

# Common Sense

*by* Hazar Worth

'Yer a cool, cool glass of water baby....'

He was touching her again. In her dreams, he was always touching her. In her dreams, he was never caught.

She stood neither too tall or too short. Everyone made their comments about how she look liked a dancer; the older people around her would tell her she reminded them of some starlet kept alive in the theatres still playing in the minds.

She learned to like movies because her mind felt free.

'...Yea....I really like that baby....I really like when you do that baby....'

Her childhood wasn't a page from any good story. She made good grades because she liked the work her teachers assigned her. Her teachers all liked her because she was very responsible and mature for her age.

One year at church, she was a Christmas angel and she read her part so wonderfully:

'Do not fear but draw closer. Hope and faith has come to ye, for God has given to anyone with an opened heart love in the birth of his son, Christ Jesus, born onto Mary and Joseph, in the manger where animals of a humble farmer abided....'

In the background of her dream of him, she kept hearing screaming.

Something felt awful. His fingers kept touching her.

Her grades were still good when she visited the counselor the last Spring before graduating top of her class, He was a mere wisp of a man, having been in the system for far too long. He kept a nail file always on his desk, and his office smelled always of cheap soap.

The type of soap that hospitals always give to their patients. Soap that was small enough for only one bath, and soap that hardly created a lather.

'Are you okay Alison...?'

The sounds of his nail file scratched against her ear drums. She felt confused sitting in his office.

In college, she met him during a dorm formal. She was a sophomore and he was a transferred junior. His interests were journalism and running. When they first kissed back at his off-campus apartment, she felt his fingers playing with her nipple underneath her bra.

'Please...can you take it out for me...?'

Two months later, she found out from dorm gossip that her roommate was seen downtown with him making out in a booth at The Rub. Her roommate promptly moved out and into his off-campus apartment. At night, she would stare at her ceiling feeling his fingers playing with his nipples.

The ache she felt made her want to masturbate. Very badly.

But soon the dream started. When it started, she pissed her bed. His voice wouldn't stop talking to her.

'Yer a cool glas of water, baby....'

She started to eat more. Her weight climbed gradually, and then steadily. In her dorm room, she stocked plenty of crackers and cans of cheese-spray. She managed decent grades, and excelled in many of her sociology courses. But she shrunk deeper and deeper into a hole that kept her away from many of the other students around her.

She never ate at the student's cafe anymore.

When she received her letter from her aunt that her Mother had succumbed to a sudden stroke during her Junior year, she promptly went out to The Rub. After her fourth round of private vodka shots, she met off-duty Officer Weidler.

Officer Weidler was fond of round women. His wife had suffered a relapse, and was a mere 85 lbs. No children during their eleven year marriage. His smile and his sense of humor made her wet, and after sharing the next four rounds of vodka shots together, they returned to her off-campus apartment where Officer Weidler used his large cock to fuck Alison into a vague resemblance of existence....

'...oh yea.....I like when you do that baby....I really like when you do that baby...'

Graduating with a 2.75 GPA, she remained in town to let Officer Weidler continue to fuck her. His wife would die of congestive heart failure a month after she graduated, and Officer Weidler promptly moved into her off-campus apartment. But the dreams hadn't stopped.

She found a therapist who prescribed her the right balance of medications to take off the edges that prevented her from sleeping promptly and over-eating.

Although Officer Weidler never complained about her weight, she had developed a sense that he was seeing someone else.

Her Mother always told her she had 'the common sense...' to know better.

She stopped taking her meds when she found out that she was three week pregnant. During her pregnancy, her dreams pushed inside of her like a drunk bull made crazy by a swarm of hornets attacking. In her dreams, his fingers became a swarm of snakes that crawled and captured every contour of her body and senses.

His voice was always the same.

She cried for almost everyday. This became a problem for Officer Weidler. After spending many hours online jerking off to Internet porn, Office Weidler took matters in his own hands and found a particularly attractive stripper.

Two weeks before she gave birth to her son, Officer Weidler moved out of town with his particularly attractive stripper.

The screaming in the dream grew louder now. His voice seemed to be inside of her now. She felt his stiff hairs on his face chaffing the sensitive areas of her thighs. His voice wouldn't stop no matter how much she cried and begged him to stop; no matter how bad and loud the screaming kept rising and rising and rising until her own screams felt insignificant to her.

Her off-campus apartment was quiet now. Her body felt particularly uneasy as she rose from her bed. Her lower back felt full of sharp broken pieces of glass. Her mouth tasted like a unrefrigerated morgue as she entered into the baby's room to find her son cold, blue, and entangled in the blanket that Officer Weilder had left behind when he and his particularly attractive stripper left town.

'Yer a cool drink of water baby.....you always make me feel good...'

