

Fear Gas

When Dad is angry, Mom—who suffers from OCD—taps her index finger against the barometer every five minutes, as if it were within her power to command the weather. I know she is overwhelmed by anxiety, but for all that, I couldn't help but nickname her the Weatherglass Fairy in my own mind.

Sometimes, it happens that Mom and Dad are like archenemies! But to them, I am the only foe. A discordant daughter. The cacophonous sound in their genealogy. Birth and burp! Grandma in a photo... What was it like in her day? Tit and tap. Analogy?

Tit-tit-tit! Ha-ha-ha-ha! Tit-clunk-clunk! Duck-duck!

Whoosh into the canopy.

Holy birds! Tell me about their finger-licking-good family album! As innocent as the Virgin Mary. At the thought of my ass sitting on his bearded face, the way he used to force me to do as a child, my solar plexus is buckling with laughter like an old sheet of corrugated iron! A rusty padlock!

Only D. is allowed... But "No entry" for Donald Duck. Oh no!

Isn't that fair?

D., her life plays out like that of a training mannequin caught between two lane ropes! My left one is Mom as my right one is Dad. While my right side tries to drown me, my left side breathes enough oxygen back into me to stop it.

Just as the moon has two faces!

My sister and I are trying to survive between those two lane lines, in a pool teeming with parental activity. And I am the foe, and she is the fool!

Quite a deep-water swimmer—and a spirited one at that! To live at the mercy of a bobber's rise and fall, and to die by drowning, one's nostrils filled with whitish foam!

It reminds me of my first blood!

Well, I dried myself off, and that's how they found out. Damn! My fanny wouldn't stop bleeding, and I was more ashamed than frightened. My fanny wouldn't stop bleeding!

Chirp-chirp-chirp-clunk! Click!

A key. Dad's.

Family one; family two; family tree...

A full hand!

And one, and two, and 3, 4, 5, sect!

A small one.

A cult, after all.

Without a T.

Tit-tit-suck-slurp.

Clunk.

And never mind the tap!

Chirp.

Kith and kin, all of them in the tree.

Clunk-clunk!

Tit-clunk...

Chirp-chirp-clunk!

Tit-tit! Tit! Clunk! Tit-tit-tit! Clunk! Tit-tit-tit! Tip! Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! Tit! Tit-tit! Clunk! Tit-tit-tit!... Once again, the Unique; and what might follow. The three. The two.

The twisted mind of G-O-D.

Playing Evil... in the bad tub! Ha-ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! A bath... In a man world.

What a bore!

Once, I called her "D.-the-bloody-deep-diver who throws tantrums!" but Mom chewed me out. They're such a pain! Both of them. She turned 14 this year!

The praise is always reserved for her—the family's functional uterus-in-the-making! Daisy here, desire there! Oh, I'm so tired.

So exhausted having to live at the rhythm of a comic-strip electrical outlet. Socked in, socked out! What a slug!

Plug in the power connector. Unplug... And so on. Endlessly.

Living by the comic of a plug. Oh D.!

What a spineless creature—all smiles, with tongue sticking out! Bloody hell.

Well, well, Daizy... You got them both. A kingdom of madness!

Mom and Dad and vice versa. You look gorgeous, but... They must have named you after that girl from the cartoon! The female companion of the duck wearing a black sailor shirt, a blue cap, and a red bow tie. Like Dad!

My God, when you think about it—what a coincidence! Howdy, girls!

Yes, just like Dad, if you look closely!

D. the bloody deep diver... Glued to her darling daddy! Like a piece of riveted sheet metal on a cistern, she won't stop chattering about him!

Talk to me about a sister—I can hardly breathe...

I am wheezing. See!

D. is riveted to Dad to seal off any potential leak in advance. And I shall refrain from mentioning through which duct.

Dad is D.'s duck.

Ha-ha-ha-ha! What a joke... I couldn't care less! But...

But... My lower belly is... ugh!

Never mind.

Stop the Duck!...