

Generation K

It was too early in the day to function. I had barely got any sleep the night before. Majority of the class stayed up late completing the English project. *Pick any book and compare it to your life and a partner's*. This was one of the easiest projects that we had ever gotten, but the amount of procrastination was substantial. Mr. Rod had given us the project exactly a week ago and nobody started it until night before it was due. Something so easy became a challenge. My phone buzzed all night with text messages asking if I had a partner. My reply to these messages was “yes”. I had already agreed to be partners with my best friend, Tyler. He was my automatic go-to partner. We both procrastinated to our finest, but somehow we always got the work done and a good grade. I had let Tyler pick out the book because reading was not my thing. I hated reading with a passion. Why read something when you can watch it or listen to it? But on the other hand, Tyler enjoyed reading. He did not read for fun, but when Mr. Rod assigned books for us to read, he actually read them. Tyler picked the book *The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian* by Sherman Alexie. My class had read this book three years ago, when I was in the seventh grade. I think it was about a Native American kid being bullied and attending a white school, I don't know. Tyler knew though, so I trusted the idea.

It was 8:30 on a Friday morning and everyone was headed towards english class. Mr. Rod, was there at the door, ready to greet everyone coming in. “Good morning. Good morning. Good morning.” His face was lit with a bright smile as he watched multiple students carrying in their projects. Me and Tyler had made a powerpoint, so we did not have a physical copy. “I can't wait to see what you and Tyler had prepared for

us this time, Kevin.” Mr. Rod had loved our last project on Shakespeare. Me and Tyler actually enjoyed Shakespeare, so we went all out for that project. It earned us a 97 out of 100, but that wasn't our best. Our best was an 100 on our Food Science project in biology. We literally just feed the class including Mrs. Hensen, our biology teacher. Everybody loved it because who doesn't love food?

Five minutes into class, everyone was scurrying to put something together. The class was pretty much 50/50 split when it came to readiness. Half of us were either ready to present or no where near ready.

“I'm going to be picking random groups to present.” Mr. Rod announced to the class. There were multiple groans and teeth sucks around the room.

“But why? Why can't we just go in alphabetical order?” Ashley Turner asked sticking her hand out.

“Or... have people volunteer.” Sydney Atkinson shouted out. She obviously wasn't finished her project and going in alphabetical order, she would be first to present. “Come on Hot Rod!” She exclaimed sensually. The girls in our school had found Mr. Rod to be very attractive. They called him a handful of sexy names, but Hot Rod was the only they actually used to his face.

“We'll go first!” Tyler shouted as he stood up from his seat. Everyone looked at him, including me. I never like to go first, for specific reasons. My most favored reason being, I like to see others go first so I can get an idea of how to present.

“Nice! Kevin and Tyler come up to the front of the class and start us off.” He said excitedly. He pulled out his clipboard, with the project rubric, and sat at his desk. I uploaded our presentation to the smart board while Tyler gave a brief introduction.

“Me and Kev decided to compare our lives to the book *The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian* by Sherman Alexie.” Half of the class wasn't paying attention. They were too busy working on their own projects that they didn't have time to acknowledge ours.

Tyler and I had already established presentation roles. He did most of the talking and I was in charge of the slides. A few minutes into the presentation, my left leg began to tingle. Nothing too serious, I just found it strange. It was a weird feeling that I had never felt before. I started to secretly stomp my leg. The tingle traveled up to my left arm. I was now slapping my arm against the side of my body. Everyone's attention was now attracted to me. I stopped and let the tingle feeling happen. Tyler wrapped up the presentation and we took our seats.

“Dude, you good?” Tyler asked.

“Yeah, I just got this tingling feeling on the left side of my body.”

“That's not good. You're probably having a stroke!” He shouted anxiously.

“No... dude chill, I'm fine. Calm down, my nerves are just outta whack.” I was not worried at all. The chance of me having a stroke was pretty rare. I only ate the best foods and did the right exercises so a stroke was impossible. “I'll be fine man. This wasn't the first time that this happened.” I had the same feeling laying in bed the other night, but the only difference was that it was in my toes. I had stubbed my big toe an hour before the tingle so

I didn't really see an issue with it. It was a little strange that the feeling was in all of my toes, but I really paid it no mind.

By the end of the school day the tingling feeling was faint. On Fridays, right after school, we usually go to Chad's Ice Cream on Falmouth Rd. It's a such a cool hangout spot. They have tons of ice cream flavors and other snacks. The best part is their sitting area, with different games like Jenga and cards. But today I decided to go home instead of hanging out.

