

## Paper Cut

By Kristopher Miller

Steven licked his finger after he got a paper cut from grading a failing college freshman's essay. The blood was as bitter as the attitude he had making redundant marks on this idiot's paper.

"Damn it," he said, "Been working too long doing this goddamn flunking freshman paper..." He muttered this as he got up from the chair and headed his way to the restroom where he knew the bandages were.

But Steven tripped over a heavy English textbook he threw off the table earlier. His face smashed into the hardwood floor. As he got back up, he moaned and felt blood seeping from his broken nose. Steven got up and held his nose with his left hand as he approached the door. He jiggled the handle with his right hand but he could unlock the door.

Damn thing jammed again, he thought. I'm don't get fucking paid enough to teach apathetic freshmen to care about boosting their GPA to fix a damn door...

He reached in his pocket for his iPhone but he remembered he left the damn thing recharging downstairs. Steven held his nose as he backed away from the door and rushed against it to knock it down. He bruised his shoulder on the first smashing. Then he stormed to the door the second time and he broke the hinges off the door as he fell through. After falling flat on the broken door, Steven struggled off of it as he tried to get up by gripping a nearby side table.

But the side table broke and Steven fell down again. He saw the bathroom door and thought he could wash his face, get a cloth to put pressure on the broken nose and get a bandage around his cut finger. Steven got up and he fell backward after slipping on his son's toy tractor that was lying on the floor. After he landed, Steven felt something tear through his right leg and he saw it was his Special Faculty Award paperweight shaped like a big pencil that fell from the small side table. Steven screamed in agony as he struggled to get the metal pencil out but he could not because it was too bulky. Blood continued to floor from his nose. He whimpered for a while and then used one of the broken table legs to use as a crutch.

Steven limped with the Special Faculty Award stuck in his leg and he gripped the railing to make sure he did not fall down. But blood continued dripping out of his nose and his leg. Some of it dripped down the stairs and he slipped from the blood that fell. He lost his grip on the makeshift walking stick. Steven tumbled down the stairs with a scream as he tumbled down the steps. After reaching the bottom, he

heard something snap and he saw his other leg was twisted on impact. He howled in agony as he tried looking for the broken chair leg but he saw it rolling next to the recharging iPhone. Steven cried with tears mixing with the blood from his broken nose.

Then he blinked at the iPhone on a high table. He thought that if he could crawl over and knock the iPhone down with the stick, he would be able to call an ambulance.

He crawled towards the table where his iPhone was recharging and he reached the broken table leg lying beside it. Steven pushed the splintered table leg against the table above him and he heard something small shake off. He saw his iPhone with a wire hang down from a wire. Steven grasped it and dialed the number.

When he looked up, the table teetered over and a bronze bust of Abraham Lincoln teetered off the table. Steven screamed and the bust crushed his head like teeth would crush a bubblegum ball. A pack of bandages also fell by Steve's twitching left hand holding the iPhone.

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