

Mr. Mugger and My Rolex Watch

Yeah, so the gun was to my head. Actually, the barrel was pressed against my temple. I had given him my wallet and gotten pistol-whipped. For my watch, I got a knee in the face. And when on the ground with a broken nose I growled out, “What the fuck else do you want?!?” – I was the proud recipient of a well-placed kick to the ribs. As I lay there in fair amounts of pain, I could hear that bastard running off with my fifteen dollars and my fake Rolex.

The money was nothing and the watch was even less. The only thing taken that I really cared about was a wallet sized picture of one of my old girlfriends. My thoughts drifted to her as I picked myself up off the ground. I tried to imagine what it would be like for her to turn the corner and see me standing there with a busted face and sore ribs. My head was pounding. I needed a drink.

Through blurred vision I saw her small frame coming toward me. I could barely make out her long brown hair. When she was mine I had always worshiped her feminine curves and that silky brown hair that reached all the way down to the small of her back. Even when she put it up or braided it, she still had me. I called her my “blue eyed angel”, and when I told her I loved her, I meant it.

I knew she wasn't really there. What I saw in that alley was a phantom. I saw exactly what I wanted to see. I wanted her to come up to me and hug me. Hug me like she thought she had lost me forever. I wanted to tell her about the empty part of me where she used to be. But there was nothing there and I was acting like a fool.

It started to rain. As I walked out of the alley, I came across my wallet. Mr. Mugger must have decided he didn't want it after all. He had taken the money, but he had left her faded picture.