

SW/TCH

by **A.S. King**

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For the class of 2020

Time is the most unknown of all unknown things.

—Aristotle

Any man can call time out, but no man can say how long the time out will be.

—Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

Knock hard. Life is deaf.

—Mimi Parent

SW/TCH

Prologue I / Time Stopped

THE FOLD

We have arrived at a fold in time and space. Nothing moves forward. A scientific dilemma yet to be solved fully.

You are probably confused.

We are confused, too.

Analog, digital, stopwatches—cell phone providers argued over the idea of fake time / decided it would be unethical / left us with our lock-screen picture—no clock / no date.

It is, and has been, June 23, 2020, for nine months now.

It's a fluke. An irregularity in space. We just have to be patient. Our hair grows / babies are born / people die. But time has stopped. We are being held for ransom / no one knows what the ransom is / who to give it to.

SOLUTION TIME

By the Fourth of July, things disappeared from grocery shelves / people hoarded everything from yeast to taco shells / couldn't stop watching the news. Supermarkets put limits on milk and meat, and only 25 percent had toilet paper, sometimes guarded by signs about how God was watching so people didn't buy too much.

Inside of a month, the secretary of education enacted "Solution Time." Curricula crafted for every classroom / every school / university / every state, to solve the world's time problem. Students would figure it out / be sufficiently distracted.

The first outcome of Solution Time was N3WCLOCK, invented

by three nineteen-year-olds in a summer-session community college classroom in Reading, Pennsylvania.

N3WCLOCK exists in one place—N3WCLOCK.com—on the internet. It is now the most-visited web page of all time. It tells you what time and date it would be if Earth hadn't fallen into a fold in time and space. For the record, N3WCLOCK says it's presently Monday, March 15, 2021, 16:11. They use military time just in case this is really an alien invasion.



By August, politicians had decided to rely on N3WCLOCK worldwide, and everything returned to normal. Back-to-school sales drove record high profits. Our clocks stood still. Our egg timers never dinged. Yet we were on time for dentist appointments and we didn't burn dinner.

YOU GET USED TO IT

That's what they said would happen. Sun still rises in the morning / sets in the evening. We still eat dinner at around 18:00.

I refuse to pretend that N3WCLOCK is the solution to being in a fold in time and space, though. Solution Time was not invented so we could find new ways to lie to ourselves.

I'm looking for the Real Solution.

I think it has something to do with giving a shit about people.

Prologue II / The Switch

THE SWITCH

In the center of our house, there is a switch. It's like a light switch—on the wall in the hallway outside the kitchen. No one knows what the switch controls, and no one wants to know. So no one in my family ever touches it. And we don't take any visitors.

This one day, Daddy built a box around the switch as a safety. When he did that, I wanted to find out everything about that switch. I pried off the box. I stared at the workings / chewed them like gum / but was too scared to flip it / blow the bubble.

Nailed the box back on. Ignored the box. Spited the box. Until Daddy built another box—a bigger one / plywood / to contain both the switch and the first box.

This went on for two years. Bigger and bigger boxes. To keep us safe.

I have been nailed into box #7. My sister in #9, my brother in #11. Daddy lives outside the boxes, hammering.

NOT WHAT YOU THINK

Daddy is from Somewhere Else. A place where things are different and where people are secure. He is a naturalized citizen, but there's nothing natural about being American, he says. All slick talk and bullshit, he says. Daddy comes from a place where every word is honest / nobody shoots you.

This place is war / he is a soldier with six-inch steel nails. This is a circus and he is juggling all of us. War juggling / weapons in flight. Circuits in circles. Me, Richard, sister. Me, Richard, sister.

I am a missile launcher.

Richard is a rifle.

Sister is an assortment of bombs.

Part One:

AFT3RMATH

The Paleolithic

BOX #7

Box #7 makes no sense. It's supposed to contain me but there's a hole. A me-shaped hole. When I slide through it, I find the entire world. I slide through it every so-called weekday morning—and go to the high school.

