

GRAFFITI

“Call ###-#### to hear the meaning of life.” This was more than he could resist. He checked the whole stall to see if any similar handwriting appeared. None. Had there been racist or sexual similar content, he’d’ve been too scared to call. Which is funny since in truth his life more pursued a course of anger, and pleasure-seeking, than a grander quest for meaning. Be that as it may, and taking into account his skepticism due to late hour and bar location, this was the number he heard himself calling.

It was a man’s voice answered.

“Hello?”

“Hello?”

“Who’s this?”

“Who’s this?”

The voice sounded familiar.

“What’s the meaning of life?”

“What’s the meaning of life?”

“Jesus!”

“Jesus!”

He finally realized he was hearing an echo.

He had dialed his own number.

“Hey!”

“Hey!”

“But how did my...”

“But how did my...”

Click!

Who had put his number on the wall? He suddenly realized why the handwriting looked familiar. It was his! When?! One night he thought he- he!- knew the meaning of life.

And now here he was in a shit-stained stall, pants around his knees, alone, drunk- again!- talking to himself... That's it!

He took out his pen and wrote more graffiti on the wall.

It said: GO FUCK YOURSELF!!