

## School Daze

Goddamn, honey. I only work five fucking hours a week. Whatta ya say you pretend to give a flying fuck if I go insane and just let me get off the fucking phone before Randy fires my stupid ass for causing another scene. Here I am at work, right? LaRosa's for goddamn, blue-collar sake. I ain't asking for much. Just for my chic to act at least six years old 'till I get to her house. I swore I'd have argued with her all night then. But, like shit, dude, I ain't got two fucking cents to shake a hard-on at and she's insisting on fighting on the clock. It would be one thing if I didn't have to go through it every piss forsaken weekend but I'm telling you , I did. I don't know if she just felt some uncontrollable compulsion to make the few hours I maintained away from my hellish studies as malignant as possible or what, but I swear her rhetoric was so fucking trivial it could make an invalid do cartwheels. Anyway I ended up slammin' down the damn phone after she got in another ridiculous line of rubbish. Which incidentally ended in a click. Then, the idiot that I am, called back full-knowing that she wouldn't answer! Selfish little bitch! Clever in her own right no doubt. I swear this shit was like clockwork. It had to be premeditated.

Well she calculated me as accurately as Big Ben. That's all it took. Next thing ya know I'm like doing fifty miles an hour through Marsh's parking lot in my topless little green piece of shit Honda Accord. It was topless 'cause my friend and I cut off the roof with an electric jig saw only days earlier when I, having neglected to remember that it does rain occasionally here on earth, decided I wanted a convertible. So it's like rattlin' over their yellow speed bumps which were intended to slow menacing fuckers like myself from killing would be grocery-goers who may have innocently decided to cross my path. Gas, brake, gas, brake and shit. Seemingly insignificant people starring, cars pausing so they can say that it was my fault, ya know? Completely out of my mind over this stupid immature fluzu with nothing more productive to do than to smash her reveling insecurity on my last nerve of assurance. Funny now, yea, but then I'd have ran over my best friend's puppy, Rex in fifth gear to get there a second sooner. Perhaps even hit 'em again in reverse to get another tenth. It was mission impossible. Make this do-nothing, be-nothing, inquire to know nothing ignorant female secure in her life of negligent blissful oblivion. Assure her that every last tablespoon of her insatiable demand for attention could be prompted to. I would do it and no one could stop me. This was my little girl mind you. Better think twice before you judge her.

"No, Bob. She took off here a few minutes ago."

The story of my life I thought in rehearsed disbelief while pondering over her father's words. I'm telling you it was a lesson in futility. How the fuck my hair stayed affixed in

my scalp is about as mysterious as her felonious discordant reasoning.

"Oh, yea," I said calmly. Wouldn't want to alarm her pop by allowing him to see me spittin' enamel chips off my teeth over the behavior of his pathetic daughter. Gotta maintain a good future husband prospect appeal if ya plan on holdin' on to your bitch. Anyway, the thought of another detailed, reasonable sounding unreasonable excuse for her bullshit would have been unconscionable at that point. So, with a pleasant good-bye, I smiled, said thanks, got in my car, went down to an ever so familiar parking lot located just around the corner from her house and beat the living shit out of my car with a heavy stick for about ten minutes exclaiming at the top of my lungs how much I hated that mind contorting cunt for configuring the evening so. Yeap, like a tyrant on the warpath, I delivered another ass-whoppin' to my defenseless pee-green bucket of a car.

Don't get me wrong. I may have been as violent as a bull with a splinter in his penis and in consistent need of a straight-jacket, but I did nothing to warrant such flagrant irrationality. The condition of my lifes' state at the time was dislikable rough. It consisted of all the vagrant poor mishappening characteristics of your typical college student. I was taking twenty-one credit hours and maintaining a disciplined exercise routine consisting of three hours in the gym a day. My diet consisted of foods blander than plaster of paris without water. I was living with my mother who was determined to convince me that all people my age went to college full-time, maintained 3.5-4.0 grade point averages and worked forty hours a week to pay each and every bill with money left over to afford a daily meal or two at the Marriot. I felt the necessity to study religiously for no less than eight hours a day after attending my classes from 8:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday. But, but, but... as if this sentimental outreach for sympathy was not enough on its own merits, I had to contend with Tonya. If it weren't for her, I swear I could have done the rest with my eyes in my back pocket and my hands twelve feet up my ass. She was undoubtedly the most burdensome element in this myriad of incoherent turmoil.