On the way home, I walked with a stomp. The tingling feeling was now annoying, and effecting my mood. When I got home I went straight to the kitchen, as I do everyday. To my surprise, my mom had made dinner and left it on the stove. It was hamburger helper, but made with ground turkey instead of beef. Nothing too exciting, just something fast and easy. She probably was rushing out for work and did not have enough time to make something else. It was not a gourmet spread, but it was a classic that I enjoyed every once in awhile. I got a clean, plastic bowl from the cabinet and filled it to the top. I could eat this stuff all day. The bowl and I stomped all the way up the the stairs and into my room. I have to watch Youtube whenever I eat, it's the only way that I'll pay attention to the content. If I'm not eating, I get easily distracted by my phone and miss majority of whatever it is that I'm watching. My favorite things to watch are short dank vlogs and Pewdiepie. I rarely watch TV, my life is completely dedicated to Youtube videos. The videos feel more real than actual TV; there are producers, directors, and editors behind TV shows, but Youtube videos are literally unprocessed and self uploaded. When I finished eating, I sent out Snapchat streaks and continued to watch Youtube. After watching a few videos, I became very drowsy and began to doze off.

The next day I woke up around 9 in the morning. The tingly feeling was gone. I laid down, on my phone, for 2 hours before I actually got out of bed. I would have laid there longer, but I really had to pee. As I walked to the bathroom I could smell something cooking. My mom must be home. After I peed, I brushed my teeth, washed my face, and made my way downstairs. I was right, my mom was downstairs cooking breakfast -more like brunch.

“Why didn’t you put the food away last night?” She asked looking so annoyed. She hated when I didn’t put the food away after eating.

“I forgot, sorry.” I did forget, but I didn’t really care. She rolled her eyes and turned back around.

“I’m making turkey bacon, cheese eggs, grits, and toast. Want some?” She asked smiling.

“Do you even have to ask? Yeah, I want some.” I replied ecstatically. If there was one thing I loved it was food, and she knew that. When I got my plate I headed towards the stairs.

“You never want to sit with me and eat.” She said vexedly. “You’re always up in your room.”

“It’s not you, I just want to watch Youtube. I have a custom!” I shouted down the stairs and continued to my room. I bounced on the bed and hit my knee on the remote. “Ugghh! God, what the fuck? Why did that have to fffu-ricking hurt so much?” I bawled irately. I picked up the remote and threw it across the room. I looked down at my plate of food and was happy to see that it was all still there. It took me few seconds to calm down

and retrieve the remote. I started to watch Youtube again. This time I watch a vlog by *Are U Super Cereal*. They made dank videos about Elmo and Kermit the frog. I don't know why, but I really enjoy them for some reason.

An hour into Youtube videos, I found myself asleep, again. I didn't care, I could literally sleep all day if I wanted to. I didn't get any homework so I was free to waste whatever time that I had. The rest of my day became a consistent cycle, of checking my phone, watching videos, and dozing off. Around 6 pm, I got a text message from Tyler. It asked if I wanted to hang out. I replied back "sure". I got up and quickly got in and out the shower. I threw on a white t-shirt and some grey sweatpants. The girls at school loved it when I wore my grey sweat pants, I didn't understand why though. There was a meme going around about it, but I never really paid attention to it. Once I was finished getting dressed I heard a knock at my door. It was most likely Tyler. I went downstairs and opened the door.

"Boo! Did I scare you?" He asked, thinking the he actually did something.

"No." I said with all honesty.

"Oh, maybe next time." He said laughing. "Let's go."

"¿Adónde vamos?" I asked. On occasion I would speak spanish to mess with him. He hated Spanish. I had an overall A average in Spanish 2, while he barely had a D.

"You know I don't know what the hell you are saying. Try it again, in english this time." He said annoyed. We both started to laugh.

"Where are we going?" I repeated in english this time.

“Now that’s all you had to say. Was that so hard?” I rolled my eyes and continued to laugh. “We’re going to the train yard.” The smile on my face became a confused glare.

“Why are we going to the train yard?” I asked with a slight attitude.

“I don’t know. Steven wanted to hang there.” He replied.

“But why? What’s there that can possibly entertain us?” I was still confused as to why we were going to a train yard.

“God dammit Kev, why do you ask so many questions?” Tyler was now annoyed.

