

The Mindfuck Sunrise Sega

by Owen Calvert

Billy lunged forward and carried his fist with him. He managed to hit me right in the jaw; a blow which forced me backwards. My head cracked against the brick which tore the skin on the back of my head. It was all physics and biology... I fucking hate science.

Thinking about it, it was inevitable. I was rinsing him all night, throwing words at him, playing him up.. I was shocked it hadn't happened sooner. That's it though. Once the ket's on the table it's the only thing that matters... And Billy always seemed to have money on him, so it helped. He didn't have a problem sharing either, some Buddhist philosophy... Or was it Christian? At the end of the day it's all bullshit. Do unto others.

Well he certainly did me. I pushed him too far, and got another one in the nose. Poetic justice. This time it was all about alchemy; my taste buds roaring over the combination of my own blood and ketamine. Bitter copper. I won't be forgetting that taste...

Sam's house was left to him by his dead aunt. All retro 70's, from the tripped out wallpapers to the bright pink bathroom. It suited him well. He must have let me stay round after the fight. I woke up on the floor with two bits of cotton sticking out of my nose. I started to remember last night... bits of it... but couldn't put anything together. My brain was shot. I guess it's like putting together a jigsaw puzzle with pieces missing. You get the idea, but no specific memories.. Just a haze. I walked with wonky steps to the sink and splashed cold water on my face. After taking out the blood stained cotton I snorted the rest of the crusty clotted blood out of my left nostril. It was all in one big lump. The K does that... I couldn't resist prodding the lump with my finger, leaving a diluted red liquid on the tip of my finger.

I looked zoned out. My eyes were glazed over and bits of dried blood were all over my face. I touched the tip of my nose with my finger, like when those Americans take a sobriety test. It left a red smudge. I tried to cough up some phlegm but choked on what got shot down to my throat and ended up swallowing. It had that chemical taste to it; fucking wrong.

Going back into the living room, I felt dizzy. That fucking wallpaper... I sat down and felt the front of my head hurting. Time for a roll-up. I only had crumbs of Golden Virginia left, and I figured somebody knicked my clipper. This always fucking happens, especially when you really

need a cigarette. Tapping my pockets, I felt nothing. Cunt. I let out a sigh and looked around for a light, there had to be one somewhere... But after scoping the room I couldn't find shit apart from a few matches. Half were burned out and black, but left in the box anyway. What was the point of that? Rubbing the top of the match against the rough edge of the box, I managed to light the roll-up after a good third of it spilled out of the top. It burned the paper good, and half of the fucker caught alight. Too dry. Half of it burned with one toke.

I scanned the floor again, and saw a DVD case with a rolled up tube of paper on top of it. I leaned over and looked closer, spotting enough white powder to make a corner's worth out of. I used my Oyster card to collect the grains and form a thin line. After tightening the tube, I snorted the line in one go. It stung the inside of my nose. I love that feeling, it reminds me that something's there. You can FEEL it. The pain slowly increased, and I grabbed the cotton wool and squeezed.

Everybody else was still asleep. Bodies littering the floor. I hate tip-toeing around people. They all look dead. Billy wasn't there, just as well. The lion's den. Had to get out of there. The last of my K had gone. I walked downstairs to find a note from Sam: "Gone 2 Brizzle 2 pick up. Back later, EZ." At least some was coming in, should be cheaper than the stuff going round now, but filthy. Bristol is well known for its filthy ket. I couldn't remember if Sam mentioned anything about going - wish he took me with him. The train journey is always better with somebody else, especially if you do a cheeky line or two on the way back. There's something about trains and drugs, they go hand in hand... at least for us lot.

I try and open the door, it took a minute or two until I figured out the mechanism... like Fort Knox. I kept on staring at the knob without moving my hand. I licked my fingers and wiped my nose just in case I had a polo, that stupid fucking ring of crusty powder that sticks on the rim of the nostril. Been caught out like that many times before. Finally, a twist in the right direction, and I emerge only for the sunlight to blind me for a second. I put my hand against my forehead like I'm saluting some cunt, and stepped out to the street.

As soon as I turn and start walking, I see Dan and his dog, Lappy. Suddenly I remember Dan was round at Sam's last night, and must have seen me arrive with the gashed up nose.

