

no titles left

I. Let's dance

Abysmal thoughts were walking through campus. Where the fuck am I anyways, they thought, not referring to their geographical location but to their place in the grander scheme of things, their place in l-i-f-e. Their owner, a sullen boy, had just become an MA, and was now lost in the middle of nowhere.

What he was doing there? He had probably originally agreed to meet some friend or something unimportant like that. Motherfuck, he mumbled. Mother-fuck-it...

He could only see impending dooms. Looking at the cigarette butt partially hidden under his foot, he thought: impending lung-cancer. Thinking of last night's beers he thought: impending liver-failure. Thinking of his future he thought: impending full time job, impending Nine-to-Five shit. Impending everything.

Drinking beer after beer he sat smoking in his room. He decided to call his mother. Last resorts. Although he always told everyone he called her quite regularly he couldn't actually remember when he had last spoken to her. Son, real life is only just beginning she said.

II. He threw the phone away

They thought about the party he had visited new years eve. Not entirely satisfied with the music iTunes was playing, he released some dark YouTube drawn beats and basses to the present partyers, when, suddenly, a friend approached him bringing a message. Do NOT shoot the messenger, he thought. He was, on behalf of his host, kindly asked to leave the music alone. Why the fuck is this dead guy not delivering his own goddamn fucking messages? Was he fucked up or was his host? Am I that threatening? he asked himself. He had always considered himself to be a more or less kind type of guy. Not too outgoing, but not too offensive either.

He felt a sniper's laser on his forehead. His bones sucked marrow and he left the room.

Opening himself another beer he looked around the room, handing out a cigarette to a non-smoking friend. The party was close to sudden death. Most people were sitting. Stupid rock-songs were polluting the atmosphere, and the beers were nearly done. This is not theory he thought. This is actual life. He freewalked himself towards the toilet, sat down, and emptied his beer.

Back in the room he half-talked to some girls, some guys and an empty frig. The delusion of the party hit him and he collected his followers to leave. On their way home they shouted Happy New year to everyone who looked like they would probably end up dead somewhere in the next few months. He couldn't hear the beat of life anymore.

III. Not every fight ends in reconciliation

They had slept through most hours of college and partied through most of the time they were probably originally supposed to write essays or study for tests, and had still managed to gather enough courage to write and study barely enough to get the necessary papers. Party times always seemed way more fulfilling. Hangovers that seemingly unwittingly metamorphosed into new parties. Now everything was through. He had to leave campus and apply for some deskthingy he had been frightened of most of his adolescent life. No turning back now. All money was gone. His wallet needed replenishment, big time replenishment.

No more pills left. Hangovers were killing him.

Nothing to smoke. His throat was sore.

No time to sleep late. Had to go to work now.

No beers to down. His hand were limp.

No shots to swallow. Hard liquor had finally taken it's toll.

No girls to fuck either, although he couldn't think of a good enough reason for having to abandon that too. Probably no time to pick them up at parties anymore or something like that.

It was all gone, long gone and he had never ever any time felt like they were slipping through his fingers. Only now, looking back, he realized what he had had to embrace more.

He was more of an anecdotal kind of type.

IV. Long stories were not his thing

Somewhere beneath a stack of pillows he refound his phone, dialed a friend and set a meeting he knew he wouldn't appear at. He felt like a plate of leftovers: dispersed and unwanted.

Now what?

He couldn't figure it out. He decided to take a walk through campus.