“At least tell me what yard we’re going to.”

“The one by Falcon Golf Course, now can we go?”

“Okay, come on.” I locked the door as we walked out the house. Tyler’s bike was lying in my driveway and mine was on the porch. By the time I grabbed mine, Tyler was already sitting upon his. As I walked my bike down the front steps, my leg started to tingle again. I started stomping, not secretly this time.

“Dude, what is wrong?” Tyler asked concerned.

“Nothing, I just got that weird tingling feeling again.”

“You need to get that checked out bro.”

“I’ll be fine. Let’s go.” I hopped on my bike and we rode off. The train yard was a 10 minute bike ride from my house. We passed the time by playing Kendrick Lamar on Tyler’s portable speaker. People stared at us as we rode by, but we didn’t care. We arrived at the golf course and sought a way into the fenced train yard. Tyler texted Steven to see where he was. I didn’t have his number. Me and Steven weren’t really friends, we were just cool with each other and hung out with the same people. I think he’s too troubled. There was this one

time we were hanging out in front of the Super Stop & Shop and he got into it with this old couple. He was being very disrespectful and almost hit one of them. Ever since that incident, I kept my distance.

“Steven says to come in by the Goenther road. Him and his cousin are right there waiting for us.” We rode around the corner and there they were waiting by the gate. “What’s the plan?” Asked Tyler.

“Boys, we’re going to Boston.” Steven exclaimed. Me and Tyler both looked at each other and then back at Steven. “We’re going to hop one of these trains going to Boston, and then hop one back.” Steven planned wasn’t dumb, it was just stupid. Boston was only an hour north, but 45 minutes by train. The stupid part was actually going through with the plan. Neither me or Tyler backed out. We parked our bikes by the gate, and followed Steven and his cousin to a train.

“Dude, why are you stomping?” Asked Steven. I had totally forgot that I was stomping.

“No reason.” I replied. I stopped and began to walk normally. As we were walking up to the train it began to pull off.

“No, come on! We’re getting on this one!” Steven yelled as he started to run after the train. One by one we all started to run after the train. Steven was the first to hop on, then his cousin. They turned around to help Tyler get on and then it was me. The tingling made it hard for me to run. I finally took a giant leap and caught on to Steven’s and Tyler’s hands. They pulled me aboard and we laugh about our accomplishment. “We’re going to be on here for a while so let’s explore.” Steven said dusting himself off. We walked to the end of

the train car. The only way to get to the next one was to hop over the gap leading to the tracks beneath it. One by one, again, we followed Steven. The second car had nothing so we traveled to the next one. The third car had a bunch of boxes that read “Fedwell”.

“Dude that’s dog food.” Tyler said excitedly. Fedwell was a Massachusetts founded, dog food company and Tyler had a dog, so his excitement was self explanatory. This was probably a shipment coming from their West Falmouth location going to Boston. “Sweet man, can I take some home to Chilli? We’re running a little low on food for her.”

“That’s stealing, but I guess.” Fedwell was an organic company and their prices were too high for anyone.

“Yo! Look, come on!” Shouted Steven. Him and his cousin were already in the next car. I could see from here that there was a bunch of nice furniture to rest on. Tyler hopped over the gap and then it was my turn once again. The tingling in my leg was going crazy at this point. I went to jump across the gap and the train jerked. There must have been a rock on the track that got stuck under one of the wheels. Next thing I knew, I was hanging from the car, between the gap.

“Oh shit, Kevin!” Shouted Tyler. “Hold on!” He reached out to grab my arm, but he was too late. I was already underneath the train. I could no longer feel the tingling in my leg. I laid under the moving train and did not move a muscle. I was scared out of my mind. This was the worst nightmare that anyone could have had and it was happening to me in real life. The train took about 12 seconds to completely pass over me. It would have taken longer if we didn’t car hop to the last two cars. “Oh dude, what the fuck, what the fuck,

what the fuck.” Tyler began to scream. The boys had all hopped off the train when I fell off and came running back to me.

“Oh shit, Kevin are you okay? Talk to me.” Cried Steven.

“No he’s not fucking okay! Look at his fucking leg!” Tyler said still screaming. I still hadn’t spoken. I could barely move. I tried to lift myself up, but could not find any leg support. “Dude, stop-” This was the last thing I heard.

The next morning I woke up in a bed. The room was super bright so I kept my eyes closed. The last thing I remember was a train and Tyler screaming. I began to giggle thinking it was a dream.

