

A Torn Mind Short Story

Grant Sick Fuck Is 21!

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P stood at the front door of Betty's house. His l

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"What can I do for you?" The man beamed like a b

"B Betty is home? I'm Grant – ."

The man's smile dropped to a worry. His eyes darted nervously.

"Betty? My Betty?"

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"What's wrong, Dear? Ah!"

"Hoh – Hi ma'am, you must be Betty's mother. Nice to meet you."

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"No – – No!"

"Hi Grant," Betty said, bouncing down the stairwell.

"Hello B Betty."

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P weat hit Betty's father on his glasses. The man'

P

"Hoh ho " P

I

Grant's

"What was that?" The man whined.

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"What was that?" He exploded in tears.

Betty ran out the door, hooking Grant's arm.

"Bye Daddy. Bye Mommy."

"Honey, no! Please, no!"

"I'll be back at "

"Gee, I'm sorry Betty. I didn't mean to upset them."

"Oh, it's not your fault. They're a little tense from us having just moved here."

"Sorry, Betty."

"It's OK. Really, don't be silly, apologizing so often."

"H You look pretty, Betty."

"Thank you, Grant."

She looked at him, searching for a compliment. Grant's mouth was open in joy, waiting

"I uh – R – Oh, hey, is this your car?"

"Yes, hoh hoh."

"I like your car."

"Thank you." P P

"Thank you." She smiled with a glow.

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dryer. He pushed it on 'hot' and giggled, drying the

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P

with one foot, looking to Betty's house

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Betty's

P

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“What were you doing back there?”

“Ah. What do you mean?”

“I heard you.”

“I was checking my spare.”

“You were laughing.”

“Life is fun. Get used to it. Hoh hoh hoh.”

“Why do you laugh like that? What are you fucking Santa Claus?”

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“I’m sorry, Grant.”

“No, I’m sorry, Betty.”

Grant stuck the key in the ignition and started the car. Betty looked at Grant’s legs. They

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the car’s

“Betty. Heh heh. Would you like some chocolate?”

“Aren’t we going to dinner?”

“Yea.” Grant nodded with a mouthful of chocolate. “It’s my birthday dinner,” he said,

P is mouth and hit Betty's thigh.

"Heh heh. Sorry – Sorry, Betty."

"Aw! My pink dress. I just bought it." She licked her finger. Grant watched her with

"Man!"

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"Look out!"

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K

"Don't look! Nothing good would come from looking."

Betty smiled. "Are you serious?"

"We have a reservation in five minutes. They won't hold your table at this place."

"Oh my fucking God, that is so cool." She laughed. "You just hit someone." Grant

P K I

"Betty, you have a little –" P

"Oh my God."

"Hoh hoh. Sorry. Here, look in my eye's reflection."

P

"Grant!"

P

"Are you OK to drive?"

"Yea. Sorry, Betty."

"Do you even know what you just hit?"

"Don't tell me It won't help the situation. I'm sorry, I'm not telling you what to do. Just please don't tell me."

"OK "

K

"Watch the road! Please!"

"Sorry, Betty. Oh, here we are."

“ ?”

“It’s Italian for ‘the bakery’.”

“Oh, cool.”

“B Betty can you get out. I’ll be right there.”

I cars’

“Why? What’s happening?”

“Please, Betty. Go!”

“What? Why?”

Grant’s anus echoed a ripping bang.

“Ew!”

K

P

K

“I am so sorry, Betty.”

“Look, Grant, it’s your birthday, so let’s just forget about it.”

“OK. Thank you, Betty.” He looked at her. “Betty?”

“Yes?”

“You look prettier than anyone I’ve ever seen – I meant it.”

“Thank you, Grant.” She smiled.

“Hi,” Grant said to the host. “I have a reservation for two.”

“Your name, sir?”

“Sichfounge.”

“Sick fuck?”

“Hoh hoh. Sichfounge.”

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing! Sorry!"

"This way, sir," the host said.

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"Do you like calamari?"

"What's that?"

"The little, breaded squid. Girls usually like squids since they're related
know the whole blot thing."

"What?"

"You know. Whute e k e e Blot." He o

"It's just what I've heard."

"OK."

"How may I serve you?"

“Calamari, Drunken Penne, Angel Hair, a coke, and two Martinis.”

“Very good, sir.”

“Oh. e e ter!”

“Yes, sir?”

“No wait on the food. Fast as possible. Please!”

“Yes, sir.”

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“That was Daddy. He wants me home at nine. Says he’s worried.”

“Heh heh hoh hoh. That’s OK.”

K

“Happy Birthday, Grant.”

“To my first drink and the prettiest girl I’ve seen.”

“So that’s how a drink tastes.”

“That’s not a drink. This is –”

“What is it?”

“Strong.”

“Burns.”

“Yea.”

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“Good food, right?” Betty asked.

“It is, but it could use – something.”

“Something?”

“I’ll be right back.”

“What about mine?” she asked.

“Are you sure?”

“Like, yea!”

Grant shrugged. “OK, you’re positive?”

“Yes!”

K

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the men's room. His waiter

"Sir, do you need anything?"

"No. No, I'm fine."

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and reached through the toilet's water, grabbing

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“My lady ,” he said, placing her plate down.

“Thank you, Grant,” she said

“Are you drunk? s

“Heh. No, no, no.”

“Nice and hot too,” she said

P

K

P

“What the fuck? What is it?”

“What the fuck is in it?”

"Huh?" he

"Tastes fine."

K

"Take me home. Please!"

"OK. That's OK."

K

Betty's

"Go! Please!"

He couldn't get it in the ignition. The alcohol felt stronger

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"It's not working, Betty."

"What the fuck was in my plate?"

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K

“Stop! Get off!”

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t. He grabbed her waist and buried himself atop her. Betty’s arms fell limp, but Grant didn’t notice.