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Untitled

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Untitled

Aaron Fleckenstein

I'm going to die. Not big news considering that most of the people I know are going to die, but to me this was a shocker. I always thought I was going to live forever. But what could I do? I decided to go eat lunch.

Chicken with mustard on white. That is the meal one eats when he finds out that he is mortal. Mortal. The word itself sounds terminal, full of disease. Well then again, it is. Few people survive being mortal; fewer still come out alive. In fact, I only knew one person who came out with his life, Alan Spirdunkle, a farmer in Motlee, Nebraska. He was killed last year by his 300-pound wife when she shot him in the head for taking the last donut.

After the last meal of the rest of my life, I went for a walk on one of New York fine streets. I tried to think about what I wanted to do with the short time I had left, learning how to swim or becoming a boxing hobo were on the top of my list, but I kept being interrupted by pot smoking prostitutes offering me a good time. I escaped these working women by ducking into a train station. So much for the big decisions.

On the train I was finally able to get some real work done. The lady across from me was reading the obituaries looking to see if she was in them and had the crossword section turned to me. At the 5th street stop she finally realized she was not dead yet, I had just finished 55 down and was about ready to solve 70 across when she took off for what I could only guess to be the rest of her life, at least until she looks again tomorrow.

At 22nd street and Monarch I got off the train. I had been told by a tie salesman on the train that 22nd and Monarch had the worst tasting whiskey this side of Montreal. This had to be an indisputable fact considering I never asked him about whiskey or Montreal, but I have learned that one does what a tie salesman says. Mrs. Spirdunkle's father made his fortune selling ties. I went looking for this bad tasting whiskey figuring that while I may never learn how to swim, I could always be able to tell people that I have tasted the worst tasting whiskey this side of Montreal. When I got out of the station I realized the tie salesman set me up, 22nd and Monarch was a school district, there was no bar for miles. Then again, Montreal was always a scotch town anyway.

After the tie salesman stole my seat on the train and got my hopes up for bad tasting whiskey, I really had to go to the bathroom. Any true New Yorker would tell you to hold it and wait to relieve yourself at home since all the bathrooms are taken by pot smoking prostitutes making money, but I really had to go and didn't want to waste my life holding it until I got home, so I went into Paprewski's Turkish Cuisine and used the restroom. Inside the stall someone had written "Death to all, for Joseph is king." As I relieved myself, I thought about why King Joseph never told me this earlier. It would have been the kingly thing to do. I would have learned how to swim.