“Kevin! Sweetie, you’re awake!” I quickly opened my eyes to the sound of my mom’s voice. She laid on me and started to hug me and kiss me.

“Mom, stop! What are you doing? Why are you watching me sleep?” I asked confuzzled.

“Sweetie you’re in the hospital. You were ran over by a train.” I slowly realized that my dream was not a dream. “You were with Tyler and a few others boys last night and you fell off a train.”

“Okay so why am I here? I didn’t hurt myself did I? I don’t feel anything.”

“There’s a reason you don’t feel anything sweetie.” She said wiping some tears away and looking at the bottom half of my body. I looked down and seem my leg, just one. Where was the other? I panicked and began to pat the empty space as if my leg was camouflaged somehow.

“Where’s my freaking leg? Mom! My leg, where is it. Where’s my leg?” I screamed going completely bonkers.

“Kevin, calm down hun.” She said crying. A few nurses and doctors rushed in. The nurses pinned me to the bed and tried to get me to calm down, but how was I supposed to calm down when I was missing a limb.

“Oh look who’s awake.” Said one of the doctors. At this point I was going out of my mind. “Just calm down Kevin, talk to me.” How was I supposed to talk when I was not in the right state of mind. Tears were rolling down my face as the nurses continued to hold me down. “Listen Kevin, you’re not making this any easier for yourself.” I began to come down and the nurse let go. They continued to stand next to me. “As you already seen, your leg is gone. It was sliced off by the wheels of the train you were on last night. We sent a party out to retrieve your leg, but it is already unattachable. You’re lucky to be alive though, boy. You could have lost your life instead of your leg.” The doctor went on and on. I could barely pay attention. I was still caught on the fact that my leg was gone, forever.

A few hours later I was still laying in the hospital bed. I had calmed down, but I was still stupefied. How was I supposed to be okay with my leg M.I.A. It was my fault that it’s gone. I shouldn’t of left the house. I never should have agreed to get on the train. I slept on the thought.

The next morning I woke up to a breakfast call. They were going around rooms, serving patients. My stomach was completely empty, by I didn’t want to eat. My mom forced me to eat a pancake. It was actually good, but I still didn’t want another. I was so

bored. The hospital only had basic cable. I needed Youtube at a time like this. I needed something to make me happy.

“I knew you would get bored, so I invited Tyler to come visit you. He really wanted to see how you were doing. He’ll be up in a few.” My mom said as I blankly stared at her. A few minutes later Tyler entered the room.

“Hi Ms. Smith, my mom is downstairs waiting if you want to talk to her.” Tyler said to my mom. She left the room and went downstairs to find Tyler’s mom. “Damn dude. I’m glad to see you awake.” He said staring at the empty leg space in the bed. “How are you feeling?” He asked.

“There’s nothing there, so nothing...” I replied. We both started to giggle a little. Tyler took a seat in the chair next to my bed.

“Dude, do you remember that one meme you sent me? It was a ‘hits blunt’ one. It was like, ‘If yo leg gets cut off does it hurt?’” I rolled my eyes immediately and started to laugh. Tyler started to laugh too. I knew exactly where he was going with this. I had sent that meme just a week ago, when I still had a leg. “Wait, I’m not done. ‘If it hurts, where you gonna feel the pain?’” We both started dying. He was rolling around in his chair and I was trying to catch my breath. “But dude seriously, where do you feel the pain?”

“Around the wound bro. There’s literally a chunk of flesh just hanging there.”

“Eww. I didn’t need to know all that man. That’s nasty.” He said as his face scrunched up in disgust. “Can I see? - Just kidding!” We both started to laugh again. I began to pull up my cover- “No stop! Bro stop!” He screamed still laughing. It was nice to have a

friend in the room with me, even though he made fun of me. This was definitely better than Youtube. Me and Tyler continued to talk and crack jokes until my mom came back upstairs.

“Tyler, your mom is downstairs waiting for you.” She said.

“Okay bro.” Tyler said getting up from his chair.

“You coming back tomorrow?” I asked him, hoping he would say yes.

“Most def bro. Whatever for you.” He said as we shook hands and hugged. Tyler left the room and all of a sudden everything was boring and sad again. I turned on Adult Swim and fell asleep.

