

KARA

“Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband: to have and to hold, to love and to cherish ‘til death do you part.”

“Does that mean that I get to kill him?”

“Not if he does it first.”

Kara was sitting in her kitchen. Robbie was at school. And Sylvia was at her flute lesson.

“What kind of life is this?”:

“It is a good one, Kara.”

Kara wanted to text someone. She wanted to talk. She was lost in her thoughts. She was excellent at making a mountain out of a mole hill. She simply needed a delivery of dirt.

“I am not into gossip.”

“You know that it is better to be a gossip than to be gossiped about.”

“Spoken by Lizzie Borden.”

“I want a man who knows how to touch me.”

“That sounds like Mark.”

“Mark is a dud.”

“Even dud’s go off once in a while.”

Lizzie laughed in the background.

“Why can’t you do this straight?”

“It doesn’t hurt to take a sip in the afternoon.”

“I thought that you were supposed to be at work.”

“I wanted to check in on Mark. I was told that he has an internet lover.”

“Mark isn’t at work.”

“He took the day off. He told them that he had a cold. They got a substitute for his class.”

“Anna, you have a beautiful body.”

“Mark, my name is Hannah.”

“Hannah, you have an even more beautiful body.”

“Kara is going to hate you.”

“Kara won’t even sleep with me.”

“A man has needs.”

“Stop by and see me while my kids are at school.”

“I am going to call in. I have the wild flu.”

“Come and get me wild.”

The neighbors were talking. They were making up for what they were unable to do on their own.”

Kara needed to go on a walk.

“People are talking.”

“What are they saying?”

“Kara, someone is making hanky panky with your husband.”

“Mark, I can’t wait until we see each other again.”

"Hannah, you have such a hot little body. I want to do nasty things to you."

"Oh, Mark, what about the children."

"I am not thinking about the children. I am only thinking about your panties."

"Mark, I have no idea what is wrong with you. You are supposed to be a moral role model for your children.

"I am doing my best, Kara. What do you want me to do?"

"Show all of us a little more love."

"Love is not given if love is not deserved."

"What the hell does that mean?"

"It means that love is earned."

"Is this part of your tough lough philosophy?"

"Is that all that you can ask me?"

"When I got married, I wanted it to be forever. With each child, I felt that our love only became deeper. But there are moments when I wonder if this man really loves me."

You and I share the same heartache. Your wife has been sleeping with my husband. Do you even know?

My husband was in the shower when a text message came over his phone. I couldn't help but take a look. Up until this point, he had been so good at hiding what he was doing.

He met Holly at a PTA meeting. I didn't give it a second thought. When I look back at his behavior in the past, maybe there was a reason to be suspicious. I told myself that he was a good husband. He had been great with the kids. I thought that we were getting along. But he gave off these signs. They should have told me something. I feel so naive.

"We're both going through the same thing."

"I look at myself in the mirror. I see all my dreams. They have emerged and shaped who I am. I look at the lines of my face. I trace the curves of my body. I am forming my character for the world which awaits me."

If we were both going through the same thing, I could see his face mirrored in mine. His gestures would touch me. I still see traces of my husband. His will has formed my body. I have become what he wanted me to be. And where has that taken me.

I have three children. I have an investment in my life. I had plans for myself. I wanted more from myself. Where has that magic gone. He has abandoned me. But I abandoned myself a long time ago.

"I never saw it before. You are so sexy."

"What do you want from me?"

"Let's go for a ride."

"Where are we going?"

"I am on my lunch hour. Let's get out of here."

"I should be back at the house."

"Your kids are in school. You have nowhere to go."

"Why are you saying this to me?"

"Listen, I want to be in your book."

"Why would I put you in my book?"

"My name is Kara. And I have a good story."

"What is your story?"

“See that man over there. We are going out?”

“Are you intimate?”

“What are you asking me?”

“Are you having sexual intercourse?”

“I know what intimate is. I’m not stupid. But why are you asking me that?”

“You look as if you enjoy having sex. I think that I could have some fun with you. But you have to describe your life in detail.”

“Are you some kind of pervert?”

“I am a writer. You like a sexy story now and then.”

“I want to live my life.”

“Do you want revenge, Kara? Would having sex with a lot of men give you the kind of revenge that you want.”

“I have children. You can’t get revenge like that. You just feel drained.”

“Do you want to tell me another story? Why do you want to be in my book?”

“I have dreams for my children.”

“What about this guy, Don?”

“He makes me feel whole. My husband always made me feel less of a person. He was always criticizing me. I thought that this was the basis for a relationship.”

