Petty Things

by

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Petty Things

"I'm a god" said the blond across the table.

Bobby swallowed his beer trying not to cough. "Uhm, what?"

"I'm a god."

"You're God?"

"No, I'm A god. Little g." She held her thumb and forefinger close together. "Very little g."

He shook his head. How crazy was this chick?

He had finished his last final earlier that afternoon. When he got back to his apartment his roommate was busy getting high.

"Is that all you do?"

Jake set his bong down. "Of course not! I go to class. Sometimes. Just not all the time. Besides, I still pass all my tests."

Bobby mused for a minute on the sad fact that Jake did indeed pass all of his classes literally without trying.

"Whatever. I'm finally done with this semester."

He plopped down on the second hand couch beside Jake. Jake waggled his bong in his direction.

Bobby held up a hand. "No thanks."

"You need to lighten up a little buddy."

"I can't. I'm not like you. This doesn't come that easy to me."

"Hey, no classes tomorrow buddy. Let's go out tonight and celebrate. Get a drink. Shoot some pool. Maybe you'll even get lucky. Lord knows you need to work out some stress."

"I don't know. I'm really tired."

"Nope. Not hearing it. Tonight's the night we find you a little slice of heaven."

Five hours later he found himself at the counter of a bar trying to get the bartenders attention long enough to order. Looking around he saw Jake showing some brunette in daisy dukes how to play pool. He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"You look like you could use some help" he heard from his right. He turned and saw a cute girl with long blond hair and bright green eyes in a red summer dress.

He smiled. "I think I might."

"It's a lot easier to get a drink when you have boobs. I'll tell you what; I'll get your order in if you buy me a beer. Deal?"

He glanced back at the bartender who was still not looking his direction. "Deal."

She pointed across the bar. "Why don't you grab us a table and I'll be right there."

"Sounds good, I've got a tab open under Bobby."

He rushed across the room and snagged a table right before another couple reached it. The girl gave him a sharp look while her boyfriend steered her away. A minute later the blond plopped two beers down on the table.

She did a little shimmy and said “I told you the girls could get it done.”

Bobby laughed and tried not to stare too long at said girls.

“I’m Stephanie by the way.”

He reached out his hand and said “Bobby.”

“Well Bobby O thanks for the beer.”

He held his bottle up in a salute before taking a sip. “So why is a pretty girl like you here alone?”

“I’m a serial killer looking for my next victim” she replied before taking a sip of her own.

Bobby chuckled nervously. “No really.”

“What, you don’t believe a girl could be a psycho killer?”

He smiled “Oh, not really. Not the cute ones at least.”

“Ok, well the truth is my friends ditched me at the last second.”

“Well that’s pretty bitchy.”

“Isn’t it though!? Its ok, I’ll get them back. I’m like the queen of revenge.”

“What do you have in mind” he asked.

“Oh, I haven’t decided yet. But enough about them. Tell me about you.”

Bobby started talking and found himself telling her everything about himself. Maybe it was the beer. Maybe it was the way she curled a lock of her hair around her finger so hypnotically but he spoke for close to an hour about his hopes and fears. Finally he asked “what about you”.

That’s when she dropped her bombshell. “I’m a god.”

He took another sip of his beer. “Ok, I’ll bite. What kind of god? Greek, Roman, Norse?”

“All of the above. That was all one big dysfunctional family anyway with a bunch of names and disguises all over the world.”

He leaned over the table and grinned. He had decided to play along. “Ok, so which one are you?”

“I’m the one that never gets mentioned. Nobody ever even knew my name. I’m the goddess of petty revenge.”

“Uh huh. And what all does that entail?”

She blew a lock of hair out of her eyes. “Well, in the old days if someone slighted me or one of my few followers I’d curse their prize animal. Or I’d make their well taste bad. These days its little things like keying cars or making sure they get a nasty computer virus off of whatever porn site they are looking at.”

He laughed, “Major revenge there alright.”

She frowned at him. “I said petty revenge. Little hurts for little slights. Like if a guy doesn’t hold the door open for a lady. Or is talking on his cellphone at the counter while he orders.”

“Or if girl bails on a valentines date with a made up excuse like Susie Howell did to me two years ago?”

Stephanie reached in her purse and pulled out a small notebook. She scribbled in very quickly before putting it away. “Don’t worry; I’ll get her back for that.”

Bobby leaned back in his chair and put his hands up. “Whoa, I didn’t mean that you should track her down. I was just giving an example.”

“Don’t worry” she replied. “That’s what I do.” She jumped up from her chair. “Now how about you and I get out of here? Maybe go dancing or just back to your place.” She shimmied again as she spoke and Bobby felt his heartbeat pick up watching her move.

“Uhm, how about one more drink before we go?”

Her smile perked up. “Ok, sounds like a plan. I’ll be right here waiting.”

Walking away he spotted Jake at the bar talking to a different girl than earlier. He clapped a hand on his shoulder. Jake turned around and gave him a drunken smile.

“Hey, I’m going on home.”

“What? Why? The night is young!”

“I met a crazy one. I’m escaping while I can.”

“Oof! Yeah, run away my friend. Run away.”

“Are you good to get home” Bobby asked.

“Oh yeah man. If I even come home.” Jake wagged his eyebrows up and down.

“Ok. See you tomorrow. Be safe. Penicillin shots ain’t that cheap my friend.”

He drove home in silence to an empty apartment. Several episodes of rerun sitcoms later he passed out in his bed. The next morning he woke to the sounds of pans crashing followed by giggling in the kitchen. He jerked awake and when he tried to get up too quickly his sheets wrapped around his legs. He fell to the floor and groaned in pain. Pushing himself up he disentangled the sheets and stumbled into the kitchen.

“What the hell is going on in here” he asked rubbing sleep form his eyes.

Jake was standing in front of the stove with his arms around some brunette. The two were giggling. Jake was just wearing pajama pants and the girl was only wearing one of his oversized t shirts.

“Oh, sorry man, we didn’t mean to wake you up. We’re making pancakes. Want some?”

Bobby covered a yawn before replying. “Sure. I’ll make the coffee.”

“Excellent idea. But first I have to drain the lizard.”

He picked up the coffee pot while Jake wandered out of the room. While he was filling it with water he tried to catch a glimpse of the girl’s legs. Ruff! While he was filling the coffee maker he felt her move beside him. She slid something onto the counter. He picked it up.

“What’s this?”

“You forgot to close your tab last night so I took care of it for you.”

“Oh, thanks, that was….. what the hell? Five hundred dollars?”

He spun around to find her leaning in close to him. “I told you that I always get revenge. You shouldn’t have ditched me.”

He stepped away from her mouth hanging open. “Plus, you could have had all of this.” She ran her hands over her body while she spoke.

“I don’t believe this. You can’t be Stephanie.”

“And why not? Not blond enough?” Her hair changed from brown to red to blond and then back to brunette.

He started sliding along the counter trying to get away. “Oh crap oh crap oh crap!”

She smiled at him sweetly. “You should have known better” she said in a sing song voice.

“What happened to just keying cars” he asked.

You drive a ’93 Toyota. Why would I key it and add to the scratches and dents it already has?”

He closed his eyes “This can’t be real. It can’t.”

“Oh don’t worry honey, it’s real alright. And you’ll be seeing plenty of me around here from now on.”