

Jon Faustman

## Iceberg

*It's damn near impossible getting anything done in this house*, Jack thought, staring at his computer screen. His work wasn't doing itself, but he couldn't think with Christian's music thumping against his floorboards. Jack's room was supposed to be his sanctuary, the only place in the house where he could be alone; but even his safe haven was being violated by the repetitive beat of techno music coming from Christian's room. Jack hated techno; Jack hated Christian.

"If I can hear his music from upstairs then it is obviously too loud," Jack said, looking into the mirror. It had got to the point that Jack had to psyche himself up just to talk to Christian. It's not that they ever argue, but they never get along. Never arguing might be one of their problems. Before they were roommates they got along great together, but after living with Christian for a year Jack began to notice every single fault – and Christian had his share of faults.

Jack starting stomping on the floor; maybe Christian would get the point and turn down the music. *I could probably do the Riverdance up here and Christian wouldn't notice*, Jack thought.

*What the hell is that fucker doing?* Christian asked himself. *He probably thinks my music is too loud; what a pussy. There's an old saying I think he needs to hear, if you think the music is too loud then you're too old. I'm not turning down shit. Besides, he'll be down here in a couple of minutes anyway. Jack is so predictable.*

Stepping out of his room, Jack was overwhelmed by the stale smell of leftover beer. Bottles and cans litter the living room floor. Pizza boxes are stacked neatly next to the empty beer containers. *Too bad they aren't stacked neatly in the trash can*, Jack thought. The entire

house looked like an aftermath of a party, only the party was two weeks ago and nobody bothered to clean it up. *I would clean it up myself, but I'm tired of cleaning up after these fuckers*, Jack thought. Tip toeing through the mess, Jack made his way down to the basement; down towards Christian's room.

*Fuck, I knew he would be coming down here*, Christian thought. *I can hear him walking across the living room floor. I'm sure he's not too happy about the mess we left up there. I remember a time when he would actually be partying with us; now he thinks he's my mother. Actually, I think he loves my mother.*

*I can't believe the basement is so clean, but the rest of the house is so dirty. I guess that makes sense, Christian only cares about himself*, Jack thought.

Jack began to knock on Christian's door. The quiet knock quickly became a pound. The beating on the door seemed to coincide with the beating of the techno music, instead of competing against it for attention. The music was turned down to a tolerable level, and then Jack could hear some rustling in the room. Christian opened the door far enough to stick his head out and see what the commotion was all about; even though he already knew what to expect.

"Hey man, what's going on?" Christian asked. Christian was just as annoyed with seeing Jack, as Jack was with having to talk to Christian.

"Not much man, just trying to do some homework. What are you up to?" Jack asked, although he could clearly see Christian was busy doing something important – watching TV, listening to music, smoking weed or possibly jerking off. *That's all he ever does since he dropped out of school*, Jack thought.

"Oh, you know, not much, just hanging out, chilling; the usual agenda at hand." Christian said. *Get to the point and tell me to turn down the music already, I have shit to do*, Christian thought.

Looking down at Christian's beer gut, Jack tried to think of something else to say. He didn't want to ask him to turn down the music right away, but he didn't want to stay down there any longer. *I would be the nice guy and ask him about his girlfriend, but the ladies don't seem to like him much anymore*, Jack thought. *I guess he's not such a pretty boy since he gained the 20 pounds of extra fat.* "How's your mom been? I haven't seen her for a while. She doesn't come around here much anymore."

"Oh, she's doing all right. She's just doing the same old things, I guess. She must be too busy to come over here. I don't know, I haven't really talked to her in a while." Christian said. *God, how long did it take before he started talking about my mom?* Christian thought. *Maybe my parents should get a divorce and he could be my new dad already; I'm sure he'd like that.*

"I see. Well, tell her I said hello next time you see her. Make sure you tell her how much I miss her strawberry pies." *Those strawberry pies are the only thing I like about your mother; actually those strawberry pies are the only thing I like about you*, Jack thought. "Well dude, I don't mean to be an ass or anything, but could you please turn down your music? I'm trying to do my homework and I can't really think with it so loud." *At least I remembered to say please*, Jack thought.

"Oh sure, no problem at all." *Thank you for getting to the point, you jackass*, thought Christian. "If it gets too loud again, just come down and tell me." *And by that, I mean don't show your face down here again. It's bad enough we live in the same house, I don't need you coming to my room every five seconds. I'm not your mother, get off my tits*, Christian thought.

"All right, cool. Thanks a lot man, you're doing me a huge favor." Jack thought, *yeah a huge favor of not being a dick for at least a minute.*

"Cool. We're going out later, if you want to come along just holler at me." Christian said. His offer was hollow, and Jack could tell.

“All right, I might have to do that. I just have to finish my homework and I’ll probably be good to go.” Jack knew Christian and his friends would be gone by the time he finished his homework. Even if he didn’t have anything to do, they would be gone before he was ready.

“Well then, I’ll talk to you in a bit.” Christian said, closing the door. Just as Jack started walking up the stairs, the techno music blared out of Christian’s room louder than before. *I have to move out of this hellhole*, Jack thought.