

FIRED

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First Edition

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This is a Work of Fiction

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Burnt skin. That was all he felt was burnt skin. He could feel it all over himself. It was hard. It was thick. Thicker than usual. It was coarse. He usually didn't feel like this. He had just awoken. He was awake now. But what was wrong with him? Had he always been like this? Had it always been this way? No of course it had not. Of course not.

Where was he? He was in a hospital. A hospital. That was horrible. All around him was bright light. The sun. In all its majestic nature. The mighty sun. The beautiful sun. He loved it so much. Oh great life giver.

His name was Martin. His name was Martin and he was burned. Burnt from head to toe.

“Am I wearing clothes?” he thought.

He tried to feel with his hand. He couldn't. He just couldn't. He just didn't have the strength. He just couldn't muster up

enough energy. Something was wrong. Something was indeed wrong. Very wrong. He felt lost. Completely lost. Lost and all alone.

“Here I am in a hospital all alone.” he thought.

It scared him. It scared him a lot.

“Here I am in a hospital all alone and I am burnt.” he thought.

He tried to scream out for help. It was no use. A mask was attached to his face. There was a tube leading down his throat. Nearby a machine beeped.

“I am fucked. Completely fucked.” he thought.

And there is no one. I am all alone.

“But how did I get this way?” he thought.

There must be some explanation. And

there was. At the moment it escaped him. He was alone. Alone and lost. Lost and burnt. Burnt like a waffle.

How had all this happened though. He was lost. A lost cause. Lost in this hospital. This hospital he was now stuck in. Stuck. He tried to get up. He couldn't move. His body felt broken. It was broke. But how? Why?

“Why is this happening to me? What have I done to deserve this?” he thought.

And then he remembered.

He had lit himself on fire.

He doused himself with gasoline and ignited it with a cigarette lighter.

Why?

Why would he do that?

“Where am I?” he thought.

A hospital. He was in a hospital. The air was fresh. The light was bright.

“It must be beautiful.” he thought.

But he could not see it. All he could see was a bright light.

“I am blind.” he thought.

He closed his eyes. It was no use trying to see.

“Why am I not at work?” he thought.

He was not.

Why?

“Oh yeah. I was fired.” he thought.

Fired.

Then he started to remember. There was so much. A lot had happened. It was rough.

Today had been a rough day for Martin.

Martin then thought back to how he had arrived at his present location and state.

It started at work.

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Martin worked as an assembler. He assembled wire harnesses. The harnesses would eventually become the wiring inside a car. It was a tough job. It was fast paced. He was paid low. Every wire harness had to be perfect or the car would not work properly. Power doors. Power windows. Lights. It all required wiring. Work was hard for Martin. It was no Shangri-la.

He worked at a miserable place called Dominion. There they made wire harnesses and more wire harnesses. Lots of wire harnesses. All the wire harenesses were for cars. Martin's job was to assemble them. He had to get it right every

time.

Today was just not going well. The inspector who maintained quality assurance had rejected three of Martin's harnesses. Three. That was a big number. Martin's job was on the line. That combined with the fact that he had just missed a week of work for an illness: depression.

He had been depressed lately. His girlfriend had left him. She accused him of abuse. He didn't abuse her. She was just fucked up. She suffered from mental illness. She was fucked up. She was a fucked up drug addict. She claimed she had MS. If she was abused then she deserved it. That was what Martin figured.

After three of Martin's wire harnesses were rejected he had break. He had a hot dog. Dominion had a patio where everybody went to smoke and eat on break and lunch.

He didn't like the inspector. He was a bitch as far as Martin was concerned. Martin sat alone and had his hot dog. Then he had a smoke.

Little did he know that that inspector was off reporting Martin to the boss.

“He can't do the job. He's incompetent. He's fucked up.” said the inspector.

The inspector had no idea that this would lead to Martin self immolating himself.

