Cut off the gas. Walk into S-mart. Get an S-cart. Shop S-mart. Roll the cart around for a while until I find the cheese. Get the milk. Get the sour cream. Roll the cart around for a while longer while listening to the wheel bump and jingle and jangle against the tile floor until I JUST CAN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE. Calm down. Get back to shopping. Get the eggs. Make sure they’re not cracked. Get the crackers. Make sure they’re not cracked. Select some lunchmeat. I think I’ll have smoked turkey this week. I’m feeling adventurous. Go down the tea aisle. Look around for my favorite brand of tea. They’re out, son of fucking bitch they are out of my only god forsaken brand of tea that I fucking like I can’t BELIE-. Calm down again. Find a different brand with a big stylized picture of a tea leaf on the front of it. Check the ingredients. Looks fine. In the cart. Back to shopping. Get some sourdough. Accidentally knock over a display rack. Put it back. Buy some biscuits. Check out. The lady at the counter looks at me weirdly. Look back. She looks away. Subtly satisfied sniff. Groceries in the car. Start it up. Listen to the voices on the radio while I drive home.

Get home. Roommate is there. He waves. Wave back. Helps me get the groceries in. We talk about rent. He asks about medication. Yes, I have been taking it. Yes, I am feeling alright. Get groceries inside. Need some tea. Pull out the box I got today. Peppermint Pick Me Up. Boil water. Bag in mug. Water in mug. Talk to roommate in the kitchen. Run hand against face. Feel the rough grain of my palm. Feel callouses. Feel the scars. Tea is steeped. Hold the warm mug in my hands and listen to roommate talk about the football game. Take a sip of the tea.

Struggling underneath my hand. Pushing up against me. Trying to get away. Trying to run. Don’t let him. Tea need to steep. Screams. Pour the mug on his face. Breathe hot and heavy. Pain in my legs. He’s kicking me. Leg is starting to buckle. Grab for the boiling water. Burn hand on kettle. Find handle. Take kettle. Use side of his head to open the stopper. Screams. Water in eye. Screams. Keep pouring. Force beehive onto him. Make him hold it. Make him crush it. Make him smear the honey on his face. Let bees sting him. BYOO BYOO BYOO PEPPERMINT PICK ME UP BUY IT TODAY! BYOO BYOO BYOO AVAILIABLE IN A VARIETY OF FANTASTIC FLAVORS!