



The Worst Story Ever

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FLYMF May 2005, The Welcome To The Real World Issue, Volume 2 Issue 5

It was a dark and stormy night and I was alone. Me, who only two months ago was a darling of the world. My last book had sold in the millions and I was a literary superstar. The rain outside is heavy and falls as such. Each splash onto the window is a bullet into my creativity. I used to be able to love once. I was a young man at one time. But that time is over. So now, I find myself in my own self-imposed, self-regulated, self-purposeful shell of a log cabin the most remote wilderness, hoping that I can tap into the muse that afforded me such fame and riches. Writing is pain and thus, pain is my life. It's vicious circle. I write for fame to numb my pain and yet it's writing that causes the pain. Pain like fire. Fire like flames. Flames like burning. Burning like hot. Hot like fire. Fire like my soul.

My only companion in this mountain refuge are the creaks in the wall and the four hours of electricity a day. That's more than enough. I needed to go primal if I am ever to regain my soul. And that's when there was a knock at the door.

"At this time and hour," I said aloud, to no one in particular. There was no one in the cabin and it wasn't that I liked the sound of my voice, I loathed it and it wasn't that I was shocked into speaking, my nerves were too dull for affect from such stimuli. No, it was just damn late out and who could be coming to see me? Some broke down hack writer in the wilderness looking to regain something that perhaps he never had.

"Who's there?"

The knocker knocked another knock this knock with more purpose than the first knock the same knocker knocked previous. Cautiously, I rose from my swivel chair and took fifteen steps and opened up the door.

There she was, covered in sweet rain and smelling like a drowned rose. She had curves in all the right places and was a lady that knew how to use them to her advantage. Or so I assumed as she had on a long overcoat and I couldn't afford to be caught staring.

"My name is Daffodil," she said. "But you can call me Daphne. My car broke down and there's a crazy man chasing me. May I come in?"

"Of course," I nervously said.

She entered like a ballerina with a fractured hip. She was graceful but yet there was something about her that said she's...

"I've been around the block a few times," she announced.

"Excuse me?"

"I know what you're thinking."

"You do not."

"Yes I do."

"No, you don't"

"Uh-huh."

"Nope."

"Yes."

"Prove it."

"I already did."

"No you didn't."

"Did too."

"When?"

"Just now."

"Proved what?"

"That I knew what you were thinking."

"No you didn't."

"I did though."

"Impossible."

"Hardly."

"I wasn't thinking anything."

"Yes you were."

"No I wasn't"

"Were too"

"Were not."

"Was not?"

“Excuse me?”

“You said, ‘were not.’ You meant ‘was not.’”

“Was not!”

“Were too!”

She was good. Too smart to be wandering out here by herself. Then I remembered she said something about a crazy man.

“Who’s this crazy man?” I said, not that I was scared.

“My ex-husband,” she said. “He escaped from prison and found me. Enough about him, what about you?”

“What about me?”

“Who are you?”

I went into the whole sing-song about who I used to be and what a shell of a man I’ve become. The booze, the lost family and friends, the gambling, the midnight trips to Tijuana that never solved anything, the attempt after attempt at suicide, the time I thought I was bound to leave this world, only to realize I contracted a mild case of mono. She was riveted; I guess I still had a knack for telling a story.

“I love writer’s,” she said. “I think they are the greatest people ever to live in the entire course of human history. They are amazing. And then the male writers wow! I’ve always wanted to find myself with a novelist in some far away, out in the middle of nowhere cabin, where we wouldn’t be bothered and could have our way with each other for days on end. I hear they’re the best. Care to prove me right?”

Oh, I wanted to. But first, I had to find out about this husband of hers. Who was he? Why was in prison? Why had he escaped prison? Was he coming here and what would he do when he got here? So I asked her. Oh yeah, by now we were sitting on my couch, sipping wine and eating cheese with only the candlelight to light our way. We sat close on the couch. I guess humans will do that in the rain. I could taste her breath and it tasted like cheap wine and cheese.

“He’s the jealous type,” she said. “He said he’d kill me if I was ever with another man.”

“Were you?”

“I am now.”

She kissed me and had her way with me right there on that couch. Wine was spilled, the cheese went flying, my typewriter was tossed aside. She used the candle wax in ways I thought unimaginable. Then, her husband broke in and saw us. We fought. The fight lasted two hits. I hit him. He hit the floor. She embraced me. I told her it

would be all right. I finished my book that night with her at my side. Four hundred and twenty-two pages. Single-spaced. This would be my legacy.

Unfortunately, no one got to read my work and nor will they ever. At approximately 6:30 that morning, an asteroid the size of Colorado hit the planet, killing off 90% of the Earth’s population. Daphne and I survived, though her husband went missing. We lived happily ever after. Damn, I’m good.