

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN I’M FIRED...FOR WHAT!!!!?”

”Edward, you need to calm down. For the fifth time, you are fired because I have received many complaints from fellow employees that you have been giving every patient that is on your watch the wrong medicine and many of them are becoming intoxicated. Not to mention, I have solid proof because when I checked the cameras, you switched something around in the medicine. I don’t know what you were doing. But I do know that you are FIRED! Goodbye Edward, I don’t want to see you anymore.”

“Bu-“

“No buts Edward. GET OUT!”

“YOU KNOW WHAT? SCREW THIS GOD DAMN PLACE!”

I walk out of the hospital of North Florida for the very last time and get into my car.

“FIRED..HOW ABOUT YOU FIRE EVERYONE ELSE WHO MAKES MISTAKES”

My fist heavily strikes the dashboard. I start my car and drive home. As I drive, the only words that echo through my head are

“FIRED! GOODBYE EDWARD.”

I pull up into my drive way and see something very unusual, my son’s Chevy Impala is here. Usually my son gets out of school at 1430 hours, it is only 1221 hours.

“Did class end already?” I ask myself

“No way, it’s too damn early” I think to myself.

I get out of my car and slam the door as the words continue to echo through my head. As I insert the key into the door’s keyhole, I notice a quick movement in the blinds, as if someone just peaked out and was in a rush. I open up the door and I see my son sitting on the couch watching television.

“Hey dad! What’s up!?”

“Nothing son... I should be asking you what’s up. Why are you home so damn early?”

“Umm.. uuhhh. Oh yeah! The teacher wasn’t present today and umm... No one showed up in class today so I just went home.”

RING!RING!RING!RING!RING!

“Hold up dad, sorry”

“Hello?... Yeah yeah....I got it but I will delay it....I will explain later, bye”

“Delayed what? Clark, WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?”

“Dad, dad. It’s nothing. It is a uh, meeting I have to go to tonight about a umm. Project that I’m working on with my team. I can’t go because I have homework”.

“Do you know how suspicious this sounds?”

“Uh. Not really. Dad, you seem kind of.. pissed off, you never are. What happened?”

“Clark, I’ve been fired from my job. The boss told me that just because of a mistake that I’ve made; I have been fired from my job. I apparently gave my patients the wrong medications and thus made them intoxicated.” Fired means no job. No job means no money. Shit, and no money means we will be poor, thrown on the streets with all of the homeless motherfuckers!!”

“Oh.. I am very sorry. God damn! Everyone makes mistakes once in a while.... What a shithole!”

“Damn..... FUCK IT.. FUCK! This place needs to be cleaned up, we will start today at 1920 hours.”

“Okay dad, sounds like a plan!”

... I drown in the newspaper; reading about all of the current events that had been occurring lately. I was so deep in the newspaper that I had not realized that the time had thrown itself away. It is now 1913. Clark is finishing up the homework that he had received from the front office’s “Teacher absent work” file.

“Alright, let’s clean this place up!”

“Okay dad!”

“You clean the front part of the house and I will get all of the rooms, got that?”

“Yes dad, I got ya”

We each go separate ways. Clark towards the first section of the house and I go to the back; where all of the rooms are located. We begin cleaning.

About an hour goes by of me vacuuming, organizing clothes, making everything neat and now I am at the last room; Clark’s.

“Ay Clark!”

“Yeeeah!?” (a distant reply is heard)

“How’s the cleanin’ goin?”

“Great! Almost done, and you?”

“Ahaha! Good work buddy, same here!”

Back to work. My mind is beginning to free up from the fucking event that occurred at work today. I think to myself:

“Damn.... FIRED!?! I need to make money quick; I need to find a new job, I NEED TO DO SOMETHING!”

I stack the books, make the bed, vacuum the room, organize the desk and now I just need to hang the clothes. I put the clothes on the hangers and open the closet. My heart comes to a halt because of what is in front of me, I literally am in shock. A vault. To be exact, a 12 by 12 safe.

“CLARK! GET OVER HERE!”

No response.

“CLARK GOD DAMN! GET YOUR ASS OVER HER—“

“Yes dad?”

“What is this shit?”

“A safe, my safe”

“No shit it is a safe Clark, I mean what the hell can be in this 12 by 12 safe?”

“Uh.. Dad I can expla-“

“OPEN IT UP!”

