

REBEL WITHOUT A PAUSE

The Story of a Young Guy
Who Gave Humanity the Finger!

DON MILLARD

Rebel Without A Pause: The Story Of A Young Guy Who Gave Humanity The Finger! is a novel about one teenager's struggle with many aspects of life and the way they work. He has a lot of issues with the way the world works.

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By Don Millard

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First Edition

One

I was the first person in my family to have a nervous breakdown. Judging from the reaction of my relatives, I smudged our family tree—and that's very dishonorable when you come from such an old family like mine. My family is so much more moral than your family. My ancestors were on *The Mayflower* or something. It's either that or they helped organize The Boston Tea Party—I forget which. They only dig up my lofty ancestors when I get into trouble or quit a job. I am the first person in my family to have a brain. Keep that in mind.

My name is Ronald. I am nineteen years old. I'm not going to tell you my last name because I promised my parents I wouldn't. Actually, that's not true at all. They don't even know I'm writing this. But if this ever becomes a book, they'll kick me in the ass. They say I've embarrassed them enough already... I don't know about that. I was born, never asked.

Oh, by the way, if you're a normal person, you might as well put this thing down right now. I'm not going to follow any rules, and there won't be any car chases—not even a 'chickie run.' Also, I don't get the girl at the end. Still interested? I think I've alienated most of the reading public already. Good.

These sarcastic notes are being scribbled in a sanitarium somewhere in New England. This sanitarium is supposed to induce tranquility because it's tucked away in the gentle confines of the woods; and like all rural areas of New England, the scenery looks like a puzzle cover, complete with babbling brooks and monotonous stone walls.

The neighboring community here is also very moral, by the way. In two weeks, the townspeople will be gathering maple syrup from the trees. Now, it's impossible for another section of the country to be more wholesome than that—I don't care how much *Wonder Bread* they eat.

Now that I've said all that, are you ready for the name of this nut house? It's called *Bliss*

Valley. Well, not really—but that’s not really any sillier than the real name of this place, so I’m going to call it *Bliss Valley*.

I wish Randall Patrick McMurphy would show up.

It’s Monday here at *Bliss Valley*. Today is a big day for me. The psychiatrist is supposed to see me soon.

Oh, goodie!

I really don’t know what to hope for... He’s probably one of those idiots who thinks he can talk me out of being unhappy. God, I sure hope he’s not one of those Freudian fools. If he is, he won’t even be interested in solving the problem; instead, I’ll have to tell him all about my childhood so he can see what supposedly caused the problem. Who knows? Maybe he’ll be a completely different kind of dope. I bet he belongs to that select group who say it’s essential for the patient to reveal everything about himself. If I just open up and reveal what’s bothering me, I’ll be cured. This is what my parents believe. As usual,

they don't realize this is a bunch of crap. For Chrissakes, I've told my parents some of the things that bother me and that didn't help one bit. But here at *Bliss Valley* I haven't told anyone what's pissing me off.

By the way, I don't like to say I've had a nervous breakdown. The word "breakdown" is contradictory. I say this because the more I think about it, the more I'm convinced I've just seen the realities of too many situations in life. Now, in order to recoup my mental health, I must divert my attention from cold truths and learn how to ramble on about the weather. That's why I'm here at *Bliss Valley*.

Guess what? He's here. The doctor actually came. His name is Dr. Sheldon. He says I should just call him Steve. I hate him already. He looks just like the manager of our local supermarket; he's overweight, and has those dumb kind of glasses that turn into sunglasses, so his lenses always look blue. Although his curly hair is blonde, his thick moustache is poop brown.

I had to follow Dr. Sheldon to another room. This room looks like a great place for boring business meetings. The walls are off-yellow, and there's an ugly painting of a rooster hanging above Steve.

We started to talk about the weather. This was his way of putting me at ease, I guess. Still, it didn't take him long to pop the question:

"Ronald, why did you feel like you could no longer cope? What made you so unhappy?"

I was gonna swear at him, but I stopped myself at the last second.

"I asked you a question, Ronald," Dr. Sheldon continued. "Why did you feel like you could no longer cope? What made you so unhappy?"

