

**on the origin of green: or emordnilap a lla s'ti ,eciwt kniht t'nodon't think twice, it's
all a palindrome**

Pat.

Pat pat pat pat pat pat squeeze.

squeeze pat pat.

R-FFFFFuck!!!!

P-What?

R-I lost my fuckin' wallet! I knew this would happen. Goddamn lining in this...oh here it is.

P-So where we goin'? Blue and Gold?

R-Sure, but you're buyin' cause I ain't gots no cash.

Roy's pats and squeezes became more frequent in the past few weeks. His frustration was elevating. Roy Bivovich, son of an Anglo-Siberian father and an Austral-Canadian mother, fluent in inutile languages and motivated by his own ambitious strive towards mediocrity, decided to get some help. This was due, in part, to the increase in his pant pocket pats, but more significantly to the revolting state of his bathroom.

R-Excuse me sir, but I'm looking for...

G-The produce aisle, that's where you can really see the difference. 3/4-inch Plexiglas cages over every display, well except the bananas and avocados for now and, well you get the idea. Sterilized mechanical tongs, like that game they used to play at the movie theatre, even glove boxes, those i particularly like, maybe just a keyboard... savages, how disgusting! Touching peach after pear, squeezing, fondling with their filthy fingers, probably just finished wiping their fat asses, or itching their... and and.... let's touch every cucumber and eggplant with my polluted hands and put them back because they really don't want cucumber and eggplant tonight. Genetic engineering, my friend, genetic engineering. No more gushy tomatoes bruised apples, no more reason to choose. All gone! Perfection, every one just like the next. Darwin would be proud? And Huxley ha? Just like Huxley

with the people! But with, but with fruits and vegetables!?!? Huxley forgot all about the fruits and vegetables.

R-Umm sir?

G-Yyyes?

R-Where do you keep sponges?

G-Where do i keep the sponges? Under the sink, of course. Oh you meant where do you keep the sponges, the Royal you. What color?

R-What color??

G-i don't know, you are the shopper, i am merely a player in this mass produced produce aisle.

R-Red.

G-A red sponge. Let me think for a moment. Aisle seven. Yes, aisle seven right next to the Clorox.

R-Clorox eh?

G-Sure, it's the main ingredient in red, didn't you know?

R-No I did not.

G-It is just a fact.

R-It sure as hell is not.

G-Off with your head! Go now, and leave me to my produce.

R-Okayyyy...Oh and you should capitalize your I's when you speak about yourself.

G-Oh i should should i? Maybe i do not enjoy the sound of i when it is spoken I.

R-It sounds much better.

G-Well, i don't particularly like it. It's too egocentric.

R-It just sounds better.

G-Off with you. Go and find your red sponge.

Roy felt he needed to visit his favorite fountain before commencing his ill-fated chores. So he'd take a quick beer at the Blue and Gold to clear his mind. His usual stool up front was occupied so he ventured deep into the unknown rear of the bar. He settled at an empty table and began observing his new surroundings. To the right of him sat three young men dressed in the uniform

BananagapcrewandFitch vogue that defined a rapidly homogenizing white, suburban generation. They didn't speak much to each other; rather they panned the interior in a stiff, robotic motion, fixing their gazes upon any portion of the available female anatomy that intersected their planes. The two men directly across from Roy were much more intriguing. These men were obviously two Norsouthern, Eawestern Panagean explorers. They were engaged in an intense argument (in Esperanto, of course) over cutting edge technology. The dialect was difficult to decipher, the accents were alien to him, but Roy interpreted as best he could.

According to Roy, one of them believed the Government had the technology to convert human thoughts into binary code by way of a microchip wedged deep in the cerebral cortex. The digital sequence could then be easily decoded into English (until, they agreed, Esperanto became the global language of choice) and routed onto flat screen monitors that would fit comfortably on one's head (L.L. Bean had already patented a prototype). The other sat interested, but argued that humans would then have to control their inner thoughts even stronger than most current religions coerced, for now devious transgressions would be on display for all the world to see. Roy, being an amateur mind reader himself, sat in bewilderment while suffocating his beer bottle and felt perturbed that soon he would not be able to lie anymore.

Pat. Pat pat pat pat squeeze.

Tuesday was Roy's appointment at Doctor Cod, the palindrome's office. Roy stuck large orange Post-its throughout his apartment, from the bedroom to the front door, in order not to forget. He claimed orange Post-its helped him remember his responsibilities better than any other color. His HMO coverage was only paid up until the New Year, and he was going to get the most out of it.

