

Wilderness House Literary Review 13/1

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Hot Tub Full of Sour Patch Kids

I got a chance to ask the former Senator what was wrong with the world one day while he was waiting in the urologist's office where I work. I knew he was probably thinking of his medical issues at the time, and the fact that he would be examined soon, but I couldn't help myself. There's so much turmoil in the world and in my life right now I had to question someone.

"Mr. Clancy," I said. "What happened to America? Is there any hope left?"

"I don't know," he said. "I used to think there was, but these Republicans are making us the laughing stock of the world. The press says it's the end of the Republican Party, but I think it's the end of the United States, and ultimately, civilization as we know it."

"Is there anything we can do to make life better?" I said.

"The straight answer is, no, there's nothing we can do. The best thing to do would be to enjoy the life you have now, because you might not get another chance when the Koreans nuke us away, the Chinese take all our money, and the Russians hack us to death. Quit your job, rack up your credit cards, and have a good time."

"If what you're predicting doesn't come true, and I quit my job, will you pay my credit card bills?"

"No, I won't. But take my word for it, this world won't survive what's happening. That's why I prefer alcohol. It solves all life's problems."

"I agree. We've turned into a cesspool. And we're drowning in crap. I'd rather be drowning in a hot tub full of Sour Patch kids. If they're gonna kill us anyway, that's the way I want to go."

"I'll drink to that," the former Senator said, "If that's what your heart desires, reach for your dream." He waited for his appointment with the urologist, who may or may not tell him he will succumb to cancer soon. Life will amble on and on, until it doesn't.