3 Short Shorts

by Robert Vaughan

Fling

"Poor little me," she mused. She is dripping with sweat while the rain spits bullets. She feels like flinging coffee at the Pope. What could be worse than an abortion in a Boston alley, the doctor a stranger. The father stranger still.

Fatigue

The coffee didn't help. His fatigue was bottomless, so much that as he fell asleep at the wheel, barreling through the balustrades of the Golden Gate Bridge, not even the barometric plunge would wake him up.

Rejection

They listened to Everything But the Girl in her tiny room tucked beneath the staircase. When he tried to kiss her, she ran to the bathroom to throw up. Alone in her room he prayed aloud before he swallowed the entire bottle of Nembutal.

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