“Was it?”

“I want someone who can be faithful to me. That means loving me for who I am.”

“I am getting turned on by hearing what you have to say to me.”

THE HISTORY TEACHER

History is made by people who can separate themselves from the great forces of time. They do not get caught up in the appeals of the moment. That is the backwater of empires. The individual aspires for great heights, but he gets lost in the rewards of the present.

“Do you like how I look?”

“You look fantastic.”

“Do you want to stay with me?”

“I have a wife.”

“I can do something that will help you forget your wife.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I can suck your cock in the Burger King parking lot.”

“We find that we are at the end of history when we are confronted with an insurmountable moral question.”

“There is a moral clause in his contract.”

“What does it say?”

“No blow jobs in the Burger King parking lot.”

“You are glamorizing that kind of activity.”

“You need discretion.”

“How did he get found out?”

“He liked to brag, and his wife saw his emails.”

“You are never going to be able to write about the waves of time if you keep getting caught up in minor league scandals.”

“Do scandals move history?”

“You are acting like a peeping Tom. You cannot see the sweep of history by peeking into a woman’s bedroom.”

“Isn’t that the panorama of history?”

“Mark certainly thought so. He figured if he was peeping in on a woman, he could get such a massive orgasm that he could transport beyond his conventional life. There he was going off in Burger King, and his dreams were running away from him. He was losing integrity.”

“You are defining integrity as not non-integrity. You know what that means. You will be forever trailing off in the bathroom of fast food places. You are the guy who watches Mark get off.”

“Kara, why did you never give in to Mark’s predilection to be with other women? You could have participated.”

“I didn’t want my public life to be paraded in public.”

“That has ended up happening anyway. Do you see where this is going?”

“I see, and I am so afraid.”

“You don’t have to do this all at once.”

“What are you trying to tell me?”

“I need to free myself.”

“I recognized what was happening. I had predated Kara. I was waiting for her to tell me the story. But I had filled in all the details. The betraying husband. The doting rebound guy. She wanted greatness. A greatness of humanity. But I wanted her to seek a greatness of performance. And what was her performance.”

“I was making another Kara right before my eyes.”

“Are you in his book?”

“What are you asking me?”

“He is writing a book about magnificent orgasms. Is your orgasm in his book?”

“He is my friend.”

“Friend or not. Your orgasm is there.”

“How can he know?”

“Did he tell you about the Groundswell? It is a formula to figure out the power of your orgasm. And all the orgasms in the world are going to turn the balance of power.”

“It already has. They call it the United States of Jiz.”

“And where do you come in?”

“I don’t. We are a splinter group. We are trying to marshal all that power for ourselves.”

“Do you go by a different code?”

“We are working with the same power rankings. But we work them in our favor. We are trying for the most powerful orgasms. We seek out the most powerful guys who can get us off. Do you understand?”

“Don does me. But he cares for my kids. How does that work?”

“Caring is a whole other thing. But he is not caring. He is just getting off on your dreams.”

“Are you telling me that I can have any man that I want?”

“Not if you’re not in the book.”

“Look at me! Do you like my body? Don likes my body. He says that it lights up the night. I am in his book.”

“Let me see that book of his. I would love to do some kind of adaptation. But he sees life differently than I do. I am try to move the waves of history.”

“The United States of Jiz is still moving its armies. It is still trying to overpower every other orgasm.”

“Love triumphs over all.”

“I want to be in your book.”

“I need you to go on a book tour.”

“What am I promoting?”

“What do you have?”

“I have a body and a soul.”

“Save the soul until you have reached a thousand bodies. What do you really have there? When you have an orgasm, what do you think about?”

“I think about my life. I thing about what is right for my children.”

“Why are you mocking me?”

“What do you mean?”

“You are making fun of the highs and lows in my life. Why do you think that you are better than I am.”

“I don’t. I want your transcendence to serve as a model for social change.”

“This is arm chair socialism. I live by my hard work. I am a teacher. I care for my children. And my husband only cared for getting off.”

“And what do you care about?”

“You are not letting me say what I want to say. You are trying to fit me in to your book. All these people in a circle jerk getting off on each other.”

“Did you really use the word circle jerk?”

“You can’t change the world by watching pornography. All that shit is controlled by the CIA to divert the energies of free people.”

“Where is this going?”

“Pure conspiracy theory. What else can I do when everything is so wrong?”

“You are a teacher. How do you relate to the corporate takeover of the classroom?”

“Kids got to learn somehow.”

“Would you work for Moloch?”

“I work for a system which overtests my kids.”

