Questions

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Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol17/iss1/39

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QUESTIONS

Cassandra Carver

It's yet another day that I've woken in a bed that I can't seem to recognize. With things that weren't mine, and a face that I couldn't put a name to. Quietly I search for my things trying not to wake the nameless. The nameless with the shaggy brown hair, scruffy face, sharp nose, high cheekbones, lips just begging to be kissed...

Stop! Where are my clothes? The jeans are on the floor, a shoe under the bed.

The figure stirs and I freeze with fear. If he wakes will he ask questions? Will he want more? I'd have to turn them down, I have things to do, and I really could do without the awkwardness. A snort, and he's back to sleep. Hurry now, he mustn't catch you here. Where is that other shoe? A quick glance around the room and there it is, peeking from beneath Mr. Nameless' pants, mocking, with its red face.

As I pick up his pants a wallet slips out. It's raggedy old thing. The edges are awfully worn, it has definitely seen some hard times. I bet his driver's license is in there... I wonder.

No, I mustn't, back to the shoe. Put it on and get out as quickly as possible. Wondering gets you nowhere. It leads to a series of pits and leaves you with nothing.

Left foot, right. Out the door and down the hall, through the living room and down the steps. It's so quiet, only a few feet now and I'll be home free. A voice from down the hall halts my steps. Shit, he's woken.

Faster now! How many locks can one door have? Come on, open, open...YES! Now time to make my break. Just as the door begins to open it stops. A hand prevents it from moving. The hand has an arm, and the arm a body. He must have bolted down the hall. Probably doesn't even have any pants on. Resist. If I turn I'll have to answer questions, see the face, and know the name. Just stay still, breathe.

"Where are you going? You're not sneaking away so easily this time."

This time? What is Nameless talking about? This has been the only time. He's just trying to confuse me. Breathe, ignore him. You don't have to answer. He's shut the door now, and locked the locks. Doesn't he realize how long it took you to unlock them all? Of course not... He asks questions. A question asker, they have no concept of anything other than questions. Does he really expect me to answer? Well I'm going home. No, I will not turn around. No, I don't have to listen to you.

"Please, don't do this again."

Seriously I don't know what he is talking about, again. I've never seen him before in my life. Well if he wants to play like that then I really must leave. Unlock the deadbolt first this time, then the chain, and now the door knob. His hand rests atop of mine.

"Please... Don't."

It would be better for him to just go back to the room. He's still behind me breathing deeply. It sounds labored, I wonder if he's okay... No! Remember no wondering. Shake off his hand and open the door, don't turn and face nameless. It's bright today. The sun sure knows how to shine. Come on feet lets go. One step, two, you're almost there.

"Please..."

I'm beginning to hate that word. His hand is on my shoulder now. Why can't he let me go?

"Please... I beg of you. I can't keep doing this."

Doing what? Asking questions? Demanding me to do stuff? Who is he to be like this? I have things to do and I don't have time to exchange pleasantries with someone that I've only known for a night. I shrug his hand off and shoot down the steps. The faster I move, the quicker I can get away. It's another day and I have much to do before the night.