

The Last Chance

The bottle. It beckons with its empty promise of numbing the pain. Offering a way to escape the pressures of life that don't seem to go away.

You bring it to your lips. Your throat has long become accustomed to the bitterness of the brown liquid. It seeps into your bloodstream, and reinforces the feeling of, "This. It will fix everything."

You wake up the next morning in a pool of sweat, thankful for the cold tiles of the bathroom floor. Your phone is buzzing with frantic texts from your wife. The last one saying, "This was your last chance."