

Brian Quat

An Extroverted Suicide

“I’ll tell you a story,” he said.

“I don’t wanna hear a story,” said the other. A phone rang. Lots of phones rang, from time to time. And there were lots of voices.

“It’s a story about a simple guy, like me.”

The other looked at him and said nothing.

“He wants to commit suicide.”

The other looked back down to papers on his desk. The one talking was a couple feet away, on the other side. More voices, like they were drowning out his and the police man he was talking to simply could not discern his interesting story from the rabble of the flies.

“The interesting thing is that he doesn’t really have a good reason to do it. But in his mind he wants to do it because he doesn’t really have a good reason not to do it.” He stopped when the police man looked into his own gaze.

“Listen guy, shut the fuck up.”

“Okay.” Silence, at least for a minute.

Then he asked the cop, “Do you have a family?” It was a second until the cop answered, without annoyance.

“Yeah.”

“The guy I’m talking about had a family, like a mother and father, but that was it.” The cop got pissed again, looked back down again.

He continued: “Yeah, the guy I’m talking about didn’t have a wife or kids, never wanted ‘em really. He drank all day. Passed out at night, early though. And he would have dreams. Crazy dreams, regiler dreams. One crazy dream he fucked two chicks together, cuz he had two dicks. Only when he was done fucking them, the one he came with second tried killing the one he came with first, and while they were fighting each other, tits flopping around, sweat dripping on each other, he jerked off with both dicks, and when he came again, with both dicks, the dick he came with first fell off. But the craziest dream he had that he remembered was that one day he got drunk and walked around some park in town, sat down on a bench and fell asleep.”

“God damn it, Jim, will you *shut the fuck up?*”

Jim continued: “Yeah that was his craziest probly. But he wanted to do a self-murder. So he decided to take a bunch of sleeping pills and started to drink a lot, but right before he took his pills he realized that he might have some crazy dreams just before he died, so he passed out like usual.”

Now the cop was really pissed, and told Jim that. He told Jim that if they weren’t in his precinct, like in a bar or someplace like that, he would beat the living shit out of him.

“You don’t have to ‘beat the living shit’ out of me, Dan. Cuz I’m gonna off myself,” Jim said.

The cop laughed.

“Yeah, tonight.”

The cop laughed again.

“Yeah, I’m gonna kill you and then I’m gonna kill myself, tonight, in front of your family.”

There was buzzing about and a loud pound on the desk. Some flies buzzed right about Jim’s head, and he left, quite hastily.

The cop got home around twelve. He was surprised the door was unlocked, went right in. There was a buzz. Then a gun butt smashed him on the head. A light came on, just for an instant, and he saw his wife and kids on the couch, sitting, all tied up and gagged. A hand grabbed the back of his shirt and pulled him up to his knees. A second hand put a gun to his head and pulled the trigger. Jim stepped a bit forward and put the gun to his own head. He looked at the family. They were looking at him. Then he pulled the trigger.