

An Appointment

I had to explain the uncomfortable thing in life. I would be the most stupid person for feeling to talk about that guy. Is there any harmonious stance for expressing what they want to know about?

It was at the beginning of the conflict that I recognised the problem with them. I defined it as a problem myself in that the only problem was that it was not a problem for them at all. And the only real problematic person in that bar was me.

Whether their decision is ethically or generally right or not, it's out of the question. If I realised their decision was problematic, I left as the man who had the problem in their friendship.

Then I had to choose between being hatred of them and being part of them. I could offer what they wanted me to do, get praise, and be a good excuse for staying with them, or I refuse to provide their purpose of having fun. At the same time, I could protect my sense of humanity that defined me and felt a certain distance from them and kept the death of inconvenience.

However, if I was accustomed to their uncomfortable look, it was not hard to endure that situation. I could respond to their blazing eyes of desire with a smile, evade answering their question by changing the subject, and toss their groupthink tendency to the bins in my heart before falling asleep or on my way home.

The thing that they needed was simple, and it was volatile. It was like the fluid liquid that soaked into their boredom and disappeared with a sip of beer into their throat. And they were feeling tiresome in their life, not vital, and their pain soaked into their bones gave them the order to make curiosity about the end of a life. The story made the most potent criticism that they could judge a stranger's life or the article for boosting the number of viewers.

They were not interested in why that someone could not sleep and were insensible to certain pieces of his life which had made him keep moving and thinking. About his unnecessary busyness, they didn't notice something that formed that life. What they remembered from his life was the criticism into bubbles.

Something that they pulled out on the topic of conversation was their hope that they had erased in their life, the obsession with passing dreams, or the desire for domination which hid in their inner side by burning the worn fabric. And by burning a scarecrow, they erased the things they couldn't achieve in their memory even though they put all the rest of their time into it. They couldn't resist all the life of temptation. Because it was hard to handle it for me as well, I was probably sitting in the bar as they did.

In the bar, the crowd brought certain dried and bursting lives to shout 'Cheers' again. Those lives were rebirthed in that strange place without any reason for the connection. Would it be the sort of collective murder?

And that murder perhaps happened naturally from the closest physically and mentally. The part of my brain was tied with them. Intertwining gave us the sort of stability. But it meant that I gave up part of my identity. While I was negotiating, it naturally connected to brainwashing, even though it seemed like nonsense.

However, life always makes people lonely beyond their expectations. For the strange decision beyond their expectation, they needed to put something addictive close somewhere nearby to spend their time more quickly. That was sort of the necessity of humans. All the crowd in that bar reinterpreted the others and aroused that they were still alive. This happening included a certain consciousness of control, and they strengthened the feeling of victory in their dust-like life.

That reinterpretation was often packed with pity. Looking back at their choices in life, they were pitiful, and all individual scarecrow's choices were incorrect. In that sense, people thought they could avoid the mistake of happenings they made from their caricatured tears of sadness. In that sense, they were located on the poison of the assessor, enjoyed the right of survivor, and let in the tiny light on their devastated time.

There were lots of possibilities for putting them to death. The much dangerous and ironic accident was not a problem of health from the doctor's nit-pick but the mental end of thinking, "I'm still alive." They would get praise for a while on that topic by talking about someone's death. As people would console them in habit to show their understanding about that death, they would get a certain spotlight.

To get a spotlight, they brought up the other's death and suggested it as the topic of conversation. And they acted like they were feeling sorrow with half-closed eyes and made the soft shape of eyebrows which meant pity, drew a long breath from the bottom of their stomach, and made people ask pitiful questions.

They already drank more than three glasses of beer or poured shots of whiskey. They were soaked into certain emotional recollections at some time, and they'd like to get a certain appreciation. They'd like to feel slight sorrows and need to erase the pain lingering on their time or the pain of tomorrow through the pain of others.

What on earth could they possibly take from me? What was that for burning their time sweetly with the melancholy and soft marshmallows? The things I could tell were dried, and the broken section of my brain made a strange sound. And short afterimages like that scenes with their laughter remain around the memory.