

A Torn Mind Flash Fiction

# Letter To Santa, From Johnny

By deZtormmind | Sky Tesi  
2007-11-11  
1295 Words

Dear Santa:

Look, I know you're busy, and that's cool. I'm Johnny, that's my name. Ya see, I been runnin' into a lot of problems lately, but I'm straight, dude, I'm cool. I know how it works, you and the god damn list. Excuse my forwardness on the situation, but I ain't got that much time, shit to do, just like you, my man.

Yo, I wanna thank you for doin' your job so well. I mean there's fat guys everywhere, old ones too, but you know how to handle shit, yea. I'm a tell you 'bout this little incident you may have heard of, but ya know, it's cool, they prob'ly didn't explain it straight as I will.

So I was in the old school-yo the other day and I came into class a little late. Alright, so it was pretty god damn late, what do ya want from me? I'm a kid. Fuck. Excuse my language, Santa. So I walk in to class late and this teacher of mine, that's what he calls himself anyway, he says, "Johnny, you're late again young man. I don't think you respect me."

I lowered my shades and I says, "Look, teach', I was doin' a pretty girl a favor." Now, I said this very sincerely, I mean it was true after all. Fuckin' teach' says, "Johnny, you're interrupting class. Now sit down and open your Math book." I didn't sit down, Santa, I just stood there, ya know, and I says, "Pally—" I rubbed my chin thoughtfully, cause ya know, I'm a deep thinker. I says, "I ain't got the time for class today. Ah, maybe you can teach these kids somethin', but I'm a notch above, ya see. Anyway, teach', I'm just here to see Cindy." Yea and then Cindy blushed, covering her face with her hands; she's real cute, yo. I says, "Cin-deeeee!

I'll catch ya after, babe." I put a smoke in my mouth and tilted my shades back up. I says, "Johnny's gotta jet, pallies. Take it easy, I know I will." And I left.

Yea, so the principal walks up to me in the school hall and she says, "Johnny, you cannot smoke, you're too young. Why aren't you in class, young man?" I lifted my hands in that upward notion, ya know, show her 'yea and so what'. I says, "I'm a little busy, teach'." I started walking away and this lady, she's nuts man, she grabbed my shoulder, spun me around, she says, "I'm calling your parents, Johnny. You're coming with me 'Mister I'm-Too-Cool-for-School'." When she grabbed me, she knocked my shades off, bro. They broke on the floor, popped out the frame. I'm like, 'what the fuck, yo'. That was my favorite shades man, that was me. I got the sun tryin' a blind out my eyes otherwise. I look like everybody else without 'em. I'm like a fuckin' kid in there without any god damn brains. So my mouth drops open and I look at this old bag, I says, "You fuckin' bitch. You have no fuckin' clue what you've just done."

So her eyes get all big. I don't know why, guess she's shocked to shit or somethin', and she grabs my arm, cocks it to the side like I'm a fuckin' child. "Get ya fuckin' hands off me," I says. Now, I don't say that often to any lady friend of mine, so this is deep shit right here. Fuckin' teach' starts yelling, "Security, security!" And that's when I get pissed off. You know I'm a cool guy, everyone knows I am, but ya know, I can only keep composure for so long. I yanked my fuckin' arm back and I popped my switchblade from my back pocket, it's always there. And I was angry man, I says, "You bitch, you fuckin' bitch." I was so angry that I was spittin' drool, man, I never do that, that ain't cool, that's wild shit right there. I slashed her belly, man oh man.

Damn blood just sprayed out like some kinda sprinkler outta hell, ya know, but this wasn't it. I didn't feel that I had really evened it all out.

I'm a cool fuckin' guy, I'm fuckin' Johnny. Nobody and I mean nobody fucks with me. Not some fuckin' teach', not some fuckin' kiddy-yo, not the god damn old man – nobody. Johnny knows best, Johnny takes care of Johnny. My eyes were real cold, ya know, I couldn't loosen up into my usual coolness. Nah man, my eyes were sharp as my switch that I sharpen twice a day. Twice a day, yo, morning and eve' I sit there, ya know, flippin' those pages of Playboy and the like, sharpening that blade, man. Gotta keep it sharp, or what good is it, ya know.

So this bitch had really unsettled me, man. I kept stabbin' her after that first slash and she's fuckin' bleeding, bro. It was like fuckin' springin' a bag of water. Everytime I stabbed her, blood was shootin' out, man. I mean, some kids would be real 'fraid of the gore, the horror, and all, but not me man. Johnny ain't no 'fraidy cat. Johnny don't take no shit. So she's ya know, full of holes and just bleedin' like it's goin' outta style or somethin' and I was still pissed, man. I went over and I told her to her face, yea. I says, "Do you understand me? You don't touch me, you don't bother me, you don't fuckin' talk to my girlies. Nothin'!" I told her straight, dude, told her real fuckin' straight. That lady there, man, she knows. She knows not to fuck with Johnny. Ain't no one gonna fuck with Johnny after that.

So here I am though. You're a cool guy, I'm a cool guy. Ya know, I know your job is tough and shit. You're fuckin' old Saint Nick, for fuck sake. Sorry 'bout my language, yo. It's just that I gots this big vocabulary of words and I gotta throw d'em words out, man. Gotta educate this

world with my shit, yea. People tell me I'm real smart, all the time, man. They says, "Johnny, you're goin places." And I says, I tell 'em, "That's right, yo," cause it is, yea.

So after this little incident with the head teach', they took me to this place I hadn't seen before. Ya know, I get around, see the sites and shit, but I hadn't seen this place 'fore. They tells me, they says, "Johnny, what you did is wrong. You know this. You might be ten years old, but you know the difference between—" I cut 'em off there, I says, "Pal, you don't gotta tell me 'bout no morals and shit, I'm fuckin' Johnny, I know what I do, man," I told 'em that, yo.

Yea, so I'm at this new place and they kinda lock the door for me, I mean it's nice, but I could do that myself. I got this yard, ya know. I got sunlight comin' down, so that's cool. It's about half a court's size. And they give me these pills, yo. They says, "Johnny this'll make you even cooler." And, ya know, fuck yea I'm down, I take them pills and throw 'em down that hatch, man, swallow that shit nice and good, yo. Ya see, I'm writin' you in case you got the wrong side of this story 'a mine, ya know. I'm a cool guy, yo, you keep me on that cool list and we'll chill, yea. You and I's can grab some smokes, grab some milk, and hit that shit up. We be good pals, Santa. Visit any time, my man.

With Respect, Johnny