

Live For Today

Michael Botur

—fta say that for? He made me.
You didn't hafta waste him, though.
He shoulda let me finish my text.
Just sayin, you didn't hafta waste him.
But he gimme a headache.
Coulda just put your phone away...
He's gonna snitch now and tell the case manager. Should
roll him again for that.
You coulda waited till he got home, got him in his house
or somethin. He's gonna ring the pigshits, bro. Everyone
seen what happened. My case manager's gonna fuck me up,
G. Now we aint even got nothin.
Fuck this grass, it's wet on my feet. Gimme your shoes.
G...
You deaf, cunt? Gimme your shoes.
Bro...
THEY DON'T EVEN FIT! The fuck you goin in there
for? It's all wet.
To get my shoes.
But they don't even fit. Swwhy I threw them down there.
They fit ME.
Fuck your feet anyway.
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Hurry up! Walkin like a bitch...
We shoulda fully got on that train.
Nah. Need my three bucks. Got something spesh
planned.
Prickles hurt my feet, man. Bitsa glass and shit.

You shoulda got your shoes outta the swamp, ao.
I couldn't reach that far. Need a stick or somethin.
I SAID HURRY YOUR ARSE UP! I could be doin
heaps right now.

Wait up, wait up. G, what are we supposed to do now?
We got nothin from that course. Left my refill there.

Not even. Got his phone: look.

You shouldn't've done that. It's old, anyway.

You a snitch too?

Nah, not me.

Talkin like a snitch.

I'm not, man. Chill.

Why you suckin his cock then?

Nah I'm just sayin, we won't get our ticket now 'cause
you kinghitted Mr Holness.

He was bein a egg.

Yeah but I need my forklift ticket, ao.

It was a gay course anyway. Do another one.

They're gonna axe us though. WINZ is.

I'll axe *them* cunts. Whatchu scared for?

Not scared.

Yeah you are. I'll make you scared.

Thas what your dad said.

Fuck up.

Nah I mean, oi, thas what your old man said when we
was round at yours. Member how he was like lookin through
your Facebook 'cause you left it logged on? And he was, like,
impersonating you? He was full-on mocking—LET GOA
MY NECK, G, IT HURTS! LET GO, MAN!

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How come you're not saying nothin?

Shut up. Get me a Powerball ticket.

Might go back and get me my refill pad. Gotta score a
ride.

You deaf, cunt? Gemme a Powerball.
I don't got any money.
Arks that lady.
Member when we used to play mixed netball at school?
What's that got to do with anyfing?
Just saying, you used to be real good. It's not fair, what
happened to you.
Like, at course?
Just in general. Snot fair.

*

I don't got enough to shout you the bus again...
Buy us a two litre Coke. Gemme some a them straws.
From Maccas.
I don't got enough.
How much? Gimme it. Hurry. HURRY. Let go of it,
getcha fingers off. Now I gotta take a fee. Commission.
I dint want that money anyway.
Told you you dint have enough.
Thas all I got on me. I'm tapped out.
What bank's your one? ACU? We'll go that one.
Bro...
Fuck your bro. What bank?
Kiwibank.
Why dint you say that before? Why you walkin so slow
for? This the one your mum works at?
Yeah.
But you said she works at the post shop.
It's a post shop AND a bank.
Makin my head fuckin hurt again.
Let's just get a drink from the Punjabis. Drink an a
smoke, that's me. Putch a drink in a brown paper bag: then
it's gangsta.
Arks her for some post, then, if she's the boss of a post
shop. Arks her. ARKS HER.

BRO!

What, cunt? What? You was gonna say somethin.

I think you're sposda have a mask, oi.

I'm The Rock. Everybody knows The Rock. *You* wear a mask.

But they'll know 'cause of my feet with the purple toenail.

Shoulda wore shoes, then.

*

Nah—nah put it down, G, she's not actually gonna call—bro, honest to—G! G! We gotta boost, honest, you can't do that to a, to a, a-a-a, a chick—Now we got nothin, bro, NOTHIN.

*

Hurry, G, hurry. Got my appointment. Say you were here the whole morning. Look up some jobs.

Pfft. Got forty bucks. Get me a 30 gram.

You comin in or not. You got a appointment? You can get a appointment. Gotta ring the 0800.

I don't need one.

True, is that a new thing?

I just don't need one.

*

G... You should not've hit her, honest. She's a kuia, G. She shouldn'ta touched me. She gimme a headache.
WHERE YOU GOIN?

I gotta get back in line, man. If I miss my appointment...
Sgay in here, it's too noisy. FUCK YOU STARIN AT?
DID I STUTTER?

What's that siren? Sthat cops or a ambo? Or a fire truck?
They pullin in here?

She's not a kuia, she's a pigshit. Security's same as a pigshit. Shouldn'ta touched The Rock. Look at her. Flannel on her head like a baby. Pfft.

I still got my appointment... They drive past? The 5-Oh? Scuse me, whats the clock say? FAR, I'M JUST ASKIN THE TIME. G: I'm in, like, half a hour, bro. You should honestly boost before the pigs get here, G. Come back tomorrow.

Fuck you talkin about tomorrow for? Live for today, G. Live for today.