

Daily Dealings

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A short narrative that deals with bi-polar disorder and drug addiction.



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â Justin, wake up!â

I speak through a cracked door way, trying not to look at my girlfriendâ s little brother and unfortunately taking in a slight portrait of hairy man legs wrapped in a back down comforter on a mattress flopped on top the floor of my music studio. There was a stench of intrusion, but my good nature always wants to help out; especially my little brother, I felt like I helped raise the kid. As usual, it was my job to wake my fellow roommates; that, being my love Genevieve and a reckless kid that kept his mother awake at night.

I had about fifteen minutes to get to work and about four hours of sleep; from slaving away at my other job at the local recording studio, so there was no time to spare. Genevieve of course, sleeps like a tank- resting after long years of war and could sleep through one, had it been for me nudging her, coercing her from her sweet toxic dreams. I brushed my teeth while the crew scurried for clothes. Behind me, coming from the closet in Justinâ s room, a bright light shined on the weed plants that he was so obsessed about growing that I hated the sight of it- for it would never satisfy the acing need that he had for them. I didnâ t even want to mention the dried up Datura plant that I would later find in his dresser drawer and the broken glass slate that was caked and scraped with a white film crumbling off the top of itâ s chalky surface. I spit into the sink and whipped my mouth on the hand towel next to the lithium bottle on the counter that Iâ m pretty sure, had long since been taken which isnâ t a good thing. As I waited at the bottom of the stairs, disappointed that I didnâ t have time to eat breakfast, I stared at the messy living room. The coffee table was smeared with crumbs and takeout containers. On the counter sat bubble bags still dripping water and I thought to myself in an beat up tone â three months?â I ask myself how it got this far- this fast. Thoughts race through my head, familiar was I: to this same old story. I worry about Genevieve worrying, but know that thereâ s nothing I can do to fix the situation that we were in...

When everyone was downstairs, Genevieve made sure that Justin had everything he needed for school and we all left the house. When they dropped me off at work, there was a moment when Genevieve and I locked eyes.

I heard every word she saidâ ;

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