

[heroiccarpetcleaning@gmail.com](mailto:heroiccarpetcleaning@gmail.com)

## **My Strange Day Off**

By Dabrell Thompson

A day has passed; I open the laundromat window and stare at the nighttime sky with the warm nighttime wind massaging my face. The only thing is it's one o'clock in the afternoon. The sun still hasn't come up, and no one knows why. The darkness engulfs the planet from corner to corner, as told by thousands of news reporters. It's code red, and people must stay inside. The air is beginning to be unbreathable. I called in sick for work. This is the perfect opportunity to get some sleep even though I'm trapped in a laundromat with my annoying neighbor.

My boss, a big-time conspiracy theorist, believes the world is ending, so he gave me the ok he told me the firmament has something to do with this. I just replied ok and hung up the phone. My job is stressful, so I only care about having a day off and being with my dog Bruce. I named him after my favorite actor Bruce Willis. Unfortunately, he's trapped at home. While people are panicking around the world, I'm just glad to be off work. My neighbor Larry is in the other room. I told him to give me space. I get a knock at the door. I peek one eye out of the side of the door, dreading the situation thrust upon me. I regrettably open the door.

“Hey, what's up, Larry? Do you need anything?” I ask annoyingly.

“Since this is the end of the world, I was wondering, did you wanna have a few beers until whatever happens, ya know, happens.” Larry suggests.

I try and think of a quick lie, but suddenly, I casually say.

“How about some other time, Larry? I want to enjoy my day off.”

Everything goes silent, and then I hear a sad voice go, “But it may never be another time the end is near.”

As Larry is saying this, I slowly close the door and run a dryer, so he'd think I was busy. At this point, I'm annoyed that the end of the world is ruining the first day off I've had in months. Nothing on tv but news coverage, I can't be with my best friend Bruce, and then there's Larry. I mean, I feel bad, but honestly, I just want to get some sleep and be left alone.

I hear him walk away after that, and the winner of the biggest jerk award goes to me. I feel something is wrong with me. One of the strangest things in human history is happening, and I feel nothing. Am I soulless? Am I that out of touch with the world? I don't care. Now is my chance to count sheep. One of my top five most excellent sleep in my life gets interrupted by rumbling and screams. It sounds like complete chaos, and for some reason, I hear horns. Even though all this, I grab my earplugs and try to go back to sleep, but the laundromat shakes even harder. I open one eye, and I see a bright light coming from outside.

“The sun is back?” I think to myself.

Larry comes flying through my door like a wrecking ball.

“See, I told you it was the end. Come look,” he says.

I slowly get up. At this point, I'm terrified my stomach is twisting like pretzels. After being a nonchalant jerk, now, I'm afraid, typical beta male behavior. I look outside, and I almost faint from what I see. A hand blanketing the entire sky is reaching down like a kid reaching into a fish bowl. I look at Larry and close my eyes, wishing I was still asleep. I suddenly wake up. It was all a dream. But my worst fear is still upon me as I am indeed at work.