

James Terault

A light beamed down on my head. My wrists, bound to a chair, stung. I looked around the darkness, seeing nothing beyond the small cone of light that encapsulated me. I began to sweat, a worried expression most likely painting across my face. I was enveloped in silence, till suddenly I could hear the crackling of a voice, attempting to say something to me. I could barely understand it, so I tried leaning to where I thought it was coming from in the darkness. Slowly, I registered what it was saying; or, more so, asking.

“Tell me...” it whispered. Tell you? Tell you what I would shout back at it. “Tell me... about yourself.”

Me? I don't know, I don't think there's much to talk about.

“Nonsense,” it warbled, “there has to be... something to say about yourself.”

You're asking a lot of me you know. How am I supposed to tell you anything about myself when I don't even pay attention to what I do? I just am. I'm just a normal guy.

“I'm just a normal guy,” I said plainly.

An older man, with graying hair, tapped his pen on a notebook. On his wrist bobbed a leather watch. I stared at it. I wondered why he needed it. There was already a clock on the wall by the door I had walked through. And the rest of the room was awful, nowhere close to my style. Weird posters of motivational cats ordained the walls, some hanging on for dear life against some sort of stick, others sipping coffee or looking out windows. What they said, who cares. The man tapped his foot. He must have noticed my attention was

drifting, again. I hoped it would continue. Maybe this time I would end up in the Amazon!

Then he cleared his throat. I guess I should give him some attention.

“Listen,” he stated, attempting to make it seem as though this was important, followed by my name. “If we want these sessions to be productive, then I need you to be willing to open up to me.”

“Open up? That’s all I’ve been doing Doc!” I pleaded. Was it really that hard to believe I could’ve been a normal person? He said something, but whatever it was must’ve not been important because I still can’t even remember it. I looked around the room some more, this annoying complex room, with objects here and some bookshelf there. The window was nice though, with a good view of a pond around the back of this office. I wondered what it would feel like to throw the Doc’s notebook into the pond, what kind of noise it would make. Suddenly I realized he was looking at me, expecting an answer for something. Well damn, not really sure what to say. Why don’t you help me here?

Hm, not a bad choice, I’ll take it.

“I’m not a big fan of blueberries.”

The Doc looked up from his notes slowly, squinting his eyes at me. He struggled to understand what I just said, and strains out a desperate “What?”

“You asked me to talk about myself, to open up,” I explained. “So, there you go, I don’t really enjoy blueberries.”

He rubbed the bridge of his nose under his glasses, sighing. Is this him angry?

