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Lotusland

Mike Lowry

“You have to come, dude. You’re the only one who knows where she lives. Don’t be a bitch,” said Willy.

“I don’t see how that concerns me,” I said.

“Dude, we’re all going, so get in the back of the Trooper before I kill you,” said Michael, half joking.

“What the fuck!” I said as I got in through the back door. “You’re gonna throw some eggs at her house and that’s supposed to pay her back for rejecting you when you asked her out?”

“I didn’t ask her out you shithole,” Michael said, driving off. “Willy just told her that I wanted to.”

“Dude, she’s hot,” Willy noted.

“Ha, ha! What is she like thirteen?” I asked.

“How the fuck should I know,” Michael said. “I didn’t know anything about it until her Dad came to where I work.”

“Ha, ha, ha! What did he say?” I asked

“He’s like, ‘I don’t know if you GET OFF hittin’ on girls half your age, but you need to stay away from my daughter.’ So I told him he needed to get the fuck away from me,” Michael said. “But he kept screaming, ‘I don’t want my daughter hangin’ around some lowlife pervert who makes burritos and gets high all day! Dang ol’ diddley dang diddley ... dang ... diddley ...”

“What the fuck are you doing?” I said.

“He’s a redneck, dude,” Michael said. “I’m trying to paint a fuckin’ picture.”

“So when are you gonna hook me up with one of those burritos, dude?” asked Patrick.

“I’ll do it if you come in the store with a dildo on your head,” Michael said.

“A diddley dildo?” I said.

“All right, so I guess I’ll have to borrow one from your dad,” Patrick said sarcastically.

“Hoy, hoy, hoy,” Michael said. “My dad would never lend you

one of his dildos. Ask Willy to sell you one.”

“Yeah Willy, and I’m still waiting for that pipe you promised me,” remarked Patrick.

“Right. I’ll have that for you real soon, dude,” Willy said, while making a sarcastic face at Michael and pointing at Patrick with his thumb.

“I’m serious!” Patrick pleaded, but Willy laughed.

“Dude, this is the neighborhood,” I said. “She lives in the cul-de-sac at the end of the main road.”

Joe, Lars, and Phil were getting the eggs ready. “No, dude. Don’t get those out yet. Me and Willy have to do something first,” Michael said.

“What?!” Joe asked.

“Don’t worry about it,” said Michael. “I’m gonna park a couple houses down. You just wait in the car until we get back.”

“That’s it...with the brick front,” I said.

Michael pulled the Trooper to the side of the road about three houses from the target. “We can’t just park HERE,” Lars said. “We’re the only car on the street.”

“We’re gonna be like two seconds. Just wait,” Michael retorted. “Willy, get the Zip Lock bags from the glove compartment.”

“Michael!” Lars yelled, but they were already gone. “Oh yeah, this is REAL inconspicuous. Phil, don’t turn the light on! Are you an idiot?!”

“I can’t find my phone,” Phil said.

“What time is it?” someone said.

“2:45. Hey, they’re coming back.”

They both stumbled into the front seats breathing a sigh of satisfaction. “What the hell did you do?” Lars asked.

“Don’t worry about it, man,” Willy said.

Michael was sucking in air from one of the Zip Lock bags. He had the dumbest look on his face before handing it to Willy.

“What is that?” I asked.

“Freon,” Michael said.

“Freon?” I said.

“We stole it from their air conditioner,” Willy said. “You want some? It’ll get you high as fuck.”

“You stole their Freon?” Lars asked.

“Not all of it,” Willy said. “We filled this bag and let the rest leak out.”

“I thought we were supposed to egg their house,” Lars said. “You IDIOTS. Now we have to sit here and watch you get high?”

“We’re still gonna egg their house,” Michael said. “This way we actually get them worse than just egging their house.”

“You’re a fucking evil genius, you know that,” Lars said. “I’m not driving with you while you’re high.”

“I’m not gonna BE high when I’m driving,” Michael said. “This stuff only gets you high for like thirty seconds.”

