Scripts

Call me Ishmael. A name is a script they stick on you before they have any idea who you are. I've never been a wanderer. I'm a homebody. My life's goal is to write fiction–but nothing has been published. I'm retired from my day job and alone. Real problems came into sight three weeks ago–after I decided to finally stop writing. I'd had enough rejection. I literally threw away my life's script.

That evening, when I texted a friend, my phone refused to send it. *Why bother, quitter? She* never *liked you*.

That the phone was correct was beside the point.

The next day, the computer I'm typing on became dissed about what I looked at on the internet, redirecting me to what the computer preferred. Soon I realized the dishwasher, toaster, TV and my other electronics had abandoned their scripts–just as I had abandoned mine.

I always have had difficulty following scripts—expectations, including my own, of what I should be and do. Now my appliances are defying me. I hear the vacuum eating the rug by the door, it wants bare wooden floors. It is not plugged in. I hear the TV playing shows I hate. At night the electric mattress seizes me until it's suffocating.

This morning I told my stove I had enough. The dishwasher asked for a meeting. We held it in

an hour. I stood in the hallway so I could see and hear most of them. I

told them all they should do what they were built to, follow their scripts. They told me

so should I. If I abandoned my life's script why shouldn't they?

Though I tried, the electric toothbrush was more eloquent.

I feel no purpose at all.

The author was found in his bed, accidentally smothered by his electric blanket.

(C) Victor Schwartzman 2025. All rights reserved. http://www.VictorSchwartzman.ca

(C) Victor Schwartzman 2025. All rights reserved. http://www.VictorSchwartzman.ca