My brother Richard is presently in his box. #11. No him-shaped hole. If he wants to go anywhere—like classes for his sophomore year at community college—he has to use the front door or climb out a window.

Sometimes I hear him crying in there. Sometimes I hear him skipping rope so fast I can feel the wind of it. Sometimes I hear him practicing Portuguese. I asked him one time why he's learning Portuguese. He said, "So I can talk to myself and none of you will know what I'm saying."

Richard found high school to be educational. He learned how to be a rifle there. Load him and squeeze the trigger—ideas come out / clubs get formed / find yourself singing holiday songs at the old-folks home or picking up trash on the side of a highway.

But Richard / Rifle has no bayonet. He cannot stab ideas, he can only shoot them.

The only thing educational to me in high school so far is the wide selection of javelins in the track and field shed. I stab ideas with them. They teach me how to fly through time when no time exists.

TRACK / FIELD

When I was born, I did not know how to throw a javelin. I am now sixteen and I know this: either you are on the oval / track, or inside the oval / field.

- I. am inside the oval
- II. am the jav as it flies overhead
- III. missile seeking its target

Until three weeks ago, I didn't know about track and field. It's a freak accident no one knew was coming. My arm has something in it. My body has a need to propel. There is gunpowder behind it / kapow / I am downright Olympic.

It was a natural progression. I wasn't supposed to be in that particular gym class, but our schedules changed to allow Solution Time and I accidentally skipped a PE credit / *Tru Becker please report to the guidance office.*

It was way too cold to be going outside for Intro to Track & Field because it was the first week of pretend-March, but it was refreshing, too. I didn't have any choice, and this is what Daddy always said: *Find reason to like the thing you must do. It makes easier.*

I didn't need to find a reason / the reason was clear. I was in the AFT3RMATH / sister had moved away—I could be good at Intro to Track & Field because for the first time in my life, no one was waiting at home to make fun of me / make me pay for being good at Intro to Track & Field. Daddy, Richard, and I were the only ones left and Daddy was busy with the boxes / Richard was busy

being a good boy / rifle at community college. I could do anything I wanted to and do it well. This was a novelty / a dare.

I was okay at short running. Decent at jumping once I got my footing. But then I threw a javelin for the first time.

“Holy shit!” I heard Coach Turner say.

The first time I watched it fly, I was part of it. Even in the spring morning grass / shoes weighted down with damp, I was flying.

We watched it / me land far away from the other students’ attempts / stabbing the idea of failure.

“Becker!” he yelled as he jogged toward me. “How’d you know how to do that?”

I shrugged.

“You threw one of these before, right?” he asked.

“Can I throw another one?”

He gave me another javelin. I rolled my neck and shoulders, weighed it in my hand to feel the balance, then took three sideway steps, bounced, and tossed it again. I felt my arm still part of it, pull me off the ground and behind it. I felt sixty-miles-per-hour.

Gym class had never been interesting before.

Coach Turner sat me down later that day with two other track coaches and I didn’t understand anything he said. Something about preseason. Something about being late. Something about missing “conditioning time.” He tripped over his words while the other two coaches looked less than enthused. The only thing Coach Aimee said was “You have to maintain a B average to compete. You’re going to have to bring your grades up.”

When I had Daddy sign the permission slip, I didn’t even know

what a track team really was. I've been going to practice for two weeks now. I'm still not entirely sure.

I just know the javelins are educational every single day / taught me that none of us know what we have inside of us until it shows itself / until we take the dare.

GREEK GODDESS / SPEAR

I do not listen in class / have trouble caring about things that don't interest me. I don't know two-thirds of the elements of the periodic table or how to find x when y equals five.

I mostly read articles about psychology.

x equals why my brother Richard cries.

x equals why gym class is suddenly interesting.

I have finally found a place for myself in high school / I am here to throw a spear. Next pretend-Tuesday is our opening home meet. Carrie says away meets are the best because sometimes we don't get home until after dark and we sing on the bus.

Carrie calls me *goddess*, like this shit is Greek. But I'm Paleolithic. It's survival, not competition. When I sleep I can feel the cave around me. The predators. The danger of being good at something.

