

The Last Monday

by Thomas Hunt

Today was Monday. The first day of the week. I was stuck in my car. The traffic was stopped. I wasn't moving. I wasn't going anywhere. I did another line, sat back and relaxed. It was gonna be a long day.

I arrived at work late, wiping my nose. It itched. As I reached my cube, I put my briefcase on my desk, then I dropped my pen. I was alone under the desk. I unscrewed the top of my pen and took a small hit.

Back topside again. My boss was standing there. He must have been staring at my ass. He was a horny bastard, but even I had to admit, I had a nice ass.

"Gonna be on time tomorrow?"

"Why don't you just shut the hell up?" Was what I wanted to say. What I actually said was "Of course sir. Sorry about that. I got stuck in traffic."

It was funny how much trouble you can get for telling the truth.

"You said traffic yesterday."

"Yesterday was Sunday, I wasn't here."

Silence.

I didn't know what to say. It wasn't a question. It was a statement. And a sarcastic statement as well.

My options were simple. As easy as A-B-C.

A.) "I'm sorry sir, it will never happen again."

B.) "Fuck you sir, why don't you go fuck off."

C.) Dead Silence.

I chose "C". I just sat there and stared back at his big fat bald head. I tried to make it explode, using only the power of my mind.

If I had managed to pop his head. If I had chosen option "A", I wouldn't be where I am today. I would be at work, sleeping with my eyes open, answering my phone and sneaking off to the restroom every ten to fifteen minutes for a hit.

As it was, in reality, ten minutes later I was fired. Ten minutes later I was out on the street. Ten minutes later I had a box full of my stuff. I was walking back to my apartment, with a box full of stuff.

So much for "silence is golden".

I arrived home and put the box of stuff next to the other boxes. I'd been fired a lot recently. Each office I had a different act. One box full of trolls from my polite period. A box full of condoms from my whorish period. The

other boxes were the same: self help period, learn to play golf period, dress for success period. It didn't matter which box I took with me to work, I always got tired of the job and the act and I usually gave the management an excuse for giving me the axe.

The most recent box, from my cocaine period looked nice next to the rest of 'em. There wasn't much inside, a picture of my family, a whole lot of stolen supplies and a box full of coke dust and rolled up hundred dollar bills. When times are tough, even I have to do womanly chores. I would have to launder the bills.

How to get coke out of ratty old hundred dollar bills:

- Step 1. Boil Water.
- Step 2. Insert bills.
- Step 3. Use tongs to unroll the bills.
- Step 4. Remove the bills, dry.
- Step 5. Boil off the excess water.
- Step 6. Snort.

So now I was jobless, high, with five hundred dollars. Not using singles was a good idea. Proper planning, that's what I'm all about.

I reinvested my five in some serious coke, cut it and had a party. More of an investment opportunity. All of my friends are drug addicts. Remember that song, "with a little help from my friends"? I needed a little help to make rent and if selling coke cut to shit with sugar at exorbitant prices was what I had to do, it would just have to be done. The party went well, those fools will buy anything. Now I had the rent and I was set up in the drug dealing business. I was an entrepreneur, a black marketer. I set my own hours, had plenty of vacation time and I was my own boss.

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I closed my notebook and looked out over the auditorium. "And this" I said, "was how I learned to stop worrying and love dealing."

The clapping began. The noise rose from simple applause to a roaring cheer. Then they gave me a standing ovation. I motioned for them to quiet down. "Don't get so excited, we're not there yet. You still have a long way to go."

I snorted a line from my tray on the podium and took a sip of water. "Now, if you'll look at the chart here, we have a really simple memory device. S-N-O-R-T. Supply, New customers Offer Retail prices, Touchdown!"