Doctor Cod, the palindrome, stood and gently stared into Roy's eyes. Roy returned the gaze and tried very hard to decipher the doctor's thoughts. Too bad mind monitors weren't available yet, according to the Esperanto speaking Panageans.

Roy, you have cancer.
 Roy, your pancreas has cancer.
 Roy, you have pancreatic cancer.
 Roy, you need a pancreatectomy.

DC-How are you guys?

R-We're fine Doc.

DC-Good. Well Roy, all of your test results were negative.

R- Well that's good news, I guess.

DC-Except one thing.

R-Pancrean cancer?

DC-No, not pancrean cancer, it's pancreatic.

R-I have pancreatic cancer?

DC-No the word is pancreatic, not pancrean.

R-Oh... Damn.

DC-Upset?

R-No.

DC-Trying to read my mind again, weren't you?

R-Yes.

DC-Well, I thought I told you to stop that witchcraft.

R- I'm sorry.

DC-It's OK.

R-I know.

DC-How do you know?

R-I read you mind.

DC-Enough already.

R-Sorry.

DC-Roy, you're OCD.

R-OK, thank you.

DC-Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder. It's a rather grandiose and trivial clinical term. Nothing serious.

And I'm not even a psychiatrist.

R-So what exactly does it mean then?

DC-You're level e, ruoY.

R-Roy.

DC-That's what I said. Roy.

R-No, you said ruoY.

DC-What's the difference?

R-U.

DC-Me?

R-You said R.U.O.Y.

DC-How do you know? They sound exactly the same.

R-I can tell. It's not that hard. So it's Roy, R.O.Y.!

DC-Easy now Roy, don't forget you're level E.

R-What does that mean anyway?

DC-I do not know at this juncture. Come back and see me next week.

R-So that's all then.

DC-Yes Roy.

R-OK, well thanks then.

DC-You'll be fine, Roy, just don't worry about anything. Oh and the elevator works now, so you guys don't have to use the stairs.

R-How do you think we got up here?

DC-You used the stairs.

R-Yes, yes we used the stairs.

DC-So use the elevator, 23 floors constitute a lot of stares.

R-Stairs?

DC-That's what I said.

R-No you said stares.

DC-What?

R-Nothing. Goodbye.

23

I'm standing in the elevator

22

and I'm staring

21

at the checkered floor

20

standing in the elevator

19

in the elevator

18

staring

17

and I'm not a racist

16

just quiet

15

and staring

14

and standing

13

quietly

12

staring

11

and I'm not a rapist

10

I'm just staring

9

at the black

8

squares

7

staring

6

at her

5

black

4

skin

3

staring between her

2

her

1

The Origin of Green

Middle English: grene. Ye Olde English: grEne. Ye elder English relative: grOwan-to grow...

As Roy stepped off the elevator, a gentle, brisk breeze blew a sharp tiny object into his right eye. The elegant black woman too was intercepted by this wind, and the two of them exited the lift radically rubbing their respective retinas. The luxurious lady utilized her left index finger to instigate her tear ducts into processing fluid. Roy, on the other hand, which would be his right, wore a Swiss Army Watch that contained a small blade, and more importantly, a pair of compact tweezers. He removed the tongs, gently gripped his eyelid, and with his left hand he made a cup. Roy then proceeded to blow his moist breath into his right hand, displacing the air particles and sending them into his irritated eye. With her one working eye, the lavish lady observed Roy's erratic gestures, and sent a small smile his way. Roy, too busy attacking the dust, did not notice this smirk or he would have politely returned the favor. The woman then successfully evaded the ocular invader, and left the scene before Roy was able to prevail. Roy was not able to eject the grain by the time he arrived at his friend Pete's apartment.

YOU KNOW WHAT? I THINK I'LL APPLY TO GRAD SCHOOL TOO. WHAT THE FUCK, RIGHT? WHATTA THINK? I HAD THIS IDEA FOR A STORY EARLIER TODAY AND I THINK IT'S PRETTY GOOD.

P-What the hell is wrong with ya?

R-I got something in my eye.

P-Need some Visine?

R-Yeah sure. So Doc Cod say I have some kinda disorder.

P-Well, we knew that from the start.

R-I'm too obsessed or somethin'.

P-You? Obsessed? That's impossible. Your bathroom's a shithole.

R-Funny. Yo, where the fuck is that Visine?

P-Oh, I don't have any.

R-But you just asked me if I needed any.

