

4-20-2021

## The Great Betrayal

Nikita Sood

Follow this and additional works at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), and the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Sood, Nikita (2021) "The Great Betrayal," *Digressions: Literary & Art Journal*: Vol. 18 , Article 5.  
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol18/iss2/5>

This Special Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Digressions at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions: Literary & Art Journal by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact [nsuworks@nova.edu](mailto:nsuworks@nova.edu).

# THE GREAT BETRAYAL NIKITA SOOD

*This piece is a rewrite of Chapter 14. In the chapter, Rabo Karabekian walks into his foyer to see that the floral wallpaper and prized art collection that once decorated the wall are now gone. As a result of this, Rabo descends into a fit of anger that knocks off his eye patch. This rewrite is written from the perspective of Rabo's best friend, Paul Slazinger.*

On sunny days like these, I tend to mind my own business and revel in the architecture of Rabo's elaborate house. Oh, that little bastard! Lord knows what or who he does these days. I'm not sure I should be caring now that the truth has been uncovered. Regardless, when I am not whipping something up for my novel, I clear my mind and try to build focus. My office has a window that faces the private beach. Seeing the waves push back and forth doesn't calm the soul as much as it should. Twenty years ago, I would have never imagined having this view in the first place. It wouldn't be so if it weren't for Rabo. Unfortunately, Circe Berman's words now plague my thoughts; the repetitive action of the waves crashing the shore strike a chord.

My thoughts were interrupted by a shrieking voice reverberating through the house, followed by the same voice yelling "I am in the wrong house! I am in the wrong house!" I ignored it at first until I heard the voices of the cook and the daughter. Quickly, I turned around and walked out the door. In the case that a madman entered the house, a real man should be there to protect them. Entering the foyer, I walked into Rabo unleashing on all in attendance. Battered, disfigured, and ugly, the space his eyepatch previously rested on was now fixated on me. It took everything I had to not produce a reaction. Rabo's eyes widened upon realizing that his eye patch was sitting on the floor. The way he scrambled to grab it and put it on was just as laughable. My sophisticated self soon realized that he was upset about the change in the foyer. Good riddance. It was necessary.

"Were you here while the remodeling was going on?" He asked.

"Sure. I wouldn't have missed it for anything," I replied.

"Didn't you know how it would make me feel?" He retorted.

Knowing how he would feel after the foyer was remodeled was exactly why I stayed and watched the entire time. I didn't think that it was so appropriate for him to come off as harmless and distraught, or him wondering why the cook and I were acting like his enemies, es-

pecially when he betrayed me. I proceeded to inform him that I didn't know or care about the cook's stance on him but I sure as hell looked at him as an enemy. I thought we were best friends. We are all that each other has. Yet, knowing how hard I was working to write my book, he withheld important information from me. Under this roof, the great Polly Madison lives and Rabo did not utter ONE word about it!

Initially, when Circe Berman started tearing up the foyer, I begged her not to do it. I pleaded relentlessly but she would not listen to me. No matter what I said, about it killing him and turning him into a wreck, she insisted that it was for the best. I couldn't help but feel like I had to do something. Doing nothing would result in his death and I refused to let that happen. When Circe looked occupied, I quickly grabbed as many rolls of wallpaper as I could. So many rolls that my sight was impaired. My instinct was to run as far away as I could.

Telling Rabo this sparked a light in his single eye. "God bless you!" He explained.

"Yes, and God fuck you," I retorted.

I continued to explain to Rabo what happened, seeing his brief glimpse of happiness transform into emptiness. With no avail, Circe quickly caught up to me, much like an enchantress. After throwing insults at each other, we landed on the topic of literature and she revealed to me who she was. That son of a bitch! He really left me to fend for the wolves when I had a wolf-whisperer living under the same roof. Circe, or should I say Polly, demanded the rolls back with the intent to break my arm off if I didn't oblige. Now knowing who she was, I gave them to her fully knowing that she would act on this threat if I didn't.

I made a fool of myself for so long and Rabo didn't say a word. His eyes—excuse me, his eye—filled with panic and his face grew flustered. He began claiming that he was simply waiting for the right time to tell me. That time had come and gone. I could care less if she was richer and better than me. She may be a monster, but she is in the blazing spotlight of the literary world. After Circe told me who she was, I increasingly became more enthusiastic about her redecorating the foyer. I even gave her a piece of advice to ensure that her project would be a true success.

"Paint the woodwork baby shit brown," I said.

I could care less about his hatred for that color. That was something he would have to deal with. Now it's time for him to be the fool.