

## Total Destruction

By: Angela Daley

"As I stand over you all and you wonder why the fuck you should listen to a half dressed girl with a microphone and some bruised up and bloody boys. Well I'm tellin' ya you need to listen up. These people you devoted your lives and trust to, those are the ones that are lying and using you. I know I look like the straight up definition of what you were taught about this disease. And I'm not talking about the virus. I'm talking about how things were before this virus - the anarchists, the fucked up situations, poisoning politicians, and the backhanded solutions, and behind the touch screen crimes.

Before everything went to total destruction, I

remember sitting in class of my senior year blasting my MP3, whether it'd be Linkin Park or Five Finger Death Punch. Every day it's like the same exact trip, just getting colder and colder as the poison numbed my body. The same people talk the same gossip. The same teachers lecture the same blank faced students. Wondering, hoping, something better, something more exciting would happen.

Every day in my current affairs class we'd have a discussion about the government and the world. The same liars talk about the twisted stories revolving around Iraq, the president, and the election. The president was just impeached and we we're now deciding who would be best to run our country. It was a tossup, a female Mayor of Alaska; with a total population of I don't know, 1000? Who compares gas prices with soccer moms? A 70 year old whose expiration date is in, what, three years? And a black young man who can't even look at the American flag during the pledge of allegiance due to his religion. Okay, those are great selections.

Everyone knew this world was ending but nobody considered it would be in their lifetime; between the twin towers, the wars, terrorists, the endless civil wars on race, and lie upon lies within our government. People were just being dumb, deaf, and blind. The companies go under

every day, and on top of it all, let's just add in the natural catastrophes, the arguments of global warming, the pollution, all the extinctions of animals and plants. The world was falling apart and the virus just hooked jumper cables to its balls and kick started it. It surprises me that people were so ignorant, so unaware, and so caught up in their own pathetic lives that they couldn't even see this coming, but nobody said the people were all that intelligent.

Back then I couldn't believe that I would even amount to anything. I was in the back of the class scribbling on anything that the pens were able to write on. I was, and still am, against all authority. I would rebel against anyone who would try to tell me what to do and to tell ya something, that your ignorant brainwashed minds won't comprehend, all that shit is what saved me.

So, what did I do about all of that? Absolutely nothing. I continued to do the same things every day. I'd eat the same food at lunch and sit with the same friends. Smoked the same ciggs and worked the same hours at my job. After three years of all that shit it just all became a huge blur. Little did I know, all that was about to change, and folks, this is the true story behind the civilization your in now."

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The sun shines brightly down on a large brick building. The birds chirp in the distance and the sleepy kids unload off the bus and into their dungeon. Billy watches from the side of the building. She takes in a long drag off her cigarette; the smoke fills the inside of her hood as she lets out a long trail of cancer. She dies out the cigarette and turns out of sight behind the building. She walks up to a group of people, "Coast is clear," They light up a joint and pass it around the small circle. The newbie in the group, Heather, takes in an extra-long drag and falls victim to a coughing fit. Billy cracks up in laughter until a heavy head lands itself on her shoulder. The kid's faces grow ghost white and they take off running. Billy doesn't have to look up to know it's the principal, "Sir," The principal escorts her through the empty halls and into his office.

The cue tip looking jerk-off leads Billy into his office. He shuts the door and sits in his throne behind the desk. Billy gets comfortable in her usual seat across from him, "Billy I thought by four years you'd mature and grow up from this phase. Maybe I was too easy on you—"

"Too easy? You've had me arrested!"

"I had to..." He rubs his head like shining a bowling

ball, "Look, I'm sorry I know you've come from a poor living situation. But you need to grasp a hold on your life and set a better future for yourself," Billy has a million and one things she wants to blurt out, but instead she bites her tongue, "Billy, I've read your term papers. You are a smart young girl. You have a brilliant smart mind, just use it to think outside the picture. Please reconsider your life choices, you are better than this."

"Sir, with all due respect," she says with a hint of sarcasm, "This is who I am. I make my own choices, poor or not, and I'm not going to change. I'm here for no reason and I'll just do what I want."