"Alright bruv what the fuck happened to you last night? You were fucking out of it... Your nose looked well messy..." He squinted at my face and I felt embarrassed. Even Lappy looked sorry for me, looking up at my face with a curious look.

"Eyyup Dan, yeh.. Billy fucked it right up. Stupid cunt." I took my hand to my nose and wiped the side. "Got any wonkables left? Sam's gone up to Brizz to get some more but he wont get back til later I don't think, and I'm all out."

"Only got persie bruv, a bit spare though - I can sort you out a corner to keep you going.. Park it?" Lappy was wagging his tail at this point, knowing the word "park" very well.

"Yeh alright, let's do it.. Cheers mate, you're a ledge.. Westfields?" Westfields was the park in town where we'd all go to get wrecked. There's fuck all else to do here. The park is at the end of the high street near the river. It's a good scene in the summer, loads of us go down there - in the winter, it's bleak. Deserted. Wet. Miserable. The sun makes it all tolerable.

As we walked through the gate, we didn't see anybody. This was a good thing. Others would want to blag a line or two from Dan if they saw him; he always seems to have some on him. Even when there's a drought, he'd have some. I'm sure he saves it up for those times and jacks up the prices for the desperate lot.

"Alright where should we go? What about the spot behind the tree over there; bench and everyphink.." Dan suggested the place we all went to. No CCTV. Hardly any people went there; no tourists, no old folks, not even the drinkers.

The tree provided cover; we could see who was coming through the entrance just in case the police decided to have a look around. There's also a chance of an easy getaway around the side of the gate if we had to make a move. Dan got out his wallet and a card, he racked up two lines on the card and sniffed the slightly thicker one with a fiver. I wasn't fussed he got the bigger one as it was his stuff, and the line he passed to me was pretty decent anyway. I sniffed it and ran the tip of my finger around the card, catching the crumbs. I held it under my nostril and had one last sniff. There wasn't any pain this time, my nose was getting used to it again...

"Cheers mate..." I said as I looked at him with a bit of water in my eyes. It'd hit me hard, and I coughed after handing him the card and fiver back. I stared into the distance for a while and lost myself for a few minutes...

"OI LAH...LAPPY!!! ST..STOP SKANKIN!!!" Dan shouted in Lappy's direction, waking me up a bit... He was pissed off at Lappy for running up to strangers trying to get food. Lappy wasn't that well feed, but managed to find some food on the streets and in the park... Old people were

really generous, and loved Lappy. They'd come up to us and ask us if it was alright to feed him... It meant Dan could spend a bit less on dog food and a bit more on other things. Lappy's is a cheeky fucker, just like Dan... He's a puppy, which helps... He'd eat anything; pork pies, sausage rolls, crisps, pieces of chicken, he laps it all up... Wait a second...

Lappy ran back over to us with half a prawn mayo sandwich in his mouth... He dropped half of it on the floor and ate it one bite at a time. I couldn't stop staring at him eating the fucking sandwich... It was hypnotic... I was transfixed... Dan was racking up another line and I couldn't say no. The lines were a bit smaller this time, but I wasn't complaining...

The walk up the highstreet was a mission... Everything had more colour... The fucking faces... So many faces...

I came out of it all walking into the pub... The Blue Star... Quite a few of us were there... Birch and Dave were at the bar with pints of cider. John was sitting at a table with Hannah, Nikkie and Darren. They were all drinking pints of star. John and Darren look alike, and after a bit too much, I've confused them... I looked around for Billy but he wasn't there... I walked cautiously up to the bar and slurred an order. I hate ordering drinks when I'm spangled. The paranoia before holding a drink in your hand is intense, like ordering a pint when you're 16 and worried about getting ID'd. Maybe its a subconscious flashback...

We were all here for the same thing, waiting for Sam. Waiting is always the worst part. I would get nervous... My leg was bouncing up and down and I was hugging my drink... Slowly sipping cider... Slowly sipping cider... Slowly sipping cider... Like a hidden mantra stashed away somewhere... I sat down I asked if anybody had heard from Sam... He could be early or late, it wouldn't matter, the wait would always be so long, so intense. You could see it in people; the clockhands nestled behind their eyes. No texts. Phone off. No chance. Must be on the train where there's no reception. Fuck. Just wanted an update, some news, something. Blank fucking radar. Useless.

