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## Escapism

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# Escapism

## Anonymous

Whenever I don't want to think, I play a little game. Wherever I am, working an 8 hour, stuck in my shit apartment, or just walking down the street, I try to find parts of the ground that stick out. Ones that are shaped different or have a different color, and I try to only walk on those. The adult version of 'The Floor is Lava'. It looks silly and people would always try to avoid me on the streets because of it, but it works. I put my focus into each step, making sure I only walk where I'm supposed to. Where each foot is meant to go. It would take over my mind to the point that whatever I was thinking about before just fades away. I forget it all.

*I'll Drive*

I want to get up and pace. Find the tiles that are a different color, jump between them and have my mind just go away again.

I was told not to.

“Wait here, we will be back in a moment.”

I don't remember their face, but they probably know best. I still feel heavy from the drinks, and if I tried to play the game I would just fall and trip someone. Better to stay sitting down.

*C'mon Frank*

It's cold here. Like I'm stuck in the arctic in all my magnificent glory. It's a look for sure, like a big fuck you to mother nature, but still not the best for the climate. I can even feel the wind, icy and fast, coming straight for my head. Just me standing in the middle of the blizzard, being torn to shreds by scraps of ice the wind brings with it. It's dreadful.

I take my free arm to pull my jacket closer in to keep warm and take a glance around the area. It's a damn long hallway, and people keep passing through so it must be a pretty big house. I can see it now, out in a hillside looking over their miles and miles of land. Have their own private theater, wine cellar, and even a private landing strip. Able to fly wherever they want whenever they want. That's the dream.

I wish I had something to drink though. To make me feel warm again, if nothing else. But they just left me here by myself, nothing to do or anything. Rude bastards. Or maybe, they went out to get some more drinks, which in that case I'll have to thank them later.

*I'm fine man, shut up let's go*

They could've turned the lights down before they left. The whole place is so fucking bright, I can hardly

even look up. Maybe I should ask someone to turn them down. I mean people keep passing by me, all in a hurry too, but none of them seem to care. I guess some people like bright lights, but I'm guessing they've never had a hangover either.

I wipe my face of whatever is probably stuck on it, and reach out to another guy that's passing me.

"Hey man, can yo-," I manage to say before he side steps away from me and keeps walking. Damn how drunk am I?

I recline back into the chair, the type you'd see in a waiting room, and I try to get myself comfortable. Right as I get comfy, I get bit of an itch in my ear, so I have to lean forward so my arm can reach and scratch and lose my comfortable position.

My hand feels a little sticky, probably from the booze. I am not the most delicate drinker, never have been, but neither is Frank so I guess we work pretty well together.

*Don't forget seatbelts*

Speaking of which, where the hell is Frank? That fucker had my keys, and no way in hell am I walking back to our place.

"Frank?" I call out. "Frank, you dumb shit where are you? We need to start heading home."

A group began to slow down as they passed me. I took a look at them and they just looked like such damn nerds, about 3 of them dressed in some white lab coats and passing around a clipboard. I want to tell them to make themselves useful and grab me another drink, but I need to know where Frank is..

"Hey? Hey... um.. do you guys know where Frank is?"

They began to slow down a bit more, and began to whisper to each other like this is middle school. After a bit of that, one of them stepped up to me.

"Franklin Hemirson," they ask me?

I force my head into a nod, "That's the one, where's the son of a bitch?"

Again the group goes back to their little whispers. I guess this is how we're doing things then, assholes. I don't want to look desperate though, so I try to look around all nonchalant. I try to read some of the signs around me, and I spot one pretty close

E---ge-y R--m

*"Shit! SHIT STOP!"*

Yeah I am still very drunk, I cannot read shit. I turn my head back to the group, and they're all just staring. Yeah, I know I look stupid guys but that is just rude. Didn't they ever learn some manners, god damn.

I shrug my arms at them. “Well? You wanna answer the damn question?”

Another one of the geeks takes a step towards me. “Sir, he is being treated right now, please remain here,” and before I can get another word they just leave. I try to get up, but my arms are almost glued to the chair and won’t follow. I look back down at them and I see the handcuffs.

*Frank? FRANK!?! GET UP!*

How long have those been there? Who the fuck would think this is funny? I want to get home and go to sleep. I don’t want to be chained up at someone’s place.

“HEY! Someone get these damn cuffs off!”, I scream out. No one listens, they just begin to pass me by faster.

“GET THE FUCK OVER HERE AND LET ME OUT!”

*No no no no no no*

“Sir, I’m going to ask you to be quiet.”

I look up, and it’s the guy that told me to sit down earlier. He looks pissed off, staring me down like he’s trying to reduce me to ashes. I don’t know why, and right now I really don’t care, I just need to go.

“Man hurry up and get these cuffs off me, this isn’t funny anymore.”

*SOMEONE HELP!*

He just stands there, staring down at me.

“I just want to get home man, please. I’m tired.”

*PLEASE SOMEONE!*

“You’re not going home,” he says, almost like a growl. “Franklin Hemirson is dead.”

*NO! FUCK DON’T BE DEAD*

I stare at him, dumbfounded. He’s fucking with me right? He has to be. We haven’t even left the party yet, unless someone killed him themselves no way he is dead.

“Quit fuc-,” is all I say before he uncuffs me from my chair, but then cuffs my hands behind my back.

*No no no no no no*

“You have the right to remain silent.”

*No*

“Anything you say can and will be used against you in the court of law.”

*Please no*

“You have the right to an attorney.”

*Please be a dream*

“If you cannot afford an attorney one will be provided to you.”

*Please wake up*

“Do you understand these rights?”

I look back at him, his face is pure anger. I want to tell him he can go fuck himself. Acting all superior like he is and trying to ruin my night. But then I see the blood. Sticky, all over my shirt, jacket, pants, even my shoes. I feel my body jump at seeing it all, but the man holds me back down and I feel a wince of pain on my soles. I look closer and see little shards of glass, stuck in the cracks of my shoes and in between my laces. I feel my breath escaping, and take a long breath to bring it back in. I lick my lips and taste the blood on my face, the iron getting onto my lips and leaving a taste in my mouth.

I look around and see where I was sitting hallway is only 20 feet away from the emergency room. How did I not see this? How could I not notice?

This isn't a joke.

*Save him! I beg you please!*

I look to his eyes, still piercing through me waiting for my response.

“Where am I?”

His eyes widen a bit, and I hear him begin to berate me before he stops himself. He moves his eyes away from me now, and I sink further down.

“Chicago Lakeshore Hospital.”

*“Wait here, we will be back in a moment.”*

I feel the tears begin to come. Begin to clean my face of the blood, the dirt, and whatever else is on there.

“Please sir,” I beg. “I don't remember anything.”

The man straightens himself up, and looks down on me.

“Do you understand your rights?”

I'm not dumb, just slow. I can put the pieces together, it just takes a little nudge. Frank is dead. I was the driver, and he was the passenger. I don't have to know the details to know what happened. There are times where your mind doesn't need that weight.

“Yes, I understand.”