“Bu-“

“OPEN IT THE FUCK UP CLARK, STOP WASTING MY TIME BOY!”

Taking a deep breath, “Okay dad..... Just don’t be surprised.”

Clark gets to the combination lock. I stare right at em’. 24-08-97-04-13 The shit pops open.

“AHHHH, THAT FUCKING SMELL! MARIJUANA? WHAT THE FUCK CLARK!?!???”

“Dad.... DAD! I’M SORRY!! IT’S HOW I MAKE MONEY..... I DON’T SMOKE IT...”

“Clark, are you a dumbass? Do you know where can you, if not both of us end up for this shit!?! GET RID OF IT!”

“Dad, dad. No think about it. I sell it and I make money. It has been already a month now and I am successful. I already made 80k! Look behind the marijuana in the safe, that is 80k USD dad! 80k per month!”

"It may be nice to make that much a month but think of the risks involved. Think about your life, do you really want to fuck it up?"

"I know but if you're slick enough, you won't get caught. This is profit, this is gold dad! You won't need a job anymore. We all sleep in, we all move out, we all get new cars, just imagine!"

"Ahh. I don't know son. I really don't know."

At this point, I am stuck. Do I get involved? Do I burn this shit? I mean, I did just get fired and we need money, quick! I think Clark has convinced me. I really do.

"Son, when is your next deal?"

"It can be right now, I can call up John, the one who called me yesterday- it was him.."

"What the fuck? You lied to me?"

I smack Clark's head with full force, POAP!

"OWWWW!! That shit hurt dad!"

"This is what you get for lying to me, you never do that to me, understand? Call up this fucking John or whatever, put him on speaker too."

"Okay.."

Dialing.....Dialing.....Dialing "Hello?"

"John, it's me"

"YO, CLARK UP FOR THE DEAL? READY?"

"Yea man, when?"

"Suppose to be yesterday but your dad was there, is he here now?"

"Yo, that shit doesn't matter- is this a deal or not? Stop fucking around bro."

"Aight, That O.G better be what you had advertised online."

"Meet me in 20 mins, 8808 Wal-Mart, Beach Boulevard"

"Gotcha"

"So just pack the bags with this O.G, and I will pack everything that we need, dad"

"Okay Clark"

"I finish packing 200 ounces of this shit, this will be worth \$850?."

“Yep!”

Clark gets his shit packed too.

“Where the hell did you get that Kalashnikov?”

“Long story.. I will explain later, let’s go!”

I get into the Impala, and Clark drives to the destination...

After six minutes of driving, we reach the Wal-Mart. No one is here; the morning darkness is still present. We see only one car, which is the car we pull up to; this is the buyer’s car. I get out and hold the AK-47 while Clark does his routine.

“Yo, homes, you got out 200 ounces?” says a man surrounded with three others. It is dark so I can barely identify his face.

“Right here man, you got my \$850?”

“Ye, ye. Here”

“Okay, here is your O.G Kush, Fresh from Northern Pakistan.”

“Shit man, thanks okay bro, see ya.”

The car drives off quickly and leaves Clark and I alone.

“You see! Dad, you see how easy that was!?”

“Clark, see that man walking towards us?”

“Yes.. Let’s get in the car and go.”

“STOP IT RIGHT THERE!”

“Fuck you!” PAA-PAA-PAA TIRG-TRIG-TRIG

“CLARK LETS GET THE FUCK OUT, IT WAS THE PO-PO, LETS GO, LETS GO, LETS GO!!!!!!!!!!”

Foot to the ground, The tires spin, 0-100MPH through the parking lot to the streets.

“GO!GO!GO!GO!! CLARK, SPEED UP!!”

“I’m at 140MPH!!”

Two BMW’S chase us.

“WHAT THE FUCK!!”

Gun shots bust through our Impala. I fire back from the sunroof, a whole clip. They still go! Bullet proof glass is on the BMW’S!!

PAAPAAPOOOWPAAPAAPAA! “OH FUCK! OOOOH FUUUUCK!!”

Clark just got shot in the head!!!!!! “SHIT! FUCK!”

I pull up the emergency break, the car starts spinning. It comes to abrupt, deadly stop. I get out and feel dizzy. "Get your hands up, ya' mother fucker!"

The same guys who just bought from us..

"FUCK YOU!"

....To be continued.

DRUGS=NEGATIVE.

Sell, buy, use- your life will screw up.