

Volunteer

His name is Marilyn and on Monday he hears about a totally life-changing drug at school. He is delighted to find that it is actually FDA approved, for old people at least, to take in very small doses for relative comfort and recreation. Even a modicum above prescribed levels and the mind tends to drop into an irreversible coma.

No biggie, it's just another problem for the rich kids.

Later that day he's cornered by a surly teenager, one who really should have graduated by then. A knock on the nearby bathroom door and muffled a "you know who it is, bro" reveals a second, vastly chubbier teen to Marilyn's immediate horror. He's clearly been taken hostage by idiots.

"Care to do me a tiny favor today, Mary?" Despite the awkward smile, Marilyn knows it's not a request.

"What is it?"

"We're a little low on volunteers lately."

"And?"

"And we just want the product to shine."

Sometimes, the world a truly wonderful and beautiful place. He knows this to be an absolute fact as each of the bronze hues of the sun tickle his eyelids through the fluffy clouds.

Where'd the sun come from? Does it even matter?

No no no introspection is quite a waste of time. But time is wonderful too, yeah, and it's in the now, right?

Sure.

Because now he's definitely outside, and shit it's so green that he's just got to feel the grass because in a second of reality he's a little scared that it'll disappear like the little voice in the back of his head is telling him it totally will.

But the grass is soft, like a puppy sewn into a sofa soft. So he smiles a little as the voice is drowned out by the ever so clear sound of these brand-shiny-new vitamins squelching their way down his digestive tract.

Or something like that.

Had the voice still been there, it would have probably questioned why he was taking a substance he found in his pocket, but it's not, and he instead decides to turn his attention to the impressive boom of the plane flying overhead.

Or maybe not the plane, because god damn does the sky look blue today – it's almost as if those fumes that a stubborn part of his brain keeps insisting should exist simply don't.

Whatever.

The sky is nice, really nice. Like, like an ivory sort of blue that could have been a purple but in the end isn't since it's more of a periwinkle that-

Nothing.

He's walked into the street only to be hit by a truck.