Only thing x means to me now is where it marks the spot—
farther than anyone ever threw before.

Solution Time

NIGEL

Our advisor / absentee / predator for Solution Time is Nigel Andrews. Nigel is in love with himself and his Solution Time program / he invented it / it came to him in a fever dream back when Earth first landed in the fold. He is never here, even though he's supposed to be helping us complete our two Solution Time objectives.

- I. Create an individual project that explores time in a new, exciting way / You will conduct this project with your group as the instructor.
- II. Write a research paper about your personal solution / Your thesis statement must be clear and match your conclusion.

How anyone can find “a new, exciting way” to do anything in the same old way we do *everything* is beyond me / typical adult bullshit. Thesis / conclusion / educational missionary position. Nigel thinks “real” science is 3-D printers and advanced math / lab rats / competition and electric shocks. High school is precious, you know / best years of your life / why waste it on psychology.

But Nigel is also often drunk. Back in pretend-December, Len guessed from the smell of Nigel's breath. “Hard to tell on top of the Altoids, but it's presenting as gin,” he said. Ellie told her dad / her dad called the school / Nigel only visits us once a month now.

I'm pretty sure Solution Time was invented as a nationwide distraction. They schedule us to make us feel less lost / two hours every day, first thing in the morning. First quarter, we invented our research projects. Second and third quarter, we conduct our research and have team discussions about it. Fourth quarter is dedicated to writing our papers about our solutions. Our thesis statements are due in two weeks. I have no idea what mine will say.

PSYCH TEAM

We were split into groups during a day-long assembly back in pretend-September. The auditorium was its usual sea of almost all white faces / we are considered one of the "good" schools / half of us drowning in shame for it / half of us waving tiny American flags, saying we deserve the best / everything.

Our group is Psych Team: five weirdos who believe that the human mind has something to do with escaping a fold in time and space.

It only took a half hour for us to find a stack of old psychology textbooks in the back of the book closet. Nigel said that we were too far back / those books weren't for us / we'd never understand them. "Psychology at your age is pointless." But I walked out with a Robert Plutchik textbook and an old philosophy book, Ellie walked out with two Jean Piaget books, and Carrie picked Philip Zimbardo because the cover promised that the book would change the reader's life. Eric walked out with a Strauss and Howe about Generation X, and Len ended up with a guide for college freshman from 1958 called *Controversy* / picked it because it has a chapter in it titled "The American Sex Revolution."

The outcome of the too-far-back book-closet dive was awesome / five students with brand-new bayonets / Psych Team's projects are off the charts.

Carrie's project is about the psychology of time, focusing on Zimbardo's time perspective theory, and how each of us is affected by how we see the world and our lives through time. For example, I started out in past-negative / future-negative but I'm working toward past-positive / future-positive.

Eric's project covers epigenetics and recent discoveries that trauma passes down on a genetic level. He already has his paper mostly written: "Generation Fifteen: Dragging Fourteen Generations' Worth of Your Bullshit."

Ellie uses Jean Piaget's theory of cognitive development to explore the different results Solution Time will get from children at different stages of development. She'll then look at how those results should be shared with all age groups for further expansion. Since this would benefit Solution Time in general, Ellie's was Nigel's pet project until her dad called the school about the gin-breath.

Len wants to be a filmmaker. He records random stuff all the time and makes short documentaries. For Solution Time, he's asking us a lot of "why" questions about our futures / what are the advantages of being educated? / going to college? / what is college really for? He films parts of our conversations and will make a film of it somehow.

My Solution Time class project relies on the ideas of two dead, white men.

“If everything when it occupies an equal space is at rest, and if that which is in locomotion is always occupying such a space at any moment, **the flying arrow is therefore motionless.**”

—Zeno of Elea, Greek philosopher

and

“Most people think of emotions as special kinds of feelings—feelings that we describe by such words as *happy* or *sad*, *angry* or *jealous*, or *in love*. Everyone also knows that **emotions are powerful forces** influencing our behavior; people laugh, cry, become depressed, or blow up buildings under the influence of emotions.”