I stretched my legs out under the table to try and relax and my skateshoe bumped Hannah's leg. Hannah had never had a boyfriend, fuck knows why. I don't think she gives a clear answer when people ask her about it. I always tried to get close to her when we are together, but not physically. Most of the time we were together we were spangled, and there

came the hybrid spawn of fatefuck. The drug led us to eachother; squats, parties, all that.

Something paralysed me when I tried to get close to her. Any sort of close... Mental barriers... Subliminal forcefields... I was blind, deaf... I was warn down sandpaper... One look in her eyes and I was shot down. I was kidding myself. We both wanted different things, but that didn't stop me from wanting her.

Sam finally walked in. The most popular guy in the pub. Time flew. I'd sunk a few pints by this stage, and I didn't care about who had been waiting longest. I got 4 grams from Sam, £60 total. Hate these prices; it's normally a tenner instead of fifteen. But he'd missioned it to Bristol, fair play, nobody paid for his train ticket this time.

I finished necking the rest of my scrumpy and felt the urge to have a line. The toilets were the best place; nothing else was worth risking getting chucked out and barred over. Even worse, confiscation. It made me laugh when we got busted by doormen or whatever; they'd think the powder was cocaine or MDMA - makes me wish I could have seen them after it kicked in. That's karma, cunts. A silver lining to the situation.

I walked into the gent's and nobody was there, perfect. I walked into a cubicle and checked the seat. Piss everywhere. I wheeled a handful of toilet paper from the dispenser and wiped it off, dropping the semi-soggy paper into the water, and sat down. The grams were all in my wallet, four different wraps. The wraps were cut from a TV guide. It must have been from the soap section, as there were faces on each wrap with heavy going expressions. I picked the one with the ":O" face and unravelled the paper.

There it was, the white. Wasn't too rocky... The smoother the powder, the better the sniff. I placed my bank card on top of the wallet's midsection, and then got my Oyster card and dug some powder out of the middle. I put the powder on the bank card and a bit spilled into my wallet. I did this almost every time, and it'd make my wallet stink. The smell of the bank notes and ketamine was one of a kind, and got the best of me whenever I ran dry every time I bought something. I licked the tip of my finger and dabbed each grain, snorting whatever I could. Just then, I heard somebody come inside for a piss. I froze and stayed silent. They whistled some rancid tune and washed up whilst I was sorting the powder into a straight line, and then left. The anxiety passed and I rolled up the spare tenner I had...

Fucking chairs... they always get in the way...

Walking through town at night spangled was an adventure without fail... The streetlights splashed colour onto the tarmac... Paddling pools... I thought I'd pissed myself, but hadn't eaten any mushrooms... Just too much cider... Hannah and Sam were walking step by step beside me... It was like a game of twister.. Each move carefully placed... Wonky. We had to exit the bubble in the pub.. I'd had too much and wasn't making any sense... So I didn't choose to talk much. Dave was having a house party and it was all spontaneous... Good excuse to leave... It was so dark... All that shone was amber light from the streetbulbs... Moths were flying about, and the light made the trees glow green... It was all fake, looked different... Full of life...

I didn't know where the fuck we were going... Didn't remember any of these side streets... I thought of things to say to Hannah, make conversation like... The thoughts were all there... I just couldn't say anything to her... Embarrassing.. I'd say half sentences to her and stop... Some fucking force field I couldn't see... I looked at her from the corner of my eye. Wide-eyed and focused on the path ahead. I think Sam knew how I felt all of a sudden... Needed some gum... Spearmint.

"OI LAH...LAPPY!!! ST..STOP SKANKIN!!!" I shouted and laughed to myself.. Neither of them knew what the fuck I was on about, a private joke... Just came to my head... Had to get it out... Felt obliged. Nobody else was there to hear me, the streets were empty...

"Fucking.... Sausage rolls...!" I was hungry... But it soon passed.

The mindfuck sunrise. I remembered nothing but this spiel about scotch eggs; "Scotch eggs are legless too!" I had some understanding. Not enough.

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