Martin had grown increasingly depressed. He just couldn't take life anymore. Somehow life was just too hard for him. No one knew why. It was just too hard. Why though?

Martin's job was important too him. He needed it. Without it he was lost. Lost. And he was going to be lost.

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Thinking of what happened broke Martin's heart. He was burnt to a crisp. Life was over. Over. It had not even been long. His life was over. Where was his Mother? Where was his Father? Where was his sister? Didn't they love him. Maybe they didn't.

Martin couldn't take the memory anymore. He began to weep. He wept. His eyes were burnt. It was hard to cry. He wept though.

After a while he continued to think of the day that led up to the end of his life.

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So Martin had gone back to work after break. He went back to making wire harnesses. Only something was wrong. Something was wrong with his head. Something was wrong with his brain. He just couldn't think properly. The wire harnesses suffered.

He thought nothing of it. Then they

reached the inspector. He checked them on his machine. They had shorts. Martin didn't wire them properly. Then the inspector went and got the boss.

Mr. Thurmer walked up to Martin.

“Martin I'm sorry to do this. You're fired.” said the boss.

Fired.

“But why?” cried Martin.

“You miss too much time and you make too many mistakes.”

“Oh.” said Martin.

“Get your stuff and leave immediately. You can pick up your cheque next week. Okay so get going Martin.” said the boss.

Martin sulked. He got his bag and left. Everyone stared at him as he left. He was gone. Gone. Mr. Thurmer had fired him.

Martin went home and set his bag by the door. Then he sat down in the living room

and nearly cried. Then he did the worst thing he could do. He got drunk. He drank back a bottle of rum and got fucked up.

Then Martin decided he would show Dominion how much they had hurt him. He was going to end his life and make them watch. He had no gun. His options were limited.

It was now afternoon. Soon they would all gather to smoke and eat on afternoon break. And when they did Martin was going to set himself on fire.

He wasted no time. He got some gasoline that was used for the lawnmower and set off on foot for Dominion.

When he arrived it was not yet break. He hid behind a dumpster and waited for everyone to file out.

He never thought twice of what he was doing.

Eventually they all came and sat on the patio. That was when Martin made his move. He ran out into the parking lot and shouted out.

“This is what you did to me!”

Then he doused himself with the gasoline.

“Oh my God Martin.” cried Wendy.

Then he lit his lighter. He burst into flames. He sort of spun around. The urge to run was too strong.

“Somebody get a fire extinguisher!” shouted Wendy.

Alan who also made wire harnesses ran inside and got one. He came back outside and ran up to Martin. Then he discharged the fire extinguisher. It put the fire out. Only Martin was burnt to a crisp. He fell to the ground in a heap. He was unconscious. It was just too much for him.

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“So that is how I got here.” thought Martin.

He wept.

“Why did I do that?” he thought.

He knew why though. Life had just been too much for him. It was just too much. Those damn wire harnesses. He hated them so much. He hated them a lot.

Now here he was. All alone.

Where was Alan?

Alan had put out the fire. Not much point though. He would be better off dead. He wished that he was dead.

Where was everybody? Where was the nurses? Where was the doctors? Where was his family?

Martin tried to cry. Something was wrong with his eyes. Then it happened. He heard a voice.

“Martin we're here son.”

He couldn't see them. He heard them though. It was his Mother. His family must be there.

“Martin we heard what happened and we're just heartbroken.” said his Dad.

“Yeah Martin you shouldn't have done that.”

It was his sister Barb. Martin was heartbroken.

“Martin can you hear us?” said his Mother.

Martin tried to shake.

“Oh so you can.” said his Mother.

“You shouldn't have done that Martin.” said his Dad.

Then a nurse came in.

“I have to give him some more morphine. He is probably in pain. He might fall asleep.” said the nurse.

Then she administered the morphine to his I.V.

“We'll be right beside you son.” said his Dad.

Then Martin fell asleep.

THE END