—Robert Plutchik, American psychologist

I believe that when we are stuck in an unmoving arrow / fold in time and space, emotions are the powerful force that will break us out. Giving a shit about people isn't easy until you give a shit about yourself / secure your own oxygen mask before assisting others. Or something like that.

PLUTCHIK'S CLOCK

Zeno of Elea can be frustrating / explains my flight / gave me magic. Robert Plutchik is a lot easier to understand and is probably going to save my life.

I found him online the way people find boyfriends—before we dove into the book closet. He was a twentieth-century psychologist / invented the psychoevolutionary theory of basic emotions.

He reckoned there were eight basic emotions that could vary in intensity, and that all of them were truly primal to humans. Meaning: They aren't a choice. Meaning: They are there for a reason, just like your uvula is there so you don't spit food out your nose.

He invented an emotion wheel / a rainbow flower with eight petals. The petals have emotion-names. Joy, Trust, Fear, Surprise, Sadness, Disgust, Anger, and Anticipation. (Yellow, light green, green, blue, purple, pink, red, orange.) There's more to it than that / life-saving / Plutchik threw me an understanding of everything / myself.

I have made a Plutchik's Clock. My invention. One hand / eight stops around the rainbow flower / invented new time / Feeling Time.

With eight petals, we can go round the clock three times as opposed to the old analog / only two rotations. Every hour we can focus our feelings on to one color and we can learn about ourselves and how we navigate emotions. This is half of the magic.

The other half lives inside Zeno's arrow / like me / in flight and motionless.

The idea is that if we put ourselves in the arrow, in the here and now, we can feel what we really feel instead of pretending we don't. In my case, I will survive the AFT3RMATH by learning more about what sixteen years of living with a series of explosions did to my brain / heart / by putting my answers in a javelin and then throwing it as far as I can.

JOY

This month, pretend-March, has been my month to finish testing Plutchik's Clock on Psych Team. One hour a day / one emotion a

day. We are in the kitchen area of Culinary 204, our assigned Solution Time classroom, sitting on five red stools around the faux kitchen island / dining table.

"I want to talk about Zeno again," I say.

All my teammates are mad at me for Zeno.

"Motion is not impossible. Look." Carrie waves her arms around. "I'm moving."

"But . . . you don't feel like Zeno's arrow when you triple jump?" I ask. "Like time stands still while you're in the air?"

"It goes by real fast and then there's sand up my shorts. That's about it."

I take a deep breath. "Anyway. The idea is that you have to feel your feelings in the absence of time. Remember, a lot of our emotions are complicated by time, right?"

"What day is it?" Ellie asks. "It's not Sadness again, is it? I can't do Sadness again."

"Joy."

"Oh!" she says. "I love Joy!"

We are on our third ride around Plutchik's Clock / back at the beginning. I have learned a lot about my teammates. I think the idea is gelling: Put five people in a room and make them concentrate on one emotion for an hour a day, and they can better handle that emotion going forward. This also improves their ability to give a shit about other people.

Seems obvious / not like an education, quite / probably should be.

"The couch is open. I brought yoga mats if anyone is more comfortable on the floor."

Len gets up and moves to the carpeted area of the room, unrolls

a yoga mat, and sits in lotus position. Eric is already smiling with his eyes closed and his back straight at the table.

I have my Plutchik's Clock and I move its hand to the twelve o'clock position. Yellow. Joy. I open my notebook.

"What makes you feel joy?"

Carrie: Cookies!

Ellie: Nate Gardener.

Eric: Learning stuff.

Len: Jacking off to Led Zeppelin.

I write down the answers accordingly.

Carrie moves to the oven and turns it on. She removes a box of chocolate chip cookie mix from her purse, followed by an egg.

"You brought an egg?"

"Yep."

"In your purse?"

"I knew today was Joy again," she says.

While Carrie makes cookies, we write in our journals, do breathing exercises, talk, and try to put ourselves in the arrow. Eric puts on music to explain joy. It's old Cuban music because Eric says this is what his parents listen to when they make dinner. "They dance and kiss and stuff," he says. "It's pretty cool."

