

GOING DOWN TO THE TOWN

BY STARCAT

After my father killed my dog, I decided to walk down to the provincial town, away from my family; my mother always screaming about every thing imaginable, white hot with rage, telling me that I was the devil, that I was evil incarnate and that my destiny was to burn. I can't even form the words right to say why things are so bad. It's like I never had a memory I wanted to keep, all of them are painful to me. Even memories of mothers affection strike me now as only a hypocritical pretense for getting something from me, from taking possession of me with her yelling, her constantly changing moods. You'd think the sky was crushing her she'd yell so loud. Dad crushed the dog with his boot. I didn't deserve a dog, he said. He ordered me to kill the dog myself but I refused. Father's preferred method of punishment was to make me destroy the things I loved. Had me smash my bow and arrow with a hammer after I shot a hole through a window pane. It was an accident but he didn't want me to forget that I had done something bad. I don't understand why I was born. Probably to help out around the farm. Parents are always talking about money, I now reflect, as I keep walking down to the provincial town. That story about the chickens and the golden egg. My parents never wanted children, I don't think. They're always talkin bout how they want more money to buy slaves, slaves to work the farm. I'm just a slave; a slave mother and father didn't have to buy. It's like that time I kicked up a board by the barn and saw the rats scampering away, how there was just this enormous fat ugly rat, lying motionless and disgusting shitting her brood at the farm. It was disgusting so I ran away. Father hollered at me for running away like a girl. Had me watch him smash that rat with a board. Then he said he'd make me wear a dress to school if I didn't stop crying. I hate them so much. Parents don't like children anyway it's like the story of the hen that laid a golden egg they want chickens that lay eggs, not children; they want golden eggs they can take to the market and sell, well, that's why I'm walking down to the town. Maybe I'll figure out a way to get rich or something. I'm not sure why there are even rich people. Mother's always telling me how there will always be rich and poor and then telling me to do chores. But she also says the rich got other people to do chores so I think being rich is all about telling people to do your chores for you, like that fat ugly rat pa smashed with a board. It's so awful. The town's worse than I remember. Haven't been here in years. The priest walks around dressed in black, black as the ink in his books. Looks pale from writing all day. Probably hollers at the crowds for money. Everyone just hollers for money in this world. First the babies cry. Then the adults cry back for money. It's a crybaby world. Saw a beggar at the entrance of the town looking pathetic as can be but he didn't look anymore pathetic than that priest. Everyone begs they just beg another way. I hate begging so much. I don't want to beg. I want to go a different way, do something that matters. Apparently if you steal you get killed around here. This lady tells me stealing will get you hanged. It's the fast track to get you hanged. "You don't steal around here! You hear me boy?" so says this lady. Apparently you gotta beg people to give you money. I just want to die and forget all about this life. I'm only really happy in my sleep. Wish I was a cat, hunting alone and getting free food because I'm cute. Maybe not though because some kids burn cats alive cause they say cats are the devil. An old superstition. The town is turning out to be a disappointment. I grow up in this disappointment and I don't kill myself because of how shockingly disappointing it is. Each day there's more and more disappointment! God damn! If I tried to hang myself I'd live. All it took to get hanged was for this guy to steal a glass from the bar.

THE END