

## An Account

*From the first collected journal; information analysis is still in progress. We have yet to find anything significant.*

*-Stanley Fitz (SF)*

Reflection.

I ought to ask her what she didn't see in me, because it seems harsh to deal with that kind of wretched hatred without real cause. I mean, did she honestly expect me to let the cat live? It pissed all over my favorite Italian shoes, and I'm supposed to let it walk away (*the cat suffered from weak bladder control-SF*)? Please. The thing needed to be put down. What? The circular saw *gas powered not electric-SF* was in bad taste? Fuck you. I know exactly what I'm doing. And she was the one that overreacted.

Conversation.

B. What the fuck were you thinking?! *Exclamation points and question marks used together indicate an incredulous nature-SF* How could you do something like that? R. I really don't see what your problem is. You're overreacting, and you're being irrational. Material things hold less value than the value of living beings.

B. Less value? Are you really trying to equate this with monetary value?

R. When you're being absurd, yes. They were just shoes *Italian shoes, at least according to the records-SF*. Get the hell over it.

B. Whatever. You know it wasn't just about the shoes. It's the principal. He gave them to me last year when I graduated with a 1.9, top of my class.

R. Shut the fuck up about your good grades. We've heard enough of it.

Reaction.

*Fragmented journal entry; we still don't know which events are true-SF.* The heart of the problem is that she never really understood me. Yeah, yeah, kids say that all the time and no one gives a shit. Fuck that. I haven't been a kid since last summer when I turned 12 and mom gave me one of her blood vials to pass on to the next generation like it was the fucking lifeblood of humanity. That was before they put her in a padded room. Not because she was crazy, she just has this nasty habit of smashing her skull against the wall because it was the only way she could keep a steady beat. When I'm older like her I'll be able to keep a steady beat. She taught me everything she knew. She kept babbling about how I needed to keep the blood vial cold, or it would spoil or some shit. It must be something like milk, but it always tastes just as good to a cat whether it's warm or cold.

*Entry titles are inconsistent...seemingly no author intention between content and title-SF.*

Perceptions.

*Information removed.*

Remembrances.

Do you remember what you said to me when I was little and you were too young to be a mother? I asked you why the clouds were white, and you told me it was because they were big lumps of vanilla ice-cream that the sun made with its icy cold gaze. I mentioned that the sun was hot because it was a burning star and you said the schools were really fucking the generation with their progressive bullshit. Then you bought us chocolate ice-cream and primo catnip.

Postpartum Depression.

R. The doctor's face looked pale when he told me the abortion was unsuccessful. They told me technology had advanced so much in the 90's *1890's-SF*, yet they couldn't rid my body of you.

B. Stop trying to sweet-talk me. If only they **had** failed.

R. Do you remember being alive?

B. I remember being both alive and dead.

R. Shut the fuck up. What right do you have to remember both at once?

Baking.

I think she loved me once. I remember her talking to me while I was still baking in the oven, like one of those little chocolate biscuits she used to feed the dogs. The cat only got the rotten eggs. I shouldn't have heard her, and I never really did because my ears weren't done; they were still squishy and undercooked, just like the chocolate biscuits. But her words resonated against the walls of her uterus, and our bellies touched, the final link between deities was complete. I felt nourishment flow through our umbilical cord like a wormhole to a fifth dimension.

Preparation.

R. What are your thoughts on evolution?

B. What? Are you trusting science now?

Past.

I remember that my name begins with B. She gave me the name when I was still little, though. I think it was a few years after I was born. Maybe it was a few weeks after. It's difficult for me to remember; I could never hear what was going on over my screaming and the cat's incessant purring.

/.../

He was only a day old when I named him, and it's almost like he hasn't aged at all since. He was so quiet...he slept for two and a half years and then opened his golden eyes. I used to call him Baby because I forgot what I named him. *Full names unknown-SF*.

Resolution.

B. Do you remember my name?

R. I never named you.

B. Do you remember what Mama called me?

R. Who?

Religion.

