

# The Kid on the Floor

by Michael Wayne Hampton

The kid on the floor couldn't handle it. Man, he should have known better. I mean I didn't even know whose house we were at by that point. No one even knew who brought him. What a loser. Passed out in the middle of the floor with no one around to pick him up. I mean, who does that?

Darcy found a Sharpie in the kitchen and drew a mustache on his face, but it must have felt too grade school so she gave him a beard to go with it. When she was finished, Jakey took the marker and drew a swastika in between his eyes. He said he looked like Manson and lifted a Solo cup in the air to toast him. You would think that that marker smell would have at least have made him turn over. No chance. Fuck it.

Paige lit another bowl and passed it to me. I tried to get the kid to take a hit, shake it off or something. "Hit this shit Charlie," I said. I lifted his head. It felt like a dumbbell. "Don't waste it." Totally out, so we forgot about him for awhile.

Everybody remembered the kid though when Wes tripped over his sorry ass and spilled his beer. Oh shit. We wouldn't let Wes fuck him up with him being done, so he pulled Charlie's pants down to his ankles. The kid didn't even kick. No fight at all. So Scottie Boy wrote "Charlie" on the kid's tighy-whiteys so he would know his name. "Come on Charlie," Scottie Boy said. "Get crazy!" He just laid there like a sock. Total washout.

Paige took his cell phone and texted all his friends that he was gay. Jerry-O stopped playing beer pong long enough to fill the kid's shoes with shaving cream. Then we funneled the rest of the case and bounced tennis balls off his head. Jenna said if he puked on the carpet she was going to cut his balls off, and you know, at the time she looked like she meant it.

Hanna wanted to shave his head, but it seemed like way too much work and no one wanted to get up to find a razor. Jeremy said he we should call somebody to pack him off, but Paige had

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already dropped his cell in the toilet and no one wanted to fish it out. I mean, people were pissing there. A cell phone wasn't going to stop them. Half of them were going in the sink.

Jeff wanted to call the kid's mom or somebody, but his wallet was long gone. Total downer. No one even knew this kid. Avra thought he looked cold so she threw a blanket on him before she left. Afterwards me and Jerry-O stacked chairs on him and circled the garbage pile with empties. One big pile of junk in the middle of this living room and we split.

You'd never know anyone was under there. Never.