P-I know.

R-Oh you're such an asshole.

P-Ha! Sucka.

R-So I'm applying to grad school.

P-For what, I thought you hated school.

R-Yeah, but I think I'm ready now.

P-For what?

R-Grad school.

P-No, whattya gonna study?

R-Fiction.

P-ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU'RE...

R-Yeah that's what he's doin' but screw him, I'm a better writer.

P-What kinda writer do you wanna be? I can't picture your name Roy Biv...

R-Never mind that. Subtle, erotic children's stories. I want to meddle in the art of Child Erotica.

P-Ha!

R-Sure, like the Three Little Bears for instance. This is no children's story. It's erotica hidden behind a series of subtle innuendoes.

P-I'm listening, although innuendoes are for the most part subtle.

R-Thanks for the information, asshole. You see, Goldilocks really just wanted to satiate a little adolescent sexual curiosity. Papa bear's "porridge" was too hot, which means he wanted it too bad, so Goldie was turned off. Mama bear's "porridge" was too cold. She was obviously frigid. And baby bear's, baby bear's "porridge" was just right. There's more. Papa bear's bed was too hard. He liked the rough stuff. Mama bear's bed was too soft. Again she wasn't too much into it. But baby bear's bed, it was jjuussttt...

P-Wait a minute. You make a valid point. But in defense of mama bear's actions, i propose this:

R- Capitalize your I.

P-Sorry. Anyway maybe she just wasn't into having sex with another woman, much less a child, which then could turn anyone frigid and uninterested. And, you see Goldilocks is also a patented pedophile for what she did with baby bear and should be locked up.

R-Nice pun but No. Goldilocks could not have been older than baby bear. Bear years and human years differ in a ratio roughly about seven to one, not unlike dogs.

P-I thought it was 6 to 1.

R-They just changed it. Maybe it's eight to one. So if baby bear were two solar years old as compared to Goldilocks' say thirteen, baby bear would, theoretically, be older than Goldie by one year.

P-How can you clearly say baby bear was 2 years old?

R-First off, he had his own bed and not a crib.

P-Wait! How do you know baby bear was a boy? He could have been a girl.

R- Stop complicating the story, let's just say he was a boy.

P-Fine.

R-He was able to speak, for how do we know that someone had been eating his porridge if he did not state it?

P-OK fine, baby bear was at least 2 years old. But statutory laws do not care about the difference in age, just whether the person exceeds a certain age threshold, which is determined by state, not federal law. We are not dealing with a statutory case here, being baby bear and Goldilocks are both minors and...

R-Wait. Fine, I'll give you that, even though he could have been just above the required age for statutory rape law to be applied.

P-Even if he had Goldilocks' consent?

R-Yes. Consent is not an issue with statutory rape cases. And we are discussing whether Goldilocks raped baby bear, not the other way around.

P-Well it's not a statutory issue anyway. We decided baby bear and Goldilocks were of similar ages.

R-But it is in the case of Papa and Mama bear.

P-You just said they did not have sex with Goldilocks.

R-Were you there?

P-Oh you're impossible! You're just a fuckin' loony, aren't ya?

R-Pretty funny, eh? Listen. You know why most writers are like assholes?

P-Everybody has one?

R-Wha? No. They're shit factories.

P-Well, aren't the liver and intestines and pancreas more like the factory, and the asshole more of a portal?

R-Fine. Writers are portals for shit.

P-Well, who then produces the shit?

R-Oh fuck off.

P-That was a terrible...

R-Fuck off! So can you get like pancreatic cancer from shitting too much, you know, straining the system?

P-Pancreatic cancer, yeah, but it ain't too bad. You just get a pancreaotomy, it's painless.

R-Pancreaotomy? Is that really a word?

P-No. It's a procedure. Surgeons perform that shit daily. So, where d'ya come up with that child porn shit? Pretty funny.

R-No, I'm serious. And it's not child porn. It's child erotica; they're quite different.

P-Shut the fuck up. So why then child erotica?

R-To desensitize children, of course. Like the tobacco companies. Start 'em out young, so when they're older, they'll be addicted, rather, deal with it like adults.

P-Aren't children adults when they get older anyway?

R-Sure. Why?

P-You said they'd deal with it like adults when they get older, isn't that only natural?

Roy's defenses were down. His above par retortability, frozen. Possibly the intruder in his eye found its way into his brain and wedged itself somewhere between Broca's and Werneckie's areas.

