

Punk affairs

Von Bluszcz

Kapitel 2: Punk affairs pt.2

A week passed. The seat next to Jack stayed empty.

At break, Mrs Bever, the English teacher, went over to Jack to ask if everything was alright with Justin.

Jack shrugged.

"We haven't talked since Friday, Mrs Bever", he said.

His fingers grabbed after a pencil. His eyes made a serious look, like he was thinking deeply about something.

"I see. Did you guys have a fight?" Mrs Bever seemed worried.

Jack stayed silent. His eyes were still directed towards the pencil.

The teacher sighed. "Fine. But please let me know, if possible, how long Justin will stay absent. You know, he's not a model pupil, and a longer absence would be bad for his marks."

At that point, Jack broke his stillness and his eyes directed at the the woman who stood in front of him. Before he could give any response, she nodded and went off. He slightly shook his head, then searched his jacket pockets for his mobile phone. He called Justin, but got no answer. After several tries, Jack gave up. Now he was pissed, because Justin seemed obviously to be ignoring him. He was glad he had only two more lessons to attend.

After which he went straight to Justin's.

It was two in the morning when Justin entered his room. Luckily, nobody was home. He took his clothes off, threw them to a corner and let himself fall onto the bed. He had walked for hours and now his feet ached as if he had danced on spikes. Justin sprawled on the blanket. Now in a comfortable position, he felt relaxed. It didn't take long until he sobbed; tears running down his cheeks. He felt terrible; full of inner pain. The aching feet were nothing in comparison. He glanced at 'Acid'.

He had a memory flash. Memories he had tried to drown with alcohol before. By having had done this, he'd broken his own rules of keeping his body clean of any kind of drugs until he dies.

He groaned loudly. "Damn you Jack! Damn you!", he yelled. It was barely something one could call a shout. It was something rather more like a moan.

He needed to listen to Hardcore Punk, otherwise he'd go mad. The adolescent picked one of the older albums of AFI, 'Shut Your Mouth and Open Your Eyes', and put the disc into the CD player next to his bed.

After listening to it for a while, he still didn't feel better. At least the memories from last evening weren't present, but now, when the disc finished its playback, they prevailed

again. The crying which had stopped meanwhile, began again, just stronger. Justin let the tears flow on his blanket until he fell asleep.