“But you do believe in tests.”

“We need to get into their heads.”

“I am trying to get into your head.”

“You are trying to give me a porno body and send me out in the world.”

“That is the beginning. You could be my Trojan horse.”

“I like myself for me. I am with a Don who likes me for me. You look at me as a sex object. You need people like me for that weird book of yours. But it does nothing. You are only reinforcing your porno imagination. And I do not want to suscribe to your dreams.”

“Do you feel proud of your body?”

“I feel proud about my kids.”

“But you gave something to your husband. You never got him to sign the contract.

“These are small fry.”

“You have to preach to each one of them.”

“I am not a preacher. I am a writer. I feel as if my message is being deformed to suit this ideology.”

“What are you saying?”

“This is taking a great deal of effort. You could pay beforehand.”

“I can’t rush this.”

“How long is it taking.”

“Mark, what are you doing?”

“Nothing, Kara. I am just doing some research for class.”

“What kind of class are you teaching?”

“I need to do this research. It frees my intellectual capacities. And I can communicate all that understanding to the students.”

“Do you still love me?”

“I do love you.”

“Do we make enough money? I feel as if the cost of living is always exceeding the money that we make.”

“The paper says that there is low inflation. You need to make better decisions when you buy things. We are carrying so much credit card debt.”

“That happens with time.”

“I feel that we should be enjoying life more.”

“Am I beautiful?”

“You are beautiful for me.”

“Do I look right for the world?”

“You are lovely.”

“You are going to leave me.”

“I am not going to leave you.”

“You don’t’ look at me the way that you used to.”

“We get older. That is how biology works.”

“You are not a biology teacher.”

“You know what I mean.”

“Does knowledge make us more moral? Or does it only tell us how to satisfy our deviousness?”

“It depends how you are to begin with.”

“How are you?”

“I want to do good things for my family.”

“Do you want to do good for me?”

“What do you mean?”

“I want you to love me all over.”

“Not now. Maybe on the weekend.”

“Did you really say that? The weekend? Do you like your body?”

“I love your body.”

“Would you climax if I stood before you naked?”

“I do not work that way.”

“How are you supposed to work? Let me stroke it.”

“I am afraid that someone is watching us. He doesn’t care if we love each other. He is just trying to get off.”

“Would you have sex with me in a parking lot?”

“What kind of question is that?”

“Would you have sex with me in a parking lot?”

“I am not the sort of person to have sex in a parking lot. I think that is kind of perverse. It is exhibitionism. Exhibitionists do strange things in public.”

“Would you let me suck your cock in the Burger King parking lot?”

“That is crazy.”

“You know that I have a detective.”

“Did someone steal something?”

“I have been following you. You, Burger King. Hannah.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I have pictures.”

“So does the internet. None of that bothers me.”

“Was she good?”

“Sex is sex. It feels good at the time. If there is no love, it really means nothing.”

“Why do you keep doing that?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Mark, I know the whole story. When did you stop loving me?”

“Why are you being like this. Let’s have sex now.”

“Mark, you are a miserable piece of shit. I ought to kill you right here.”

“You know what’s going on, Kara. I no longer what to be with you. I am not attracted to you. You have become someone who I don’t know.”

“Mark, I am going to destroy!”

“You have already been destroyed. Hannah is uninhibited. She is totally spontaneous. She doesn’t think that sex is dirty.”

“Having sex in the Burger King parking lot isn’t dirty.”

“I never had sex in a parking lot. That writer friend is putting ideas in your head.”

“What writer friend?”

“I don’t know his name. Hannah told me about it. You were with Don, and you met this writer. And he made up stories about me. I love you.”

“Then fuck me now.”

“I said that I would.”

“What do you think that I am: your whore?”

“You just asked.”

“I am toying with you. I ought to give you the best sex ever and then throw you to the curb.”

“Do you think that our bodies work like that?”

“They don’t. I have a soul. I have a conscience. You are a piece of shit. Why did you ever want me? You have taken everything from me. But you will not get my kids. And they will grow up to see what a scoundrel you are.”

“They will always love me because I am free. I am wild. I give in to my basic desires. You are hung up. You need therapy.”

“What are you saying to me?”

“I am telling it like it is. I like to fuck. And you are this stuck up bitch. I don’t know why I ever married you.”

“Why are you saying these things to me?”

“I don’t know. I feel as if someone is putting words in my mouth.”

“Have you learned your lesson?”

“What is my lesson?”

“Pride goes before a fall.”

“There is a body buried somewhere in the woods.”

“Whose body is it?”

“It is my body.”

