

Your Last Beer

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You sip your beer needfully - it's a night to yourself and no work tomorrow, after all. You've earned this. The brown bottle still fizzes from the initial opening, but you just couldn't wait to lug it down. In a few seconds you completely gulp half the beer inside. Perhaps not even enjoying it - you just wanted that sweet beer in you.

Most of your friends would call you a slob or loser at that point - especially since it was good beer. But you stare at that brown bottle with a grin - it wouldn't judge you. You place it back down on your desk, but you miss the coaster. It tilts from your hand - you try to grab it but instead only knock it with your fingers. You hear the *clang* of the bottle hit the desk, though it doesn't break, but you see the growing river of fizz spread across your desk! "Dammit!," you mutter to yourself, rushing to the kitchen and returning with a handful of paper towels.

After a few minutes of cleaning and wiping it all away, you take a look at the bottle to see about a quarter of it is still in there. You grunt; it was your last beer. You could either run to the liquor store now, or finish this beer and go. You look at the label staring back at you, sternly warning like a teacher, "NEVER drink and drive!"

"Whatever," you think, "It's one beer, I'm fine." You grab the bottle and chug

the rest of it, ready to put it down and snag your keys.

But when you try to pull the bottle away, you feel your lips stuck to the rim of the bottle - Trying to pull it away with your fingers just makes them slip on the dew of the bottle. Somehow, your lips must have made a vacuum with the bottle and you're finding it difficult to pull the bottle away from your lips. You give the bottle another tug, but it just pulls your face with it.

Stranger still, you feel as though your lips were being suckled and tugged harder by the bottle's vacuum. You realize it's not just your lips caught now - but it's also pulling at your skin around, even clenching your teeth, and before you know it you feel the rim of the bottle bumping against the bottom of your nose.

You clamp the bottle now, pushing from it with all your might, but much to your surprise and even horror, you suddenly find your nose and the rest of your mouth squeezed into the thin neck of the bottle! Your eyes stare down at the brown bottle, and you realize more of your face is squeezing in with every passing second!

You grip the bottle now in desperation, using your desk to push against, but you find your eyes forced to squint shut - pushing your entire face, even pressing your ears to your head, your hair falling in and soaking up the beer in the neck. You feel the gentle, but forceful squeeze around your neck. Somehow, some way, your

entire head has been sucked into the empty bottle of beer!

You open your eyes only to see the brown window to the world around: upside-down and distorted. You grip the bottle with your hands and start to hit it against the desk. You even start picking up your head and hitting against it - this is a serious matter now: You have to get this bottle off now, even if it'd risk getting cut by the glass: You HAVE to get out, and NOW!

But as you hit against it, the suckling force pulls more of your neck forward, and you feel the rim starting to bump at your collar bones. It doesn't hurt, but it squeezes, it compresses, and softly crushes. You feel your shoulders somehow drawn up to the tiny rim like they were made of putty. They slip from your shirt - which starts to crumple and slide passed your waist and legs.

With your shoulders entering the bottle, you realize your arms are all but useless except for your hands! You grip the bottom edge of your desk, trying with all vigor in you to pull yourself out, but you feel the pinch of your fingers losing their grip, and indeed, the force seems to "gulp" at your body, and your chest somehow squeezes into the bottle. It pushes your face against the bottom of the bottle, pressing more of your body over yourself into the bottle. How is this happening? It can't be possible.. it has to be a dream. But yet, half of your body has somehow slipped INTO your beer bottle, compressing and folding you inside its brown glass.

Your naval starts to bump against the rim, and your legs start to kick away from your chair. Inside, you feel your head curling up, folding and squeezing into your own chest, feeling your heart THUMP THUMP THUMP against your face. You heave in another breath which only makes your environment even tighter. Your hips start to bump against the glass. So much of you has sunk in, you suddenly feel your legs flip upside-down, bare feet waving toward the ceiling!

You kick uselessly; as your hips slide in, your shorts and underwear begin to slip off, folding around the bottle as you feel your pelvis curling with your chest. Your hips, your crotch, and rear start to squееееееееze through that thin neck.

Then, it hits you: The smell, and very taste of your own pheromones and musk. Your eyes roll up to see, and indeed, squint shut at the sight squeezing above you: Your very own crotch starts to shove against your face, pressing you into your own sexuality in the squeezing force!

It only makes you want to struggle and kick harder. But, even with your legs up in the air like this, kicking and waving about doesn't even make it gently wobble or turn. Instead, you feel your bare thighs slip from your shorts and underwear, and continue to squeeze and compress with the rest of you.

Your thighs slip down, and you feel your knees bend, tired and facing down. One of your soles even presses against your computer screen, trying to get a sense

of direction. But another "gulp" from the bottle draws your legs up. Your knees squeeze and force into one another, keeping your legs up and vertical.

All you can do is simply flex your thighs to try to keep them out, but the lower you go, the easier it is for your body to slip in. Your calves and shins are easy to slip down. You feel your shorts bunch around your legs and cover your feet. You kick and wave your helpless ankles, wobbling and circling them horribly, but all you succeed in doing is kick your shorts and underwear away, leaving just the sight of your bare feet and ankles waving from the rim of the bottle!

Inside, all you sense is your own body's crushing compression against the glass, squinting your eyes and making you want to desperately move. You can't even squeal in the tightness. The only thing you can do to "scream" is to wave, curl, flex, and splay your helpless feet out in the air in a feeble hope that someone, ANYONE might see you, and pull you away.

But you feel the force pulling at your ankles, and your heels push against one another, pointing your feet up. Your toes curl, gripping at only air as your soles continue to slip down. But the balls of your feet slip in. Even your toes try to grip at the rim of the brown glass, but one by one, you feel them *slip... slip... slip....* and with a little "pop" and "shlep" sound... your big toes slip from the bottle's rim, and down they go.

In a mere matter of seconds, your entire body has somehow been sucked inside this bottle. Nude, curled, squeezed, folded, you try to push and wobble about. It takes all of your might to even cause the bottle to gently rattle. The sight of you curled in there isn't even recognizable. The only thing remotely recognizable would be the sight of your right foot pushed against the glass; everything else is simply folded, compressed, and unrecognizable.

Curled in, you suddenly see the glow from your computer screen turn dark and dance a little light show - your screen saver's kicked in. You keep trying to struggle, feeling your environment spin ever so lightly, but it's so exhausting you have to stop! You suddenly find the light show go dark; your computer's automatically put itself to sleep after an hour of not using it.

The bottle stills itself - the victim inside has passed out from exhaustion. Light beams into it, even warms it up from the sunlight. It cools again in the dark... a whole day has gone by. Another goes by, and another... another after that. A whole week has gone by, and all the bottle's done is rumble and spin a few times.

Another week's gone by, and another. The new month has hit, and you've not paid your bills yet. Your mailbox starts to fill with overdue notices. More weeks go by, and the authorities shut off your electricity and water. More weeks go by, and

the landlord has sent in movers.

Through the brown glass, all you'd see is outlines of figures hauling away your furniture. Suddenly, a hand gripped the bottle, and you sway back and forth in a dizzying motion. The mover TOSSES you up into the air, spinning wildly in your glass confines, and you land in a pile of garbage. Another stack of garbage plops on top of the bottle, locking you in darkness.

Only one bit of the bottle's label was still out in the open: the warning on the bottom reading "NEVER drink and drive!" A bag of garbage though quickly covered it up, and the lid to the dumpster slammed shut.