

# “Jimmy’s Gift”

(MMP’s Member’s Only Sneak-Peak)

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“I’m going to kill you all.” Jimmy exclaims, hammering one fist on the desktop, the other clutching the mouse, as he chases his animated enemies upon the computer screen. His face pulls into a grimace of concentration; his eyes dart along the screen after his arch nemesis as he utters “Pow, pow, pow.”

His Mother calls to him from the kitchen. It’s time for lunch, but he has no intention of acknowledging her, not right now anyway. He’s in the heat of battle and nothing else matters. He shoots several more soldiers, “Take that, and that, and that, eat lead you pussies.”

Jimmy’s Mom strides into the room, “Watch your mouth young man.”

Jimmy glances at her, cocks his finger, and makes a shooting gesture, “Pow.”

Carla shakes her head, annoyed, “Come on, time for lunch.”

He swivels back towards the computer to continue his battle so she grabs him by the shoulder, meaning to physically propel him towards the kitchen.

Jimmy’s eyes flash with anger.

As he wheels away from the desk, he pulls his right hand up into a shooting position steadying his aim on her. Carla falters several steps backwards, “What are you doing? That’s not funny.”

Jimmy smiles, the 44 feels snug in his hand, somehow right, as if it’s always belonged there.

“No, can’t you see I’m in the middle of a game here?”

Carla’s eyes widen.

“Give me the gun, it’s not safe, give it to me now.”

Jimmy shrugs, nonplussed, and motions for her to have a seat.

“After I’m done you can make me a sandwich, okay?”

“This is ridiculous...I’m calling your Father.”

Jimmy aims the gun over her right shoulder and pulls the trigger. With a loud boom, a jagged hole appears in the wall. Carla’s face turns pasty white; her hands flutter like nervous butterflies as she adjusts her glasses. Unsure, she sits back down.

Carla sits there, staring at the back of her sons head. Jimmy’s gone back to playing his game. He makes noises under his breath then slams his fist on the desk, “Dirty bastards.”

Carla’s thoughts jack rabbit around in her head. She glances back at the hole in the wall, shell shocked. She gathers her wits.

“Game’s over Jimmy, come on, it’s not funny anymore.”

Jimmy shoots her with an annoyed glance.

“You’re wrong. The game ended last week when you refused to buy the new game I asked for, that’s what, so now I’ve decided to make up my own game. How do you like it so far?”

Carla worries her hands in her lap, stuttering, “Ah, I...well...um.”

“It was a rhetorical question, forget it. Quiet, I’m trying to concentrate.” he interrupts.

Jimmy weaves his way through underground bunkers on the screen, shooting the enemy as he goes. There’s a telephone across the room from where Carla is sitting.  
*I gotta’ get help, make a call.*

She fusses at the front of her blouse then starts tapping her feet.

“What’s wrong?” Jimmy asks.

Carla looks away, “I need to use the bathroom.”

“Okay, but no funny business, and leave the door open.”

Carla heads across the room, her mind churning. When she’s abreast of the table, she grabs her cell phone and cups it in her palm.

“I saw that, give me the phone.”

“What?”

A hiss escapes Jimmy’s lips, “Oh shit, I’ve been hit.”

His character in the game falls with a quarter sized hole in his leg.

Carla hesitates a moment, long enough for Jimmy to grab the 44 and put a bullet into her calve.

She cries out then clasps her hand over the hole in her leg.

Blood soaks through her fingers and onto the carpet, her face drains of color.

“Why’d you do that?”

Jimmy looks at her as if she’s a dog that has just piddled on the carpet.

“Fair play...It’s your fault I got shot.”

She slumps down onto the carpet, sobbing. Jimmy ignores her and concentrates on his game.

After a while, he looks at the growing bloom of blood surrounding her.

“You better do something with your leg, you’re ruining the carpet.”

Carla’s sobs grow louder.

Jimmy grows annoyed, finally leaving the room. When he returns, he’s carrying a towel.

“Here, clean that up, and quit whining.”

Jimmy pulls himself up to the computer and is soon absorbed in his game. Carla stares at the back of his head thinking, *what happened? Where did we go wrong?*

She grows dizzy, her heart stutters and taps in her chest. A sinking sensation burrows itself in her gut, her calve throbs with each beat of her heart; her blood soaks the floor in rhythm, and she thinks, *My blood, my life’s blood*, followed by, *carpets ruined*, before plunging into unconsciousness.

Jimmy glances over at his Mother, she’s blessedly quiet. His game is going quite well and he’s ravenous.

Right then, Jimmy stops the game (taking note of the time). It’s just after 4 p.m., so he heads to the kitchen to grab some cookies and milk. These cookies are his favorite, chocolate chip. He grabs a couple extra (in case his Mom wants some) then settles

back in front of the computer. He tries waking his Mom to see if she'd like some of his snack but she remains noncommittal. He shrugs then starts shooting the enemy soldiers. Little puffs of air are accompanied by spittle as he exclaims, "Pow, pow,pow." An hour later, he hears the sound of the garage door opening and closing, followed by the rattle of keys.

His Father's home...

"Hey Dad, Mom and I are downstairs." Jimmy yells as he aims the 44 at the stairwell.

His Father's shadow descends the steps then tumbles and falls as the clashing boom of the 44 rings out. His dad crumples at the foot of the stairs, his arm still wrapped around a package.

Jimmy walks over to him then plucks the package from his Dad's arms. It's the video-game that he asked for.

He glances once more at his Mom and Dad, the sound of machine gun fire from the video game beckoning. Today, this nine year old has gotten his hearts desire, the one and only game that he's always wanted.

Jimmy stares vacantly at the computer screen. He bobs his head up and down then clucks his tongue, rocking to and fro. A low growling hum issues from his throat followed by, "Muh, muh, Mom, Duh, Duh, Dad..." his voice rises to a shriek, "Game over, dinner, game over, dinner..." the smell of urine fills the air and he raises the 44 to his right-eye. He laughs hysterically then pulls the trigger.

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