"You are here for a reason. Everyone is. It is up to the individual to find out what that is."

"Then mine is to make damn good pizzas," Billy gets up and storms out of the office. The Principal looks after her; all he sees is another lost cause in his school.

Billy marches through the halls to bursts out of the double doors, "Bills!" She whips around to see her cowardly friend races up to her, "Hey what happened? Did you say anything?"

Billy's blood boils underneath her skin, "Oh yeah Tomy. I told him everything even your middle name Eleanor," Billy pushes past him.

"Harsh, Bills."

She stops and charges at Tomy. Tomy steps back scared, "No, what's harsh is me taking the fall for you assholes every time! Give me my shit," Tommy digs in his pocket, but Billy knows he's just stalling, "Tomy where's my shit?"

"I well- we freaked and tossed it."

"Are you fucking outta your mind? Do you know how much that was?" Billy punches him square in the nose. He buckles and falls to his knees, "I expect it back by the end of the week."

She turns her back to Tomy and walks to her car. She cranks up her burned rock mix and throws her car into gear and speeds off. Billy holds down the clutch and glides her rust bucket on balding tires in her parking space. She carries her bag swinging it by the safety pinned straps as she walks past the crushed beer cans and cigarette butts. She places her black backpack on the chair and heads to the fridge. Pausing just before she opens the door, "Please let there be..." she opens the door and spoiled milk and a few eggs meet her disappointment, "Mom? Dad? Jake!" The silence even ignored her. She flips on the TV; the election is still going on.

"So what do you think of the abundance of terrorist attacks striking the United States?"

She shakes her head, "Jack shit," She flips the channel to reruns of Supernatural, Dean walks confused around an empty town he looks up at the wall and reads the word Croatian. Billy, then walks into the bathroom. Undressing herself she gets into the shower allowing the ice-cold water sting her body as she washes her strawberry blonde hair. Her family, like the other thousands, have very limited amount of money and her parents rather have cable to watch then hot water to bathe. And the hell she'll waste her money on them she'd rather take chilling to the bone showers then give them any amount of comfort.

She hears a bang in the close distance. Shortly after her bathroom walls begin to shake, she falls to the ground, *was that an earthquake? No it couldn't be.* She slowly reaches her skinny arm up the shower and twists the rusted knob until the water shuts off. She then gradually stands up reaching for her towel. She peeks out of the window; everything seems normal. She nervously walks to her room to get dressed. Billy creeps to the door, carefully opening it she peers out; she still sees nothing out of the ordinary. Glancing at the clock she notices the time, "Oh Shit!" Billy snags her bag and races out the door slamming it behind her. She jumps in her car and tries cranking it over, "No no no no. Not now," she tries again, "Please not

now," she feathers the peddle and cranks the key one last time. The car roars to life and she slams the gear in reverse then peels out of her driveway. She zooms down main street windows down, her darkened wet hair tangles in the wind.

She swings around the corner fishtailing the car, missing a truck by a hair. Nearby cars unleash their noisy anger. Billy skids into a parking space hitting her front bumper on the curb and she bolts inside the restaurant.

"Billy! You're late!!" Billy races past an overweight greasy man standing at the kitchen doorway.

"I know, I'm sorry... it's just that—"

He looks her up and down, "No excuses! Get your sexy ass behind that grill! We are already ten orders behind!"

She ignores his sexist remarks, any other day she'd rebuttal with a sexist reply, but today she could tell he wasn't in the mood for it and she wasn't in the mood to get fired. Billy knots her hair up in a bun and takes her place next to Bucky. Bucky glances down at her ass.

"Excuse me?"

"Just checking out your sexy ass," he mocks their boss forcing Billy to laugh out loud.

A petite double D breasted girl pops her head through the window, "You are just about the only one who could do

that."

"What impersonate Grease monkey?"

"No," she slides a ticket over to Billy, "make Bills laugh."

"Hey!"

