

*“I’m a ceiling”.*

No, you are a roof. There is nothing between you and me. I am the sky. And I will rain down on you with torrents of terror, and spikes and nails, hailstorms of blood and blizzards so cold that they will break your skin.

*“I’m a sealed door; a thick metal door, as a door to a vault or a prison of monstrous men with safety of the highest priority. There are locks and there are locks and the keys have been thrown away and melted in ovens and mounded into chains used to seal the very same doors again. There are barricades and there are armed guards.”*

No, you are a gate. A wooden gate. A rotten wooden gate, withered and torn from the years that have passed you by. It is attached to a frame which is attached to a fence which is a fence that cannot keep anything out or in anymore. There is nothing between you and me. I am the wind. And I will blow straight through you and bring you down to rot in the earth, the leaves spread before you. You will become one with the worms and the beetles and the ants. You will feel roots growing through you and in you and out of you. I will entangle you, and then break you.

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Fidgeting he sat in the corner. Forth and back, forth and back. Rocking like a rocking chair, squeaking like a rocking chair, cracking up slowly like an old, old rocking chair.

...

*“I’m a bottle of Dom Pérignon, and as exclusive and vintage as of a year in which it was not produced. I have class, I have prestige, and that cannot be taken away from me because a creation may die though the reputation as it died will live.*

*Serve sparkling lemonade in a glass made of crystal and claim it is my blood. You’ll drink it and confirm how proper champagne should taste. And you’ll naively believe that your opinion matters because you cannot admit the fact that you may not be an expert on the subject of how proper champagne should taste. Your friends won’t know either and they’ll tacitly agree without any objection. Because you’re the expert.”*

Do not mock me. You are nothing but a frail, thin, transparent glass flask left outside, thrown in the nearest ditch by youngsters roaming the streets mere hours ago, and with the Sunday morning sun now rising I will—for I am that bright beacon you see—with my burning rays strike you, hit your throat and make you shatter. I’ll turn you back into the sand from which you were made.

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Fidgeting he sat in the corner. Staring blindly into the light yellow wall. The wallpaper peeling, peeling so much you could see the paint underneath it peeling. Underneath the peeling brighter yellow paint was the white wall his grandfather had painted for him. It was all there, and the hangman in pencil spelling out—just as the stick figure was about to have his neck snapped—the word, *future*. And he thought, “*where did it go?*”

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*“I’m an encyclopaedia and from me you can gain knowledge. Knowledge of a man who has accomplished everything you wish you had by the age of thirty-two, less those years you when did not exist.”*

Characteristics?

*“Intelligent, gentle, handsome, but most importantly, better than you. I’m a cupboard filled with dried fruit, and cereals and cans of beans and cans of corn and sugar in tightly closed plastic bowls.”*

No, you are a cupboard, but with nothing inside. The back piece is missing. The framework is instable. It will break.

*“I was a man with dignity.”*

Yes, you were a man with dignity but not any longer. You saw to it yourself that whatever once made you a man is now gone. It was not ‘fading’. It was not slowly cracking up. It did not grow old. It disappeared, all at once in one single instance, one moment. And it is your fault.

*“I was a man with morale and sensitivity and strong emotions and I cared for people and I had people who stood by me.”*

Yes, I am not denying that, but you *were* that man and are no longer. Now, why did you do it?

*“I was at home, I remember that. I was angry, I remember that. No, I was furious, I was beyond angry, well beyond angry. It was as if something had suddenly burst; something that had been building up for so long hiding somewhere in the background ...”*

No, you know that is not true. There was nothing building up in you, there was only a sudden change in your mind. And I want to know why?

*“What if I don’t know why?”*

Just tell me the story.

*“Flour, I wanted to use flour at first because it seemed so creative. I have never heard of someone using flour before. And it would dry up all the water, saliva, and then I put in more and more until eventually it would be enough. I also enjoy baking bread.”*

And I enjoy eating bread.

*“But I could not find any flour so I went to my bedroom and in my upper drawer in my bedside table I took out a small bag containing little red pills, capsules. I made my bed, marine blue sheets with light blue flowery patterns, big flowery patterns (with ribbons in red, red and red). I placed Theodore Roosevelt at the head of the bed and went down the stairs back to the kitchen.*

*I took out a mug from the cabinet, filled it halfway with lukewarm tap water and started to open the capsules to empty the content in the mug. But I realised then that I never had any red pills in my bedside table drawer, and when I looked again I held nothing in my hands.*

*I became anxious; I wanted to get it over with. But I also wanted it to be something special, something unique, something new and inventive. And I always tend to cut myself at the tip of my fingers when I chop up cucumbers or tomatoes or slice salmon into thinly-cut pieces. Sharp objects are too conventional.”*

...

Ravenous. Impatiently he walked around in circles in the corner. Fanatically. Eagerly he ran around in circles in the corner. He was a nobody. And like everyone else who is a nobody, he wanted to be somebody. Thirty-three and living in the same house his entire life. A wife, yes; two kids, yes. One family car; both their parents less than fifty minutes away and a black Labrador retriever four years of age. Average job (manager at the deli section of a local supermarket in a suburb equally boring and silent as the next); average salary; average physique (height, weight, not particularly good looking and not particularly bad looking, dark green eyes); average everything like every other average family man.

Excitement. Change. That was what he was after. And not to get blended in by the masses, not to be one of those whom no one (except relatives and friends, the first five to ten years, of course) would ever talk about again when he is lying in the dark waiting for the samsara cycle to activate and let him fly away. He thought: *“what else would I deserve than to be an insect of no importance to anyone? I’ll even die again before anyone eats me and become useless even to a toad”*.

Screwdrivers, baseball bats, golf clubs, shotguns, pistols, piano strings, water fountains, small marble statues, scissors, expensive cutlery, axes, wine bottles, cork screws and deep frozen potatoes, these are all things to avoid.

His wife walked in. She saw him lying on the fake oak floorboards in the foetal position, grunting something indistinguishable except for the one word *history* every few seconds. There was a jar of little red pills opened

and lying with some pills spread out in front of him. The stench she smelt was undoubtedly from the urine that was taking ants with it in the river forming down along the floor rim.

His black tight jeans were white. White from flour that was creating clouds, revealing blood as it landed in his dark brown and otherwise dry hair. She looked closer without daring to touch him and discovered the back of his head bleeding severely. He had cut himself with a small kitchen knife, one used to peel apples or oranges or even melons perhaps, but never before people.

*“I have restrained myself. I have peeled out all those bad thoughts. I’m an empty vase am I not?”*

Yes, you are.

*“And I couldn’t even do what I intended to do. I wonder how it came to this, how everything I dreamt of just did not happen. When did I give up?”*

Oh, just now.