

Brynn Moll  
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## ***Prohibition***

Merriam Webster's Thirty Fifth Anniversary Edition page 546:  
Lonely-Without companions; lone. Characterized by aloneness;  
solitary. Dejected by the awareness of being alone. See  
Synonyms at alone.

Rory knew this because she always carried a dictionary with her, on the off chance that she didn't have as much of an understanding of something as she'd like to. Such a small, simple word; you wouldn't think there to be multiple levels, kinds and/or facets of it. But there are, three to be exact, and Rory had experienced all of them. She contemplated this and other blanket statements about the human condition as she lay on her burnt orange vintage sofa, analyzing the crack patterns in the ceiling of her studio apartment. She was always somewhat stoned and twisted her hair between her thumb and forefinger when she did this. The first kind of loneliness can be humorous, manageable, and mania producing at its highest points. It happens when an individual spends nearly all day for a succession of days completely isolated in their mind, this is usually accompanied by frequent bouts of staring into space or engaging in some other nervous habituation. This particular form of loneliness even occurs when you are surrounded by hundreds of people on a daily basis and suddenly realize that you haven't actually spoken to anyone besides pleasantries and brief jolts with acquaintances. The mania comes in

when you realize this and have a laugh with a good friend and then they invite you over to their house to watch a movie or smoke a bowl or have some more laughs or binge eat, et al.

The second kind of loneliness is a bit more moderate, intrusive, it has been known to destroy weeks, perhaps a month, it is progressive. This brand of loneliness makes getting out of bed to show up for a day less and less desirable. The phone becomes ridiculously heavy and the fingers rendered unable to dial. The individual inflicted with this form of loneliness usually becomes apathetic and listless, they convince themselves that they're justified in taking this much time away from the world. They disguise it as "healthy solitude". When really their mind has turned to mush and they are beginning to die inside. Someone this lonely finds it completely rational to go on a date with a man as old as their father when their boyfriend is on a semester abroad. They do so because they just want a candlelit meal that is not top ramen. They want someone to look at them like they're beautiful, stroke their hand and think everything they say is fascinating even though they know this corpulent man with white hair across the table from them just wants young pussy. Rory probably could've been awarded multiple graduate degrees and Nobel laureates in the time she spent reflecting upon these, at three am after half a box of Franzia cleverly trying to masturbate. She drunk dialed. None was foolish enough to answer.

The third is the most corrosive and most deceptive kind of loneliness. It is a disease that tells you you don't have a disease. Its symptomology consists of depression, explosive diarrhea, car crashes, broken families, liver failure, wet brain, jails, insanity, we could increase the list ad infinitum. This type of lonely is identified by a roaring inside the head reminiscent of a jet engine through a tunnel, an inability to associate with the outside world and what modern psychology would dub psychosis. On the top shelf of Rory's decouped hutch was a black and white photograph of the "Holy Trinity" her grandmother, great aunt and second cousin. All three of them died of this disease. It was the 1950s and society didn't know what to do with the lonely so they let them die, usually in shackles, after lethal doses of toxic shock. Sometimes as Rory pondered, a related thought jumped out of the back of her skull "If you really needed to get a hold of someone right now, like for some real emergency shit, there is no one for you to call. " She forced this thought into the nether quarters of her mind next to the little girl in a pale purple dress holding a shriveled yellow balloon. She cracked the last Blue Moon from her case and took a sloppy swig. On the Discovery Channel was a documentary about that "Into the Wild" guy. "Man, that dude was lonely" she said to herself with a laugh.