

VOICES

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Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, gees does she ever shut up? Always with the self improvement and wellness of mind and body, give it a rest already, seriously lady do you think that anyone honestly cares what you have to say? Pretentious bitch.

Oops, she's looking at me, did I just say that out loud... or is she reading my mind again?

Quick, avoid making eye contact . . . hmmm, the ceiling is nice today.

Oh shit, too late.

Ah yeah, she is definitely not a happy camper, wonder who shat in her coffee cup this morning.

Yep, she's definitely pissed off about something, you can tell by the way she furrows her brow, grips the clipboard and the way she clutches the pen in death grip like choke hold as she furiously scratches away. I don't know which to feel sorry for the most, the pen or the paper.

She's yelling now, but it's not at me.

Well company has showed up.

Hello there fellows, who're you guys?

Ummm, yeah do you want to take your hand off my shoulder?

Hey . . . I said don't touch me.

No touchy! . . . Comprende amigos?

HANDS OFF NOW! Take your hands the fuck off me, NOW! I'm not your prison bitch to be manhandled. Oh yeah because five on one are such great odds. Holding a guy to the floor . . . does it make you feel superior?

Gees, she's still going on . . . what the hell is she talking about now? Increased agitation? Mentally unstable with increased spikes in uncontrollable aggression? Shows a persistent adolescent demeanour? Verbalisation of inner monologue? Schizophrenia?

Did she just call me a schizo?

Hey now, what's with syringe?

Wow, wait just a damn second . . . where you planning on putting that?

Hey! . . . Hey! . . . Hey!

Okay, here comes pain, better brace for impact.

Ah fuck! Take it easy, crazy bitch.

. . .

Damn it that hurts . . . did you have to jab me like a Christmas turkey? Because I can tell you already . . . I'm done!

Oh Shut up and enjoy the ride.

Ah, my head, what was in that thing?

Woo yeah, that's just what I needed.

Jesus H Chrysler! My backside is going to bruise like a plum after that kind of treatment.

. . .

Ha, makes you think though doesn't it, between the syringes and lab style coat anyone would think she's trying to be my pharmacist.

Now that you mention it, yeah I think your right. Ha, or your dealer.

Hmmm, speaking of the coat, what's with her and it? Is she married to the damn thing? I've never seen her without it. She probably hopes that it makes her smarter.

Who does she think she is anyway, a doctor, a cosmetics consultant?

I'd say mad scientist.

Ha, good one.

Wait, where does she think she's going? What, you're all done with me now? Oh that's right just walk away . . . had your fun, have you? . . . Now you're just going to leave? Well I'm glad; now take your boyfriends with you . . . muscle bound fags . . . yeah you like holding a guy down don't you? See you again soon big boy, I'd blow you a kiss but I'd rather just stay where I am. That's right, it's better that all of you walk away.

. . .

I'll just be lying right here if you need me . . . don't think I could get up if I wanted to after that kind of shabby treatment.

God my head is spinning . . . probably received a concussion upon my reunion with the floor.

Ha, women . . . cause you pain and then just walk away . . . it just seems to happen again and again the world over.

She had some nerve to call me crazy . . . Hey you! That's right look at me when I'm yelling at you; get some fashion sense then you can come back and we'll talk . . . professor von trashion-sense.

. . .

She's so lucky she walked away.

Ha, What? You're the lucky one; did you really want her to stay with tall, dark and ugly holding you down like a sock puppet?

Huh? Oh hey there you are. Where have you been?

Just here and there.

I'm telling you, if she didn't leave when she did; it would so have been 'ON' like Donkey Kong.

Ha, yeah I'm sure it would have been, but who would have been throwing the barrels, you princess? Don't forget the chair throwing incident of last week?

Shut up, you're always letting me down, it's not like you're ever around to back me up when I need you.

Well I'm sorry I can't be in all places at once. Don't get me wrong, omnipotence, it's nice to dream. But we both know your arse would have ended up a wad of cookie dough when she was finished with you, regardless of my involvement or not.

Yeah I know.

Ha, you certainly would have been screwed. But anyway, shut your bitching for a min and listen.

What's on your mind?

I've been thinking.

That must hurt.

Come now, don't be like that.

Fine, go on, hurry up and get on with it.

I'm starting to wonder if it's wise for us to be talking anymore.

What do you mean?

Well, let's just think this over.

Okay, I'm listening.

Well, when she kills you or at least crushes your will to live so horribly beyond reproach . . . and we know that's only a matter of time.

Thanks, your faith in me is unsurpassed as per usual.

You're welcome. Now think. If she happens to notice us talking again, it won't just be back to solitary confinement and hiding away in a darkened corner, she's only going to double her efforts to hunt me down just on the grounds of association.

. . . You are such a freaking conspiracy theorist.

Ha, fuck you; you know I'm right though.

Damn it . . . its times like this I don't know why I even hangout with you.

Ummm, no you're hanging out with me.

Same thing either way you look at it.

You say Potato . . . I say?

. . .

I say?

. . .

I say?

Big floppy donkey dick.

What?

Nothing.

Well, you're moodier than normal today.

Yeah well it wasn't your arse that just got stabbed, was it?

Hmmm, well . . .

You know what? I tire of this; I want you to leave me alone.

Oh really?

Yes.

Fine then, I'm over this anyway.

Good, get out.

Gladly! . . . Damn place is getting too crowded anyway.

What?

. . .

. . .

. . .

Well, it actually turns out to be kind of lonely here by myself.

Well you did just rid yourself of the longest standing best friend you ever had.

Yeah . . . I did, didn't I?

. . .

But, it's just that he's always just up in my face or never around when you need him, and other times I just feel so smothered . . . so cramped.

. . .

Wow, hang on a damn minute. Who the fuck are you and where the hell did you come from?

Oh Hi, Sorry I should've introduced myself. I'm the other, other, other you . . . call me you three . . . and I've always been here.

What?!

Well you've always been so preoccupied with yourself or him that you never noticed I was right here. That and he always had a profound way of standing right in front of me . . . for a want of a word, I lived in his shadow . . . I could never get a word in edge wise either. Some people you just can't silence.

Hey screw you, I hadn't fully left yet.

See what I mean?

Wait, so you're telling me there have been three of us here all along?
Ummm, well kind of . . .

Kind of?

Well there actually is . . . or was . . . twenty three and a half of us . . . at last count.

And a half?

Yep, poor guy never was all there . . . just babbles constantly like a goldfish, day in day out.

Ha, nice . . . I think I get it now, you're a comedian.

Why a comedian?

Because, you have got to be joking with me . . . right?

Sorry, I'm afraid not . . . if you want jokes . . . talk to the other you who thinks he's Abe Lincoln. You number nine, I think he is.

Okay then, answer me this, if there really are twenty three . . . I mean twenty two others.

Don't forget the half.

Sorry, my head feels so fuzzy, almost like it's full of clouds of nothingness . . . ok it's stopped again. So, twenty two . . . and a half others . . . so where the hell are they all at the moment?

No point in asking me.

And whys that?

What am I? Do I look like administration?

Well . . . no I guess not.

Good, glad we got that sorted

Ah the room is spinning again and I feel like I'm going to blackout.

Yeah a 10mg cocktail mix of Midazolam and Haloperidol will do that to you . . . maybe you should go with it, relax and sleep I mean.

Why is that?

Because sleeping beauty . . . all this . . . all of it . . . Me, Mister Unreliable, Abe Lincoln, Goldfish and all the other others . . . well, it's all in your head . . . isn't it?

Isn't it?

****BLACKOUT****