Roy could always retort and defend his absurd ideas. And retort he could. He could retort. And how his retort was reputable. Was it because he is level E, as Doc Cod pronounced?

R-WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WRITING?? I'm just bullshitting ya, Pete. Pretty funny though?

P-You really do wanna write kiddy smut, and do a little field work, research as writers call it. I'll call you statutory Roy.

R-Fuck off. I'm just joking around.

P-So seriously, why then grad school?

R-I really just wanna see if I can get in first. A little confidence. I've never really had anyone read my shit before, well besides in college, but that don't count.

P-I didn't know you had shit.

R-Yeah my drawers are full of it.

P-Ha! So how come I've never seen any of it?

R-So I can go to grad school and pay them thirty grand a year to read it. That's why.

P-Huh?

R-Huh wha?

P-Nothing. Is that how much it costs 30 G's? Where are you gonna get that kind of cash?

R-I figured I'd pay them in counterfeit bills.

P-Are you serious?

R-What do you think?

P-Well I know someone who can get that kinda thing.

R-Really?

P-Sure. I've seen it. It's flawless.

R-Are you serious?

P-Yes, yes. It's even got the watermark and the stripe and everything.

R-Well how much does it cost?

P-It's pretty expensive.

R-Say I wanted thirty grand in counterfeit hundreds.

P-Probably close to 30 grand.

R-Then what's the sense!

P-Well I know somebody else who can do it for cheaper, but they're not as good.

R-How much then for thirty grand from them?

P-Most likely 20 grand or so.

R-Now we're talkin'!

P-But it's really not as good.

R-Well, I can take twenty grand, buy thirty grand of the inferior product, use that thirty grand to buy the better stuff. Then I can use the thirty grand of the good bills to pay my tuition.

P-Why don't you just use the 30 grand of the 20 grand money and leave out the middle step.

R-It is NYU. I don't wanna look like a miscreant, giving them shitty counterfeit money.

P-That's a great word, miscreant.

R-I know, I just learned it the other day.

P-What does it mean?

R-Rogue, vagabond of sorts.

P-Nice. So where are you gonna get the twenty grand from?

R-Well I figured I could buy seventy-five hundred dollars worth of the shitty money for five grand I've got saved up, bring it down to A.C. and put it all on black. So when I win, I'll have fifteen thousand dollars of real money. I then can take the fifteen thousand, buy fifteen thousand dollars of the good fake cash, take that and go have a nice dinner somewhere with the profit. Now with the remaining money, which should be about fifteen G's, as long as I don't get soup and salad, I'll buy as much shitty money as possible, about twenty thousand dollars worth. I'll then invest all of it in Macrochem, the makers of Topiglan, a topical form of Viagra, or some other EDS drug. Within a week, the drug will have run rampant throughout the impotent markets of drunken Western Europe, and I can then sell my shares and buy enough good counterfeit money to pay my tuition.

P-Ahh. What if you lose in Atlantic City?

R-I'll just rob a bank or take out a loan, whichever one is easier.

P-Well you let me know. So, do you need to write a novel or somethin' to get in?

R-Naa. I just need twenty-five pages of a story.

P-You got something like that already?

R-I'm working on it, I'm working on it.

P-How many pages you got?

R- I dunno. A few. I'll let you read it when I'm finished.

P-Sure. You wanna do something or what?

R-Yeah, go to graduate school. That's where I belong, not here in this dung heap.

P-Sure but how 'bout a game of stick in the meanwhile.

R-I should go home and...sure, why not. Hey, did I have my keys when I came in?

P-What are you talking about?

R-I can't find my keys.

P-They're in your coat somewhere in that, in that monopocket. Or maybe they're in your eye.

R-NO NO They're not fuckin' in here...oh here they are.

The Origin of Green.

green: of the color green. Pleasantly alluring, youthful, immature, unseasoned, mild, clement, envious...

The week leading up to Roy's subsequent visit to Doc Cod, the palindrome's office, was frustrating. He had made no progress on his paper, he spent way too much time at his friend Pete's place yapping about the Three Little Bears and other such nonsense. The applications were due in 12 days and he needed something to hand in.

We entered the subway on account of the driving rain. The melancholy, rust-yellow tears of the aging station fell as it lamented the absence of proper preservation. The screechy conversation between the rats and oil deficient train wheels spoke in fragmented phrases detailing communing commuters communicating of commencing their congested connections at Union Square. Yellow brooks of piss-yellow fluids reflected the downtrodden anonymous faces of cowardly middle managers as they contemplated surrendering their lives into a painful infinity. WHERE THE FUCK IS THE TRAIN???. He decided we'd take a yellow cab instead.

