



NARCOTICS

CLUB REVOLUTION

E. RIGHT

The Escape Cyber Club

David Field was only sixteen but he already owned his very own nightclub. The nightclub was named the Escape club. It was not such a worry for David to be in charge of such a private nightclub that was constantly packed with gamblers. David's father was a well known business tycoon. Not only did his father own a chain of profitable international supermarkets across the globe, but a multibillion mining company. David Field was clearly loaded – so loaded he did not know what to do with the huge allowance he received yearly from his father's fat pay.

It was Saturday again and the summer holidays had already begun for David. Another year had flown by fast and so had another self obsessed girlfriend.

David walked through his private Escape nightclub, looking about in disappointment. Nothing ever seemed to change at his club. He slowly made his way towards a secret VIP room at his club. A label on the entrance door read out the sign, Strictly Escape. David quickly entered the VIP room to make himself at home in his own club.

Right at table five sat a group of people playing strip poker. It was clear that they did not give a damn about their near exposure.

It would be the usual for David. He would join the free thinkers at table seven and smoke grass with them and chat about garbage as if there was no tomorrow.

After a few hours of getting stoned with the group of free

thinkers, David Field decided to call it a night. He had a driver awaiting him as usual, outside his private club. The point was that he hated the idea of having to drive under any influence. Even drinking any type of fizz was a heavy influence to David. He was nicknamed the avant-gardist at the private school he attended. The nickname was given to him in respect to his contemporary ideas on prehistoric art.

It wasn't long when David Field had arrived home. The dome-like mansion seemed more like a massive jail than a home for a boy that was fed up of living within a repetitive cycle.

The moment David had gotten inside his home, he quickly rushed to his room to contemplate over his usual surroundings and people he had to face daily. What he needed was to meet some new people – people that were different from his usual crowd of friends.

As David made himself comfortable on his bed, his eyes

suddenly became fixated on the elaborately designed ceiling within his ridiculously large room.

The ceiling glared ferociously back at David through its sparkling gold and red archaic painting of medusa, sea nymphs and various gods of war from ancient mythologies. These gods represented gods from different parts of the world.

David felt so heavily stoned that he couldn't even focus on his own thoughts. He allowed the painting enhancing the ceiling within his room to swallow him up into a deep and sorrowful sleep.

It was not till five in the evening the next day when David Field awoke with blood shot eyes and a craving for his last girlfriend. He pondered as to whether to give Tamara a call or not. It was not too late to reconcile with the self obsessed Pentecostal believer. David's parents used to be church goers before their unexpected divorce. Ever since David's mother left his father,

there was no actual motivation or reason to want to attend any church.

The only person that had ever encouraged David to attend church again was his last girlfriend, Tamara. Tamara was a constant Pentecostal action church attendee, queen of vanity and a constant nag. David decisively gazed up at the ceiling in his room, this time with his eyes fixated on the painting. He really wanted to meet different people. There was no point in wishing his parents back together. They had gone through never ending fights that were dreadfully disturbing.

The gods of war displayed on the painting around his room's ceiling, signified gods of various cultures from different parts of the world.

Perhaps, what he really needed was to meet new people from different parts of the world that he had never really been to.

David let out a worried sigh, he wanted to be the typical

red-blooded American male irrespective of having everything any young American boy could ever dream of or wish for. What he really wanted at the moment was to meet new people.

The free thinkers that he usually smoked grass with would soon be bringing him another girlfriend to amuse him. David was not the kind who liked to pick his own girlfriends. He had lost the interest in finding the girl of his dreams a long time ago. David was the son of a multibillionaire but he had faced the greatest rejection way before his parents had gotten divorced. He was only a boy of fifteen when an unusual looking girl that attended his private school turned him down in dancing with him at a party.

Now at his blooming age of sixteen, David was sick and tired of having to indulge in the same usual activity. He wanted a drastic change in his life. After observing the painting enhancing the ceiling in his room, he now knew what he really wanted to do. He quickly got up from his bed and sent Tamara a message. He

made it clear that he would like to attend an evening church with her. Hopefully, she would agree to sleep over at his place after church. David did not see the harm in asking Tamara to spend the night at his place – she was the same person that liked to preach as to how everyone was a born sinner.

After cleaning up his room and devouring a massive baloney sandwich with nachos, David collapsed on a sofa in his bedroom. He could just imagine his mother being at the kitchen and yelling at him for preparing and eating such slackened food for supper. Since his parents got divorced, David chose to eat whenever he felt like and whatever he wanted to. His father was hardly at home and when he did come round he would constantly spend most of his time at five star restaurants meeting up with business partners or friends that he had not seen for a while.

