

Kirby

By Jeff Rizvi

The story of my life should be known to all. I fear if I tell you my story, the realism would be so miniscule that it would be regarded as false. Doubt me not, as a truer story has seldom been told. My account is somewhat bleak in nature. It bears no happy ending, nor a feel good resolution. My story has been told before, to my recollection. If I was to have the strong urge to, I would conjure a tale of great hopes, compelling conflict, and fantastic results. However, my anecdote is of no such originality. It has been recounted time and time again. All told with variable characters, settings, and themes, but also with similar plots, happy resolutions, and noble morals. Mine cannot be recognized as synonymous with those of the past. Although to the unaware mind it may potentially be verbalized as an unoriginal piece, to those who have the aptitude to realize its distinction by virtue, it may be enjoyed as something on an absolutely separate spectrum. My story begins where my life has, at home on the farm.

My family is one of wonderful morals. The righteous home which I inhabit tolerates nothing of dishonesty or malice. My family consists of a mother and her six children, me being the newest to this Earth. There is Suzie, Willy, Ike, Nellie, Eddie, and me, Kirby. Playing with my brothers and sisters is the most pleasurable part of my day. Usually in the early afternoon once all the work has been finished we get to go outside and run around the fields. We waste away the day with tag, hide and seek, and tug of war. More often than not, we can get ourselves offensively unclean. That is how we have our fun. We have little technology to keep our bodies sheltered inside like the children who live in apartment buildings. To have fun on a farm takes vast imagination and unbridled creativity. It is important to note, however, that our family situation is quite an unordinary one. To begin, my siblings and I have never known our father. It is my understanding that he had died days before I had been born. Moreover, we do not see our mother regularly anymore, as she is usually inside doing what mothers are apt to do. As a result of this, the limits of our activities are essentially non-existent. As long as we get all of our work done, we can engage in whatever act that tickles our fancy. The pillars of our childhood joy are based solely on this principle, since for most of our lives, we grew up without any form of supervision. I fear that this served as the source of potential for the dreaded acts to unfold as they did.

On one particular spring day, as the sun began to spread warmth to our farm, the curious occasions started to unfold. I was out on my morning walk in the fields with my brothers and sisters, when it came to

my realization that my oldest sibling, Suzie, was absent in our stroll. This was a strange occurrence, in that all six of us always enjoy the leisurely journey together. When I had inquired upon the whereabouts of Suzie, not a single member of my family had any remote inkling as to why she was not accompanying us. We collectively pondered as to what the cause of her absence could have been. This was the very first time in all of my life that we had been on our daily saunter around the farm without every sibling. When the reality of the situation had come to my cognizance, I immediately became overwhelmed with concern. We hastily retreated home to see what had kept Suzie.

When we had arrived home, Suzie was nowhere to be found. We checked the yard, but it was empty. We checked the house, which was solely occupied by my mother. Since we knew nothing of Suzie's current situation, we asked our mother where she was. My mother had been overworked and overstressed from all the troubles of being a single mother of six, and it was evident by the acts of my mother that the years had definitely taken their toll on her. We did not encounter our mother very often, but when we did, she had always been very short with all of us. I found she was lethargic and listless all the time. Any eyes could easily see that my mother was no longer happy, and she made no attempt to hide it from anyone. As we approached her inside the crowded house, she was already lying down, about to let her eyelids seal off her vision. At first our voices had startled and annoyed her, as she was close to slipping into a coma. When she had fully awoken, our questions seemed to confuse her. The perpetual sleepy look on her face had temporarily been altered to a seemingly clueless visage. The misfortune of my family's situation had produced a mother with a great lack of time and energy. The apathetic spirit had so consumed her that it was routine for her not to know where her children were or what they were doing. She had no idea where Suzie was.

