

Scurrilous Departure

By : Penelope Garenther

Forbidden's Pick Your Story Challenge (: Ari found fate turning tables on her more than once in a day. Jonie looked for hope and found only the tunnel leading to the light. Shane needed his "juice".



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“I QUIT!” She screamed in her boss’s reddened face. His brows knitted in anger and spit foamed at his mouth. She hated him with every bone in her body, he belonged with the pigs rolling around in muck. Amusement mingled in with the fire burning in her eyes. She spun around and stormed out, marching through the cluttered hallway. Like Moses parting the red sea, Ari parted the miserable employees. She marched with pride of a general with the Purple Heart medal thumping against his chest. She found the box she brought months ago under her broken desk where a computer stood-crookedly-on top, it sat there patiently awaiting for this day to be filled and taken home. Wasting no time she threw things left and right into that box, filling it to its brim. Once again she stood up and marched away with the chest of treasures in her arms. A smile danced on her lips and her eyes raged with a fire of passion, a fire of anger, a fire that will never meet its embers but will forever glow and keep the stomach warm when hopes begins to fade. Her yellow hair swat at the flies flying around the dirty hall resembling a horse’s tail beating off the pests with wings, her walk was even but her shadow skipped and twirled along the cement walls. Nothing could ruin her day. The box sat at the foot of wheel to her little car. Digging through her purse, she didn’t hear the footsteps or the soft echoes whispering throughout the parking garage.

She was beaming, a slight glow encircled her, but it easily could’ve been mistaken for the lights hanging up ahead. “One shot”, he thought. “One shot at the lightbulb and that glow of life around her will disappear and the darkness will envelop us, envelop my antics.” He shot one bullet into the light and shards of glass rained down on her like a relentless hurricane. He was on her like cat on a mouse.

Her screeches quickly hushed once his hand clamped down on her mouth. Instinct ran through her body and she bit down into his hand, but it was gloved with leather. She could taste it in her mouth and the smell overbore her nostrils. How could this be? “Will I die?” She thought, but no he had other plans for her and somehow she knew that deep in her stomach. She felt something cold against her cheek, “shh. You keep quiet, you hear?” She nodded, but knew better. An earsplitting scream ripped from her chest and something slammed against her head.

“Thank God, you eat like an anorexic model.” Shane moved through the parked cars, carrying his prize on his back. He walked with precision that resembled a lion bringing back prey for his family. He threw the petite woman into the car. Her hands tied to the door and a seatbelt holding her back was clicked in. He fell. He needed something to tie him down, something to keep him awake in this Hell. His eyes shifted back and forth in his eye sockets looking around him. Sure he was alone with his prize, he took out his precious, his needle. The vile that held the liquid he needed, the juice that will give him what he needed. Rolling up the cloth covering his arm, he stabbed the needle’s point into a vein and injected the juice into him. He could feel its power running down his arm, circulating through him. His eyes bulged and his fingers twitched, “yes, yes, this is what I needed. Yes.” Feeling like a child with Halloween candy, he jumped into the car. He sped out of the concrete structure and ran through the red lights that tried to stop his life, to make it a bore. He drove and drove. Down long stretches of road until he found what he was looking for. The man with the black hair, with the green eyes looking out under the rag of hair hanging off his head, and the cracked lips always smacking against each other making such an irritable noise. He sat on a curb, under a street light. The light drowned him in a fiery haze, like embers fluttering in the wind there were flies flying above his head from his neglect of bathing. “Jonie! I got her. Now I want my fix!” He shouted from the closed window of his car, but when he tried to shake his fist at him he was blocked by the window. He recited the words again with the window down and emphasized with his fist pumping at the air. Without realization he hit the brake and got out, he could feel his power source begin to drain from him and he needed another fix soon. “I got her Jonie, calm down. Give me my stuff.” He demanded with his clamped shut and teeth grinding against each other.

Jonie stood up and looked at the blonde woman stirring in the passenger seat. He dragged himself to her door, his leg scraping against the asphalt. “Ari?” He opened the door and her eyes shot open, frightened and shocked. She looked around her and her eyes rested on him. A shriek came from her open mouth and her

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hands tried to fend for herself as he neared her. "Jonie back off. I get my stuff first, you get her after." But he heard nothing, he was entranced by her. By her looks, by the rise and fall of her blouse over her chest, by the big eyes growing wider as she kept on looking at him, coming to realization. "Jonie I mean it. Back away!" But still he tried to touch her, feel her skin against his. He didn't hear the gun cock or the explosion that followed, neither did he hear the scream ripping through her chest, but he did see the blood flowing down her shirt. He heard the second explosion and the pain in his own chest. He heard the shot and then no more. Ari slumped forward and she looked at him, how they began to fog with death. "Ari, I love you." Her head turned to him and she gave a stuttering gasp and a look of forgotten memories dug up from all the years and she smiled. The tips of her lips curled upwards and her red hands laid on his and all life in her stopped. He felt his own life slipping and he didn't fight it, no he let himself go. Welcomed death within him and seconds later he was gone.

Shane looked down at his own hand, saw what he had done, "I need to stop these drugs. They gonna kill me." He shook and trembled and listened to the voice in his head demanding more of the juice that made him invincible. He walked over to the dead and grabbed his fix from Jonie's cooling body. He stalked off into the dark, leaving the bodies of two long lost star-crossed lovers bleeding out and resembling the couple of Shakespeare's tragedy.

'A glooming peace this morning with it brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

For never was a story of more woe

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.' - Romeo and Juliet by William Shakespeare.

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