

Hanging Out

by

Guy Nickologist

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About the author

Guy Nickologist is the pen name of an amateur writer living in the United States. By using a *nom de plume* he's more free to write about anything he wants without concern of criticism from friends, family, or employers.

The themes and situations depicted in his works in no way reflects his attitudes towards actual flesh and blood human beings and he poses no danger to society.

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Sherri grimaced in pain. When it subsided she laughed. She was glad the asshole decided to arrive at night. And he was coming on the night of nights. She thought of all the town's children going from door to door in their Halloween costumes asking their neighbors for tricks or treats.

She sat under the bridge that spanned the Susquehanna River. Despite the near freezing temperatures, she was sweating. She wore only a dress that clung to her sticky body. She rubbed her swollen belly and said, "You little shit, you ruined my fucking life! Ruined it!" She leaned her head against the concrete support and once again laughed. How many times had her own mother screamed those very words into her face? Did her mother's behavior lead to Sherri's downward spiral? Or was it her genes? By the time she graduated from high school she was taking a cocktail of medication for depression, bipolar disorder, anxiety, and psychosis. She was accused by a teacher of attempting suicide. Mr. Farnsworth, her sophomore art teacher. Art was the only activity she enjoyed. Creating with her hands calmed her. Unfortunately she was so engrossed in a project she accidentally cut her right arm badly. Mr. Farnsworth claimed she did it on purpose and her mental history backed him up. She told the social worker had she really been trying to take her own life she'd have cut her left arm being right-handed and all. She finished high school at an alternative school.

Before Sherri was allowed to enroll at the local junior college, they insisted she be cleared by a local psychologist. The incident at Virginia Tech was a distant memory in her mind, but very much on the minds of the local college. Her third and final appointment fell on a Tuesday. The town had just been hit by a blizzard, this just a couple of weeks after the official state groundhog had declared an early spring. Dr. Collingsworth seemed angry and was asking her about her sex life.

"Are you a virgin?"

"Why does that matter?"

"I must know if you're promiscuous!"

"If a girl fucks she's a slut?"

"I'd rather you didn't use that language in my office."

She licked her index finger, gave him a tartly look, and asked, "Does fucking my finger make me not a virgin?"

"Enough young lady!"

She pulled her right leg up just enough to give him a quick flash revealing she wasn't wearing panties.

"What if I fucked another girl, would that make me a slut."

"Out of my office!"

Dr. Collingsworth marched over as if to throw her out, but instead unfastened his pants, pulled out his penis, and had it inside Sherri before she realized what happened. She felt him thrust into her and make a gurgling sound. He withdrew. She could see a thin string of semen connecting their anatomies which popped.

"I do believe we've answered that question." He fastened his pants. "I believe you're psychologically and emotionally fit for college."

She stood up and started for the door. He grabbed her arm.

"One word about this and...", he chuckled. "Hell, who is going to believe a crazy loon like you?"

Six weeks later she was in her psychiatrist's office.

"I'm pregnant."

He peered over his reading glasses.

"Is that so?"

"Yeah."

"Have you seen an ob/gyn?"

"A what?"

"A gynecologist."

"No."

"How do you know you're pregnant."

"Oh please, how do you think I know?"

He removed his glasses and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I will need to see the results of a pregnancy test, of course. But young lady, if you're really pregnant..."

"What?"

"You're going to have to go off your meds. They could be harmful to the baby."

"Like I give a shit?"

The contraction brought her back into the present. This one was much more painful than the ones before. And it came more quickly. When it eased she reached between her legs. No sign of the head. She stood up and walked along the steel frame. The wind blew her dress. She envisioned it

becoming a sail, so she removed it and let the gust carry it over the river. She stood naked. The roar of the river swelled up to her, but she couldn't see it. It was just as well.

Sherri's uterus contracted again. She eased herself down resting her back on a girder. The metal was ice cold. She felt the baby move inside her. She let out laughter. She rested her hands on her naked belly and laughed hysterically. Her contraction stopped. She felt again and could feel something inside her vagina. She picked up the end of the rope and stood with it. She slipped it around her neck and tightened the noose. She had researched this topic. 1250 foot-pounds of torque was needed to snap her neck without beheading her. She had no idea what that meant, but a couple of questions to physics students at the college she was cleared for, but never attended, answered it. She hoped she hadn't gained too much weight in the past week. She stepped off the bridge.

Before the fall could even register with her, Sherri came to a sudden halt. She felt a sharp, excruciating pain in her neck. She couldn't believe how much it hurt. Her entire body felt like pins and needles even though she couldn't move anything. Was she really feeling the needles? Sherri became aware she couldn't breathe. "I'm not dead yet?", she thought.

Unknown to Sherri the sudden jolt had caused her baby to slip out to his shoulders. He was there stuck inside his mother's vagina. Sherri's body tensed up when her spinal cord was severed, but quickly relaxed. He fell out. The umbilical cord ripped her placenta tearing her uterine wall. What would ordinarily have been unimaginable pain didn't cause Sherri any discomfort.

Her last moment of consciousness was hearing a tiny splash below.