Back in the driver's seat, car rounding the corner and tilting, wallah. Back to her house again. Composed, on track, well, riding the curb with half the driver's side tires, but at least I was regaining my composure as the car swerved around the corner leading to her street. Her street was actually a court so there was no hiding my donut before banking the front bumper guard against the driveway curb. Her father standing poised at the door with a look of concern when he uttered her condition as house-absent. Too fatigued with ambition and animosity to meddle in the mediocrity of composed dialogue, I slashed my lips to one corner of my face, slung the crown of my head towards the driveway and retreated in utter disbelief. Thenafter retreating in demoralized fashion from the driveway, I made my way calmly back to my mother's house wherein I resentfully drudged past my mom to my room. Sedated by the horrific overload of adrenalin, I landed chin priority to my mattress where I remained motionless for about on hour.

I wonder where the fuck she is. Two goddamn exams in the morning, at least three hours of studying tonight if I want to pass the fuckers, still gotta jog and I'm starvin' like

Marvin. What the fuck do I ask for? Just two motherfucking hours out of her day to act like she's got a fucking ounce of dick sense. Two fucking hours!!! Shes got twenty-two others to be a dickhead. There's no fuckin' reason I gotta be the damn brunt of it. She can go anywhere the fuck she wants, do whatever the hell she wants. I've never given the asshole any shit for nothin'. Always bitchin'. When ya gonna come over? Why didn't you call me on your break? You never spend any time with me. What am I supposed to do all day when your gone? Why should I have to be available every time you have a few minutes to waste on me? Well for one, you know damn good and well I have class 'till five-thirty, then I need to get my dumb ass home which takes, what, I don't know. What did you time it at, sixteen and a quarter fuckin' minutes? I do still eat and shit like your average earthling. And, after I take care of that, I'm usually right the fuck over. Second, I've only called you once in my whole college career on my break when one of my professor's let us out of class early when he had laryngitis. It wasn't intended to start a precedent. If he gets it again, I'll be sure to call. The break I have is barely enough time to get a gourmet coffee which I'd like to think I could be permitted to suck down to my delight without having to call and say hi, honey, I'll call you in two hours, just calling to tell ya, daa. Third, I spend every available minute I do have trying my earnest fucking best to keep your foolish ass happy, despite the fact that nine times out of ten it falls on its face 'cause the six hours after you get up escapes you and you can't get your relentlessly meaningless existence in order to be ready. Of course we both know that you needn't be ready because all your lazy ass ever wants to do is sit at your fucking house 'cause your tired and from what I have no fucking clue. It ain't my responsibility to entertain you. Fuck!!! And why, honey, is it so unreasonable to you, that with my cumbersome load of responsibility and limited amount of time, can't you make the minute sacrifice of your time to accommodate your deathly, hollow itinerary to mine. You claim the fuck to want to see me so fuckin' bad. Then fuckin' do it and shut your goddamn mouth. It ain't like ya got anything important to do. You don't even got anything unimportant to do!!!