“Is that why Willy’s face has been blue since he got back in the car?” I asked.

Willy laughed.

“Are you done yet?” Lars asked. “Aww, it smells. Open a window.”

“It smells good, dude,” said Michael.

“It smells like my doctor’s office,” I said.

“You mean your gynecologist,” Lars said. “You’re right. It smells like a moldy pap smear in here.”

“All right, dude, shut up,” Michael said. “Get me some eggs.”

Michael started the Trooper and without turning on the lights eased around the cul-de-sac. He pulled up behind a tree so it could give the car at least some cover while we executed the attack. After setting the parking brake, we all poured out of the vehicle, Michael and Willy from the front, Lars, Joe, Phil, Patrick, and myself from the back. We hit the house from all sides, the perfect nighttime ambush. I’m telling you it was like a thousand shooting stars fired directly from heaven. Not one word was uttered. We were all too caught up in the mission. God dammit, it was a mission! It had to be. Don’t ask me why, but it just felt right. We had to get this bastard for everything he stood for.

I mean who the hell was he to walk into Michael's work and start spewing self-righteousness? Sure it was probably hilarious, but I wasn't there, none of us were, and frankly, that was reason enough. All we knew was that some redneck took a verbal shit all over our good buddy, and we missed it. Well...now was his time to pay.

We had already given the front of the house a well coated egg money shot. Michael was the first to turn his attention to the cars and pretty soon the sound of a rhythmic splatter echoed among the trees. I can only imagine how defenseless a military unit must feel when they're taken completely by surprise. How would they react?

A light had come on from the back of the house, so we all ran back to the car feeling satisfied. We were hoping that he just shit the bed, but we thought it would be best to get out of there. Luckily the engine was running so we made a quick escape. No one was talking, but the sounds of heavy breathing said more than enough.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Stop at the QT," Lars said. "I need something to drink."

As we turned the corner out of the neighborhood, Michael nonchalantly flipped on the lights. With heavy eyes I stared out the back of the Trooper only to notice a truck barrel over the curb and onto the road behind us. After fishtailing out across two lanes, it started to pick up speed.

"Who the fuck is that?" I asked.

"That's the guy," Lars said.

Without any further motivation, Michael slammed on the gas and started frantically shifting gears in order to pick up speed. His efforts seemed futile at first when the guy actually got close enough to where we could see the windshield and his hasty attempt to counteract our handiwork. But since there were no cars on the road at this time of night, Michael somehow managed to maintain a fairly safe distance without much trouble. Our main obstacle would be the traffic lights, and one had just turned yellow about five hundred feet in front of us. Michael made a left, dropping only

one gear, just as the light turned red. The guy was too far behind us to make it without clearly running the red light. So I took a breath for the first time since I saw the guy come out of the neighborhood, but it jammed in my throat when the guy made no hesitation in his pursuit. I guess Michael slowed down for a second in relief because now the guy was right on our ass. It seemed like his rusty brush guards were about two inches from the back bumper. Then he hit us.

The guy gave the right rear end of the Trooper a nudge that sent us spinning completely around facing the other direction. Luckily we didn't tip over; an SUV with seven people doesn't usually react well to sixty mile an hour u-turns. Also, we were in a prime position to get away, but the guy clearly wouldn't give up that easily. We were going around eighty by the time the guy managed to turn around. And the hilly roads of Georgia managed to give us decent cover.

"Get off this road, Michael!" Lars said.

"Where the fuck do you want me to go, dude?" said Michael.

"Pull into one of these neighborhoods," Willy said. "There on the right, hurry!"

Michael thoughtlessly took Willy's advice only to find out that the road was merely an entrance into some community pool. The road was a driveway that led to a parking lot, so we tried to lay low.

"Nice neighborhood, you idiot," Michael said.

"Ha, ha, ha," Willy laughed. Michael couldn't help but smirk and say, "Don't ever talk."

