

# **Writing on the Wall**

## **By**

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The shock of my confession spread across her face like wildfire until it reached her eyes and, finally, her brain. I guided her to the patio for a glass of wine. The humid air outside made me sweat buckets and ruined my starched white shirt. Jade gulped her wine, shaking violently.

No sweat poured off her, just tear-filled eyes darting back and forth, analyzing me and this moment. I had managed to keep my relationships separate and as neat as the two beds in this room. Why did they give me double beds? I checked in alone; they knew I was duplicitous.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" she asked.

"I was afraid of your reaction, and I did not want to hurt you." I replied.

"It is because of her. You want me out of the way so you can be with her."

"I wanted you to leave for so long. I didn't know how to tell you."

"You knew how to ask me to pay your car insurance and most of your rent. You managed the right amount of sweet talk for that." she said.

"I will pay you back. I am so sorry. I never meant to hurt you." I replied.

She stumbled back into the room and collapsed on the bed, triggering my obsessive-compulsive disorder. The bed had to remain perfect. So, in one swift motion, she pulled everything off the bed. She accused me of having Louella there. Louella was in the lobby, waiting for me to complete this task. Jade stood over me as I re-made the bed. My disorder

would not allow me to leave things in disarray. I was not too fond of things being messy. My life had become cluttered, a tangled web of arms, legs, and lies.

"I hate you. I hate everything about you. I feel sorry for Louella. She has no idea who you are, how you selfishly manipulate every situation." she said.

"She knows who I am," I replied.

"She doesn't, but she will learn the hard way. You will regret this. I do not deserve this."

"No, you do not."

"Why?" she asked.

"Lou accepts my shortcomings, and you do nothing but point them out." I replied.

"That is a lie, and you know it. I encourage you to reach your potential so we can have a great life together. I have never said anything negative, only positive. "

The desperate wildfire appeared on her features again. The rage and disgust seeped from her pores. Louella, patiently or impatiently waiting downstairs, would wonder what was taking so long. Jade stood up quickly and headed towards the bathroom. She pulled the covers off the second bed to taunt me, making me pay for hurting her. She finally emerged as a calmer version of herself. Her face was still tired, and her eyes puffy but with a serene demeanor.

"Drexel, you are a colossal jackass and a huge waste of my time and money." she said.

" I cannot compete with you. You make me tiny and untidy. Lou makes me as neat as a freshly made bed." I replied.

Jade left the room. Then, I remembered Louella and returned the bed sheets, pillows, and blankets on both beds to their specific places. I checked the bathroom. The red script on the wall read: DREXEL NEDD IS A CHEATING WHORE! My breathing quickened, and I ran to the hall to confront Jade. Who would pay for this damage? How would they ever get that red off the wall? More red writing on the wall directly across from the room: DREXEL NEDD IS A MANIPULATING NARCISSIST! I stumbled to the elevator with heavy feet, only to be confronted with more descriptions of myself.

I reached the ground floor, and Jade and Louella were a few feet away, having a calm and pleasant conversation. Jade smiled, touched her arm, and walked to the hotel clerk. She handed her a stack of money and floated out of the hotel.

Louella noticed me standing there, a ball of torment and confusion. She sauntered over to me, slapped my face, and left.

The clerk approached and reminded me that checkout was in thirty minutes. Then, muttering something about the vandalism, she assured me not to worry. My friend had paid for the damage.

Disheveled and sweaty, I stood in the empty, eerily quiet lobby, looking around. I had made my beds, and now I had to lie in them alone.