

THE SON OF LONDON

by

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There was a young man in England. He lost his job due to cutbacks. He was able to pay the rent on his flat for a number of months while he looked for other employment. But, despite his hardest efforts, the young man could not find another position and lost his flat in London. He had to move back in with mum and dad two hours away in Yorkfordshire. This depressed the young man greatly as he hated his dad. Both of his parents had recently taken ill and they lived too far for him to commute into London. So he was stuck in an untenable position.

His parents had little money, so they could not help the young man aside from letting him live with them. The mum and dad did not get along. Illness only made the father meaner and nastier. The son would spend all of his time in his bedroom. He drank heavily. Once in a while he would travel into London for the day or spend money he really did not have on a hotel room. He thought he had many mates, but in the end he had none. They were all people he knew from the pub, all boozers only out for a good time.

The son would sneak booze in regularly and drink in his room. He would often cry. He knew his situation could not change. One night, after drinking way too much gins and tonic, he

took a whole bottle of sleeping pills, then stabbed himself in the stomach with a large polo mallet. His parents found him dead in his room the next morning. His parents were so distraught that they got in their car along with their dog, turned on the ignition, and died of carbon monoxide poisoning in the garage.

With the exception of four or five neighbors, no one came to their funerals, especially none of the son's supposed friends from London. In fact, when one of those boozers told some others at the pub that the son had died, they thought it was a joke and that the son was just trying to get attention. When the story appeared in the papers a few days later, the boozers realized it was indeed true. They simply raised a glass to him, then moved on with their lives.