

Johnny

by Ajay Nair

When Johnny drove off the bridge, everybody knew it was suicide. I didn't even doubt for a moment that it could be an accident.

Johnny had many reasons to off himself. He was fat, I mean, really fat. A hundred and twenty five kilograms for sure. And the fat showed. On his face, his thighs, his belly. He wore shorts all the time and that didn't help.

He also had OCD. He had to kick every dog he met. Johnny killed a lot of dogs and was bitten by many others. He was a cruel bastard.

No woman ever loved Johnny. I know this for sure. I mean, how could anyone love a fat, cruel bastard with OCD? There was too much of him to love and none of it was pretty, not one bit. I bet his mother didn't love him either.

When I walked into the store the next morning, Stroman looked sad. 'Johnny is dead', he said. 'He drove off the bridge yesterday'.

I told him I knew. A dozen other people had told me. Stroman looked at me funny, as if there was a big tattoo of a snake or something on my forehead. 'What's the matter?', I asked him.

'Nothing', he said. He looked out the window where the rain was coming down in all kinds of shapes. 'Just that no one even thinks it could have been an accident, you know.' The bridge was infamous that way; a vehicle went off it every ten days.

'Well, it wasn't, Strom. It was Johnny, you know'.

'You know a funny thing, Lila? His name was not even fuckin' Johnny. It was Azrael'.

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