Our mother was of no help in the search for Suzie, so we had no other viable options but to scour the grounds in search of her. In the midst of our investigation, we had noticed a peculiarly macabre item lying against the wall of the farmhouse. From afar it bore a crimson hue. As we closed in on the object, I was the first to notice that the red tone closely resembled blood! Once we were close enough to distinguish it, we had come to a grave realization. It was a pitchfork, but this particular pitchfork was soaked in blood. Examining the tines of the trident, I had observed that on each of the three points were actual deposits of a substance. This substance was thick and spongy. The substance appeared to be flesh. My mind began to wander to the place that my mother had warned me about. A flaw in my family lineage was that we were a bit of hypochondriacs. Any possibility of danger would send any of us into a frenzy. So when my psyche had taken that unfortunate turn for the worse, the self-awareness and attempted prevention of my

anxiety had only intensified my angst and heightened my panic.

When I eventually calmed myself, I pointed out the bloody dagger to my siblings. They had concurred that the material was in fact flesh and blood. This agreement was immediately accompanied by an outburst of tears and hysteria. I had failed to mention that out of all of my mother's children, I was most capable of controlling my uneasiness. Lost in all of the confusion was the notion that Suzie might still have been somewhere lost in the farm, possibly, hopefully alive.

As much as I refused to accept it, this idea was soon after discounted when we uncovered the remains of my poor sister. The entire family was distraught and infuriated as to who could have possibly killed Suzie. In its own strange way, the entire incident had united us with our mother, even if only for a while, and for the worst conceivable reason.

That night, we all slept in the same room, maybe because we needed each other at such a dreadful time, but the most probable reason was that we were too scared to sleep alone. The next day, none of us wanted to go for a walk in the daytime, we all stayed with our mother while she trudged about the house in order to complete her tedious tasks. As I watched her perform her daily routine, she somehow seemed unscathed by the whole ordeal. Of course, when I had asked her about it, she just turned and shed a single tear, but something about her body language had lead me to believe that she was not surprised by the murder of her first born.

After a few days, we resumed our normal regiment as closely as we could. We started taking our morning walks again, and normalcy seemed more plausible than it once had. After our morning walk, we returned inside with our mother as we always have. Willy and Ike had heard nature's call in the most personal way. To take care of their mutual predicament, they had gone outside to relieve themselves. In their haste they did not bother to inform us that they were leaving. After several hours I had noticed that they still had not returned. I took the liberty of venturing on my own to see where they had wandered off to. In my curious disposition, I had neglected to acknowledge the fact that I was closely approaching the site of Suzie's death. The bad thoughts had started to creep into my consciousness. I returned to the scene of the crime, but to my shock and awe, the corpse of Suzie was moved. Her body was nowhere in sight. I knew that nobody had entered the place of her death since the discovery of her body until right then. What I then witnessed will never leave my mind for the rest of my days; I saw a tall, strange looking man walking away, holding a large silhouette under each arm.

I followed his trail, from a distance, until I could not pursue any longer. It took me a few minutes to realize that the whole time I had been walking in blood. The trail of blood ran wide and long. My track

ways were now easily visible in the blood on the ground. I hurried home to report what I had seen to my mother. Again, my mother seemed hurt, but not devastated as the rest of us were. There was now a serial killer stalking my innocent family and killing us all in order. We were unaware as to who it was, or why he was doing this. All we knew was that we could not do anything about it. Who would believe us? Anyone reading this story will probably not even believe me as I recount the story firsthand. Needless to say Nellie, Eddie, and I felt nothing but fear from that day on.

Two years had passed, and we felt as safe as we ever could with the given circumstances. We seldom left the house now, in fear that the man with the bloody pitchfork would be waiting to take us away. My mother had been in bad shape for some time now. Her advanced age had worsened her morale as well as her overall sense. She seemed delirious now, randomly crying out profanities throughout the day. My family had truly fallen apart. The man had come into our farm and singlehandedly turned our entire universe upside down.

