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AP Literature and Composition

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An Anaconda In My Chest; Tears Of Joy

*I could feel my insides starting to tighten. This is a feeling that can only be described as an anaconda squeezing my guts out. A feeling that can only be provoked by an event so overwhelming, so shocking, that my body’s only reaction to the explosive exhale triggered by amazement, is to squeeze my chest and my stomach— it feels like my insides are trapped inside a vacuum. This isn’t normal. It takes something incredibly funny for the human body to react in this manner. Laughing so hard that tears start to squeeze out of the corner of your eyelids— due to the sheer fact that it hurts to laugh so intensely.*

I am lucky to have a friend that is undeniably the funniest person I have ever met. The rare occasions that I have laughed until I cried have been with him.

My friends, Kam, Matt, and I, find ourselves walking down the long unforgiving hallway at school’s end. A thought creeps into my brain and begins to fester.

We are in the belly of the beast, we have been at it long enough to be ready to call it quits; although, we haven’t been going long enough to see a clear end in sight. The month of January can do that to you, a month best described with words like brutal, harsh, or my personal favorite lame. Our mid-winter blues are in full effect.

Our dower attitudes were very evident in our slow, un-excited trot, we uniformly displayed as we make our way out to the cars.

The three of us find ourselves directly in the middle of the scarcely plowed parking lot, shoes picking up the slushy snow as we drag along. I unconsciously start to analyze the intertwining of my friendships.

My friends and I we all have roles or personality traits that define our friendship. Kam is best described as fairly clueless, but naturally funny nonetheless. He loves to be goofy and poke fun at himself, others, or anything else that catches his attention. An important thing to know about Kam is his temper burns hotter than asphalt in the middle of August.

Matt has a very kind demeanor; although, he isn’t gifted when it comes to being comical. Matt often tries to partake in our banter and say jokes with Kam and I... The punch line of his jokes are usually followed by an awkward silence. What Matt lacks in humor he makes up for with genuine joy and kindness. Matt can get pretty defensive when his flaws are pointed out, and usually has a hard time taking a joke. Their two personalities tend to clash when Kam’s humor takes over and pokes fun at Matt; as you can guess Matt becomes very defensive, and an argument usually follows.

As for me, I enjoy sitting back and seeing where the roast goes. I can’t lie at times I instigate and provoke them, although my even temperament doesn’t usually allow me to get into many disagreements with them. I generally enjoy sitting back and watching.

As we were walking in the parking lot, Matt’s pace began to speed up quite noticeably. As Kam and I started to fall behind we start giving each other curious expressions. After Kam had a moment to process the situation, he gave me a devious look— a look that says he is ready to fire a zinger. He was looking for my approval before he goes for the blow. I start to ponder the different outcomes in my head.

I knew whatever remark Kam had mustered up was going to be truculent and unforgiving. A part of me always wants to spare innocent Matt from the surprise attacks. Although, it is always a guarantee that Kam’s comment will be hilarious. I couldn’t help myself.

I gave Kam the go-ahead.

Kam almost immediately proceeded to say in an annoyed tone, “geez Matt you’re walking so fast, does your mom have food waiting at home for your fat a\*\* or something?”

I let out a “gasp” of disbelief. I was shocked at how ruthless Kameron was. Matt’s expressionless face instantly turned beet red; the mood shifted and you could feel Matt’s fury radiating off his body. You could almost see the gears in his head frantically turning, trying to create a comeback to such a brash comment. He proceeded to try and come up with something equally as rude and comical as Kam’s remark was the entire walk back to the car. He couldn’t. When we got to the car, Kam and I opened the doors and got in. We sat there in silence. Matt stood 10 feet away from the driver’s side and glared at Kam. In Matt’s right hand was Kam’s Michigan State lanyard.

Matt looked around, he stood there with a devious expression on his face. It was like something snapped, Matt sprung to action. His arm cocked back, the outstretched arm stayed still for a moment, then catapulted forward. He launched the keychain across the parking lot.

I let out a huge laugh. My lungs are already gasping for air and the encounter is only just beginning.

As soon as Matt did that I knew Kam would be furious… Kam flew out of the car and launched his backpack full of textbooks at Matt’s face.

It smoked him, Matt staggered back due to the sheer force of the blow.

Matt exclaimed, “ahhhhhhh” as his palms covered his beaten head.

Matt let go of all of his things in hopes to get into the car faster. He beat Kam to the car door, got in, and locked the doors. I took a moment and gathered myself, I was laughing insanely hard.

Out of breath I ferverishly exclaimed, “oh my God! Matt are you ok”?

I already knew the answer— blood was gushing out of Matt’s nose.

He cowardly answered, “ Yeah I’m fine, I had to get into the car before Kam did something else.”

I proceeded to laugh again, this time because of how hard Kam clocked him in the face and of the scarlet blood the impact produced.

Meanwhile, Kam was outside. He was livid, he nearly had to walk all the way across the parking lot to get his keys

(What happened next is something I will never forget)

Kam scanned the his surroundings-- he spotted Matt’s keys. Out of pure rage, he snatched them off the ground. His body prepared itself, crouching down in an athletic position. He took off with his arms stretched out straight, keys in hand. He looked like an NFL punter about ready to boot a football like the game depended on it. His strides began to shorten and eventually he planted his left foot in the ground. His right foot swung back as far as physically possible. He then rocketed his right foot forward with full force. Unfortunately for Kam, he decided to perform this incredible athletic feat on a patch of thick Michigan ice. When his right foot reached waist level his left foot slipped and was eventually off the ground as well.Within milliseconds Kam’s insane momentum lifted both his feet above his head. Kam was airborne. His uncoordinated body flailed in the air. It seemed as if the laws of gravity were turned off. Kam was in the air for an ungodly amount of time. He eventually began his descent. He slammed to the ground with an incredible amount of force.

Matt and I couldn't believe our eyes. We erupted. Laughter bellowed throughout the car.

I noticed the tears starting to drip out of my eyes. The vacuum like feeling in my stomach. It is a thing of pure beauty.

*…*

*This type of thing happens between me and my friends. We don’t take our fights personally— we are still great friends to this day. Looking back on memories like this truly is amazing. Laughing until you cry only happens so many times in a person's life. When it happens it is definitely an unforgettable memory. These moments end up being instilled in a person's life forever. I am lucky to have a friend that is undeniably the funniest person I have ever met. Even if I laugh at him being unintentionally funny. The rare occasions I have laughed until I cried have all been with Kam.*