“How can it be your body?”

“You figure it out.”

“Don’t act as if you are in control when you evidently not!”

“Someone crapped in the system.”

“You have such beautiful skin.”

“I hope that your wife never hears this.”

“I tell her the same thing. But I am lying.”

“What would our lies amount to if we didn’t have genitals?”

“We would be out and out pieces of shit.”

“Can’t someone make it right?”

“Everyone is looking to get over on someone else.”

“Mark, you are a piece of shit.”

“What does that mean, honey?”

“I am a piece of shit too. We both have people who love us.”

“Kara makes me sick. I hate her body.”

“We both have the same body.”

“You go to the gym. You take care of yourself.”

“I can’t stop the waves of history.”

“What does that suppose to mean?”

“You will hate me too.”

“I am a man. I live by what I see.”

“What is this shit: I’m a man?”

“You are in a prison, and you cannot escape.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You are playing these dick games. Where is that going to take you.”

"I don't understand."

"Look at yourself. All that you know how to do is get off. And you are impotent."

"I am a good fuck."

"The United States of Good Jiz."

"You are a pervert."

"I am the writer. The United States of Hard On. And you are one of our soldiers."

"He doesn't want to hear from you."

"I need to jump start history."

"Are you in his book?"

"She is saving up orgasms. When she has enough, she will be a character."

"That sounds like a shitty book."

"You should have read it before you got married. Then you would have made the right choices."

"You are fucking with me."

"The United States of Kiss My Ass."

"God Save the Fucking Queen."

"I can do things for you."

"Meet me at Burger King. And leave the air-conditioning on. Let me crawl in the back!"

"I am going to blow."

"This book is so perverse."

"One Jiz under God."

"That has nothing to do with the matter."

"I love the higher power."

"It is getting higher."

"Are you in his book? He make you get a better orgasm."

"My country helps me to do that?"

"We are really fucked."

"How is that?"

"The Inter-Dimensions."

"How is that?"

"I work too hard. For what?"

"For world revolution. Take it over."

"Take what over."

"Grab a hold of the shaft. This is the shaft of history."

"Mark, you are such a good fuck!"

"How is that?"

"I love it when you move around inside of me."

"I need to go. History is happening all around me."

"You have been participating in this pornographic circus, and now you are looking for an escape plan."

"Excuse me?"

"You know what we are talking about."

[I am going to fuck him until he starts crying.]

[He could fill me up with everything that he has.]

"I am not that kind of person."

"I like to live dangerously!"

"So do I!"

"I want to speak to you in a seductive manner."

"What are you telling me?"

"I am trying to teach you mathematics. Are you learning?"

"I am a reading teacher."

"You keep reading over and over again, and it is mathematics."

"With these word, I do wed."

"Give me a paper towel. I am glistening all over. Are you following my rhythm, lover."

"If you don't want to see you again, just tell me. I am not looking for anything serious. And either are you."

"I am very special."

"I am very special."

"What do you want to hear?"

"I can take care of your kids."

"I am your constellation."

"I have wanted you all my life."

"How did I become Hannah. I am not going to fuck you in a car."

"Just give me a blow job."

"I am your wife."

"You are the mother of one of my students. And I have so much cred. Do me, lover."

"I am having trouble moving in this little car. But when you are inside of me, I feel like a goddess."

"Your personal feelings are not the basis of a theology."

"Where did we make a mistake?"

"The children. The children did not belong in the equation."

"Mommy, is something wrong."

"What do you mean, honey?"

"I feel so bad. I am sick."

"This may be the end."

"What are you saying?"

"I don't want to be here anymore."

"Meet me at Burger King."

"Your treat."

"Kara doesn't suspect."

"She shouldn't. Unless she saw your emails."

"What emails. I didn't send emails."

"You aren't [foxy69@gmail](mailto:foxy69@gmail.com)."

"You have been fucked!"

"What are you talking about?"

"She suspected you. Did you put anything about blow jobs in your emails."

“They were one jerk city.”

“You have been played. And so have I.”

“You told me that I had a beautiful body.”

“I said nothing. That was all Kara.”

“This is so wrong. She is trying to destroy her own marriage.”

“Kara, what do you want?”

“I want total control.”

“You can never have complete control when you have kids.”

“I want unconditional love.”

“You have a rebound and a tainted love.”

“I want the truth.”

“You got lies and half truths.”

“I want to start my love over.”

“You have kids.”

“Do you not want me?”

“I was once a web cam girl. Everyone wanted me.”

“What was the wrinkle?”

“A stitch in time saves nine.”