R. Did you read the bible like I asked you?

B. Yeah. I have a new interpretation for you.

R. And?

B. The modern world will burn for its sinful acts against the sanctity of marriage.

R. Where does it say that?

B. I read it online.

Plot.

*TBA*

Future.

B. Do you think that we'll be remembered? You know, when we die?

R. Who do you want to remember you?

B. I don't want to be remembered. I want to prepare for it if it happens.

R. I think the attendant at the gas station will remember you. She's cute.

B. Vicky? She tried to sell me a lottery ticket once. She wanted me to "take a shot, you never know what might happen." Fuck that. I don't have time for her games of fate.

Socioeconomic Order.

*Removed from the alleged journal:*

I wanted to be just like her when I grew up. We really weren't too far apart in age, after all *B is known to be between the ages of 11 and 17 throughout his passages-SF*. I think the problem was that there was too much sexual tension. Between them *R and her friend-SF*, I mean. I couldn't get over that. I'd stand at the sink and watch dishes while the luminescent glow of pure light streamed through the window to boil the water. I thought about washing them. When I dried my hands the skin cracked. It was beautiful, really. I felt so happy when I heard the **splish** of dishwater in the cracks on my palm. My skin smiled and opened itself. It became a temple for the sacred fluids, the middle-class fluids, and the workers holding apart the layers of skin. I was never very good with Marxism (*a socioeconomic philosophy employed in B's thinking, though he was never good with it-SF*).

Finality.

I'm beginning to wonder if she still loves me. It's as if she's forgotten how, though I don't understand how she could have. We only fought once, because of that damn cat. I mean, I had the goddamn thing put on the wall so she could see it every day, and she still complained. She was fine after, mostly. We only fought occasionally. Or once. I remember once. I feel like she could still love me. I'll remind her why she loved me. We're family after

all, and you have to love family *DNA test pending*, especially since we're so close. Are we close? I just can't remember *other entries allude to closeness enhanced by intense arguments-SF*.

Love.

*A misunderstood representation of unnatural human emotion-SF:*

B. Why can't you love me anymore?

R. I have more important things to worry about. Now leave me alone, I'm busy. Kim Kardashian just quoted Descartes.

B. Descartes was an asshole.

Innocence.

I didn't understand that it was frowned upon. In some ways, common sense ought to have dictated my decision to use the gas powered circular saw, or the electric *likely from Sears, Craftsman brand name-SF*. I generally prefer the gas one because it's much easier to clean, and I don't get the little tickles when I submerge it in my bathtub

Fiction.

R. Will you put that goddamned book down and come help me please?

B. It's not just and "goddamned book," so watch your fucking mouth. You never could appreciate Hemingway (*Indian Camp, we think-SF*).

R. He doesn't make any sense. Would it have killed him to try his hand at realism?

B. You're a funny one to talk of realism.

Interpretations.

*The subliminal placement of one's perceptions on a given work of literature-SF,*

B. What do you think?

R. It's okay. Your writing style is good, but the plot is sort of confusing.

B. What do you think the plot is?

R. A man going through a period of faithlessness after he argues with his mother about the importance of rational religious thought.

B. Interesting. The text exists only as words on a page. Do you have any evidence to support that?

R. You're the scholar here. Not me.

Reconciliation.

I just haven't decided which way to go with this. I want her to forgive me, and I want her to forget about the damn cat. I wrote her a story, and she doesn't get it *we have no evidence that B was a writer-SF*. She never gets it, though, and we stay the same. We're near in proximity, and I'm afraid she'll see the saw again, perched on the top shelf in my closet, wrapped in tinfoil. I rub the silver paper against the blade and watch the flakes flutter to the ground, a tiny snowstorm of the post-industrial age. The gas compartment has a leak, and it drips into the purple carpet. She thinks the smell is just my cologne *Walmart custom brand-SF*, which matches my new fur coat. She still doesn't know where the cat went.

*Information corrupted. Reformatting for the next.*

-SF