

## The Origins of a Sociopath

By Travis C

I awoke to a face full of green futon. The white comforter I had slept with has half covering me, half on the floor. I flipped myself over, onto my back. I darted my eyes back and forth in search of my phone, then dug my hands into the comforter. I quickly emerged with a pink flip phone that my mom thought would have been funny to purchase for me. I flipped it open in search of the time. 7:30 am. It would be at least a couple more hours before my friend would wake.

I rose and swung my feet onto the ground, rising from the futon. I found my jeans and slid them on before heading upstairs. I walked into the kitchen and poured myself a bowl of Golden Grahams. I sat at the table and chowed on the delicious honey crisps. I finished two bowls before my friend's mother strolled into the kitchen. "Good morning," she said snidely.

"Hello!" I chirped. She poured herself a cup of coffee, grabbed a newspaper that was laying on the counter, and sat across from me at the table. She read a couple of pages silently while I continued to eat cereal. She then rose from the table and deposited her cup into the sink. She washed her hands and then dried them with a wad of paper towels. She opened up the cupboard under the sink to reveal a trash can brimming with waste. She dropped the wad atop it before turning her gaze to me. "Take out this trash," she barked.

I hurriedly rushed to the trash can. I grabbed the two red handles, and pulled the bag tight. I didn't tie it shut, because honestly why that is that even necessary? I pulled it out of the can and hurried downstairs and outside with it. I opened up his garage and pushed open the lid of the garbage can. Inside there were no trash bags, but instead a small chipmunk scurrying around the bottom of the can.

• This was my chance! I thought. These pesky things that had escaped my hunting efforts in the past would finally feel my man wrath. I dropped the trash bag and hurried into the workshop where they kept the bb gun. I made sure it was stock full of ammo and rushed back to the garbage can to find my chipmunk friend still there, now standing still in a sort of hushed panic.

I pumped the rifle five times, making sure to get a powerful shot. I aimed down into the trashcan at the chipmunk, ensuring that the sneaky little dude was in my sights. I pulled the trigger. The chipmunk writhed in agony, squirming around the green, plastic floor, a tiny trail of blood gathering behind him. I pumped the gun five times more and fired again. This time only his back left foot twitched. One more shot and he moved no more.

Upon seeing the fleeting mortality of the chipmunk, an instant shock ran through me. I stood there frozen. I threw the trash bag into the garbage can before returning to another delicious bowl of Golden Grahams.