The next day, the same routine continued. People serving breakfast came around. I got pancakes again, and this time I ate more than just one. This was only my second day being here and I was already used to the hospital life. It was quite repetitive. Breakfast, bedpan, check up, lunch, bedpan, check up, dinner bedpan. It was later in the day and I was still waiting for Tyler to come visit. I was all alone. I told my mom to go back to work instead of sitting here with me. She wasn't too far, she only worked downstairs in the Emergency Department. That's where they first rushed me and where she found me.

It was 4:30 pm and Tyler still was not here. Maybe the teachers gave him homework that he had to complete first. It was 5 o'clock on the dot and Tyler walked in.

“What took you so long?” I asked. “I was bored outta my mind.”

“I went back to the train yard.” He replied with a devilish grin on his face.

“Why? Why would you go back?” I was totally confused.

“I had to get our bikes.” He said excited. “I rode mines here, but I think I got a flat tire though. I took yours back to your house...”

“Aye. Thanks bro!” I was surprised. I had forgotten all about the bikes.

“But I don’t think you’ll need it anymore. Hey, can I have your bike?” He asked laughing. I didn’t want to give it up so quickly, but I literally had no purpose for it now.

“Yeah, sure. Take it.”

“Nice! Riding finna be lit now.” We both started laughing. My laugh was interrupted by me wiggling. “Eww. Stopped that. What are you doing?” Tyler asked looking and my stub.

“I have that weird tingling feeling again. I really don’t understand it. My leg is gone and it still bothers me.” I said as I rolled my eyes.

“Dude, you’re already here, you minds well get that checked out.” Tyler said looking out the room door.

“Maybe later. I have other, more important things to worry about.” Tyler sat down and we continued to watch what was now Cartoon Network. We both had dozed off. A few hours later I had waken up to a tight feeling around my stub. Tyler had waken up too and looked at me.

“Eww, dude. Why is it big like that?” He asked examining from a distance.

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s swollen.” I replied. I still had the tingling feeling in my leg, but for some reason it felt like it had spread down my non-existent leg.

“Okay, well it’s late and unlike you, I have school tomorrow. Later bro.” Tyler gave me a hug and then left out of the room. Still tired I went back to sleep.

The next morning I woke up way before the routine could start. The tingling feeling was still there, but this time it was in my foot. My foot? I tossed the covers onto the floor. It

was there; my leg! Hairless and a little thin, but it was there. I pressed the call button on my remote to summon a nurse. They couldn't believe what they were seeing. They called the doctor, then the doctor called another doctor. My mom came up to visit, after breakfast was served. She was just as surprised as the first few people that came in. Everyone in the room looked puzzled, except for me. I was extremely happy. My leg was back! There were still lots of people in my room by the time Tyler had come back.

"Dude, what's going on?" Tyler asked as he walked in, not realizing my leg. I looked down at my leg and then back at him. "Oh shit, what the fuck!" He shouted and then quickly covered his mouth. The many people in the room started to laugh. "Dude is that real? How did it happen? What did you do?" The questions came out of him like diarrhea.

"It just happened. Remember that tingling feeling? I woke up this morning and it was still there, but with the rest of my leg." I said, not even believing myself.

"I'm sorry, but did you just say that you had a tingling feeling?" Asked one of the doctors. "This sounds like that boy from Cambodia."

"And the girl from Morocco!" Said another doctor.

"Kevin." Said one doctor. I turned to look at him. "We think you might be an immortal generator."

"What does that mean?" I asked looking confused.

"It means that you have the ability to regenerate limbs and that tingling feeling you get has something to do with it. Would you like to contribute to our research by traveling to our facility in Boston. Researchers would be willing to paid you tons for helping them." Everyone in the room was staring at me.

“Sure, I guess. I’ll do it!” I was primarily in it for the money.

“Good, I’ll call them up and see if we can arrange a date and time.” The doctor left the room and another walked up to me.

“What you’re doing is great. Do you know how many people you will be helping by doing this? If researchers figure out how to genetically engineer your DNA, people could start growing back missing body parts.” Everyone seemed so proud of me. The room slowly started to empty. My mom was in another room talking to the doctors. Tyler was still sitting in the room with me.

“Dude, at least you finally get to go to Boston.” Tyler said with a serious face, but not for long. We both started to laugh hysterically. “Does this mean I can’t keep the bike?” He asked.

“Dude, with the bank I’m ‘bout to make, I can buy us motorcycles!” I said excited and with a huge smile.

“That’s litty bop yo!” We shook hands and continued to watch Cartoon Network.