

Lunch at Noon

William Albrecht

The night had been one of loneliness and fear. Christopher's sleep had finally come in the small morning hours, but even that may just have been a fevered dream. This night had been the longest night of Christopher's life, yet hours had passed him by without a notice. Time did not matter, for the thoughts that ate at his paranoid consciousness would not leave him no matter how long he waited. Christopher began to think that his heart had probably beaten away the latter days of his life from thinking of her.

But day came before long, and Christopher was up and in the shower before anybody else. While his family slumbered, Christopher hurried, as if noon would happen without his attention. As the endless droplets sprayed him and drenched his hair, Christopher played over possible conversations in his head until the water ran cold.

Ten o'clock came after an eternity of paranoid alertness. Now that he was fully awake, it seemed that the clock had decided to move a quarter as fast.

Just as she was about to hit the ground, the screech of her alarm clock saved Susan from almost certain death. Annoyed, she slapped her hand down in the general direction of the buzzing sound, and she hit something hard, which promptly fell from her bedside table.

Whether it was because she hit her mark, or because the alarm clock was broken from hitting the hard wood floor, Susan did not care, because the sound stopped.

Unfortunately, this small alleviation did nothing to help the much bigger annoyance that plagued her mind.

It was ten o'clock already, and she still had the date with that weird kid from Chemistry class to go to at noon. What a dumb idea. Honestly, she had agreed to have lunch with the kid only because she felt sorry for him. It was a pity date, and he was a loser. Susan decided to sleep in a little bit, not caring if she ended standing him up or not. He probably wouldn't mind anyways, she thought. After all, he can always go play Monsters and Dungeons or whatever the game was called, with all of his creepy nerd friends. Fucking nerd.

Susan sighed in distaste, and felt herself already drifting off to sleep again. Even the end of that nightmare she was having was well worth missing a date with Christian what's-his-face.

Author's Comments

An exercise in writing the same thing from two different points of view

Details

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