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About a 1000 words

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Portfolio II Prose

Don't talk to strangers

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He sticks his arm out the window; a warm breeze passes through his fingers and gently tousles his hair. A smile stretches across his face as he ponders his arrival. Excited to show his friends how much a scrawny kid can transform into a fine guy. Michael choice of clothes changed from khakis and polos to leather jackets and man buns. He is drives his dad 1979 red Mustang, that he stole from the private garage.

After hours of driving through the California Desert, he turns on his radio and hears a familiar voice "Good morning Michael, it's a beautiful day today, I hope you can enjoy it. Cause I will!" Michael thinks it's weird, as he recognizes the voice, but can't make the connection of who that could be. Michael drives overnight and into the morning, it was starting to get into him. He removes his sunglasses and rubs his eyes, in order to keep himself seeing clearly; the road looks foggy. He sighs with exhaustion. Michael is not used to driving long distances alone. He looks around the barren highway for any signs of life. The temperature gauge read 107, and the car's AC is broken.

Determine to reach his final destination on time, Michael refuses to stop for refreshments. After a while, he becomes delirious.

Riding on fumes, Michael pulls into a gas station, as he looks around the he doesn't see anybody. A Prairie Falcon flies over him, and makes loud shriek noise. Michael shakes the over the bird and walks up to the gas pump. He looks for the card reader to pay, and can't find it. Annoyed, Michael extended the pump and puts it into the gas tank. Nothing happens. He reaches for his cell phone.

"Great, low battery," Michael says. His hands are shaking and sweat is beading on his forehead.

He squints and quickly dials his buddy's number. Nobody answers; the phone screen goes blank. Michael throws it on the ground and kicks it. He sulks back to his car, and he grips the wheel with anger. He shouts and punches the wheel. The horn accidentally blares.

After a few minutes, Michael goes inside the small convenience store. He looks around for the cashier or anyone willing to help him out, or tell him where he is. The store appears empty and abandoned. The shelves are barren except for a few packs of cigarettes; a tiny, malnourished mouse scurries across the floor. An empty fridge has a glitch in its lights where drinks used to be.

Michael feels impatient, there is nobody to help at this point. He thinks he is being followed as he sees some shadows behind him. He bangs his fists on the counter then grabs a pack of cigarettes and walks to the door. All of a sudden, someone pops up from behind the dusty counter.

"Are you stealing those cigarettes?" asked Mr Chao.

Michael's heart raced just like when he was caught stealing candies at the convenience store close to his house.

"Are you the cashier?" Michael asked, as he stops at the door on his way out.

"It's my store, yes." said Mr. Chao "Where are you going, if you don't mind me asking?"

Michael read the name badge on the man shirt.

"Meeting a couple of friends in Las Vegas. Can I pay already?" Michael asked.

"I don't think you are going anywhere, my child," said Mr. Chao "If you came this far, you probably got lost 20 miles ago."

Michael took a deep breath, put a couple of dollars on the counter and walks out the door. Mr. Chao follows him to his car.

"Please don't follow me," said Michael. He tries to stop him, but Mr. Chao laughs.

"Ok. Good luck. Be careful young man, the road of life is full of odd people!" said Mr. Chao. He smiles and waves at Michael.

"You should not give your opinion to anybody, because it really doesn't matter what you think," said Michael.

"Go already! Bye Bye my child," said Mr. Chao.

Michael picks up the car key from his pocket, before he starts the car, he decides to go back to the store and tell that man that he has no right to be ironic or smart with him. Michael thinks he should be respected by everyone. He encounters Mr. Chao behind the counter.

"You know what? You shouldn't talk to me like that. You have to respect some people, especially if you don't know who they are, or where they come from," said Michael, with angry eyes.

"Oh... I know, that's why maybe you ended up here, all the way into my store, to learn something, learn to respect others," replied Mr. Chao with a smile on his face.

"Why are you smiling? Am I some kind of joke for you?"

"Here my child, please have a mint," said Mr. Chao, holding a basket filled with brightly colored mints up to him.

"Err... why would I take a mint from you?" asked Michael.

"Because it's necessary to turn your life around. Isn't that what are you looking for? Change? It's a magic mint, go ahead" said Mr. Chao.

Michael is intrigued.

"Yeah whatever, I'll take it, if it means you stop bugging me."

Michael takes the candy.

Michael hears a voice as it calls him.

"Michael? Michael, can you hear me?" the voice said. *It's the same voice from the radio*, he thinks.

As he opened his eyes, everything looks blurry, he is confused. The doctor kept the light directed into Michael's eyes

"Confusion is normal," says the doctor to Michael's friend Molly. "After all he slept for quite a time."

"What's going on? Where Am I?" ask Michael. He scratch his eyes.

"You've been in a coma for the past few years Michael," said the doctor. "The year is 2014 and a lot of things have happened, I have to catch you up."

Molly, his oldest friend starts to explain to him what really happened. He was found unconscious in an abandoned gas station.

"You called the emergency number, but you passed out before giving the information about what happened. Nobody really knows."

Michael is informed that somehow got poisoned, but no doctors could figure out from what. All Michael could think of was someone named Mr. Chao, but he couldn't remember where he was from.