We sat there trying to figure out whether the guy would be able to see us from the road. We were surrounded by woods on three sides and the pool house would hopefully conceal us from passing traffic. I don't think we were there more than thirty seconds when the guy, naturally, came rumbling into the parking lot, fog lights blaring. He pulled up on our right with a light screech and rolled down his window. His straight black Yosemite Sam mustache and mesh hat made him look like an evil Jeff Foxworthy. After turning

off the loud drone apparently coming from his radio, he turned to face us.

“Are you fucking crazy?!” Michael yelled.

“You violated the proper ways,” the guy spat.

“What did he say?” Willy asked.

“Something about his properties,” I said.

“Fuck you! You tried to kill us!” Michael said.

“You’re going to jail,” said the guy.

Michael started the engine like he was putting up his dukes. The guy shook his head, but Michael made up his mind and peeled off. Willy threw something out of the window that smashed into pieces on the guy’s windshield.

“You don’t want that calculator do you?” Willy asked.

“Was that my phone?!” Phil cried. “Nooooooooooooooooooooo!”

Willy laughed and asked Phil why he put his phone on the floor of the front seat.

“I was looking for that,” Phil said. “What am I supposed to do now? Damn you!”

Willy laughed at Phil’s pathetic moans. The guy backed his truck to block the exit and started honking his horn. We were all terrified and pleaded with Michael to stop the car, but he wouldn’t listen. Michael drove the car around to the end of the fence that enclosed the pool trying to find a way out. The guy figured that much and drove directly at us. The guy stopped right before slamming into the side of the Trooper. The guy slowly began to nudge our front end so that we couldn’t move in either direction. We were trapped. We heard the sounds of sirens as Michael made one last attempt at freedom. Now we were in their hands.

“All right, you boys want to tell me what happened here,” the officer said.

“That guy chased us down the road and nearly killed us,” Michael said frantically. “He ran into the back of us while we were going sixty miles an hour. We couldn’t outrun him, so we pulled in here and tried to lose him.”

“He says you vandalized his property,” the officer said.

“I didn’t realize that gave him a fucking license to kill!” Michael said.

“Calm down, son,” said the officer. “You’re in a lot of trouble here and I suggest you do not make it worse. Did you vandalize his property?”

“Yes,” Michael said.

“How?” the officer asked.

“We egged his house,” Michael said.

“You egged his house?” said the officer. “Oh boy. You wait here so I can confirm what you just told me.”

The officer walked behind the Trooper and talked to the guy out of sight. “I swear to God that guy better get arrested,” Michael said.

“What does it matter?” Lars said. “We’re screwed anyway.”

“Look at my car, dude,” Michael said. “He totally fucked up my car AND he tried to kill us. Don’t you care?”

“Fuck him,” Lars said. “All I know is that I’m gonna get fucked in the ass for some BULLSHIT!”

“I didn’t force you to come, so don’t blame this shit on me,” Michael said.

“Why don’t you go huff some Freon,” Lars quipped.

“Fuck you,” Michael said.

Two more cop cars came rolling into the parking lot as the officer came strolling back. In the distance we could hear an engine start up and we got a fresh look at the guy’s taillights as he drove off.

“He’s leaving?!” Michael said.

“Son, I’m gonna need you to stand up and put your hands behind your back,” said the officer. “You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say...”

“He’s leaving and I’m under arrest!” Michael said hysterically.

“Son, I’m gonna need you to calm down,” the officer said. “The gentleman has decided to press charges for vandalism and ...”

“I wanna press charges for attempted fucking murder!” Michael said.

The officer grabbed his radio and said, “I’m gonna need some assistance.” Afterwards, he looked back at Michael and said, “Son, one day you’re gonna learn there’s a proper way to do things.”

Two stout officers, one male and one female, of the exact same build came walking up in stride, each grabbing one of Michael’s arms. They jerked him away and up the driveway. After rounding a turn, they disappeared behind some trees.

“Where are they going?” I asked.

“That doesn’t concern you,” the officer snapped.