

Loose Ends
By Michael Weller

Janice

Like with Russell, well, you never met him, but believe me.....O.K....a typical example of Russell. This time we were in Boston, but you'd gone to New York and I wanted to stop and see you. It was no big deal, real easy to change the tickets, but he wouldn't do it. You know why? Get this. I was too attached to things in this world. That's what he said. O.K. So one time we were back in San Francisco and he saw this sports car and he bought it. I couldn't believe it. He wasn't into cars and if he was I never knew about it. I never knew a lot of things about him, but when I said what about the things of this world, I mean you can go buy a car but I can't see a friend. You know what he says? He can buy the car because he isn't attached to it. Great. And the dumb thing is, I believed him. Like completely. No, not completely. No, that's right, that's what I was starting to say.

You know.....I really do believe there's this part of you that knows better and all it takes is one thing to happen. Like with Russell we were meditating one day. Well, he was. I couldn't get into it, so I was just sort of pretending. I did that a lot. That's another thing. I used to wonder if he knew I was pretending, 'cause if he's supposed to be so spiritual he should be able to tell, right? But he never says anything. Anyway, this one time I was telling you about, I just started watching him, sort of squinting, and all of a sudden he like started changing shape in front of me and I could see the pores in his skin and all these little hairs all over his bodies all over his body. It's just like he just turned evil right in front of me. I was even thinking later that maybe it was this really ironic thing happening. You know. Like the first time I finally had a mystical insight while I was meditating and what I saw was the guy that had got me into it in the first place, was this really evil creep. Anyways, I just got up and walked out. He was still meditating. I never saw him again. It's weird how these things work out. Oh, by the way, my mother says hi.

Typed by: Viviana Torres
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