

“Nico’s Guide To Foreplay”

I see the knife in his hand as it cuts into my arm. My reflexes kick in, and I put up a good enough fight to frighten the two guys on my trail. If it weren’t for all the training I do, the knife would’ve hit my body. That would have been much worse. I came close enough to losing all the money I was about to deliver to my contact. That really would have been the end of me. My arm is badly cut, but as far as I can tell, no veins are severed. I take the T-shirt I’m wearing and tie it around my arm to stop the bleeding. It hurts like hell. I’m afraid it’ll be noticed when I get home, since we live in close quarters. I always try to keep the things I’m doing to myself, and I don’t want anything to change that.

I see I’m still bleeding. I’m on my bike, so I decide I better go to the emergency room at Coney Island Hospital. I peddle faster to get there. It’s a chilly evening, and I’m glad to be wearing a hoodie.

At the hospital they take one look at me and admit me right away. It turns out to be worse than I thought. I get lots of sympathy from the nurse, which calms me down. No one asks too many questions. The doctor stitches me up, I get back on my bike, and peddle home.