

Man In The Blue

This will be the last anyone ever hears from me, after I finish writing this all down and posting it I'm going to leave. No this is not a suicide note, think of it more as a farewell letter. I'm leaving this place to stay with the man in the blue, now I know you have no idea what I'm talking about and that brings me to why I am writing this to you. It's complicated, to say the least, and I don't expect many of you out there to understand, but just know that this was my choice. Now, let me tell you how I first met the man in blue. As unusual and odd it may sound, it's the truth whether you want to believe it or not is up to you.

It started as a typical night working the graveyard shift as a security guard for a remote company, the weather was bitter cold to the point that it didn't matter how many layers you wore it still went straight through you to the core. The snow on the ground was scarce, but what was there was frozen hard as the asphalt that lay underneath it, patches of ice lay scattered around randomly disguised as nothing more than wet spots on the roadway. The night sky was darker than normal, with no moon to illuminate the surrounding environment which limited your sight drastically. It was common to hear wildlife scattering through the fields nearby that lay just beyond the chain-link fence, which when you're alone at night in the dark can be eerie in itself, but it's something that you get used to much like the settling of a new house. I had been drinking coffee most of the evening to keep myself from nodding off, which was extremely easy to do at this particular job. The warmth of the cup in my hands and the smell of the roasted beans eased the long work hours ever so slightly. After going through about half the pot I began to feel the urge to piss, which is to be expected after drinking that much of any liquid, however, I hated going to work. I sat alone in a tiny shack-like structure with nothing more than a computer monitor to keep me company, I didn't have a warm cozy bathroom available and had nothing more than a porta-potty about thirty feet away from my shack. This meant that I had to venture out into the cold night without anyone around to relieve myself. Not a huge deal, but I can't emphasize enough just how spooky it can be out there when you're left alone for twelve hours with nothing more than your imagination and the sounds heard that go unseen.

I bundled up the best I could, posted signs on the doors to let anyone who might show up know I'd be right back and headed for the porta-potty. The frozen ground crunched under my boots with each step, the sound amplified by the silence that hung in the air. There were no animals out tonight that I could hear, or cars off in the distance driving by. It was total and utterly disturbing silence, but still, I pressed on not having much of a choice unless I wanted to explain to my boss in the morning why there was a bucket of piss sitting outside the shack. And to be honest that wasn't a conversation I wanted to deal with. My flashlight lit up the frost-covered door of the green porta-potty as I drew closer. I wasn't looking forward to opening that door because in the back of my mind I always thought that there'd be a raccoon or something that would jump out at me as soon as I did. So as normal, I kicked the door first to alert me of anything that may be already inside before opening the door, to my relief it was empty. I'd never seen anything in there before, but the one time I let my guard down I just knew there'll be something in there laying in wait. I stepped inside and the door closed with a thud, I engaged the lock and proceeded to line myself up in what I hope was the right spot. It was pitch black in that porta potty, you couldn't see your hand in front of your face if you tried so I had to just take my best guess at where the urinal was and hope I didn't miss. A new version of spray and pray I suppose, I mean I knew where the thing was, but a little to the left or to the right no matter how slightly could mean a wet foot or not.

So there I stood, inhaling the fumes that emanated from the urinal as my warm stream hit the frozen plastic, thinking about how disgusting it all was. Just as I was finishing up I heard ever so softly a voice from somewhere in the distance, faint and barely distinguishable from my inner voice.

"Hello, friend." The voice was soft and warm as I focused on trying to determine its origin.

"Hello?" I replied, hoping that it was someone needing to check into the facility that I hadn't heard of, that was the best-case scenario but unfortunately not the case.

I unlocked the door and peered outside, and what I saw made me fall back onto the toilet seat of the porta-potty. I sat there, my heart racing and pounding as if trying to escape from my chest. The world outside wasn't the world I had left, everything had changed. The sky was a

bright violet color with swirling red clouds dancing across it, the snow was gone as well as the shack and everything else familiar. Now I had never taken acid before, but I had always imagined that this is what it'd be like if I had. I worked up the courage to take a second look, this time large vibrant plants with their bell-shaped petals the size of a man bloomed before my eyes, what appeared to be a glitter-like substance spewing from them as they danced around me. What appeared to be sheep grazed in the brightest fields of green I had ever seen in the distance, the what would be sheep were orange in color, and from what I could see had the faces of men and women. They didn't bathe as normal sheep do, but instead, I could hear them in conversation as though they were a group of hipsters gathered at a Starbucks talking about the newest iPhone. Their lips never moved yet I could hear them clear as ever, I stood there frozen in fear and awe all at once when one of the large plants rounded the corner of the porta-potty, startling me back into the only thing that I recognized as normal in this strange place. I slammed the door shut and locked it, unsure of what to do with myself when I heard that soothing voice once again, only this time it was close as though it was in the porta-potty with me.

"Like what you see?" It asked me with such a tone that my fear seemed to shed away and disappear much as the normal world had. Without hesitation or a second thought I answered.

"Yes." That is all I could spit out unsure of who or what I was talking to, at this point it might have been anyone or anything. For all I know, it might have been my inner voice manifesting itself to have a real conversation with me.

"You can stay forever..." That voice was so comforting and warm it was as if I were being placed under a spell and couldn't resist its charm.

"Who are you?" I managed to ask, the shock subsiding just enough for my mind to form a sensible question.

"Why I'm your friend, aren't you mine?" Even with the pending answer to the voice's question it was still so comforting to hear. I stood up and looked around, desperately trying to find the source of the voice.

"Where are you friends, I can't find you?" My mind was beginning to parse together sentences in the same way the voice had been, maybe it was my voice I was hearing after all.

“Down here.” The toilet lid rose slowly as my back pressed hard against the locked door, what appeared to be rays of sunshine appeared rising from within the porta-potty. I couldn’t resist but to inch forward and look down into the bright blue liquid that swirled ever so slightly within the toilet. It reminded me of watching the liquid of a lava lamp move around, the liquid so bright and blue yet thicker than normal water. I stood there mesmerized by the beauty of it and as I did I felt a total peace come over me, all my worry, doubt, fear, stress, all negative emotions just washed away by the movement of this beautiful liquid dancing within the toilet.

Slowly a face began to emerge from the pool of wonder, it rose just far enough to make out its features and nothing more. It was me, it was my face I was looking at, only its very skin seemed to be made of the blue liquid, and it almost seemed animated. Its eyes opened and where the pupils should have been there were bright rays of light, it spoke again in that sweet, sweet voice.

“Won’t you stay with me?” Its lips never moved as it spoke, but I could tell that it was smiling up at me as I stood there dumbfounded. I can’t explain why but everything felt right at that moment, I knew this is where I was meant to be. I nodded in agreement, looking into the rays of light coming from my face within the toilet, a tear of happiness rolled off my cheek and down onto my toilet face. As it struck the blue liquid the face disappeared and I found myself sitting in the cold, dark, porta-potty of the normal world.

I rushed back to my shack and booted up my laptop, where I sit now writing this to you. I don’t know who “You” are and frankly I don’t care. I just felt it important to get this out there so that everyone knows my truth. I’m going, somewhere you’ve never been and can probably never go. I doubt I’ll ever return or if I’ll truly even be alive, but I need to go. I need to go and be somewhere comfortable, happy, and at peace with myself within that beautiful blue liquid, goodbye.