

Too Far To Live

I never thought that Fortunato would be willing to do such a thing. He was a good friend to me for very long. I loved and cared for him and his family. I thought he was the same for my family and I. We used to spend every second together, working the same career, sharing the same interests. Fortunato also liked to party and get drunk with all of his friends. That is how this started.

“Hey Montresor,” said Fortunato from right outside my front door. “I am going to head to a party tonight, would you like to come?” My house was very tiny, only a three bedroom, two bathroom home. I lived there with my wife and my three kids, Aislinn, Alvertos, and Jocelyn. There was barely enough room for all of us to fit, as well as yard space for the children to play.

“Sure,” I responded, “what time is it at.”

“Nine O’clock. At the Hemingtail’s Bar. See you there.”

“Bye!”

“Bye.” I walked back inside to explain my plans to my wife, Fiona. She was in the kitchen, cooking Steak for the family.

“Honey, I am going to go to the Hemingtail’s Bar with Fortunato tonight at nine. Is that okay?”

“Yeah, it’s fine.” Fiona had brown hair, a heart-shaped face, with beautiful light and dark blue eyes. “Dinner is ready,” she yelled at the kids, who were in the living room on the other side of the house, playing board games. We sat down and eat dinner in silence, except for the kids arguing about who gets to choose the next game that they play. I occasionally looked at Fiona, who was looking at the kids, smiling.

When the time came, I got ready to leave for the bar. I grabbed my bike and left for the bar. The bar was about ten minutes away using my bike, so I planned to get there at 8:50. When I arrived, I could see Fortunato inside the bar, already on his third drink. I walked in and sat next to him.

“Plan on getting drunk tonight too?” I asked, which seemed like a reasonable question. Fortunato is known as the party boy of the town, he gets drunk at least three times a week, which is probably not very good for his health.

“You bet!” He said, already sounding dizzy. The bar was not very tiny, it had a dance floor and two bartenders. Fortunato was on his fifth drink by the time I finished my first, which was enough for me.

When Fortunato finished his eighth drink, dancing on the dance floor, I grabbed him and we left for our houses, I guided Fortunato on his bike, while he told me where

to go. When he told me that we were where he wanted to go, we pulled in front of a store called “The Comet Store.” I helped him set his bike down on the curb, while I continued to ride my bike up to my house, which was just up the road from here. When I was about half way up the road, I heard the store’s alarms go off. I looked back behind me and saw Fortunato running in the other direction, holding a bag of money. By the time he reached the end of the street, people caught up to him and took him away to jail.

During his five years in jail, I visited him once a week, telling him that he was going to be out soon. On his last year in jail, he stopped wanting to talk to me. I grew lonelier and we grew apart. After he was freed, we tried to catch up on everything that had happened while we were gone but something seemed different. He seemed different.

We rarely hung out after Fortunato was released. Fortunato always stayed at home, either drinking alcohol or sleeping. He rarely even came out of his house. I visited him every day, hoping that he would go back to how he was before; but it never happened.

“Fortunato?” I said as I walked into his house. “I brought you some fruit, just like you asked.”

“Thanks.” He responded, from inside the living room, where his wife was rubbing his feet. I walked over to him.

“Is there anything else that you need?” I asked him, looking at his face. He had huge bags under his eyes, bloodshot eyes, along with a very crouched position in his favorite chair.

“Yes, can you go get me another drink from the refrigerator?” He responded, sounding like a very tired man.

“I think you should stop drinking for a while.”

“No. If you don't get me a drink, I will, while you are at work, kill your whole family.” This sent a wave of shock through my body. I started to worry, but I convinced my self that he was joking because he was too drunk to even walk. I still decided to go through with the request.

Over the next few months, I continued to come to his house every week. He kept drinking and began to become more and more distant, with more and more threats of killing my family. He began to ignore me, while he was hanging out with his other friends. I kept coming to his house, waiting to be acknowledged by my old friend. There were many times where I never got a glance from Fortunato when I came over. I got mad at Fortunato because he was different, he changed. He changed in a bad way.

I kept telling myself that he picked up the behavior from Jail and that he was going to change the more he was away from the imprisonment, but that never seemed to happen. We tried to hang out every Friday to eat lunch at the little store at the end of the road that leads to my house, but we stopped after one month. Whenever we would hang out, Fortunato would insult me about every little aspect about me: I am too fat, I am too weird, I am unattractive.

I began to think that he was just insecure about himself and he would get over it, but it continued to happen throughout the whole month. I got so mad at him because of this I could not continue to eat with him. The only thing that I could do throughout this time was to hang out with my family, which kept me busy, but I still felt like there was something missing. There was a part of me that wanted Fortunato to stay like this so that I could spend time with my kids and not always be with him, but another part of me wanted him to get better so that I could feel whole again.

One night, Fiona noticed that I was feeling down. We were sitting in the bedroom, getting ready to go to bed. I was looking at my feet most of the time.

“Honey, what’s wrong?” Fiona asked me.

“Nothing.”

“I can see something is wrong. Tell me.”

“Fine. I just miss hanging out with Fortunato. He is different now. He wants nothing to do with me now. He has changed.”

“I’m sorry, honey. I hope that he gets better. I do not like seeing you so down.”

She responded.

“Thanks. I do not like to see you worry. I will try to help him get better; no matter what it takes.”

“That’s good. Let’s go say goodnight to the kids then get some sleep. It is getting late and you have to work really early .”

“Okay.” I went and said goodnight to the kids. I laid down in bed and tried to fall asleep. I kept on thinking about what Fortunato said: “ If you don't get me a drink, I will, while you are at work, kill your whole family.” I began to get scared. I was worried that it would really happen. That night I barely slept.

The next morning, I stopped by Fortunato’s house. When I came in, I walked over to him. He was in the same position as he always is.

“Hey Montresor, will you grab me another drink from the fridge?” Fortunato asked.

“No. You are going to stop drinking and I am going to help.”

“If you don't get me a drink, I will, while you are at work, kill your whole family.”

“No. You have already made this threat to me and I am not going to fall for it again.”

“Fine. If that is what you want.” He signed for me to leave. I walked out the door and headed to work.

When I came home from work, I went into the house.

“Honey, I am home.” I yelled because I did not know where she was. “Honey,” there was no response. I started to panic. I ran up the stairs and into our bedroom. I saw her there, lying on the bed, with blood spilling from her chest, was my wife. I ran to the children's rooms to check on them. I went into their room and I also saw them, their eyes full of shock, with blood spilling from everywhere from their bodies. I began to walk towards the corner of the room, crying. My family was now dead.

Fortunato went too far now. Way too far. My family was all I was living for. Now they are gone. Now I know what I need to do. How to get back at him for what he did: kill him.