The Origin of Green

White light, the portion of the electromagnetic spectrum visible to the human eye contains wavelengths ranging between 0.000075cm and 0.000035cm. These wavelengths correspond to the perceived colors of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, respectively. Green then would be, in simple, third-grade theory, the average of all visible color, it being listed at the center of the verbal spectrum. Green has a wavelength of approximately 0.000053cm, nearly the median wavelength of the seven listed colors. As we all know green is not the center of... Indigo is only part of grade school agenda in order to fashion an easy anagram, ROYGBIV. Indigo is so close in wavelength and hue to that of either blue or violet, that its addition to the spectral scale, which designates...

R-Doc, am I still level E?

DC-No roy, now g won yor oN.

R-What the fuck, doc?

DC-Watch your language. Where did he learn to have such a gutter gum?

R-YOU NEVER MIND THAT. Listen Doc, I understand the whole bit about it sounding the same way even if it's spelled different, but it's just not right.

DC-What are you talking about, Roy?

R-That last thing you said. No Roy, now G one you're on.

DC-Yes?

R-I know that's what you said, and it sorta makes sense to me and all, but I'm sure that's not how you spelled it.

DC-But I wasn't spelling anything, I was just giving my most recent diagnosis to you verbally. I don't understand?

R-I cannot explain.

DC-Oh but please do. I find it most integral in my assessments.

R-No, doc, but please, what is level G one?

DC-Oh it is an improvement, to say the least.

R-But you haven't even seen me since...and G comes after E in the alphabet, and and you added a number! How can you change your diagnosis without first seeing me again and...

DC-Easy now Roy. I read your charts; you are definitely a G 1.

R-But what does that mean?

DC-That's not up to me.

R-Not up to you?

DC-Sure. I'm just the doctor. You, you are the patient.

R-I know we go way back, a year anyway, and I do feel some loyalty towards you, and, and I don't mean this in any insulting way, but I think I need to see a different doctor.

DC-Oh please Roy, I am not offended. To tell you the truth, I'd prefer you see a colleague of mine. He specializes in G 1 cases.

R-What's his name?

DC-Proctor.

R-Doctor Proctor?

DC-Sure, Dr. Proctor, the proctologist, that was until one chilly August afternoon he decided to change his field to abnormal psychology. He has done some fascinating work where he actually has correlated direct relationships between the anus and acute mental disorders, not unlike your level G 11.

R-G one one?

DC-No, your just G 1, not G 11, yet.

R-And what does that mean? That's right, you can't tell.

DC-Yes Roy, I'm not a psychiatrist. But Doctor Proctor will surely fill you in. I'll have my receptionist make an appointment for you for this afternoon.

Later on that afternoon:

R-I'm here to see Doctor Proctor.

RE-Yes, he's been expecting you, too.

R-He has?

RE-You're the level E, oui?

R-No. I'm G 1.

RE-G one, hun?

R-Doc Cod told me I was G one.

RE-No problem, take a seat, Pete.

R-Roy.

Roy sat down, patted his pants pockets. He now keeps his wallet and keys there instead of his abysmal coat lining. He shuffled through the literary selections that Doctor Proctor offered his patient patients and then decided rather to observe the other attendees. The man to the left of Roy resembled the former mayor of New York City-cum-television judge Ed Koch. He never sat completely still, rocking and leaning left and right, avoiding full contact with the seat. The woman across from him held a magazine upright, close to her face. She surely was not reading the articles, but rather using the journal to screen her obvious gaze upon the door leading into the examination rooms. The man to the right of him wore bright red lipstick and gripped an unlit cigarette between his teeth. He inquired

several sitters, including Roy, if they had some fire. The receptionist, in her own Paul Simonesque banter informed him that he was not permitted to smoke in the reception room, but if he desired a fag, that he was more than welcome to go outside of the building. The man then responded with a dutiful nod and immediately asked another the same question, retaining the exact same inflection and tone.

Roy leaned over and removed a thick, lonely novel hiding behind some trendy magazines. The title came across as queer to Roy until the moment he realized the entire book was written in binary code. After some meticulous recollection of his college training, Roy translated the cover into *1984* by Gorge Orwell (His binary was not up to code). He buried the book back in its cell, and searched for a cigarette lighter.

RE-The doctor will see you, Lou.

R-Me?

