



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

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