

I LAYED FACE DOWN ON THE COUCH, I RESTED MY FACE ON ONE OF THE PILLOWS AND WAITED. AFTER A WHILE AN ANNOYING ODOR CAME FROM THE CORNER OF THE LEFT CUSHION THAT SMELLED LIKE LIQUOR. THE COUCH WAS SOFT AND COMFORTABLE. IT WAS BLACK AND PATCHED UP WITH SEVERAL BAND TITLES. THE ARM-REST HAD A PIECE OF CLOTH THAT READ THE RAMONES, AND THE ONE NEXT TO IT READ BLACK SABBATH. THE STUFFING THAT WAS STICKING OUT OF THE SMALL RIPPED OPENING WAS TICKLING MY ARM. THE WHOLE COUCH WAS SURROUNDED BY SAFETY-FABRIC TOGETHER AND LOOSE THREAD WHERE. THE WHITE YARN ON THE ANIMATED STITCHES.

STARTED TO BUZZ, I COULD ADJUSTMENTS BEING LATER I FELT A PIECE OF PAPER SET MY BACK. IT WAS PRESSED PULLED OFF. I TURNED THOUGHT IT LOOKED LIKE A PIECE ALREADY. HE ASKED ME IF FINE, I NODDED WITH A SMILE OF SATISFACTION. HIS TATTOOS TOLD THERE WERE SO MANY, THEY ALL LOOKING LIKE A SHIRT. THE WORD IN WAS WRITTEN IN ENGLISH WRITING WAS DELICATELY CURVED AND CRAFTED WITH HIS LEFT ARM WRAPPED AROUND HIS ELBOW

TOOED ON HIS RIGHT ARM WAS THE BEST ONE OF ALL. IT STARTED ON HIS SHOULDER AND WRAPPED AROUND HIS WHOLE ARM. THE SPIKES BURIED HIS SKIN AND BLOOD DRAINED DOWN FROM THE SLIT OPEN FLESH. THE RED GAVE A VIBRANT TONE THAT MADE IT SEEM REAL. THE WIRE WAS SHAPED AND SHADED PERFECTLY IT MADE THE SPIKES LOOK SHARP AND PAINFUL. THE NEEDLE STARTED TO PIERCE MY SKIN. I TOOK A BREATH AND BURIED MY FACE ON THE PILLOW. I WAS SUPRISED IT DIDN'T HURT. IT FELT LIKE A FEATHER WAS BEING RUN ACROSS MY SKIN. I RELAXED AND THOUGHT ABOUT HOW IRONIC THIS WAS. THE DAUGHTER OF TWO VERY CONSERVATIVE AND PRUDE PARENTS CONCEIVED A NONCONFORMIST, REBELLIOUS, AND UNCIVILIZED OFFSPRING. THE CLOCK SET 5:45PM IT HAD ALREADY BEEN TWO HOURS. THE NEEDLE STARTED TO FEEL DEEPER AND BIGGER. IT FELT LIKE THIS WOULD LAST FOREVER. THE PATCH THAT WAS PINNED TO THE COUCH STARTED TO BOTHER ME. THE SAFETY-PINS STABBED MY RIGHT THIGH MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO STAY STILL. THE PRESSURE ON THE BACK OF MY NECK MADE ME PERSPIRE.

HE WAS FINALLY FINISHED. HE APPLICATED SOME ANTIBIOTIC OINTMENT AND SMOOTHED IT EVENLY OVER THE DRAWING. I FELT RELIEF I THOUGHT IT WAS FINALLY OVER BUT AT THE SAME TIME THOUGHT ABOUT MY NEXT CHOICE. HE PLACED A PAPER TOWEL OVER IT AND ADJUSTED IT SO IT WOULDN'T MOVE AROUND. STANDING UP WAS A CHALLENGE. MY JOINTS WERE LOCKED AND STIFF. HE STARTED TO EXPLAIN THE CARES AND PRECAUTIONS FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS. I THOUGHT TO MYSELF THAT WAS A LOT OF RESPONSIBILITY. I ALREADY HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE REMEMBERING TO FEED MY CAT. I LEFT WITH A BIG SMILE. I REALIZED HOW BREAKING THIS ONE RULE I HAD AUTOMATICLY VIOLATED EVERY RULE MY MOM HAD EVER MADE. I THOUGHT RULES



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THAT WAS
OF MISCHIVIOS
A CREATIVE STORY.

CROWDED UP TOGETHER
THE CENTER OF HIS CHEST
THAT READ [REBEL], EACH LETTER
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