record and remove it from its blank casing. In the kitchen I blow the dust of the old phonograph which I owned ever since I came here in this big great hellish country.

I put the record on and set the needle to the outer edge as the record begins to spin and the phonograph starts making some noise. I walk back through the living room into the bathroom where I take a seat again on the toilet cover and look at my former God some more as the record tunes travel from the kitchen to my eardrums.

Seeing my intentions reflecting from my eyes Tony starts to whine again, asking me for mercy and telling me should not have to do this. Becoming severely annoyed by his true whiny nature I instruct him to use his tongue for better purposes before I cut it out.

Tony being aware of the seriousness of my intentions stops whining after that as I prepare our last phase in which I will uncover who we are and where we stand. Tony who is slightly bleeding from the hands now and then falls out of consciousness and so I slap him firmly in the face which immediately brings back his attention.

"I'm God", I tell him to which he responds with his familiar stupid grin as he tells me to fuck off. Knowing that he is not in a position to undermine me anymore I open up the suitcase and take out some pliers and a surgical knife and remind him of my earlier instructions on how to use the tongue.

"I'm God, do you recognize that I am God, your God", I ask him again giving him a sturdy look to prove my earlier claims are dead serious. He looks at me with his pale head and bloodshot eyes and tells me, "You're fucking insane, freak".

Being slightly glad that there is still some worthy life in him that dares to oppose me in this position I become more and more annoyed and put the pliers on his index finger and squeeze them closed. With a scream of agony the index finger falls down beside him and I give him a second to get himself together.

After a few seconds I decide that I gave him more than enough time I put the pliers on his middle finger and with the same ease and sounds of agony it comes off and falls not far from the index finger on the floor.

“FUUUUCK you, you fucking cunt”, he screams while I place the pliers on the ring finger and wait for him to somewhat calm down before I make it squeal again. His face turns a new variation of pale I wasn't even aware of its existence and as he looks up in my direction I snap the pliers shut again. Thick red blood is gushing out of the now severely shorter fingers and paints a pretty contrast against the blue hand as it finds its way down.

I put the pliers around his thumb but notice his head is hanging down as he passed out again which is not a luxury he can afford as I cannot afford it since time is not really on my side here. Seeing no other way possible I take a seat again on my throne while I watch the pale potty mouth enjoying his state of forgetfulness.

As the vinyl record has now been repeating itself for a little over 5 times, snow white nailed to the wall and half red on one side slowly gains consciousness again and returns to its fairytale gone bad. So far the witch has only killed 4 of her dwarfs so there is a lot more fun for us left to indulge in.

Tony mumbles something I cannot make out and drools a little more as it runs down his chest. As he looks at me he starts rambling in fear as I suspect that at this point he is losing his mind a little. I cannot complete this part without a sane partner that will answer truthfully and so I try to slap it out of him which seems to work at first.

“Fuck off, Fuck off”, he yells while trying to evade my hand by turning his head from left to right. He now seems to be reasonably clear minded considering circumstances I can't blame him for. As I'm about to start the interrogation of life again he surprises me with a counter question.

“Why don't you suck my dick some more, spic”, he says with a sparkle in his eyes in appreciation of his own cleverness. As him I also appreciate the gesture as it means this so called God might not be as weak as I assumed before I answer with a little grin of approval. This will prove to be a challenge and challenges I like concerning these particular interactions with fellow Gods.

“You really want me to”, I ask in return to which he replies, “Yeah, it'll be like old times”, again with a slight grin and a little sparkle in his eyes.

I grab the surgical knife from the floor and cut a hole in his pants just above his information processing centre. Slightly confused, he looks at me with some fear what I need the knife for. I send a gentle smile towards him as if to say it will all be okay, as I reveal the core of what makes up Tony's interpretation of life and bring the surgical knife closer to it.

“You know what your problem is”? I ask him with the knife at the base of his tool. He looks at me with “McCauley Culkin” face as if he is truly surprised I'm not working on his best friend right now.

Still not having answered me I say, “Well, do you”? He doesn't reply and so I guess I have my answer right there. In a quick cutting motion I cut off any access to his thinking organ to which he replies with a loud and honest scream of intense pain and agony and what I think are tears. How sentimental of him!

“You think with your dick too much”, I explain him as I never got an answer as to justify my action. “You fucking, fucking spic cunt”, he screams and spits in my face as he tries to pull his hands down from the wall. Failing off course at this since I took great care in getting them up there in the first place I start to wonder how long these nails will really hold as Tony is now so enraged that the pain doesn't seem to affect him all that much.

After the blood from the newly supplied hole in his body gushes out to much his body instructs him to calm down to which he answers and stops pulling out his hands. I,

not being up for these encounters anymore decide to get back straight to business and ask him again, "I'm God; do you recognize me to be your God"? With a pale head hanging down as his neck pushes into his chest I hear him mumble, "Yes, just stop this". Not being satisfied with such a simple answer I ask for confirmation and say, "Yes what, Tony"? He looks up for a second but cannot carry the weight of his head anymore as it plunges back into his chest. After a second or 2, I hear him mumbling again saying, "Sam is God" at which point I'm completely satisfied and grab him by his hair and pull his head up against the wall. All phases have now come full moon I realize as we sit face to face with only one of us being the true God in this miserable existence of ours.

His eyes lock on to me with pure fear of what is to come next as I take a final firm grip of the knife and push it against his throat. In one fluent slid I cut through the trachea leaving a cut running from ear to ear. I'm ready to enter the eternal darkness of black idle nothingness where I am sure I will find my way.

Chapter 21

With the knife still dripping blood from its tip I make my way towards the bedroom. Being followed by a trail of I step toward the bed where I lie down for a while to catch my breath. The needle of the phonograph is still scaring the face of the record playing while Johnnie starts singing to me,

“I hurt myself today, to see if I still feel.”

I feel fear come up as this is going to be it. The final moment arose and now it is up to me to proceed. It will only be a matter of days anyways before my existence would cave in under the pressure of its own weight. The eviction, the bodies, the factory graveyard investigation, Charlotte! They will all lead back to me sooner or later and I am not strong enough to face that. For a moment I let the thoughts go as they wonder of into my head and get soon dissolved by the now omnipresent fear.

“I focus on the pain the only thing that's real.”

I take a seat on the bedside and let gravity pull me back on to the bed where I further sink into thought. The pain inside feels like it is running through my veins and has become an undeniable virus that is not to be ignored. I feel my eyes burn in their sockets and a tear start to run down my cheek after which another one follows.

“What have I become?”

My heartbeat pounds through me like a wrecking ball as every beat can be felt in my fingers, toes, limbs, chest and head. The heart cries for it knows that its purpose has also come to an end. There was no purpose to begin with as my whole existence was flawed. I feel my entire body screaming! My heart races, my mind fires so many thoughts at once in an attempt to reason with me but it's too late. The life of an existentialist is about to end when I feel my hand take a firm grip of the knife and see it moving towards the other. With the cold blade pressing into the skin of my wrist I feel a cold chill running down my spine. Then, determination takes over and the sound of metal slitting through my meat like self confirms that life is now quickly ebbing away into the cosmos. Gravity takes hold of me pushes me back onto the bed as I vaguely hear Johnnie in the background singing to me in his dark but soothing voice.

I feel a warm stream of thick blood running through my hand as my eyes start to betray me and turn my world into a night gone black. A cold pulls over my body as I now permanently enter my sweet dark state of black idle bliss. The needle of the phonograph reaches the eye of the record and comes to a stop as my heart turns into a permanent mute and release comes setting in. Then, all goes silent.

Sweet perfect silence.