

A Torn Mind Short Story

# Grant Sick Fuck

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Summer, birds whistled and chirped in the sunlight. It's a day where the sun heated the world like a fiery blanket. The summer camp is in an isolated, forest campsite.

Grant was not a good looking guy. He never liked to exercise, it just made him sweat. His parents taught him, all that matters is whether or not he's a good boy. Grant would always fall into a droll of a stare whenever someone explained to him that he should go on a diet and lose weight. Grant knew he was ugly, he knew that some people had scrunched their faces after seeing him.

Grant woke up at 0700. He lazily scratched his armpits and pubic hair. His stomach rumbled in a distorted fashion – he could see the ripples in his flabby chest. Sighing heavily, he leaned his head down to look at his stomach. Grabbing the loose flesh, he pulled it tight; trying to transfer the stomach's ache to the stretched skin. It didn't work; it just stacked more pain on his morning. He rubbed his face harshly, leaving his eyes, cheeks, and nose sore. His glasses were on his bed stand; he squint his eyes trying to make out the time on his analog watch, but failed. Grant had always tried to do this when he woke up in the morning. One day, he hoped he'd be able to see without his thick-lens glasses. Maybe tomorrow, he thought to himself.

Standing up from the bed made him feel nauseous. He yawned widely, and then inhaled through his nose, a snot drip hit his nasals and he swallowed it. Shoes, he thought. He reached under his bed, an effort in itself, and found them. He jammed his fat foot in his right sneaker, but stopped. His foot had hit something in the sneaker, a smashed Twix bar. He pouted his face and put the Twix bar in his pocket. Resuming, he put his shoes on, inhaling hard again and walked to the door in his usual waddle. He opened the door to be greeted by the sunny day and

become blinded. His skin was pale, so he had tried to avoid the sun in his life. He jogged towards the outhouse in his baggy clothes that didn't at all compliment his slug-like shape.

Reaching for the door of the outhouse, he felt its stickiness and rubbed his fingers together to rid it. The heat of the day multiplied on him since his obesity was so blatant. Pulling his pants down, he sat on the toilet seat, which was aluminum. The outhouse was wooden with a dark auburn shade. Each plank, making up the outhouse, had its own mystical spirals and natural art; Grant liked this. He would study each plank, making sure no plank was left out of his appreciation. He smiled as he looked at the planks and twisted his head in different angles to see new shapes.

He began moving his bowels as his stomach rumbled again. Hungry maybe, he thought. He pulled the crunched Twix bar out of his pocket and ate it greedily, smearing chocolate over his face. He then proceeded to licking his fingers jubilantly. No waste there, he thought. He suddenly remembered shoving a hot dog in his back pocket at last night's dinner, and pulled it out. It was a floppy red hot dog with asshole-looking ends twisted and puckered. It flopped towards his mouth, but he had squeezed the bottom too hard and it popped out of his hand. He became shocked, opening his mouth in an O-like shape.

The hot dog had dropped directly between his legs, into the toilet's water. Grant looked down into the toilet with his head between his legs. His mouth gaped open; he pondered, looking at the water's surface. His stomach rumbled again, audibly this time. He pouted his face, and looked left and right, even though he knew no one could see him. He covered his eyes for a moment then slowly dipped his right hand into the toilet water. The water was

surprisingly lukewarm. He had pissed a small amount, tainting it a light, clear yellow. The hot dog was near a small piece of his shit and seemed to gravitate towards it. He tried to fish it out fast, but it kept moving. Finally he got a hold of it, but it had pressed against the piece of shit and now had flakes of shit on it, along with the slight yellow tint of his piss.

then another. He bounced his head side to side, and then pushed his head forward towards the water, cocking his arms farther back. He drank from the toilet water and took small bites of the pieces of shit, like it was a strong cheese. Odd, he thought. The tail end of this shit tastes more like a dairy type of cottage, yet the center of it has a bean-like taste mixed with baloney. He drank the toilet water and took nibbles of the shit till it was all gone. His stomach stopped rumbling and he wasn't hungry any longer. He smiled wide, pushing his teeth out of his mouth with his gums high. He smiled for the low rise of the toilet bowl. He stood back up, flushed, and walked out of the outhouse while wiping his third chin.