

- ~ a piece by Suriya

It wasn't even that great of a morning.

Coach found the weather to be unnecessarily gloomy. He groaned at the fact that he had felt pretty optimistic about the day until he had peered out the window, while eating his bowl of corn flakes. He was very fond of that bowl. When he had first laid his eyes on this very bowl in a supermarket a couple of months back, another man had come right along and had snatched it from the aisle. No way Coach could stand something as outrageous as that.

Interestingly, Coach wanted that same bowl which the man had taken to the billing counter. The same bowl which he claimed to have seen first. Of course the stranger wouldn't give him his bowl. Of course he wouldn't bend over for this guy who is fighting over a fucking bowl. Over that bowl, to be precise. Coach had talked about identity. About how that bowl differed from all the other "copies". About how he'd rather stand out than blend in with the "sheeple". About how unique everybody was, just like that bowl.

Just like that bo-

He was pulled back from his thoughts by the ring of his cellphone. A cellphone that 'ringed'. It was his soon to be ex-wife on the other end. She wanted to discuss the terms of alimony. Bitch drained me of my life for the past 8 years, now wants to drain me of all my money, thought Coach. He neither liked his wife, nor his daughter, although he hated his daughter less. Don't frown. Coach hated people who frowned upon the fact. He says, 'You don't always have to love what is born of you' or something to that effect.

'If only you were more responsible. If only you would go to an actual job instead of sitting around the house talking trash philosophy and criticizing work culture. You can actually lead a better life you know. I don't hate you Coach. I don't want to leech off of you.-'

Coach listened silently.

'-It's just that you have put us in a bad spot when we were already in one. I have no other choice. I have to take care of Monica. Especially when I know for a fact that nobody else will. Wait, she wants to talk. Hold on-'

Coach wanted to say no. He couldn't.

'Daddy?'

'Baby.'

It all came back to him. Why he hates his wife and daughter so much. They make him feel inadequate. Like he doesn't deserve all their love. What kind of nonsense is that? Everybody who ever existed is entitled to everything in the universe. At least, that was how Coach saw it. They loved him so much that watching them be disappointed by him was somehow horrifying. He never did understand why that was so. Before he knew it, Coach had convinced himself that this was a marriage gone toxic.

Divorce it was.

He'd gone back to his cave, again.

'Daddy will call you back.'

He always had a hard time breathing after talking to his daughter. He tossed his phone on the couch. He realized two things. One, he had been on the phone for quite a long time. Two, his bowl of corn flakes and milk has gone too cold and he didn't want it anymore.

What a shame.

He threw the bowl into the sink and turned on the tap. He sure liked to keep his bowl clean-

He heard a scream right outside his apartment door. He rushed to the eyehole to see what that was all about. Before he could make it to the door, he saw it swing burst open. There was no smoke or commotion of any

kind. It was just a really gloomy day and also, now there were two burly men in Coach's living room.

Coach had fallen on his back when the door burst open. He was too shocked to move. The two men didn't waste anytime looking ominous and ran across the room to him, when he heard a third man shout from outside the apartment.

'We got the wrong floor man! Move out!'

While one of the men took off, the other muttered under his breath,

'Fucki-'

The shot to Coach's head resonated across the floor, while the bowl in the sink overflowed.