

Disrespect

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I was eating a bowl of ramen with a green chili mackerel when I heard it. "Hey Tony, I got your macaroni right here," Glenn yelled out across the dorm in his distinct New York accent.

"Rub it on your chest!" I retorted to laughter and catcalls.

Ever since I threw a plate of macaroni on Sergeant Larrison three months ago, everyone has been calling me Macaroni Tony. It was chicken day and the officer's were rushing us out of the chow hall. Well, actually, they were just going through the motions. And by motions, I mean they were yelling and being obnoxious. That was until Larrison came in.

"Inmate, if you're talking, you're not eating. And if you're not eating you're leaving!"

Man, Larrison's such a douche. I stopped talking and started stuffing my mouth with chicken. Tear off a piece, chew a couple of times, and swallow. Rinse and repeat.

"Inmate, I said you're leaving," Larrison, the Douche repeated.

"Mmm- ?" I asked as coherently as possible with a mouth stuffed like a fat kid at an all you can eat buffet.

"What is the malfunction?" the cop drawled. This dude actually thought he was some tough guy standing there with his sunglasses, hands on his hips sassing like a contestant on Ru Paul's Drag Race. "As a matter of fact, in-mate, what is your name?"

I held up my finger and tried to chew as quickly as possible, but the chicken was over-cooked that day and as tough as the brogans I was wearing. When I had less food in my mouth, I replied, "Dragovich, sir. Anatoly Dragovich."

"Ha! Dragobitch," he barked, "get out." My eyes bulged, my pulse raced, and I began to choke on my last swallow. The name was harder to ingest than the chicken stuck in my throat. Someone tried to put a cup of water in my hand as it slipped through my fingers and crashed on to the table. Someone else started pounding my back. My eyes watered and my face was getting red, but the pounding seemed to do the trick. A leathery piece of meat flew out of my mouth and fell right on Larrison's patent leather boot.

“Now you did it Dragobitch. Come with me.”

“No sir,” I hissed with barely restrained anger, “now I did it.” I picked up the tray and mashed it right into Larrison’s chest. He fell about three feet back. His glasses went flying towards the side. But as everything went into Matrix-style slow motion, what gave me the most pleasure was the look of utter fear on Larrison’s face, macaroni and collard greens on his gray uniform shirt. The tough guy was gone and so was the sass.

Everything sped up after that. Most of the officers just stood there in utter shock. Colonel Short had just walked in and, apparently, witnessed the whole exchange including Larrison’s disrespect. He calmly asked me to cuff up and I complied. Hands behind my back. I knew the position. As I walked out though, head held high, cheering and applause suddenly erupted. I turned to look and even saw a smirk on the Colonel’s face.

The continual laughter in the dorm brought me out of my reverie. “Aaah, Tony,” Glenn said, “why don’t you come rub it on my chest? After all, you’re leaving in a couple of days and I’m going to miss you.”

Why does everyone insist on disrespect? I thought. I looked down at my bowl of ramen and sighed. *What the hell. It worked once.*