This bitch didn't go two days without receiving flowers from me. And the day in between was either a card or some other disingenuous given piece of worthless shit. It wasn't that I didn't have the best intentions to begin with, it was just that everything I tried to do to please her became a necessity. It was expected and seldom appreciated. It was like when your mother buys you socks in the first grade. Ya know, it's like thanks, mom, but ya really don't fuckin' mean it. She's your fuckin' mother, she's gotta buy 'em. Adding insult to injury, the stupid cunt would complain about the quality or the color, or to really get me enraged, she'd ask those hideous questions such as, now what are ya feeling guilty about? Who were you really intending to give these to? Wasn't she home? Well, honey, in the spare ten minutes that usually lapses between all of nine traffic lights between school and your house, I timed the green ones just right. Man, I'm so clever. I tried to run to my other girlfriend's house. This is the one I met the other day when I was five minutes late coming home from work, remember her? And so goes the farm. She was consistent however. I mean like, well, at least it was always ridiculous. Some bitches will actually make sense one time out of ten. You like get left hangin' every now and then trying to find out if the shit she's scoopin' actually lands in a bottomed bucket. No, not with her. I could always count on my eyes chasing my head in a circular motion

in utter disbelief at the trivially concocted rubbish she slung at me. I'll even admit that it was somewhat reassuring to know that all of our dialogue would be so sophomoric that the remaining brain space I had would not be harnessed so as to prevent those important extras that I may have to remember, like the date, or what number one across to the previous weekend's crossword puzzle was. Really, all this fool would have had to do to keep me happy was to think for about a minute a day. In her case it would perhaps have made the necessity for momentous changes, but fuck, this bitch adored me. Told me she loved me at least once to my ten. And, although she only wanted sex about twice a day, making things even more stressful, she did tell me it was her favorite thing in the son-of-a-bitchin' world. Ok then, dammit. Where's it at, fool? Give it to me, stupid!!! Why am I making all the fuckin' concessions and gettin' stiffed, no pun intended? I'm just askin' that ya look at the facts. This girl was admonished as my top priority. It would be death to anyone who'd harm'er. Five to ten for the preservation of my pride would leave me with no regrets. I never so much as raised my hand to her despite all the times I would have liked to rip her neck from her thorax and eat it. I gave her gifts every day. She had a diamond ring on her finger. Incidentally, the third 'cause she lost the first two. I treated all of her corny siblings as if their intelligence could rival mine. As if there concerns were not more whimsical than their very existence. Anything this jerk wanted, I gave her goddamnit!!! I swear, if she'd have just ignored the verbal lashings she'd be here today. She'd get me so fuckin' pissed her hair'd be whippin' behind her head from the hot air racing from my esophagus. That bitch would just toil and push and drag the most extravagant rages out of the innermost depths of my personality. Doors off hinges, dents in cars, bark off trees, you fuckin' name it. Destruction was in the makin' if her ulterior mind games were bakin.' But, I never killed her or even beat the fuck out of her, that counts for somthin', don't it?

Anyway, I'm laying in my room minding my own miserable business when my mother comes tramping through the door with some shit about my books being on the dining room table.

"Goddamnit, mom! Just let them the fuck alone!"

"No, I won't. You're not the only one living here."

"Shut up for God's sake."

"Don't take your problems with Tonya out on me."

Slam, crash and fuckin' boom, too. My boyfriend's back and it's gonna mean trouble and shit. My shit's hittin' the fucking walls again and my voice is ringing off the plaster.

Where in the fuck does this fucking Tonya shit come from? I ain't mentioned the cunt's name one fucking time to you and you're bringing the bitch up. I'm fucking pissed off 'cause your in here crabbing your ass off over three motherfuckin' books. I tell you every fuckin' day to just leave them the fuck where they're at!!!

My mom, at this point, has retreated and has a look of bewilderment. Perhaps minimally intimidated despite the hundreds of times she's seen me like this.

"You're not going to act like a raging bull in my house. I'm still wantin' to know how the gauges got in the dinning room walls."

"Ask Andy."

"Andy doesn't act like your crazy ass does. And even if he did, he couldn't do that kind of damage."

It was at this time that the preponderance of rhetorical ridicule became too much to absorb. Moving swiftly in her direction, she backed to where I could slam the door in her face. Without hesitation to speak of, I was belting my fists one after another against the door like the madman I can so quickly and viciously become. Dent, dent, dent and then splinter. Don't make 'em like they used to I relished, as my mother began to cry and beg at my door's opposite side.