"My parents never kiss," Carrie says, plopping dough onto two cookie sheets.

"My dad has a new girlfriend and they can't stop touching each other," Ellie says.

"They probably have sex all the time," Len says. I've learned to not argue. It's expression for him, somehow.

"The other day they did it in the downstairs bathroom between dinner and dishes," Ellie says.

“What did you do?” I ask.

“I cleared the table with my little sister and then sat back down so I could watch them walk out of the bathroom and lie.”

“Joy,” I say. “Let’s stay focused on joy.”

Ellie says, “It makes me happy, actually, that he’s happy. I mean, I wish he didn’t have to divorce my mom and fuck up the whole family, but he’s happier now than I ever saw him. So that matters.”

Carrie says, “My parents are only married for my sake, I think.”

“What gives you joy about that?” I ask.

“Stop trying to always make it come back to your clock,” Carrie says. “Joy isn’t everything.”

“It’s Joy day, Carrie.” Ellie says.

“I’m making cookies. What else do you want?” She laughs, and I know that her parents are breaking up every day and trying to stay together every day, and I know someone saw her mom out at a bar in a 1990s miniskirt / too much lipstick.

THE PURPOSE

You are probably confused. You’ve never heard of Robert Plutchik before / don’t see him in your lifeguard chair / can’t see the rainbow flower. Find it / yourself in it. When there is no time, life is a treasure hunt. Even if the treasure is ugly or dirty or feels like grit in your eye. When there is no time, everything else matters.

Growth Mindset

YOUR JOB

Compete only with yourself.

The game is your life and there are no do-overs. Not even if someone has played with your life. Not even if they lit it on fire—then you are on fire and competing with yourself. Your job is to contain the flames faster than you ever have before.

Your job—resist the urge to scratch the burns.

Your job—heal.

This isn't how Coach Aimee puts it, but it's how I see it. She says things like, "You have talent and you have training. Which one is more important?" and the obvious answer, since we're about to train, is training.

The other throwers complain about the running. I don't. I like the slow laps before practice and the sprinting. It helps focus and get rid of high school bullshit. Today's high school bullshit: lunch. After Carrie bragged to the table about my whole Paleolithic thing, our friend group / Psych Team feels I will leave them behind because I will become a popular jock. I tried to convince them that I will be their friend forever. "A girl named Tru can't lie."

As I run around the track, all these things disappear.

Except *forever*. The concept is uncomfortable. I can't figure out why, as humans, we are forced to make so many forever-deals. Especially in high school. Especially while in a fold in time and space. It is the epitome of forever / the opposite of forever. It's a paradox. My friends act like none of this is happening / attached to N3WCLOCK like an emotional-support pet. And yet, on the

track, stopwatches don't work / sprinters are measured only by who finishes first.

No throwing today / we walk to the weight room together. It's just Coach Aimee and the throwers here now. Kevin is flexing his biceps and kissing them. Bill and Jon are fake-punching Kevin in the back of the head. The three girls who've been throwing since middle school walk together up front with Coach Aimee. They hate me. As well they should.

PLYOMETRIC PUSHUPS

About an hour later, we're in the weight room and I've rotated through all four machines, and I'm throwing a medicine ball to Kevin and he's throwing it back. My core muscles feel stronger than ever. My legs are ready / I may have found my biceps. Coach Aimee yells, "Plyometrics!" and everyone but me drops to the floor like they were shot.

I slowly lower myself down for a regular pushup. I do one. I do another.

Then I do five plyometrics. Lower myself down, then push up with all I got. Explode—that's the trick. Each time Coach yells, "Explode!" I feel something familiar. I have exploded. I am probably still exploding. Forever.

FOREVER

Forever is a family thing. Blood thicker than water / forever. Always look out for your own / forever. In our family, it's different. Mama will be gone forever / sister will control us forever / AFT3RMATH. We don't know what to do quite yet. In time, we'll figure it out / take more dares / stop living in boxes.

