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about 600 words

Cheap Whiskey

By Liza Stanaland

I like my Johnny Walker Blue, straight from the bottle. I'd just taken a sip when I heard this loud crash come from my kitchen. I reared back and looked around my floral sofa.

"Mercy! What in the world is that?" I asked as I turned my chair to roll into the kitchen.

"Who's there? You best get gone before I call the police!"

Don't you know, I rolled right in that kitchen and there was my grandson, Jackson, stumbling around drunk as a skunk.

"Well my mercy, Jackson. Why are you making all this mess? Don't you know I have a front door? You've smashed up my slidin' glass door and now there's glass all over the place."

That boy opened the refrigerator door, mumbled to himself, and knocked a pot off the counter. Then he turned around, tripped over the brick he broke the sliding glass door with, and fell to the floor.

"I want some of that, Granny," Jackson said as he was getting up and shaking his finger at me. He lunged at the

bottle, but I was quick. I threw my legs out and tripped that boy again.

"Son, you don't need no more to drink. I can smell it on ya. It's that cheap whiskey."

I backed my wheelchair into the living room just trying to get out of his way. The carpet slowed me up a bit, but I got far enough away to keep a good distance between the two of us.

"Don't be actin' like a fool, now," I said.

Jackson stood himself right back up and ran into the wall. He broke my wedding picture and left a rip right there in the blue wallpaper. That boy walked into my living room and said, "Granny, you're going to give me that bottle. I mean it! You're going to give it to me now."

"I ain't giving you nothing, so you best just go before I have to hurt you. I've had enough of this. You've gone too far this time, son."

He hung his head in shame and turned to walk back to the kitchen. "I'm a fuck up, Granny. I know."

I felt kind of bad, but I was standing my ground. He wasn't getting my Johnny Walker Blue. "I ain't disagreeing with you there, son. You just need to..."

Don't you know, that child turned and ran toward me again trying to get my whiskey.

"Well I ain't never," I said. Then I slammed that bottle of Johnny Walker Blue right on his head.

"Why'd you have to go and do that?" he asked, grabbing his head.

"You wanted my Johnny Walker. You got it. Maybe this'll teach you not to drink that cheap stuff."

Jackson passed out right there next to my couch. I rolled back into the kitchen, shaking my head as I saw the mess he'd left: glass everywhere, the whole world could just walk right in my house, no questions asked.

I went to my sink and opened the cabinet underneath. That's where I keep my stash. I grabbed another bottle of Johnny Walker Blue, opened it up, and took a swig, then I rolled my chair back to the other side of the couch and started watching my show again.

I looked over at my grandson and shook my head again. I was going to make him fix my door just as soon as he woke up. Hangover or not, that boy was going to learn his lesson this time.

"That damned cheap whiskey. It'll get you every time. You wanna live to be my age, you gotta drink the good stuff!"