

## DIG FAST

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*Note: This creative piece contains explicit content*

What motivates people? What makes people want to do things?

For animals, it's easy: survive. Kill or be killed. It's crass and savage, but it's real and simple. The arrow doesn't ask why it's hitting the target. I mean think about how fucking useless an arrow would be if it stopped to consider why it was fired. Just about as useless as people are. And I know, I'm mixing metaphors. First, I was comparing us to animals, but now I'm talking about arrows. Deal with it. I'm clearly not at my best right now. But the fact remains doesn't it? We have evolved to a point where we question why we exist, and that is a pretty unique human experience. And despite all the questioning in the world, I just can't seem to find a fucking answer. When I look around, I see people trying to convince themselves that what they're doing matters. How should that make me feel? I mean the people around me don't know why they go to work every day, or stay with their families, or do whatever other mundane shit people do on a day-to-day basis. So it's gotta be ok if I don't have a fucking clue either.

And I know I sound so fucking Holden Caulfield. So privileged. Like, there are parts of the world where they don't get to think about this shit. Well, fuck them. They ain't me and I ain't them. Holden

Caulfield didn't have Instagram. He didn't get to experience millions of people trying to convince other millions of people, they don't know, that their life is worth living. And there I go again, switching back and forth between comparisons. Poor people or J.D. Salinger, I gotta make up my damn mind. I guess I have what they call a "flight-of-ideas." Did you know that's a diagnostic criterion for bipolar disorder? Like, you are mentally ill if you think about too many things at once. Like, you gotta stay in your box. And if you ever step outside of that box, well it's off to the loony bin with you.

And look at this fucking guy. I wonder why they give them those short, fucking, white coats. Is it like a weird homage to the short bus? Like they are too stupid to have the long coats? Fuck this guy.

"Hi. My name is Raj.

I'm a third year medical student that'll be working with you."

Jeez. A third year medical student? They're really pulling out the big guns for me. Actually, that joke might be in poor taste considering my current situation. Don't understand? Let's tune back into this fucker and you'll figure it out.

"So, how long have you been thinking about hurting yourself?"

Is he afraid to say suicide? Like “hurting yourself” sounds so much better. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars did this idiot have to pay just to be a pussy about saying suicide? Well, in case you guys are actually on the short bus, let me spell it out for you. I shot myself. And apparently I suck at it because I am still alive enough to have to deal with this short-coated idiot. Put the gun in my mouth, and all I did was blow out the side of my mouth. Speaking of which, is this guy not aware that I can’t really talk right now? I guess what Kanye said was right: some people graduate but they still stupid.

“Well, I can see that you do not feel like talking right now.”

I can’t talk, you idiot. My face has a hole in it.

“I’ll be back with my attending physician in a little bit and maybe you’ll be a little more willing to talk then.”

Fuck this guy. Willing to talk? Where does he get off even thinking that he is worth my time? I know I sound like a prick, but whatever. Thank God he left. Where was I? Holden Caulfield? Whatever...

You know what else I can’t stand? The nature of education in this country. It’s fucking despicable. For some inane reason it’s more important to respect hierarchy than to learn. It’s not about free thought; it’s about “teaching” you how to conform and respect some bullshit teacher for no reason. Like he may not be smarter than you, but some idiot put him in charge so you have to listen to his shit no matter what. That’s why I never got that far in school. I am too smart to placate these people. I got better things to do than to be their Neville Chamberlain. I am smarter than all these so-called educators, and you know what? That is the worst fucking part. The absolute worst. They punish you for having self-confidence. Like, it’s dangerous or something.

Oh, I remember what I was talking about. How you are mentally ill if you have a lot of ideas. Jesus. That is some Brave New World shit. You think too much, pop this pill.

Who the fuck is knocking at the door? I was just hitting my groove. I hope it’s not that fucking medical student again. I wish I’d saved the bullet for him. Oh no, I take that back. I should’ve saved the bullet for her.

“Hi honey...how are you feeling? You really gave us a scare...”

A scare? Jesus. Treat it with more gravitas than that. Act like I came out of your vagina at least. You sure as hell treat things with more gravitas when they’re going into your vagina.

“The doctor—”

You better not be referring to that medical student. That imposter...

“—said you are medically stable. But there are still some underlying concerns with—”

Another fucking knock at the door? Is this what Frodo felt like at the end of Lord of the Rings? When everyone just came walking through that door and climbing into bed with him? Pause. Well this guy’s coat is longer; he must be the doctor. You can tell from the way the medical student is trembling in fear and awe from the length of his coat. I’m not a psychologist (thank God), but there is definitely some weird, Freudian psychosexual shit going on with the coat length.

“Hi there. I’m Dr. Smith. I know you had a chance to meet Raj here—”

What a worthwhile experience for me indeed...

“—if you don’t mind, I am just going to talk to your mother for a second to fill her in.”

I would love to tell you if I mind, but I think the hole I blasted in my face might stop me from doing that. That's just my gut feeling. But, good luck Dr. Longcoat. If you can get her interested in me, then you'll have accomplished more than I have in 23 years of life.

Now what was I talking about? Ah, I don't remember. Dammit, I was in such a groove. Just feel so scattered-brained, but not as scattered-brained as I would have felt if I actually knew how to aim a gun. Ha. They make it look so easy in the movies. Those lying fuckers. Jeez. I can't remember. Must be all these meds they got me on. Some to help me relax; some to help me sleep. Speaking of which, how are they allowed to give me these meds? I can't say yes or no to them, isn't it illegal or something to start people on meds without asking first? Well, they clearly aren't working cause I'm wide-awake right now. Not that I need any pills. I function fine without them. Got all these people hopped up on sleeping pills across the country, when they don't need them. So you can't sleep? Whatever. Do something. Write a book. Learn a language. Don't just medicate yourself.

“So I spoke to your mother and she told me that you have not been taking your medications at home. This is likely why you are here now.”

No; I'm here because all those hours of Halo have shockingly not made me the next American Sniper.

“But the good news is that if you start back on your medications, your mood should stabilize and you won't feel like hurting yourself.”

Oh really? Take some magic pills and all the problems in the world go away. They taught you that in medical school?

“Great. I'm going to let you get some rest and catch up with your mom.”

That is code for I-get-paid-by-the-patient. I have to say, however, that little bit of extra fabric at the end of his coat did really comfort me. Don't let it get caught on the door on the way out. That scene in *The Incredibles* was great. When are they gonna make a sequel to that movie?

“Well honey. I'm just gonna step out and give your brother a call to let him know about what is going on.”

Going on? Smooth. You just can't stand the thought of us being together for an extended period of time. Follow that instinct.

Thank God. I finally remember what we were talking about. What motivates people. Did you know that humans are the only animals that commit suicide? Did you also know that I just made up that fact? But it did sound true, right? Probably is true. Suicide is a weird thing though. If animals exist only to survive, then why would we want to end ourselves? Maybe it's 'cause we are so concerned with the purpose of our existence that the only way we can figure it out is if we no longer exist.

Fuck if I know. I can't even shoot a gun properly.