Homework

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splattered against another object). We confirmed that, all things considered, we were perfectly fine. We gathered the nice couple’s information as witnesses and parted ways with them; they continued to their destination and we eased the mangled metal cage with wheels onto the shoulder of the freeway.

The exchange of information with the other driver went without trouble, and when we finished he was able to go on about his evening, his Jeep with hardly a scratch on it. The Ford, on the other hand, was totaled and would need to be towed. Jon and I stood on the side of the road, still in our baseball clothing, until we were picked up and transported away. I called James and wished him happy birthday, informing him that his present from me was his brother still being alive. After trying to trade Jon’s life for an iPod or twenty dollars, he finally accepted his gift and thanked me.

Now that the heated seats and color-changing cup holders were no longer in commission, I could relive my hope of one day owning the first hover car in Oregon. However, the insurance company would only offer to pay for another Ford Focus, so I took the heated seats and am living like the king of the middle-class once again.

Homework

I have just finished reading “This Boy’s Life.” I can put the rest off until tomorrow. If I try to do too much now I won’t be able to pick anything up the rest of the weekend. That was a good story. This is the closest memoir to my life yet. I could use some donuts and ice cream. It’s late but I know that Tonalli’s is open until one. I get wrapped up in some warmth, and then out to Alberta. When I get there, there is a line that I wait in patientely looking at all the ice cream I could possibly stuff between a donut. When it was my turn the young lady behind the counter asks, “What are you having?”

“I’ll have a donut sandwich,” I say.

“With what kind of donut?”

“The Apple fritter.”

“What kind of ice cream?”

“Vanilla.”

She got to work crafting a delicious treat for me. When she is finished she hands it to me and says, “This is a good one. I have always wanted to eat one with a fritter. Everyone else just uses regular donuts.”

“It’s good,” I say. “Do you want a bite?”

She says “no” politely.

I dig in. It’s so delicious.

When I’m done I head back home and watch Bored to Death. The way I feel. It’s about an undercover detective who solves mysteries. The show is funny. Not demanding. I don’t feel like I have to laugh. It’s the kind of comedy that just keeps you from being bored. The people in this series give up important things, just to not be bored. I can’t remember the last time I gave up my boredom to mystery. It’s not always predictable. I can’t remember the last thing that wasn’t predictable. I could have many mysteries in my life. I want the kind of mystery that can’t be solved with logic or school; it can’t be solved by a beautiful lady or a wad of cash. I can’t remember the last time I had Donuts and watched T.V. I’m living vicariously through sugar and electricity.