

Gothic Ways

A Short Piece

How cameras are transformed into proctoscopes. Here is the story.

While waiting at the checkout of the convenience store, clearing his throat and acting in an intrusive, mawkish—and so incredibly corny—way, he pipes up: “You’ve got a back that would give a dragonfly an erection!” He had hit down a few beers and it kind of loosened him up. Burp. A total sappy junk. It's a very weird and disrespectful thing to say. And she—an anorexic beauty in her late teens—shot back instantly, without turning around, cold-shoulder him: “And you have a nose that makes all the surrounding flowering vegetation wilt!” He said nothing—not a word—as the cashier flashed a playful, knowing smile at her customer. Finally, the man—some random fellow from those same parts—didn't ask for a receipt and didn't count his change. He flew. Yes, like that, like a snap! Even the store's surveillance cameras must not have recorded this sequence—or at least, the footage was automatically blurred by an AI utterly offended by its sheer, unadulterated banality. The guy slipped away, vanishing into the anonymity of the crowd. It was as if the sidewalk itself has swallowed him up. In John Doe, a nobody.

Lyrics : Andrew Chappell.