



,

BydeZtornmind | Sky Tesi
2008-02
1008Words

Steve ran through the open.

“Mom, Mom!”

He threw his head left and right, looking for his mother.

“Mom!”

“I’m in here, Sweetie.”

Steve ran to her bedroom. He heaved his backpack off his right arm and slung it on the floor towards his room.

“Mom! Johnny and Max and the rest of the fellas are going camping this weekend. Can I go? Can I?”

“I don’t want you going camping, Honey. You could get hurt, and now that your father’s gone, I can’t let anything happen to you.”

“Fuck him. Let me go.”

“What! Go to your room! I don’t want to see your face!”

“Can I go with them?”

“No!”

Steve’s air of excitement dissipated. His head hung low. Slouching down, he took steps towards his room and dragged the backpack with him. He looked at it and thought of all the homework he had to do. He bore his teeth at it and kicked at the shoulder

“Fuck school. Fuck homework. Fuck Mom. Fuck –”

He sat on his steel, ~~blat in~~ in the middle of his room ~~could~~ on the wooden floor beneath his feet reflected the sunlight from ~~with the~~ the window. Steve slowly turned his head around his room, looking for things he could do or had to do. Each object he saw spawned another excuse in his mind as to why he didn't want to do anything at all

“Fuckin' Mom. She isn't even my real mom”

Steve hawked his spit and spat. A ~~solidly~~ yellow spot landed next to his foot. Steve scratched his head and walked over to his radio. He grabbed the CD booklet next to it. **Flipping pages, he stopped at 'Too Dark Park', slid it into the top, and hit play. Its slow,** electric hum began soothing ~~his~~ and synchronizing with the pulse of his thoughts. He turned up the volume. The beat started building and falling into a continuous spiral.

Steve pumped his pelvis listening to the music. He walked around his room in circles, banging his head. ~~Stop~~ ~~part~~ at his bookshelf, he took out the ~~and flipped~~ ~~back~~ the front cover. He had ~~the center~~ ~~out of~~ the pages as a stash for his weed. He took out two grams, closed it, and ~~placed~~ ~~back~~. He jumped on his bed, bouncing on the ~~noise~~ ~~spring~~ in his pillow, he pulled out a black pipe with tape around the center.

He opened the plastic bag and took out the weed in clumps, stuffing the bowl of his pipe. He paused, falling in rhythm with the music, and clenched his fist hard, thinking of his mother.

“Cunt,” he said.

Steve unzipped the pocket on his bomber jacket and took out a purple Bic lighter. He raised the pipe to his mouth, tilted his head to the right, and lit the flame. Inhaling, the potent smell of Mary J filled his nose. He exhaled with a cough, looking behind him, saw his window, and opened it. Birds were chirping outside and the mailman was walking by his house. Steve held the pipe to his mouth and swirled the lighter's flame on the bowl. He smoked fast, killing the bowl, then refilling it and lighting himself again.

He looked at his hands, flexed them, making fists. He started pacing his room, looking for things he could do to bite his fist. He grabbed a rusty screwdriver, stuffed it in his mouth, and walked out of his room. He looked in his mother's bedroom. She was scrubbing the bathroom floor, bending over with her ass in his view. Steve bit his lip and clenched the screwdriver tight.

"Can't go camping?" he asked in a low voice. Steve tilted his head to the side. "I can't go?"

"Honey, are you talking to me?"

"No, Mom! You don't fucking exist!"

He ran towards her.

"You ain't even my real mom!"

"What!"

She turned her head around Steve was atop her. He sank his screwdriver back to the
of her neck. An instant relief flooded through him. He wanted more of it. He sank the tool
again. Again. Again. Again. Steve dropped the screwdriver. His mother's ass remained up in the
air, and her head landed on the freshly scrubbed floor

"Mom?"

Regaining his cool, Steve turned her head towards him.

"Mom?"

She wore a death grin he swore it had a mocking twist in it.

"Fuck you! Fuck you! You're dead now, Mom!"

Steve stood up, shaking his head, and walked back to his room. 'Too Dark
Park was still playing. He turned the knob of the volume all the way up, and
the industrial synthesizer fell into its rhythm, banging his head. He stood in the hall,
looking at his dead mother. Walking back to his room, he grabbed a bowl and did another
bowl.

Steve smiled. He danced to the music, taking his jacket off. He pumped his pelvis in and
out. He tilted his head side to side, taking his shirt off. Untying his shoes, he lost himself in
music, he kicked his shoes off and pulled off his socks.

Naked, Steve approached his mother.

"Hey, Mom. Hey, Mom." He smiled. "Can I go camping now, Mom?"

