

Flying
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The egg colored lamp hung overhead like an ominous cloud ready to pour its acid rain onto the dark living room while illuminating the two brown couches adorned exclusively with a red, blue, and green pillow. The fan whirred oddly, almost as if it knew what was coming, and was trying to scream at me, “STOP IT!” My friend pranced around the room like a maniac proclaiming, “Got it” every time his pale large hand slammed against the urine colored walls with a resigned sign coming out of his mouth after, “Too fast. I’ll try again.” The sound reverberated throughout the dark and small house making me nervous and terrified. His jet black hair fell over his eyes, and he laughed with a gleeful smile and a murderous expression. This time, he had murder in mind, and he was going to do anything possible to commit this atrocity. I feared. I jittered. I bit my nails. My eyes averted from him. I was excited.

“Got it yet?” I asked with an innocent façade.

“No, it keeps flying away,” muttered Timmy.

“Why don’t you just use a fly swatter? It’d be easier to kill.”

“Nah, I’m a man and I prefer my hands. Plus, fly swatters are too slow, my hands are way faster,” Timmy bragged.

I laughed, “You a man! More like a little girl!”

A guffaw of laughter rose from both of our mouths and pretty soon we were rolling on the floor making this look like a scene from Poltergeist.

Timmy was ten, prancing around the living room to kill a fly that had the speed of Usain Bolt with his hands that he claimed were faster and more efficient than a fly

swatter. He dared me to catch a fly in my hand if he threw it at me. If I did, he would give me twenty dollars.

Twenty long, painful, suspenseful, and agonizing minutes later, I heard the triumphant, “Got it!” that now sounded like a catchphrase. I looked at him dumbfounded. I knew he caught it, but I didn’t want it to be true. I gulped down all my fears, nervousness and unending terror that I thought would be the death of me. He grinned at me with a malicious glare; however, his face betrayed his eyes because they had a twinkle of mischief. He showed me the fly in his left hand and carried it over like how the best man carries the prized wedding ring to the altar. Idiot.

It was hideous, colored black that looked like tar, and mucus wings that oozed evil. Their eyes were a deep blood red, a color that a famished vampire would yearn for. It looked so ordinary, yet it reeked of old and decomposed food. Delicious!

I gaze at it with my bloodshot eyes and for a second I thought it quivered in his hand. I blinked. Just my imagination. He smacked it loud and clear. That should be enough evidence I thought. I didn’t want to come off as a wuss. My friend sat down in front of me cross-legged holding his left hand in a tightly-closed fist.

“You ready?! Timmy asked excitedly.

“I don’t know, am I?” I groaned.

He rolled his eyes, “Com on, you want it or not?”

I said the words that belied my true emotions and moral compass, “Fine.”

He grinned at me with a devilish smile and leaned back far away from me so he could have a better aim. When he leaned back, I closed my eyes, afraid of what was

going to happen. I contemplated, “What happens if it gets into my eye? Mouth? Ear?” I sighed again with defeat. The money, in my opinion, was far more important.

Then it happened. As I turned my head back to shout at my friend proclaiming I would accept this sacrifice, his hand opened up with a full swing and his eyes glittered with laughter then complete horror as the venomous, despicable, and utterly disgusting fly landed into my gaping mouth onto my pink tongue which was tainted with the most despicable thing in my life. I closed my mouth, frozen in shock with my tongue still, not daring to move, I paused. Utter silence and a growing hate burned in my eyes as I glared at him. Something wriggled inside my mouth. A loud scream pierced through the night like a banshee. Needless to say, I got more than twenty dollars that night.