

This Is Not A Ghost Story

by J. Bradley

Adam was on his seventy fifth hour of playing *Robot Unicorn Attack*. Gary Cherone hasn't sounded this terrifying since his brief stint on Van Halen.

"Man, I'd love to do coke chopped up with the remains of this motherfucker," he said as the unicorn's head smacked against the screen of his netbook for the 12,364th time. "Meth would work, too. All for fame and glory, right honey?"

I unscrewed the cap of a bottle of Clan McGregor Scotch and pull, the only bitter, earthy thing I'm getting in my mouth lately.

"I know you are in training to be on TV and I love you and support you but isn't there a way to turn that fucking music off," I hiccuped after three hard swallows.

"Jack, I can't do that. I need the music to keep my rhythm, keep me awake. Open your eyes, Jack. Your eyes are open."

"I wish my ears weren't open." I thought about pouring the scotch into my ears. I took another pull instead.

"Jack, you know I want to be with you and make believe with you and live in harmony, harmony, but I gotta keep going. I'm shooting for ten million. If I can make ten million, nothing will stop me."

I took myself and the bottle to our bedroom. I looked through my Facebook photo album, stumbling onto the picture of Adam's smile, the one he flashed after I asked him to move in with me. How can I love someone willing to toss me aside for infinite Erasure and digital robot attack unicorns just so he can get his user name "B3@RHUNT3R" flashed in front of millions for three seconds? My

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father said never be with a man willing to get blown during a wake.
I've started to think he was right.

