A Torn Mind Flash Fiction

Redondo Beach

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852 Words

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Scott rolled down the jarring, winding road. The night was blue and red, blurred by the Stoli. His skateboard bumped over cracks, skidding to the side. He pulled back, trying to keep balance through his loose flow. An open bag of Skittles held on for its life in his front pocket. His jaw was slack open in a haze of coolness. He passed a couple walking down the sidewalk.

"Eat shit, cunts!"

Generator-ran spotlights lit the downhill in blinding baths of white. Scott was getting dizzy, he was carving down the black in massive bends, going as slow as the couple walking.

"I've got $8 if she blows me, man!"

His phone beeped in his pocket. He cut the board to a straight shot down the hill. The pier was getting closer. Waves hit the coast with its persistent sprawl, trying to make the sand scream. Scott kicked his board out into a line of bars by the underground. It sank through, leaving no trace. His body hit the pavement in a roll, making him think he black with a solid knock to his head. A warm sensation of his brain seeping out tricked with his mind.

He sprung up and ran across the wooden docks of the pier. Cotton candy, lemonade, and bars surrounded him. Mexicans played their endless drone of cheery music that no one wanted to hear. Scott grabbed a stoke from a man walking by and ran through the hot. Echoing sounds from the nearby bathroom sent flushes and bum groans past him.

The stairs heading down to the lower level shined with sparkles, another trick to flop his brain. He jumped down the 15-stair, hoping his ankle wouldn't break again. He landed with his weight sinking into his ankle. Grafitti lined the walls with clowns and fuck yous. He limped

into the arcade, pushing past midget-sized kids and girls with giraffes on their faces. Vegas sounds flooded the area with videogame voices, screams, and bonks. He stopped at Street Fighter 2.

“Scott, where tha fuck were you?”

Scott bent to catch his breath. The drunk spell returned in a cracking fashion. The ground he was watching started twisting. He moved his head along with the twist like a gyroscope he couldn’t control and just had to fall in sync with. Vomit flew out his mouth, looking to ruin someone’s night. He sucked the lose vomit strands in.

“Just catching some air. Where’s Kara?”

“The playground. Big turtle.”

“Fuck!”

Scott snatched the water bottle from his friend’s hand and chugged half of it. Skyy slime. He licked his chops, telling his body to be cool and not vomit for another hour.

“I’m going’a go see if she’s a little too – late?” The words out of his mouth lost meaning mid-thought.

He jumped to a run and pushed the Mexicans aside. His eyes were on people’s pockets, looking for loose freebies. He snagged a pair of car keys and ran faster. The night air swooped beneath him, launching him up in a bounce. His mind tried to register if he just flew. He darted towards the playground, pushing his way through crowds, snaking past snarls and leers.

“Fuck all.” He laughed, dancing in a face stomping barrage.

He heaved his bile over the railing onto a sailboat. The green shined on the fresh wax. His limbs loosened to a broken bone trance. Sprawling to the floor for balance, he crawled toward the playground.

He darted his tongue across the wooden plank beneath him. Splinters buried into his tongue like parasites. Trickles of blood and stained grime ignited his drive. He scrambled up the stairs. A girl’s moan droned above him. He climbed the last steps. Kate straddled the turtle. Her face was lost to the world. She grinded its neck.

Scott’s face yanked up, plastered over with lust. His eyes drifted in front of the turtle. A kid holding a Corona nodded his head to her pumping. Scott rushed him. His hands patted the floor, grasping balance.

“Alex!”

Alex spun to Scott with a ‘fuck you’ glare. Scott leaped, hoping to fly the last ten feet, but smashed his head proper to the ground. Kate swung in her fever with closed eyes. Alex tipped his beer, approaching Scott,