Medicine God

I was told my brother was a black-hearted fuck bag, the root of evil at our school. This nerdy band mate, James, actually referenced Morgoth, the god that began corruption in Middle Earth. He was full of shit, and just upset that my brother screwed his sister.

I told him to fuck off and gave him his hit. Weed from my brother.

We were high in the instrument room, sitting on the floor with our backs leaned against the lockers. James went to take his hit, a spark flared and his shaggy hair lit on fire. Just a quick wave of light and the room smelt like burnt hair. We both laughed as he patted his head down and we both ran out.

James ran water through his hair while I used the bathroom mirror to target eyes drops. It wasn’t perfect but my clean-cut look never had teachers suspicious.

The bell rang for the end of lunch and James and I walked into the hallway. Smiles concealed, pressing ourselves through the sunbeams of floating dust that took us off guard. Time was slow and I began to sweat, we were too high.

My brother came around the corner. Like always he wore a woman’s leopard skin jeans and a leather jacket too hot for the season. I saw the dust floating on his ratty hair like worshippers. He smiled knowingly at us and disappeared into a classroom.

We got the same look repeatedly on our slow walk to class. My brother had had a financially successful morning selling pot to our classmates.

He could always get drugs, and near the end of his senior year, all his classmates wanted to try some and my class mostly tagged along. He told me they we’re practicing for the colleges he would never go to. He said he’d been waiting for them, that he’d all ready matured out of acting like a frat kid when he got fucked.

My brother and I sat on the same brown leather couch in our parents’ house and watched. He was on the arm, his boots pressing against the precious fabric. The music was loud, and the voices too, we were silent. My brother took a hit of weed and the smoke fell out of his mouth, thick enough to sit like a planet before the ceiling fans took hold and it disappeared.

Emily had her bra revealed when she sat between us and put her arm over me.

“Little baby Andrew. You’re so cute. I had no idea you were a stoner.” I smiled, of course.

“Did you really smoke all that?” she asked.

“Nah he’s all ready fucked up.” Daine eyes we’re glazed, hands full with a lighter and a pipe.

“I’m getting pretty fucked up.” I said.

“Do you have anymore.” She actually whispered in my ear. My hairs raised and more.

“We’ve got some upstairs.” Daine set his pipe down and Emily followed him upstairs. I waited till I could stand up.