

Befuddlement and Delusion Himself

Akiah K. Tromans

The fire shot its last few sparks up into the chimney before the flames died down into coals. Although the cabin was old and full of history, most of the objects within it had existed much longer. I scraped the last of the wood stoves coals and embers into the metal tarnished bed warmer, before a restful sleep isolated from the distractions of society.

As I sat down in my deceased grandfather's rocking chair to enjoy a colt beer, clenching the bottle questionably I reflecting my many nights I longed to forget. Ultimately this was a cottage of contemplative self-loathing and ambiguous self-content.

This particular misadventure in mind started off at The Roxy, a popular club in down town Vancouver. I was with my good friend Dale wandering around the streets after a formal business dinner and a few too many beers, that's when we spotted the brightly lit building. It appeared to be a busy venue, the music was loud and exciting, and the entrance trim was hot pink. I couldn't help but notice what a young crowd this attracted, a perfect place to spend your Friday night if you were in your early 20's and looking for a one night stand (male or female). A line of people about half a block long were anticipating to be let in like a heard of over bred cattle waiting to be slaughtered. Which intrigued us considering we had given up on not getting foolish.

After about half an hour of waiting in line, it occurred to us that we were the only two drunks in their 30's wearing suits and ties in the entire mob of fired up and obnoxious juice monkeys. Nevertheless, we both didn't have a care in the world about appearance, after all we were reputable business men. By the time we made confrontation with the bouncers, Dale had somehow acquired a bottle of spiced rum and we were drinking it without any consideration of public indecency. The tall and robust Asian bouncer took one look at us and pointed his finger down the street, "You can't do that here! Get the fuck outta here you Louis Vuitton-suit wearing dicks!"

Dale responded with drunken belligerence, "Who you calling dicks, you sweaty small bastard!" Hearing his crass words spew out his mouth, I grabbed Dale by the tie and ripped him out of the line before getting a punch to the throat. By this point my friend was just about wasted enough to pick a fight with Mohamad Ali, and I was halfway between being convincing enough to where the suit and ripping it off for the purpose of getting primal enough to tackle a shrub.

Spotting the bright lights of a 7-Eleven, we stumbled over to go pick up some hot dogs and cigarettes. Blundering through the front doors and swinging them open wildly, I saw a man dressed similar to us, but with a faded suit and undone tie vigorously yelling at the clerk about the 2015 political election. "If Harper wins this thing, I swear to god you damn convenience store employees won't be moving up in the world unless you move to Fort McMurry!" Dale being in a distracted frenzy with the hot dog station had no time for this man's ignorant preach to the distraught worker. But at this time of night with so little to do, I couldn't help but humor the poor buffoon and his political nonsense. A scene like this wouldn't normally interest me as much as it did, but there was something unique about this loud mouthed goon. Everyone inside the

7-Eleven was petrified by this unstable lunatic, so for shock value and comedy I went to investigate his mental illness.

His name was Mike B. King, how he got the name King I have no clue. He was more of a vagrant peasant than any sort of nobility. To my surprise, Mike told me he was an accountant for a very large insurance company. Which baffled me because his inebriated brain could barely comprehend his \$1.66 Nachos total- with all the free cheese you can eat. “Yup, I’ve been working there for 8 years now. Numbers is my thing, and the drugs help me understand that.” Mike insisted with a twinkle in one eye and a popped blood vessel in the other.

“Do they?” I questioned with careless interest, he was actually beginning to annoy now that he was becoming less amusing.

“Accountants can’t do drugs!” Dale accused Mike, “a person with a job like that requires a sense of realism.” His words began to slur.

“Wanna see man?” Mike reached into his pocket and whipped out a big bag of blotter acid and began digging his fingers around inside of it. His struggle with the bag was like ants trying to crawl out of mud puddle. Gently he placed a hit on both of our tongues, then he placed about six or seven on his own like he was attempting to prove a point. Within minutes of his delusional actions, we were confronted by two police officers.

“Jerry Warner! We have a warrant for your arrest.” Blurted one of the cops. The two of them hand cuffed Mr. King while reading him out his rights. “I apologize if he’s been bothering you guys, this man is should be in weekend jail right now.”

Mike (Jerry Warner) was yelling profusely with his tongue covered in acid hanging out of his mouth like a sloppy dog, “This is Michael B. King here! And I do not do Drugs!”

As I clicked the last words down on my grandfather’s type writer, I finished my eighth beer and my bed warmer had cooled down to a cold piece of metal. After documenting the story I once loathed, I couldn’t help but accept the heinous events that transpired for the humor in pitiful drunkenness and shocking behavior with absolutely no foresight.