

The Visitor

She hears a strange, rattling sound. Feeling uneasy, she cuddles up into a fetal position. The sound gets louder and more persistent. She reluctantly opens her eyes, puts on her cross and moves to the door, dragging her feet and her shoulders hunched. ^{There's no sand in her eyes.} A couple of feet from the door, she turns suddenly and ~~me~~ drags her way to the refrigerator. "Whoever it is at this eerie hour can wait a couple of minutes. Gotta get my tummy a fix of tuna first," she mutters to herself. Manufacturing a tuna sandwich, she takes a bite and the ~~universe~~ universe is suddenly flooded with Lou Reed's voice:

"... wine in the morning, and some breakfast at night, oh, baby! I'm beginning to see the light..."

Strange as hell, she remarks. Strange comment to make, she remarks again. She's never seen hell to know how strange it actually ~~is~~ is. She likes when her thoughts loop up. Gives her a sense of ~~strong~~ unexplained satisfaction. Nothing more exciting than the unexplained for a rationalist. What she doesn't like is people. She considers herself pretty attractive and smart. She likes to stay home with her cats and her music and her books. Cats, unlike people, are creatures who are dumb and act dumb. She shakes her head and moves to the door. The thought-realm can be a real labyrinth sometimes.


The knocking is persistent, but she's filtered out the sound. Opening the door, she feels an urge to annihilate the planet. "What's a friggin' mailman doing at my door ~~at~~ when he's got so many stars to stare at?" "I ~~am~~ apologize, Ma'am, but I really had to get this stuff to you." "Fine. What's in it?" Hope it's not a Christmas

greeting from my brother." She opens it. She takes a glance at the lad in front. ~~Confident~~ Confident eyes, strong jaw-line, decent physique. Irrelevant, though, she's got no responsibility to ensure the survival of the species, millions of other scapegoats to take care of that. Opening the envelope, there's just a postcard inside. She takes it out, sees it's blank. "A white-arse piece of glossy paper? Is this some stupid hidden camera gag?"

The mailman keeps staring at her, with an infinitesimal trace of amusement on his brow. She looks up at him, looks ~~back~~ back down, and ~~is~~ is spell-bound. There's a picture of the mailman on the card. She tries to question the phenomenon, the card goes white again. She thinks of her cats, the card ~~shows~~ ^{portrays} them. She thinks about her boyfriend from five years ago, she sees him crucified. She laughs at this, he was an orthodox Roman Catholic. She lets her mind run free. She ~~is~~ focuses on a table. She starts dissecting it, ~~its~~ ^{it's} philosophical existence, ~~at a table~~ it's microscopic structure, and further down to the atomic level. The postcard complies, displaying a varying abstract cloud of a mixture of whatever she was thinking about. "Now, that is called aesthetic appeal," she thinks. ~~is~~

Suddenly, the mailman's back on the card, she tries to think of something else, ~~a~~ a fire-place flashes for a split-second, but the mailman's back. What's worse, now he's naked. She hands it to him, sees herself naked on it. Both of them are embarrassed. He says, trying to mend the situation, "By the way, I was wondering if you had some spare tuna?" She bursts out laughing ~~and~~ and invites him in.

She ~~also~~ gives him the remaining half of her tuna sandwich and pours out two glasses of wine. "To hell with fear, I can have stuff whenever I want," she says as she clinks glasses with him and both of them gulp down the wine. Soon, one thing leads to another, lust takes over

and they're having the time of their lives. He's pretty good at it, she ~~is~~ muses. Not the in-out, she finds that pretty mundane. There's ~~no room~~ not much room for creativity there. He was skilled at the other stuff. Done with business, curiosity calls for them to look at the postcard again. She sees herself with her cats, reading a book by the fireplace. He sees himself butchering one of her cats. ~~They~~ They look at each other  and grin. 'Curiosity killed the cat', as they say.

narcissistic They figure it's time to get back to their shells. Hormonal play time was over. The guy waves goodbye, and walks back to his house next-door. He's tired, ~~it's already dawn and he~~ can't wait to crash into bed. He had a rough day at work, but the latter part of the day turned out to be fun. He ~~goes~~ goes straight to his bedroom and immediately dozes off.

He wakes up. ~~He~~ He has this strong urge to eat tuna. Heck, he doesn't even like tuna. He gets up, walks to the kitchen and finds out he's out of tuna. He observes there's no sand in his eyes. "I'll get it from the ~~queen~~ ^{queen} cat-lady next door. Anyways, I need to give her the envelope which was mistakenly delivered to me," he mutters and goes outside. He's walking with his head down, engrossed in chaotic thoughts. Suddenly, he realizes it's ~~dark~~ outside. "Weird, I slept at dawn. I'm ~~not~~ sure I didn't sleep more than a day. Ah! but I'm already out, so what the heck." He goes up to his neighbour's house and knocks on ~~her~~ ^{her} door.