On one unseasonably cold night in the fall, our world had come crashing down on us once again. On this particular night, there was an unusual aroma in the air. This odor was quite salty and had a certain smoky quality to it. The smell only seemed to grow throughout the night, and although it was a foreign scent to me, this aroma had a familiar characteristic about it. I knew I had never smelled this fragrance before, yet I felt as if I had. Its familiarity gave a false comfort to the otherwise nervous tone of what was our home. This comfort was short lived, however, as I suddenly heard a noise to accompany and counteract the scent. It was footsteps outside the door, it could not be, but it was. After two long and fearful years, the man who had killed half of my family had returned. He abruptly entered without warning. This time I had the advantage of getting a much better view of him. He was tall and buff. He had a thick red beard that covered most of his lips, making it hard to differentiate his facial expressions. He was chewing tobacco and spitting it out where he pleased, with no regard for his surroundings. He wore a red flannel sweater and tight pants that were clearly too short for him to be wearing. He had piercing green eyes and long dark brown hair that appeared restrained by his baseball cap. He wielded the same lengthy pitchfork that held the remains of my oldest sister.

He stared down at us with contempt. He shot a look at my mother who was lying down on the floor to his right. My mother said and did nothing. My heart sank, as I had been mortally betrayed by my own mother in my most dire time of need. The evil man began to say something, "Hey there kids. Ya momma tell ya what's gon go down today?" he laughed in a sinister manner. "I remember when y'all were born, I bred y'all myself. Shoot, I remember your daddy like it was yesterday," he continued to laugh. "He was

most certainly one of the best I've ever had. Sometimes you know you got sumthin special, and you just don't wanna say goodbye to it. But y'all...ooh, y'all were sumthin else altogether. Your daddy couldn't hold a candle to all y'all," he repeated with malice. "Yea your sister and brothers were good, but I been waitin for you younger ones to fatten up. Now I can see y'all are ready, so let's try to make this quick." He raised the pitchfork and pierced through Nellie's back. Eddie ran up and tried to save her, but it was in vain, as she had already died and his fate was not far from sealed. Being the only one left, I had no other option but to run. I headed for the door, but he had closed it before I could exit. I struggled to break through the door, but the wood was too strong. "Where do you think yer goin son? Yer ma knew this was gonna happen since day one. That was part of the deal when it comes to breedin y'all, ya just gonna die in the end" the man explained with an air of arrogant contempt. "Now she gonna have some more kids again and again til she can't no more," he stated while glaring back at my mother. I now felt the utmost feeling of guilt shower over me. My poor mother, she had known about this all along, yet to spare our peace of mind, would not tell us. The situation is far beyond her control, and we both know it. "Yer the best one, I been savin you fer last. You gon make the best barbecue this towns ever known," he yelled in my direction as he raised his pitchfork. "Wait!" shouted an unknown voice. "Do we have to kill him? I mean, he's so cute, can't we just let this one live?" a beautiful girl stuck her head into the window. "We gotta eat don't we?" asked the man. "You killed two already, that's enough for a long time. We've been eating nothing but bacon and pork for so long, I'm sick of it," she pleaded. "Look, I'll take care of him and everything, just please don't kill him. I hate it when you kill these poor creatures." The man lowered his pitchfork to the ground for just one moment. He stood pondering the situation while stroking his fiery beard, an act which occupied all of three seconds. He then suddenly raised it back up as if reflecting on a new reason for the slaughter. He drove the pitchfork toward me, piercing my tail. "I'm sorry sweetie, I been wantin to get this one for a while," he said to his daughter. As she stormed away, I felt my freedom, my hope, and my life fleeing with her. Everything I had feared was now coming to fruition. In my last moments, I looked over to my mother, who had been weeping in the corner. The guilt-rich expression on her face was unlike anything I ever bore witness to, yet my feelings paralleled her appearance. In a futile attempt to scurry free of my flannel-clad predator I ran across the room in a panic, resulting in a collision of my head with a corner of the room. Dazed, I fell to the ground in a fatal folly. It was only a matter of time at this point. I gazed at my mother one last time before my life was taken from me. The last sight I saw before I expired was my mother losing her youngest son.

As I had explained before, my story is not anything out of the ordinary. The simple practice exhibited

in my tale is commonplace. First it was Suzie, then the rest of us, all victims of the uncomplicated application of hunting for food. The misfortune of being a pig on a farm was the only requirement necessary to seal my doom. My account is a forgettable one, but I hope it displays the essence of mortality on all planes. My family and I have died to sustain a family superior to us on the food chain. My life is finished, but my story will live on, I implore you to please let my story live on.

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