The waitress whips her head around and walks away Billy watches her perky pony tail bounce with each step, "So watcha doing tonight?"

"Nothing."

"Now come on let Bucky in on it," Bucky bats his eyelashes. Bucky flips the pizza around with his fists.

Billy giggles, "Okay fine. I was having a few friends over to finish out my stash, but Tomy tossed it."

"What!" the dough slips from his hands and hits the ground with a slap. With no hesitation he picks the dough up again and begins re-kneading the dough.

"Long story. So, I'm literally doing nothing."

"Well if you want to I'm having a buddy of mine over. He's picking me up tonight and we're going to go a few rounds at poker."

"I'm in," Billy looks away, but she notices Bucky's face glow a tint of red. She knows he likes her, hell everyone knows he likes her. He's just not her type. Now that may sound racist of conceded, but it's not. Bucky is

very nice and funny as hell, but she's just not attracted to him. He's a bit too fluffy for her. *Maybe I am a little conceded.* She thinks as she tries picturing them together. She shakes her head and picks up another ticket.

Billy pulls up to a small condominium set and parks next to Bucky's car. She gets out of her car slamming the door hard for it to close. She walks up to Bucky and his friend. His friend smiles flashing his winning smile compliments of chewing tobacco, "Hey sweetie. I'm Sanchez."

"Hey. Billy," one of the things Billy can't stand is being called hunny, sweetie, baby, and anything else with a pet name. Bucky laughs like he was reading her mind. Billy glances around she hates this part of town. Crime galore since the shooting at the One Stop a few streets over. Billy tags in the back until they reach the front door. Bucky knocks on the door and it pops open.

"Ghetto as hell, Bucky," Bucky shrugs and smiles at her. She walks in she glances over at the dishes piled in the sink and dirt caked on the once white kitchen floor. Anyone in the right mind would step another foot in this stink-hole, but for Billy it's like a home away from home. She makes her way over to the ripped couch. Bucky joins her and a few others with a twelve pack and a deck of cards. Sanchez ran their pockets, but none of them cared. Billy

for once in a long time felt like everything was coming together. As she joked and laughed with Bucky and his friends she started picturing herself more and more with him. Someone pulls out a blunt and lights up. He passes it around the table.

"Hold up," Sanchez pulls out his phone, "Hola? Si, I know I know I—" He pulls the phone away from his ear the room fell silent as the girl's voice rips through the speaker. They burst out in laughter enraging Sanchez, "I'll be home when I get home!" he hangs up the phone, "I gotta go guys," he reaches down and collects the money on the table, "Til next time?" He winks at Billy. A person imitates a whip cracking, "Yeah? Fuck off." He slams the door behind him. They laugh turning their attention back to the table. They realize that Sanchez won all the money on the table. Billy takes another drag and calls it a night, "I'll see ya tomorrow Bucky," Billy mindlessly drives to her house; she undresses to her underwear and slips on her Godsmack shirt. She curls up and lets the tiredness take its hold on her.

Her alarm rips through Billy's dream waking her with displeasure. She ignores it a few times before throwing her feet over the side of her bed and jumps in a cold shower. She walks past her mother and father passed out on the

couch. She steps over their clothes and slams the door as hard as she could as she stomps down the wooden steps.

She smiles proudly to herself as her mother half naked yells out the window at her. Billy revs her engine and peels out spraying the house with the rocks from the driveway. Billy pulls early into her work and unlocks the back door flipping on the lights and begins to start the food preps. A noise rattles in the back room as panic rushes over her, she picks up a cleaver and slowly walks towards the back office. She raises the knife over her head and kicks open the door quickly. Her eyes widen as she witnesses the double D's bouncing in front of her. Grease hog down on his knees slamming her from behind. And as if it couldn't get worse he says, "Hey baby there's plenty of Frank to go around."

"No! He did not!" Bucky says looking at her with excitement. Billy shudders as she fills Bucky in on her traumatic experience.

He laughs hysterically, "Well, what did you think it was a robber? In this place?"