"I'm sorry!!!"

It was too late. I was out of control in a dangerous way. I managed to crack and fray the greatest part of the door's center. Finishing the job by hijacking my foot up in a cocked position and crashing it down in a fierce jolt that removed the door knob leaving the other side dangling. My mother screaming. Telling me to please stop only added fuel to my flames. I round-housed the half-opened door against the wall cracking the plaster in linear fashion against the door's edge. My mother, running to the phone, was crying hideously.

"I'm calling the police!!!"

"Call the pricks!!!"

She God damn called them two fuckin' times a fuckin' week. What the fuck are they gonna do? Just let one of those fuckin' domestic violence pursuant happy bastards come in my direction now. I'll be on the eleven o'clock if they fuck with me now. I ain't done a motherfuckin' thing but come the fuck home and lay the hell down. My mother is the one who's brought about the damn ruckus. If there's one thing I find unconscionable it's to be slapped into a pinnacle of predicament and then left to fend for my reaction as does the cowardice laden bar pussy who finagles with a bigger man full-knowing that his defense will be the establishment's intolerable crowd. I am evil, yes, but my evil is well channeled, and my wits stand as the controllers of my hell-raisin menace.

In this condition, I'm unstoppable. Careless. Heartless. Without conscience. Enraged and desperate to destroy all in my path. A perverted, last ditch unconscious effort to regain control. No man will infringe upon me and prevail. No man of whom has ever experienced the fear of God would not surely run for sanctuary. An animal of

insurmountable esteem. Raw energy at its worst, in its prime. A menacing passion for riot to satisfy the intense hunger brought about by feelings of defeat in unpredictable surroundings wherein no being has the deciding hand. A gnarling at the mechanics of an inhuman machine determined by discipline in a psychotic milieu of trivial chaos.

Cruisers arrive. No lights. No sirens. Time to leave I thought. Keys in hand. Down the hall. Unconscious, determined without hesitation. I reach the hall's steps leading to the side door. I could see the pig's feet unraveling into full bodies as I descended them. Only seeing them peripherally as I brisked open the side door and passed them as though their presence meant shit to me. The king of attitude. Not a word mentioned, only the whispering of my distraught mother, chin down in the direction of her falling tears. I reached my car, opened the door, and plopped turning the key in a single stroke. As if in tact, I winged out of my spot and down the street. I knew the cops would not front me. Teeth grinding, eyes foaming, sweat delineating its way from my pores down my ass crack as if in a hurry to depart my ravaging body boiling with fury. A well known incident at Ma Bello's house. Crazy fuckin' kid gone amuck. Just ensure his departure and her safety. It's all they could do. To get involved would surely bring about murder or something real serious. A domestic violence waiting to become public record, even national. Special introduction by order of the Greenhill's chief of police, don't get him any madder.

Back to Tonya's, sixty-five on a residential, rubber left like shit stains on the old man's whites. The bitch is back. Not her, I mean me. Ain't home. Whatta louse. Round the loop and I'm off. Serene, even sedated with obscene fury. A loss for momentary purpose be I.

"Fuck her!!!" Fuck, fuck, fuck. Why the fuck me? goddamnit any fuckin' way!!!"

I'll kill that cunt I swear to God. Put her in front of me now and I'd break her feeble fuckin' neck. Thoughtless, inconsiderate, immature, predicated on malice, lying, accusatory bitch. I've gotta study. I'm fuckin' hungry.

White Castle's drive thru with two bucks I can't spare.

"Can I help you?"

"Two large coffees."

"Anything else?"

If there were you stupid prick I'd have asked. I ain't a fuckin' idiot. I ain't so ridiculously stupid that I'd have your pathetic cotton picker's wages for the monotonous display of work your doing. So no, bitch, there ain't nothin' else.

"No, that's it."

