

Angst

By Virgil Clarke

Those blasphemous fools, they know not who they deal with. With that thought boiling in my noggin, I jet. Mom doesn't have a clue, she has no idea what it's like to be me. Screw her! I need to get fucked with my comrades in arms.

I grab my board and jet to The Hooch, the infamous meeting place for angry young people . . . me.

Mom's yellin', tellin' me how Dad would be so upset if he was still alive, that he's now rolling over in his grave, six feet under. Yeah right! Just blow my brains out, why don't 'cha?

The Hooch is this wooden shack that's way cool, it has all the furnishings that us angries need; beer, drugs, weapons, and hopefully some fine young hussies. We have a group of girls that hang around. They're all kind of annoying, but boy do they give us a rise. It's almost better than the pills. One in particular is a total babe. Her name is Samantha, she's always ready to have fun . . . let's party!

I arrive at the shack, everyone is already there. I hop off my board and pop it against the side of The Hooch. The exotic smells that I just love come rolling out. There's no door so we just stapled a ratty blanket over the entryway. I pull the filthy cover aside and stride in. I love this place. Franky sees me and yells, "Hey dude, you're late. What's the gig?"

I frown, spitting on the floor. "I had to deal with the warden. She was not going to let me out, what a bunch of shit. I fucking hate her."

Franky's skank looks at me and says, "You just need to relax, be cool, and have a couple hits off this hookah. It's the crème."

I walk over and grab a handful of plump tits, "This is what I need." Franky grabs my hand and yanks it off the tight Tee she's wearing.

"Get your own, man! I have dibs, go find Sam, she needs a good lickin'."

As if on cue, Samantha comes in through one of the half covered windows, "Hey guys, I smell fun." As she climbs in, she slips on the windowsill and lands on her head. I laugh. What a klutz. Cute, but dumb as a pile of rocks.

She stands and brushes herself off and looks at me, "Hey, what's up? I called your house, but all I got was your friggin' mom howlin' about how bad and sinful you are."

"Fuck her!" I say, take a rip off this." She walks over and grips the hose and sucks and sucks and sucks. Damn, that's a lot of sucking. Her eyeballs roll into the back of her head, her face looks like it's about ready to explode. I run at her and shake the living tar out of her. She laughing and choking, smoke's rolling out of her nostrils, grabs the back of my head and slams her lips into mine. "Hey cock-boy, what's up?" I smile and smack my lips.

"Let's just say, I'm not returning home anytime soon. I'm here to party." She grabs my ass and runs off, back outside. By now, The Hooch is filled with hot steamy bods. People are laughing and drinking, the party has spread outside. I don't want any trouble with the pigs though. I hear they take advantage of us young angries. I tell Franky that there's too many people; his reply, "Fuck man, it's Friday, everyone has had like . . . I

don't know. Just let them fuck around, we'll have enough time if the slime shows."

Well I decide to forget the authorities, I'm fast on my board, no one can touch me. I mingle for awhile. Where's Samantha? She wants to have fun. I head outside and stop. James and his boys have arrived . . . crap! Those guys are always packin'. All our poppers are in The Hooch, stored away nice and safe. James and his gang are a lot older, they prey on us young angries, especially the girls. What the hell do they want? I walk up to James, "Hey, you need to leave. We don't want you guys here."

James looks at me. He thinks he's all suave and cool. Bullshit! I don't buy it, he's a conformist jackass who needs to die. Frankie walks up, looking at me, then at James. "James, you two-bit cradle robber, get your bloody ass outta here! Go somewhere else!"

James replies in a retarded tone that totally rakes on my nerves, "You guys are losers, you're all headed for the slammer or the grave. Just give us your stash and we'll leave your little 'Hooch" alone. But your girls look like shit tonight, so hand them over too." This is where everything tends to become a blur. When the gunfire starts.

Franky reaches behind his back and pulls out a mother fucking hand cannon. I jump to the side, smacking a barrel. Franky whacks James on the side of the head with the barrel of his Howitzer. James lands on the ground beside me, his eyes look like Samantha's did, but there's no smile on his face. Then his head explodes and I got his fucking brains all over me. I can't hear a thing, but I'm screaming, "What the hell? You idiot!"

Franky looks like he just had the greatest high of his life, he's totally out there. I get up and start running. Sam runs up to me while a crowd forms around the body. Everyone is screaming, weapons are being drawn, she looks scared.

"Sam we need to bail, like quick." She agrees through the sobbing and shaking. We run, but to where? We are angry and young, what do we do?