RE-Yes, Jess.

R-I'm Roy Bivovich.

RE-I know. Go right in, Quinn. No just...

R-It's OK. He's with me.

RE-Excuse me, Lee?

Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover jammed in Roy's already obsessed brain as he entered the examination room.

DP-Hi, I'm Doctor Proctor, but, please, just call me Johnny.

R-Sure, Johnny.

J-So you are a patient of Doctor Cod, the palindrome's.

R-Yes.

J-He tells me you have OCD, level G 1.

R-Yes.

J-Well I wouldn't worry. Now if you don't mind loosening your drawers.

R-Both of us?

J-If you'd like. But I only need to exam umm...

R-Him.

J-Whichever of you is here for the...

R-Actually I'm Roy, Doc Cod's patient. But is this really necessary?

J-Is what necessary?

R-The rubber glove, umm...?

J-Oh, it's just normal procedure, not unlike a pancreatectomy, for instance.

R-How do you spell that?

J-Like it sounds.

R-Ohh...But Johnny, your a psychiatrist. Shouldn't we just sit and talk for a few minutes and then you can assess my mental status or something.

J-Oh you watch too much television, Roy. All psychiatrists these days begin with a complete anal examination, and then we do some simple Q and A kind of stuff. It's all very modern. What did you think, I was gonna show you a bunch of inkblots or ask you about your mother? Ha! That's almost as absurd as Phrenology. Now if you don't mind...

R-WE ARE GOING TO KEEP THAT LITTLE EVENT BETWEEN US, UNDERSTAND?

The Origin of Green

Dating back to who knows when, green has...

R-I CAN'T DO THIS WITH YOU HOVERING OVER EVERY FUCKIN' WORD OF MINE. WHAT IS SO SPECIAL ABOUT MY LIFE THAT YOU HAVE TO FOLLOW ME EVERYWHERE, TAKING NOTES AND RECORDING MY CONVERSATIONS? CAN'T YOU COME UP WITH YOUR OWN SHIT, USING YOUR LIMITED, IMMATURE IMAGINATION? HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO SURVIVE IN GRADUATE SCHOOL IF YOU CANNOT WRITE? LOOK AT ME, I GOTTA HAND IN MY APPLICATION IN A WEEK, AND I HAVE NOTHING. YOU PROBABLY HAVE ENOUGH MATERIAL TO WRITE A FUCKING EPIC. MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAND IN *THE ORIGIN OF GREEN* AND I WILL HAND IN WHATEVER YOU'VE GATHERED. IT IS MY STORY YOU ARE TELLING, NOT YOURS! SO JUST GO AWAY. LET

ME ALONE FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE SO I CAN MAYBE, JUST POSSIBLY GET SOME WORK DONE? OK? I TOLD YA YOU COULD DO THIS, SO I AIN'T GONNA BONE YA. I JUST NEED SOME TIME ALONE. YOU UNDERSTAND. WE SHARED A LOT BACK IN DOCTOR PROCTOR'S OFFICE, VERY PERSONAL STUFF. SO JUST LET ME BE FOR A BIT. I CAN'T WELL CONCENTRATE WITH YOU HERE ALL THE TIME. DON'T YOU HAVE ANY OTHER FRIENDS? MAYBE A GIRL YOU CAN CALL ON? WHAT ABOUT YOUR STORY, WHEN ARE ACTUALLY GONNA WRITE THE THING IF ALL YOU DO IS MONITOR ME ALL DAY? GOD I JUST NEED SOME FRESH AIR OR SOMETHING. WHAT IF I KILL YOU, THEN WRITE A STORY ABOUT YOU TRYING TO KILL ME, YOU KNOW, AS AN ALIBI. NO NO, SOUNDS TOO FAMILIAR. I KNOW I SAW THAT SOMEWHERE BEFORE. I'M SORRY. OK, LISTEN, I'M GOING BACK TO SEE DOCTOR PROCTOR TOMORROW. MEET ME THERE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, ALRIGHT?

R-Johnny?

J-No, please call me Johnny Proctor.

R-Johnny Proctor?

JP-Yes Roy.

R-Well this is difficult to ask, usually it's the other way around here.

JP-Ritalin.

R-How did you do that?

JP-Do what?

R-Read my mind?

JP-I didn't read your mind, Roy.

R-But you did. I wanted to ask you for some Ritalin but you came right out with it.

JP-It's absolutely out of the question.

R-But I've taken them before, and they worked, they really worked.