Like everyone else, I hate having to explain myself to someone else. The person you explain yourself to is simply screwed up in a different way than you... But, I thought, what the hell? What have I got to lose? My mind?

"If you're willing to listen to the whole thing, I'll tell it to you," I said. "I'll tell you why I'm so screwed up."

"Go right ahead, Ronald. Tell me everything," Dr. Sheldon replied.

Dr. Sheldon smiled and took out his pad. I told him everything:

My town stinks. The stench is not from industrial waste—it's from intellectual waste. My town is basically an intellectual prairie. The people who live on my road are particularly dull and unimaginative. I live on a dead end, both literally and figuratively. This town I'm speaking of is in New England. Everyone here has a Yankee sense of humor, which means they haven't laughed since a witch was burned. It's a very small town, as you may have guessed. It's the kind of a town where you take a crap out of boredom. The highlight of the day is mail. After you open your mail, the day is over. It's the kind of a town where all the young people go to a bar and talk about how there's nothing to do. And all the kids who can't get a fake I.D., well,

their social life is restricted to the *Burger King* parking lot. My town is the geographical equivalent of a hangover. It probably sounds a lot like your town. I guess it could always be worse... At least I don't live in a region where they sell boiled peanuts.

In all honesty, my town can't be blamed. It's merely one of the many small towns where mediocrity and stupidity reign king and queen. But don't get me wrong—I really do hate my little town. Let's call it *Crapville*, to be nice. *Crapville*, like most small towns, is mostly composed of fools. Most *Crapvillers* are nothing but existers. What's an exister? Someone who does nothing but eat, sleep, rake, and mow. These are the same people who have children as often as they play the lottery. They all live in my town. True, some have moved away, but they must move to your town and then the existers from there move into *Crapville*. It's a damn exchange program! I'm sorry, but we're supposed to live, not exist. I can't live just to maintain things... Who am I kidding? I can't even roll up an extension cord.

Where was I? Oh, yes—*Crapville*. I was just thinking about what would happen if the people on my street could hear me now. It wouldn't bother them until someone with a brain told them I really was talking about little ol' *Crapville*. Once my fellow *Crapvillers* realized I was talking about them, their brand-new rakes would fall from their hands and land on that green, green grass that nobody can play on. My comments would be discussed by all the neighbors still on speaking terms with each other.

All of these good citizens would put aside their petty differences and band together in a pact of ignorance. If my sarcastic remarks were in a book, they would all shout my creation was bad and should be burned. I can see them all before me now; they're throwing all their bothersome leaves into a pile, and copies of my book are being sprinkled on top. Everyone is laughing again. The neighbor who is first to cast my book into the fire is the same Puritan who used to confiscate our baseball when it rolled across his lawn.

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My town stinks. As soon as you people think I'm normal enough to leave this place, I'm gonna get the hell out of *Crapville!*

I am now of the age where I can legally drink my brains out as long as I'm in the correct geographical area. Once I can drink without consulting the Chamber of Commerce, I'll truly be a man.

I used to go to college, Dr. Sheldon. I only lasted a year there. Surprised? You know, when I went to college, I wasn't in *Crapville*—I wasn't even in the same state—yet I ran straight into another *Crapville!* I guess those two places are part of that sister city program. I thought college was a joke, Dr. Sheldon. It was just a bunch of people puking.

Before I had my nervous you-know-what, I didn't have a job and was proud of it. I slept to the crack of noon and laughed at my neighbors all day long. I read a few books now and then, too. I'm sure my neighbors would love the books I read. Yes, I enjoy great literature. In *Crapville* this makes you

an endangered species... What am I saying? This makes you an endangered species everywhere in this country. Book lovers are about as plentiful as bald eagles.

Nobody in my family reads—especially my fat relatives. I only know of one strange uncle who reads good books. I was thrilled one day when I mentioned Henry David Thoreau to him and he knew who I was talking about! I mean, the closest my father ever came to talking about Thoreau was when he said to me:

“Uh, Ronald, you wanna throw out the garbage?”

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