

Red Monkeys

Chapter 8

I hear my breathing... I'm breathing hard. Very hard... I'm running... I'm really drunk...

What am I running from?... I don't know... I'm coming back. I can think again. I know I can't turn around to look at whoever's chasing. If I turn, I'll wipe out. I 'round a corner and see a diner.

I stop running, take off my filthy black jacket and walk in. Nobody looks up from their food when I sit at the counter and shove my jacket down at my feet.

The hash-slinger asks, "Ya know what ya want?"

I learned how to control my breathing a long time ago, it's very important when you're evading an enemy.

I hold my breath, swallow the need to gasp, and then smoothly whisper, "Coffee and a menu..."

As the menu hits the counter, there's a commotion in the streets. Everyone in the diner turns to look. Outside, a handful of panting, wheezing policemen are left scratching their heads.

The disinterested slinger slides my coffee down the counter, "Coffee."

I turn back and take a sip of the black stuff as one of the cops walks in, "Any of you see a guy in a dirty black jacket running through here?"

With my coat well hidden, I spin around on my stool and say with everyone else, "Nope..."

As he leaves, I'm trying to figure out what I did. I have no memory of why I'm running from them, but they don't know my face. They must have only gotten a partial description, including the coat. I got lucky, but what the fuck did I do?

Lucidity is fleeting, and confusing.

I wish I was one, or the other. Either with it, or totally lost- Existing in between the two worlds is Hell- But first things first. I'm hungry, but how am I going to pay for this coffee? I reach in my pockets and feel... A wad of crisp paper?...

Cash...

And it's a fair amount, too. I don't count it, or even take it out of my pocket- I don't wanna attract any attention, but it's a safe bet that my acquisition of *this*, has something to do with all *that*. It feels too new to have been in my pockets for long. Good work, Smooth.

I spin back around to face the counter, "Hey, I'll go with the steak and waffles..."