JP-Oh? How long were you prescribed the drug?

R-Well that's difficult to say. I never actually received a prescription.

JP-Then how did to attain them?

R-I stole them from my girlfriend's younger brother. I was doing him a favor, poor kid was turnin' into a zombie. Anyway, I used them to complete my degree at college. Did you ever have to write one of those twenty page research papers about absolute bullshit? Well you're a doctor. Of course you did. They are soo tedious and tiresome. I was always distracted. Drinking, television, pornography, these vices could keep anyone from finishing one of those lousy things. So I prescribed myself some Ritalin and BANG! B-. Granted I beautifully composed and sculpted the research and results to fit my needs, but...

JP-Wait. Hold on. You are telling me you want me to give you a prescription for Ritalin because you feel it helped you finish papers in college?

R-Well, you see, I have these grad school applications due in four, maybe five days, and I haven't done a lick of work on them in a long time, including this twenty-five page story.

JP-Really? What kind of story?

R-Oh I dunno, I haven't really finished anything yet.

JP-Well, I'm kind of a writer myself, maybe you could take one of mine. I wouldn't say anything.

R-I don't think so.

JP-Are you saying I'm a bad writer?

R-I do not know, I've never read your work.

JP-Well, you don't seem excited to start.

R-I didn't say that.

JP-Anyway, Ritalin is out of the question.

R-Yeah, I guess you're right. I don't need that junk anyway, turns you into a zombie.

JP-That's right, you don't need pills, you just need to really concentrate. You know what I always do when I get writer's block?

R-What's that?

JP-I give myself an enema. Or I have one of my colleagues give one to me. It takes so much off of your mind.

R-God! This is what I get for choosing Oxford.

JP-Stop that Roy. Have you ever had an enema?

R-No.

JP-Well, how do you know you won't like it unless you try it?

R-This ain't borscht, this is an enema. What what am I doing here?

JP-Relax Roy. Now I could give you one right now, how much bran have you eaten today?

R-NO thank you, doc.

JP-Johnny Proctor, please call me Johnny Proctor.

R-Please. Just tell me what I can do about my OCD, without mentioning my asshole. Is it why I can't write this story? I'm too obsessed or something?

JP-OCD is not curable. It is tamable, though. Actually, It's quite common. Most people have compulsions. Patting their pockets to make sure their wallet and keys are still there, for instance. I mean all of this is normal.

R-Then why do doctors need to diagnose and categorize people, when it's just human nature to be like that?

JP-Power perhaps. When people get diagnosed, they pay more attention to their troubles. This then makes the minor nuances more noticeable and they return for therapy. I'm guaranteed a job. And, personally, I chose psychiatry so I don't have to stick my fingers up people's asses anymore.

R-But...

JP-I have a bit of OCD myself. Most obsessive behavior stems from habit.

R-So all your theory about the asshole and...

JP-Anus. Self-prescribed therapy. Cold turkey is so very difficult.

R-Wow! Well, I think I should be going.

JP-You'll be fine. Go home and write your story. How long does it have to be again?

R-Twenty-five pages.

JP-And when is it due?

R-A few pages from now, I mean a few days from now, a few days.

JP-So you better get going.

R-Thanks Johnny Proctor.

JP-It's my pleasure. Oh and here, take a home enema kit, I give them to all of my patients, like the dentist.

R-No. I don't think so...

JP-I insist. What color do you want? Blue?

The Origin of Green

Two brothers chatted sinkside after enduring yet another one of mother's attempts at meatloaf.

CI-Why is the sky blue?

C2-Because the OCEANS are blue you idiot, the sunlight is reflected in the oceans, and that makes the sky blue. Now leave me alone, I must finish washing these dishes or I can't go out smoking cigarettes with my friends tonight.

C1-I know why the grass is green. It's filled with Clorox. And so is the trees and and the pizza signs and lettuce.

C2-Have you heard of a little somebody named Nikola Tesla? Huh? Ignorant little boy?

C1-No, did he invent Clorox?

C2-Perhaps he invented Clorox, but he also invented the neon sign outside of Juan's Pizzeria, and I'm sure it's not filled with Clorox and neither are the birds and the bees or the fat Chinese.

C1-Nicole Tesla made the sign all by himself?

C2-Well in collaboration with other renowned engineers of the time.

C1-Clobberation?

C2-Just get outta here, I've gotta finish this, and...

