

Monday, March 8, 2010

Setting The Bar

Sam stumbled through the door of the bar and out into the brisk chill of the night air. Too many drinks and too much time had done worse things to him, but he felt tonight had done a particular interest on him. The bleary light from the streetlight cut a stark moment in his eyes as he sought to adjust to being outside. He mustered the effort to walk to the edge of the penumbra of light on the ground and stopped. His tan trench-coat felt heavy, his shoes felt heavy... Maybe... it was just that he felt heavy. Sam, named Samson by his mother, had not had the life he wanted. It had been one miserable attempt after another. Every time he had shown some effort to a goal he liked, it ended. Ending him in a local bar of some sort or another. It had happened so often of late that he was beginning to enjoy it. He couldn't even keep his love life together. One marriage had flowed into a second, much like the drinks he had imbibed along the way. He coughed. The thing he liked the most about drinks is that they went away after he drank them. After pondering the reaction of his past wives for a little while, he began to wonder if it was because of the drinks that he ended up this way. "Naw!" A candy bar wrapper blew suddenly down the street, leaving an echo of its passage tapping down the street. He starred after it for a moment. The streets were sure dark at this time of night. The time of night that everything seemed to shutdown. The time of night that you would normally drive home to a warm bed; if you had a car, that is. Or, a warm bed. Sam began his arduous struggle to follow the street. He reached into his trench-coat to pull out a cigarette. The deft motion of the lighter coming alive and igniting the cigarette was a surprisingly smooth, yet practiced gesture that he could do in any condition. He stopped at the street corner to enjoy that smoke. That beautiful smoke that could make him feel alive; more alive then even the alcohol could. Each sweet, succulent intake made everything hum. He was happy for the night. Which is really too bad. Because he was immediately eaten by a dragon.

Posted by Rory Brown at 17:05

he-he. nice ending. but i liked it, i was expecting more. Anonymous on Mar 9 2010, 21:01

If you want more, then buy my book.... Wait. I don't have one. Anonymous on Mar 12 2010, 20:04