

Lemmings

The horizon was slung across the ocean. The cliff side above us blocked out the sky, letting the artificial lighting take its place. A brigade of photographers, activists, socialites and protesters all squabbled around me as I used the stem of my sunglasses to stir my thermos full of apple cider. Allie had started giggling uncontrollably while my worst enemy, Peter, tried to set up a net to catch the soon to be dead rodents.

"It's like an existential moment. Only it's surreal," Allie laughed, appreciating the moment a little more than she was supposed to—particularly since it was at my expense.

"How can people be this," I muttered, searching my mind for something to justify their... "Preposterous," I finished, turning back to the loving embrace of my thermos.

"Like, I'll wake up tomorrow and it'll be like this never happened. And the only proof I'll have is the face you make when I bring it up," she chuckled, coming in and out of laughter with each buffoon that passed us by. The activists managed to set up the net but the protesters were using their signs to hack it back down—the photographers were shitting themselves.

"This will be the urban myth about my life that people will plunder me for answers about. I will spend the rest of my days, justifying this moment," I explained, speaking as though hearing it, and thus completely destroying myself, could help the situation. "Can I use your last name from now on?"

"Dona, you'll be fine. This will let everyone know about you and how great you are," she stated, as reassuringly as the stampede's siren would allow. It was official—any second, hundreds of four-legged-kamikaze-rats were going to plunge to their deaths and the animals below, debating their lives. "After all, things could be worse."

"How?"

"We could be like them," she wheezed, just before collapsing in a full belly laugh from the sight of lemmings pouring over the side of the cliff—show time. I dropped my head into my hand and my mouth to the thermos. It was best I got drunk before any more memory landmarks could hit.

The event I had invented, supported and whole-heartedly-backed was, as of now — fucked. The lemmings fell off the cliff, taking their lives and stacking their bodies on my name. I'd had time to cry over them; trust me, they're better off dead. I looked on apathetically, hoping nobody was filming me yet. The protesters cheered, the activists cried, the photographers feasted and everybody else watched, humbled by the magnificent display of... preposterousness.

Three weeks earlier...

Continued in The Collection: Volume One