David found himself dozing off on his sofa for a while. It was already evening by the time he awoke. He quickly got

dressed after seeing a vehicle approaching the gates outside his home.

It wasn't long when he rushed outside his home to enter the vehicle awaiting him outside his house. A snub nosed Tamara sat within the vehicle awaiting David. She had made it clear to him that she would be driving him to the church herself. David shook his head in delight and laughed at Tamara's clearly made up face. Her cheek implants looked horrendously massive on her thin but oval head shape.

The evening church mass was over a lot sooner than they expected. The ride there almost seemed pointless. David returned home with Tamara whom had agreed to spend the night at his place.

The next morning Tamara preached to David as to how they were all born sinners and as to how they had to value the powers of contraception. David shook his head in amusement as to

Tamara's constant yapping. She went on to discuss the horror of STD's and unwanted conceptions. David knew Tamara would never stop going on about things he already knew of, before spending the night with her. He cleared his throat loudly to alert Tamara that he had something to say that had to be heard.

“Tamara! I love your company and all but I am getting really sick and tired of my life being a merry-go-round. I want to meet new people from countries I have never been to before. I think I should create an international Escape cyber club online. It will be like a form of escape from reality and from any problems or emotions that are being faced on a daily basis,” David suddenly informed his feisty girlfriend. Tamara shook her head in disagreement and looked sternly into David's eyes.

“There is no point in trying to escape from reality. Nothing will change – besides you don't have any problems. Let's go out and watch a movie. I don't have time for online games,” Tamara

snapped out coolly towards her

stuck-up-and-fed-up-of-his-own-life-billionaire boyfriend. David growled deeply but quietly in response to Tamara's lack of interest in meeting different people.

“No. I don't feel like going out to watch a movie. I want to meet new people. I want to create this cyber club to meet different kinds of people. I'm bored and I'm fed up of my life. I want a change,” David yelled out at his pesky girlfriend. Tamara shook her head for the second time in disappointment at her boyfriend David.

“So you want to make friends with people that are less well-off than you are that might rob you off all your money. Go ahead David but count me out. Don't even think of calling me when you suddenly end up in rags and expect me to put you back in your princely robes. I am so out of here! Bye David. Good luck with escaping reality and meeting different people. You don't

even need to create a cyber club online. You can just daydream of meeting a bunch of freaks and weirdoes from outer space!”

Tamara yelled back and before David could retort, Tamara had walked out of his bedroom slamming the door behind her.

Dumb narcotic, were the last words David heard coming from Tamara whom was clearly still standing outside his bedroom door. After a few minutes he heard Tamara speeding off in her brand new convertible outside his home, through the open window in his room.

David’s heart suddenly sunk. Now, he not only wanted to find new friends but a new girlfriend. It was about time he put a stop to the random girls picked by his wealthy group of free thinkers and friends he usually associated himself with.

Without any hesitation, David picked up one of his computing devices to begin creating his Escape cyber club online. Who knew? He might just meet other billionaire kids through his

new international online club. The last thing he needed was to become the king of rags from prince of extravagant robes.

Some few hours had gone by and David had almost completed his new online international Escape cyber club. It seemed a bit lame but if no one ventured to join, he felt as if he might just end up killing himself. His own mother had insisted he remained with his father, while she moved in with her new hubby to make new kids. Life was such a bitch, living rich in California with no place of interest really to go. There wasn't a state or an area in the United States that David had not frequented.

It finally dawned on him that perhaps it was best for him to create profile pages on his site for members. He quickly did so and suddenly remembered himself.

David suddenly felt he had nothing to lose. He decided to pour out practically his whole life story on the owner's page of the online club. By the time he had finished pouring out the tale of

his life, he froze in shock as he noticed the seven active members that had suddenly appeared on his online club page.

It was weird. All seven new members were from different countries he had never really been to. These were countries that he would never have expected would join his international Escape club.

David had just placed an annual fee of a hundred bucks to join his club. He didn't want any riffraff joining his club for Tamara to gloat over him. If anything should happen for the news of his online club to escalate, he wanted Tamara to feel defeated.

The new members were clearly filling up their profile pages really fast, to David's surprise. He quickly decided to read through his ownership page and his life story that he had poured out in sorrow. First impressions always counted.

