

"Oh man, this is awesome! Eli! Try it out!" my friend Katarl yells out while staring at a tree.

"No, this doesn't seem like a good idea." I reply.

My friends are staring at a really bright lamp and then looking around. They claim that everything appears purple. It seems dangerous. This lamp has the goal of lighting a significant portion of a large building. My friends will likely all be blind within a year.

At home I have a pair of sunglasses that makes everything look greenish-yellow. I tried to drive my car while wearing them once but I couldn't tell if the traffic lights were set to green or if they weren't working at all. That felt really dangerous but in a different way.

Katarl looks excited. I'm sure he has something important to tell me and the three other guys who are all taking turns to look into this retina destroyer.

"GUYS! Come back over here and look at the Golden Boy! He's glittering purple!"

Katarl is kind of a stupid name. I wish I were still at home reading a book while pretending to enjoy some throat burning scotch.

I can't believe my friends aren't high. It's painful to watch them bathe in their oddly unfamiliar freedom of not having parents around. I convinced myself to come out with them because I thought it would be healthy to leave my apartment for a bit. At least we got to listen to Wu Tang on the way over here and at least I didn't have to drive. I'd be feeling pretty sour if I had to be the driver. I should have brought some wine.

I should sneak away. Marshal lives nearby. I bet he'll have some wine.

Yeah, I'm going to sneak away. I've decided that Katarl and the gang are no longer my friends. I'm going to go drink wine with Marshal maybe he's rented some interesting movies.

While they're all staring at the Golden Boy and pointing at it for no valid reason I manage to sneak off. Those excitable ex-friends of mine didn't notice my departure, possibly because I'm wearing my purple jacket.

One of Marshal's neighbours leaves and she politely holds the door open for me. I find Marshal's suite unlocked and I walk in and announce my arrival. There's a strange warmth that can only be found at night. I quickly see Marshal sitting on his couch with a bottle of tequila. The record player conflicts with the mood of the room as it belts out anger and frantic energy. I can see his brother sitting at his desk down the hall illuminated by the glow of his massive iMac.

Marshal quickly gets up and greets me with a handshake. As I reach out to meet his hand he pulls it back and then pounces on me with a big hug. His body is warm and his heart beats slowly.

"Do you want some tequila or a beer?" he asks.

"Do you have any wine?"

"No."

"I'll have some tequila."

"With ice?"

"Yes please."

It's been awhile since I've last had tequila and I forget how it tastes. Marshal walks down the hall to the kitchen and gets a glass out of his cupboard. His brother Dylan turns his head and greets me. "Hey Eli, come check this out."

Dylan and I went to University together. I think we only ever took one course together. "Don't go see him. He's working on a website for bestiality. It's really gross." Marshal says to me. It's a lie and a joke but I would prefer to sit in the dark and drink rather than talk to Dylan so I ignore him.

As I'm about to pour the tequila into my glass there's a loud knock on the door. It's Katarl. "Open the fucking door Eli. I know you're in there. I saw you go in." I'm embarrassed. I turn to Marshal to explain myself but he's grinning. Since he doesn't seem to be overly annoyed I go to open the door. Right before I do so, part of the door explodes and splinters of wood fly at me. Katarl has a hammer and he's thrashing at the old door.

I run to the back of the apartment. I'm scared. I try to think and remain calm but I'm panicking. Marshal also runs to the back of the apartment but his motivation is the opposite. He grabs a baseball bat and charges at the door. Not bothering with the knob, he screams and swings the bat into the door. The top half of the door blows up and Katarl backs away, dropping the hammer and cowering to protect himself. He hunches himself into the side of the hallway and whimpers.

"ARE YOU GOING TO PAY FOR MY BROKEN DOOR YOU FUCKING MONKEY?" Marshal screams.

"yes.... yes.. I'm so sorry... please don't hurt me." Katarl starts crying and he doesn't dare making eye contact.

Marshal opens what's left of the door and walks slowly to where Katarl is turtled up. Marshal raises the bat over his head and then with all his might he brings it down on the back of Katarl's neck. The impact causes a deep subtle thud sound and it surprises me. It did not match the event that went along with it. Katarl's body goes absolutely limp. I'm still hiding behind a kitchen chair horrified. Marshal then yells out "SELF DEFENSE!" and he swings the bat down on him again, ensuring death.