About smakin' the building the bitch is staring like I'm fuckin' purple or something.

"That's a dollar sixty sir."

"Ah yea, alright!"

Two large coffees always hit the spot when your body's doin' a hundred and the world about twenty. Fuel for the long night's study. Tonya and her shit off the record for now. I tried. I've got about six hours to study, one to jog, and two to sleep. That's if I can get in the house without the locks being changed or my mother playing the martyr role. Easy does it and so can I. Typical night so far. I manage every other night. Over two years and running, Perhaps on empty, but I've never failed thus far. A total of twenty-eight coffees plus these two. That's better than yesterday. Hey, I'm doing great.

"Too much caffeine without sleep'l make ya psychotic, you dummy. When are you gonna quit this shit and start usin' your head for something other than a hat rack. I swear if ya put your brain in a gnats ass it'd fly backwards. You're gonna drive your poor mother crazy, then you'll both be in the same goddamn boat and lord knows that boat's got holes and no oars. If you just had half the common sense that ya had book smarts, you'd jump out of it."

I never agreed with any of the rubbish my overly concerned grandmother had to pour out 'cause I knew damn well what I was doin'. Psychosis brings about new ideas and opportunities. It's what gives the everyday blue-collar smuck mother-fucker the blue-collar penny-less opportunities he's got. It's just not in the realm of reality that the onset wider horizons prevail. Ain't nothin that common sense has to offer that ain't in some fuckin' book somewhere anyway.

Give it an hour into my studying, Tonya will be calling as sure as the sun will rise in six hours. I'll be begging and pleadin' for her to just allow me 'till after my exams to deal with her shit and she won't. She'll tell me she only needs a minute to apologize and get a hug of reassurance. That she's so sorry for leaving and how she just doesn't believe that I really love her and how it makes her do these stupid ass things. How if I could just put my studying aside for one hour and come over and tuck her in, just how happy it would make her feel, etc. etc. And me, being the dumb ass that I am, will do it. If ya know me,

ya know I ain't really stupid. I know dick-well the itinerary for the remaining evening's events. Hey look, I'm I victim of rationality. My intellectual fervor engulfs me. I know I can take the fuckin' hour, make her happy real quick. She's like a frozen possum just left of the center line on a dark park road waitin' to meet the treads of a neurotic empathetic late-night driver. She'll run herself to exhaustion as I continually purge her frivolous insecurities with anguish and uncertainty. The more successful I am, the more concerned she'll be. I'll make her famished mind crawl. I'll just study 'till she calls. Spend no more than an hour and ten minutes there. Study two. Jog an hour and go to school. She can't even begin to put a damper on my spiriting aspirations. She only thinks she's gotta grip. A couple Ephedrine, a few Dimetadrine, six aspirin and another thirty-two ounce coffee. I don't need no goddamn sleep. I'll get my two hours in tomorrow night. It's just a simple game of mind control and it's hers I'm seeking to control. It's a simple matter of disciplined objectives. Gotta look like things are gettin' to ya. Sympathy can procure all onlooker's hearts to submission. I'll have two exams in the morning. A's no doubt. Tonya will be so close to satisfaction that hangin' on'll be the only door with a light above it. I'll know my work'll be done in her department. Well, at least 'till the next time I'm runnin' a few minutes behind. And I'll have two more exams that fail to insult my intelligence behind me. Then, the game begins again. I'm gettin' through college, motherfucker, don't question my integrity just because my methods are harsh. It's just a matter of control and it's all in my hands. If you can control the minds of others you can control the world. I've said it before and I'll say it again, I ain't into that suckered moralistic scheme of things that cries about the means. I'm the job-one personality type. It's the ends I seek, the means don't mean squat. In my world, the elements of time and tangibly manipulative assets are a shoe-in. For me, it's just a matter of patronizing the minds of my crusading followers into my uncertain milieu of juxtaposition.

ake it 'cause it causes heart murmurs, delusions of the mind, and possibly  
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