

Go Wild

by Steven Gowin

Sometimes you have to go wild; you have just to go fucking nuts. You do.

The cafeteria got new soup cup lids... very eco... made of corn husk or something... but they don't fit. Today I pushed a lid down on my leek soup, but the lid didn't seat, and the force upset the soup which spilled all over me. This is my life in a soup cup... or out. I hate the world.

Before I knew it, I was yelling, "God damn it all to Hell. Son of a bitch! Bastards, bastards, bastards!" I threw my badge and work keys to the floor, and stormed away to find something to clean the mess. No one was hurt, and the cashier insisted on buying my soup. I have no weapon. I'm not sorry.

This is how to go wild; it is. This is how you go just fucking nuts.