As we approached his block, there was a slight hesitation before he checked for his keys. He seemed as if he wanted to wait just until he was at the door to pull them from his pants pocket. There was something troubling him, you could always tell with Roy. It was whenever he had that certain look on his face. It has to do something with his ancestry. He had great grandparents who were chronically depressed and somehow genetically altered themselves to mutate that melancholy stare upon any future Bivovich. Why was he applying to graduate school? Did he really want to go or just want to prove a point?

Roy stood in the kitchen and stared at his dying rosemary plant. He should have known that rosemary needs more sunlight than his dark apartment could provide. He compared and contrasted the deep blue hue of the home enema kit with the decaying gold of the malnourished spice. Roy gazed upon the two objects for quite some time, and left his apartment.

R-I'M SICK OF THIS SHIT! I'M GOING OUT FOR A BEER. YOU CAN COME ALONG IF YOU WANT OR YOU CAN FUCK OFF. I DON'T CARE EITHER WAY.

P-What are you guys doin' here? I thought your grad school applications were due?

R-I gave up. I just can't think of anything to write about.

P-Come on, there are plenty things to write about. A story about a writer perhaps. I like those. You can call it *The Miscreant*. What a great word.

R-Naa , those are such crap. I started with this abominable idea but it's got no premise, no substance, no nothing. And I've had this vulture flapping above my neck with his tape recorder and scratchy pencil. I couldn't get a lick of work done.

P-Don't be an ass. Come on, what's it about, maybe I can help?

R-I dunno. I dunno. I betcha HE'S almost done, probably close his last page. YEAH YOU, YOU LOUSY HACK. YOU'RE NOT A WRITER. ONLY THING I'VE EVER SEEN WRITTEN OF YOURS IS THAT CRAP POEM ABOUT THE ELEVATOR. AND I'LL TELL YA SOMETHING, GIVE YA A LITTLE CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM. IT SUCKS.

P-Leave him be. What about your story?

R- It's preposterous. I was doing this thing with the word... well anyway it makes no sense. The story goes nowhere. I'm just pissed that I wasted so much time talking to you, seeing Doc Cod, the palindrome with his goddamn enigmatic analyses. And Doctor Proctor, he's an insane psychiatrist, ya believe that? Well now it's due, and all I have a few shitty pages and an enema kit. YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS THAT I'M A BETTER WRITER, AND YOU WANT TO BRING ME DOWN. SABOTEUR! WELL I'M GONNA FINISH THIS THING. AND IT'S GONNA BE BETTER THAN YOURS.

P-Come on, you've abused him enough these past few weeks. Hey, don't you just hate conversations?

R-Yeah, most of the time they just take up space.

P-Ya see, that's good. Time and space. You can use that in your story.

R-No I can't. HE just put it in his.

P-WHY DON'T YOU GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE! Listen. Just play around with the font size, add a few one-word lines, spell out numbers even. You can definitely get 20 pages out of it.

R-Twenty-five pages. I know. I know. But it's due tomorrow. Wait, what time is it?

P-Just past twelve, so it's actually due today. How many pages does it have to be again, twenty something?

R-Absolutely no longer than twenty-five.

P-Well you better hurry up and finish it, you're running out of...

R-I know I know. Fuck it.

P-Don't fuck it.

R-Fuck it! Buy me a beer.

P-What's the matter, ain't got no green?

R-What did you say?

P-I said you ain't got no cash?

R-No, you said green.

P-I know, so what?

R-Wait!

Roy instantly surveyed the interior of the bar. He stood up and shuffled towards the pool table. Someone was about to lose in 8-ball. Roy studied the man's thoughts.

...I don't think ya can make it. There's more green there than the Isle of friggin' Skye.

Roy continued walking. The muted television softly mimed golf results.

...On his second shot, Woods flew the green.

He then approached the jukebox, closed his eyes, flipped the dial a couple of turns and stopped. He quickly opened his eyes and caught the first CD that registered.

REM GREEN

Roy figured it all out. Every last detail flowed into his mind. Blue and Gold make green. He sped back to his barstool.

R-I gotta go. I figured it out. I got it; I fuckin' got it!

P-What is it?

R-I can't explain now, I don't have any time left. I'll call ya tomorrow alright

P-Come on quickly, just give me the gist of it. Real quick.

R-I definitely can't right now. I'm not gonna make it!

P-Come on, I bought you a friggin' beer, you gotta drink it.

R-Fine you fuckin' pain in the ass. You see, my middle name is...hey wait. YOU FORGOT ABOUT VIOLET, ASSHOLE. Well simply put it's about...