

Hospital Mania

By Kevin Limiti

The first thing that happened is somebody put a gun to my head.

Please stop, I say.

Stop what?

I don't want to die, please stop.

Shut up! I'm sick and tired of hearing you whine. All the time; boohoo. I'm tired of your bullshit. You want me to stop pointing the gun at you?

Yes!

You really want me to stop pointing it at you?

Yes!

Then shut the fuck up!

Okay, okay.

Now that you've calmed down enough for me to speak, I'll tell you my situation. My name is Carl and I'm an alcoholic.

Hi Carl!

Shut the fuck up!

I'm sorry, I don't know where that came from.

Just shut up, okay? Anyways, what I'm trying to say is that I'm an alcoholic. I drink too many brews and I've had quite a lot of vodka in my time too, you know. I've recently been divorced with my wife, and I've been through a living hell. I smoke too many doobies, and my whole reality has gotten fucked up because of it. All of this is, of course, my fault but the reason why I'm about to kill you now--

What?

I said the reason why I'm about to kill you now is 'cause, you fucked up.

I fucked up?

Yes, you fucked up. And now, the only way to redeem yourself is that you have to die.

Look, can't we talk this over? I don't want to die, I have a family, I have kids for Christ's sakes.

Oh, now you've done it! You just had to bring the kid's into the matter, didn't you? I have kids too! Why the fuck do you think your kids are more important than my kids?

I don't know, I don't know, just please stop it.

You're a pathetic excuse for a human being! How come you never became a writer? Hmm? Whatever happened to that dear ambition of yours that you held so precious? You fucked up, because you're still working this dead end job, in your dead end life. You haven't gotten laid since your wife left you and you've been drinking for no good reason too. There are about a million reasons of why I'm about to blow your head off. You need this.

No I don't.

Yes you do. You need to die. That's the only way you will be reborn. You have to die.

So he cocked the trigger. And he pulled.

And that's how I ended up at North Grants.

I had died and went to heaven.

"Hey there Carl, how are we doing today," said Nurse, with a warm smile.

"Good thank you," I replied, graciously.

"Wow, you seem much better today Carl! You might be able to get out of here soon. Would you like that?"

"I certainly would, Nurse Pratchett."

"Good, now time for your meds."

The nurse hands me the gun, encased in a shot glass. I take the gun, point it to my temple, and pull the trigger.

And that's how I got to see my family again.