

Story 26 – Donating

“You have to give back to show your appreciation for what you have,” he said.

“I know, I just gave blood,” Geri said.

“Oh,” he said and looked disappointed. “Well...” he said trying to recover himself.

“I just bought myself this German hot dog with sauerkraut to reenergize myself so I can finish bicycling home. I came from Westwood, and Hollywood before that,” she said but he didn’t leave. He just hung there, not knowing what to do.

“If I give you my change will you leave me the hell alone?” she said, and he said nothing but he didn’t move either. She handed him the change and he walked back outside. She returned to her lunch when her cell phone rang.

“Hello?”

“Hi, this is the Red Cross. Have you thought about giving blood again?”

“The Red Cross? I just gave blood—what the hell?!”

“Well, you can give again in two months. We’ll call you then.”

“No, don’t call me in two months. I’m sick of you people calling me. I’ve told you people before, I’ll donate when I want to. Stop harassing me!”

“Okay miss, we’ll take you off our list.”

“Yeah, that’s what you people have been saying for six months now. Don’t you have any respect for your donors? Any appreciation?”

“Of course, sorry about that. I’ll take you off the list.”

“I don’t even believe you people anymore. If it weren’t for the fact my mother nearly bled to death once giving birth and needed a transfusion I wouldn’t even donate anymore just because of your bad behavior. And stop calling me miss! I’m a grown woman, not a little girl. It’s Ms. to you buddy!” she said and hung up.

She ate the rest of her lunch in silence. She felt very tired, sick of people wanting her to bleed to death for their benefit.

When she was finished she walked outside to the stop sign pole she’d locked her bicycle to. The locks were cut, fallen on the ground, and her bicycle was gone.

(From *A View from the Bottom: Short Stories* by Ava Collopy;
Available through Amazon/Kindle, free on Kindle Unlimited, and elsewhere.)