Creative Writing: Unhappy Meal Essay, Research Paper

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Aaron lit a Basic brand cigarette as Amir pulled his beat up 1976 snot

green Chevy Nova into the crowded parking lot of the McDonalds on Route 1 in

Saugus, Massachusetts. He always seemed to do this to himself; lighting

cigarettes when he’d just have to snipe them out on the bottom of his tattered

army boot. He put his pointer finger to his head and pantomimed shooting

himself. Amir glanced at him uneasily, then scanned the lot for an open space.

Aaron drew hard on his cigarette, filling his lungs with as much smoke

as possible. He needed to get as much nicotine as time allowed. He shut his

eyes, flicked his tongue against his sterling silver lip ring, spinning it in

the hole. It hurt a little. “Probably fuckin’ infected,” Aaron chuckled,

thinking of the night he pierced it himself, using only a heated up safety pin

and a bottle of Smirnov vodka for a pain killer.

Amir pulled into a handicap spot. “You can’t park here,” Aaron said.

“Sure I can,” Amir replied. Aaron studied the face of the Bosnian

Immigrant. Amir had fought for two years in the war against the Serbs. His

face was remarkably pleasant, although his eyes looked as if they belonged to a

forty year old man and not a seventeen year old boy. His tan skin and wide

smile seemed out of place when one took in Amir’s mohawk and torn black t-shirt.

“It’s a handicap spot.”

“Exactly,” Amir said with a smirk. “I got you in my car, and you’re a

retard.”

“Fuck you,” Aaron said, “I’ll blast you Sylvester Stallone style.”

Amir burst into hysterical laughter. “You watch too much television.”

Aaron shrugged and slowly exhaled through his nose, decorated with a

silver hoop ring through his septum (also self-pinned). He caught sight of

himself in the rearview mirror. He felt cold.

His eyes were alert, almost piercing. Around those fiery, stabbing eyes

were lines of sadness, although he was also only seventeen. His hair was

bleached blonde and messy –Johnny Rotten messy. His face was long and thin, a

result of many days of not eating, either because he had no money for food or

because he simply forgot to eat. He was menacing, with his facial piercings and

angry eyes, but there was something about his mouth, a kind of innocent smirk

that gave hint of something real within his hard, rough punk rock shell.

Amir got out of the car slowly, stretching out his arms. Aaron caught

glimpse of something wild and almost ancient in Amir’s eyes. He got out, too,

and tossed his cigarette. Aaron slammed the Nova’s door. “Let’s go get some

meat.”

“Cow Burger.” Amir said, gingerly placing his hands in his pockets.

Aaron looked through the window. Sitting at a table was a family of

four. That looks like my father, he thought, and tried to forget about the many

beatings and harsh words he endured over the last seventeen years. “Amir, it

says no dogs allowed. You’ll have to wait here.”

“Eat me,” Amir said and opened the door. Aaron shoved past him

playfully, and was hit by the overpowering stench of fried, greasy food sizzling

under heat lamps. His mouth watered.

Behind him he heard the click of Amir’s Doc Martin boots, and the jingle

of the chain, safety pin, and padlock belt that the Bosnian wore. He felt all

the customers’ eyes on them, felt the disdain in their uneasy stares. He sent

it back, and shuffled through the line. Amir was silent behind him, unusual

behavior for his normally talkative friend.

Aaron ordered a #4 extra value meal, supersized, and pulled a few

wrinkled bills out of the pockets of his torn army pants. Chuck Norris Action

Pants, he called them. This was all the money he had, change left over from the

30 pack of coors he bought with his last paycheck as a paperboy in Lynn. Aaron

hated that job. He would walk down the street and pretend he was some kind of

Terminator robot, blowing up houses and cars with bionic missile attachments.

They threw his food on a tray as the pimply faced girl behind the

register totalled his order. He paid, and was pleases to discover he still had

enough money for another pack of generic cigarettes.

Aaron took his tray and Amir moved up to the register. In the back room,

the french fry machine beeped endlessly. “God that sounds like the air raid

siren!” Amir said grimly.

Aaron surveyed the dining area for a seat. Behind him, Amir started

screaming chaotically, “Mutha Fuck FUCK FUCK!”

Aaron laughed. “Amir, what the hell…” His face, mind, and words all

froze as Amir pulled a pistol from his pocket.

“Fuck you bastards!” Amir fired, and Aaron saw in slow motion as the

bullet ripped the pimply girls left cheek off her face. She fell gurgling and

twitching.

“Just like a movie,” Aaron said aloud, as he watched Amir unload the

pistol’s clip into the middle aged manager. Somethin in his mind couldn’t see

this as real.

Amir leaped over the counter and pistol whipped the deep frier attendant,

and then shoved his victim’s face into the hot grease. Aaron dropped his tray

as Amir disappeared behind the packaged burger rack. He could hear screaming

followed by more gunshots. Customers crawled to the door, whimpering like

maimed animals.

Aaron caught sight of the man who resembled his father, trying to get

his family out the door. Aaron pulled out his switchblade, and thinking of

Steven Seagal’s dramatic knife fight at the end of Under Siege, rushed towards

them.

He didn’t stop stabbing, even when he felt the man’s blood splash into

his face.

Amir emerged from the smoking hell he created, covered in gore, his gun

in his twitching hand. He pointed and fired, killing the rest of the family of

four. As he reloaded, Aaron threw his knife like Woody Harrelson did in Natural

Born Killers. Amir fired again, and Aaron felt a bullet rip through his kneecap.

He turned and saw Amir level the gun.

“Wait!” Aaron cried as the gun went off.