

- I'm not a racist, and I love fugitive north Koreans -

I am sorry if I offended any one with my Short Story. I wrote the story for my writers group. The prompt was the following....
Heading off to work and when I get there, there is no receptionist and two doors are painted two different colors. One door is orange and the other is green. What door do you take? What happens after I open the door....

Some of my favorite writers are

- 1) Hunter S Thompson
- 2) Chuck Palahniuk
- 3) Kurt Vonnegut
- 4) Charles Bukowski
- 5) James Frey 'Even though he's a terrible liar but he's great at putting the chaos of drug and alcohol abuse into words onto paper'

I hope I didn't rip them off too much and did justice to my heroes

Thank you for reading my stories, poems and verbal vomit of my rants and raves.

Roland 5/6/16

P.S. Sorry to Elvis Presley fans.

Holy shit I mean, I've been dosed. My wife is one crazy beautiful broad but I would never in a million years think she would put L.S.D into my morning cup of coffee. She was smiling a big shitting smile when she handed me that cursed cup. It's my fault, because once she found out I was sleeping with my receptionist at work, that the crazy she is in bed was one day going to see me off to work, smiling.

I thought the most she would do was spend too much money, maybe burn some of my clothes, get drunk listening to that skinny girl Taylor Swift. Now with a head full of acid from the 70's or ^{maybe} she found some new crazy party drug online, I know my life will never be the same.

~~what~~ ~~see~~ ~~there~~ In a lucid moment I realize I'm in the car driving to work. No one is going to notice I'm tripping balls, seeing dead cats swimming in blue apple sauce or turtles doing the running man. I know if I can stop grinning like a fool I'll make it through the day. I'm the boss of course

Im strange and an asshole.

Front door, Front door!

Smash. you idiot, how the hell are you going to explain your bloody nose to that nosy, brown nosing receptionist. Think of something quick moron I've got it, I'll tell her I've got a fetish for noses, pretty ones, ugly ones and noses with coke crusted around the rim. New life rule. Never do coke with a Jew they have big noses and will never buy coke to share.

Damn how long have

I been standing here? There's blood dripping down my stupid grinning face and I do a slow circle checking out the front lobby. There's nothing in the room but two different colored doors, ones painted a bright and pulsating orange that reminds me of that pervert Ronald McDonald's hair the other door is painted a peaceful green that makes me think of mother nature. I don't know why? remember, I've got a head full of acid.

As I contemplate which door to take I turn my head to the left and see a man staring at me with a bloody nose also. Hey, I nearly shout that cleaning lady did a hellave a job on the front door huh? The dude just keeps staring at me. I get the feeling he's waiting to go open the orange door.

I dont have time to mess with some weirdo, my feet feel like they weigh a ton as Im high stepping my way over to the green door, looking like a north Korean soldier in front of his fat elvis presley looking dwarf of a leader, I think to my self.

I slowly open the green door expecting something dreadful to happen, its a closet full of coats and junk. I lurch my way over to the orange door like a zombie with food poisoning. I rip open the orange door and find myself staring out my front door drooling like an idiot.

By

Roland Stoecker Jr
written on 5/5/16