"I don't know we are the most famous pizza joint around here," he laughs harder, "Well, I would've expect a freakin' zombie apocalypse before that," Tears drip down the side of his face, "It's something I can't un-see," she

hands him a vile of vinegar, "Burn them out!" He rips the bottle from her hands. Frank walks around the corner and glares at the two of them. They couldn't hold back themselves simultaneously they break out in bellows of laughter.

"Billy. Bucky," they look up through the window at double D's, "I- please don't tell anyone," Billy could see the embarrassment plastered across her face.

Bucky says, "Shit girl. We won't say a thing.

"Yeah as long as you work it for us to get Christmas off," Billy laughs, but quickly eats her words.

"You two!" Frank walks up on them, "you're on clean up tonight."

"What! That's not-" Bucky lays his hand on her shoulder. She sighs and bites her lip. Frank smile is drenched in empowerment before turning his attention to the bar. The girl glances at Bucky and Billy and whispers sorry before returning to the floor.

When nine o'clock hits she finally is able to take her break. She takes off her flour-covered apron and sneaks out back for a smoke. She takes a long inhale through the filter of the best stress reliever mankind created for what seems like only a minute; she takes her last drag. Flicking the cigarette she reaches for the doorknob, but before she

turns the knob screams ring through the air she freezes, retreating around the dumpster she scrambles to find something to defend herself with. Picking up an old grill scraper, she sits there waiting for the door to open.

After a while of nothing she creeps closer to the door, she doesn't hear anything. She wiggles the door, but it doesn't budge. She glances down the alleyway towards the street. She wasn't supposed to take a cigarette break so she can't go in through the front. She glances over at the busted window. She sighs unable to believe her own idea. She uses the scraper to clear the window from glass. She pulls herself up and slides into the dark bathroom. A sharp pain flashes through the palm of her hand. She flicks on the light and wraps toilet paper around her cut. She opens the door realizing the place is silent, and not like someone just embarrassed themselves and nobody wants to laugh out loud silent, no like bad scary silent. She peers down the hall and slowly steps closer to the kitchen. Her heart races in her chest and she curses herself for being paranoid.

She almost relaxes until the smell hits her hard. Billy fights her lung's urge to choke she covers her nose and mouth with her apron. She needs to find Bucky she creeps into the kitchen. She can't make it out so she

creeps forwards her heart sinks to her stomach as she fights back the urge to throw up when she discovers a blanket of blood staining the floor. She crouches down and picks up a plate and tosses it trying to startle anyone who was still living. Nothing moves, but Billy still waits, she is more frozen in fear than anything. She finally gets the strength and forces herself to stand up, and she carefully steps over the lifeless decaying bodies trying to identify Bucky. She makes her way to the counter.

Getting a better look she climbs on one of the prep tables and to her horror she is in the middle of a massacre. Everyone is lying dead on the cold ceramic floor cooks, customers, workers, waitresses, everyone. *I just saw these people not more than ten minutes ago*, she thinks in disbelief. She musters up some courage and covers her face again and kneels next to one, "No, Bucky," Tears sting her eyes as she tries to decipher what happened to him. It looks as if his skin was melted off, patches of skin missing and what skin was left pusses black blood, "Oil spill?" She hears a noise in the lobby. She jumps back and falls against the cold concrete.

She cowers in the corner hoping it was mice; the only time in her life that she was hoping for mice. Billy's eyes are as wide as they could be as her heart pounds in her

chest. She tries not to look at Bucky. She needs to get the hell out of there. She crawls away from Bucky, but movement paralyzes her. She grips the scraper with her life she stands up and swings without hesitation. She freezes as she watches blood drenched Frank fall back hitting the stone floor hard. Her mouth hangs open, "Serves you right," She walks back to Bucky, but when she gets there he's not.

"Bucky? Bucky it's okay it's Billy," she looks around searching for Bucky. *He's a big Mexican where the hell could he be hiding?* She checks the kitchen, but can't find him anywhere. An unnerving noise rattles her bones. She peers from behind the counter watching the door close.