WALKING ON SUNSHINE

Coach Aimee is part enthusiasm and part sociopath. Today, after we were done training, she made us run a lap backward around the track and she ran it with us while singing a song from the 1980s called “Walking on Sunshine.” The three girls who hate me joined in. Must be a track thing. I don’t plan on learning the words.

I’m in the locker room, stretching out my hamstrings one last time when my phone chimes with a text from inside my locker.

“Whose phone is that?” Coach Aimee asks.

I’m mid-stretch / pretend I don’t hear her / she has a thing about phones.

When I walk past her office and toward the door, she says, “Nice work on the weights today. You’re doing great.” Giselle Masterson is sitting in the chair next to Coach Aimee’s desk. She’s the only one of the three thrower girls whose name I know.

Giselle says, “Amazing for someone who never did this before.”

MY PHONE IS A DISEASE

Carrie stops her red Mini Cooper at the curb outside the locker room and I hop in, backpack on my lap.

“Salutations,” I say. We take off past the tennis courts.

“I bombed that fucking essay question. My dad is going to kill me.”

“He probably won’t,” I say. My phone chimes again to remind me.

“Who puts an essay question on a chem quiz?”

“It’ll be fine. It’s only a quiz.”

“He’s probably going to make me quit track.”

“He won’t,” I say. “You’re the best jumper we have.”

Jumpers and throwers: the only way to measure track success
while stuck in a fold in time and space.

She turns up the music. I pull out my phone to check the text
that came in.

The text is from Richard / box #11.

It says: *something* is wrong.

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT BOX #9

My sister isn't allowed out of her hole.

My sister isn't allowed into her hole.

My sister is the hole.

My sister—the eddy / the hurricane

Us—the eye / hiding in the bathtub

My sister—a dog bite, ragged and hot
lies / teeth you always knew were there.

My sister in box number nine

is not in box number nine.

She hasn't lived here in six months.

But Daddy keeps a box for her

just in case.

It is locked from the outside.

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT BOX #9

Before my sister left,

she buried,

in the conduit / along the way,

a minefield. Because her escape
could not be clean.

Her hands achieved notoriety
as explosions.

Her memory had a reputation
for being spotty / switching teams /
being on the side that's winning.

My sister is never coming back.
Relief this big doesn't come often.

Floor Plan / Wiring Diagram

THE MAIN BOX

Daddy says to understand anything is to understand energy. He's an electrician, so this makes sense to him. When he looks at a house, the walls disappear and he sees only the paths of the wires / flow of energy.

Our house was built by precision machines—the conformity is alarming. Ring circuits of wall outlets in each room, each circuit to its own breaker in the basement. The labels in the main box are meticulous. LIVING ROOM, DINING ROOM, KITCHEN, BEDROOM 1, BEDROOM 2, BEDROOM 3, BEDROOM 4, BATHROOMS 1 & 2—all on one story. BASEMENT has its own breaker even though nothing is down there but old junk. Old junk and the main box containing the circuit breakers.

On the left side of the box are breakers for the major appliances. Usual suspects. WATER HEATER, FURNACE, AC, DRYER, WASHER, RADON UNIT, DISHWASHER and OUTDOOR SOCKETS. Below the breakers for the outlets and appliances live three lighting breakers. Every wire coming into the main box is straight / lines up with the others / like boarding-school attendance.

It's as if the development hired robot electricians.



To understand anything is to understand energy.

Daddy took me down to the main box the day after we moved in. He showed me all the breakers and when I called it a fuse box, he said, "Say *consumer unit* now. No more fuses."

“Can I call it the main box? Because consumer unit sounds too . . . uh . . .”

“Main box is fine,” he said.

“What’s that?” I ask, pointing to a diagram Daddy had tacked to the wall.

“It is drawing of electricity in house,” he answered.

I squinted. This was what he saw when he looked at the house / the world / everything. There were a lot of shapes, but mostly forward slashes / like this / all over the place. “What are those?” I asked.

“Direction of energy. Switches turned on. My father told me these things.” He taps his head. “Very smart man. Always moving forward.”



To understand anything is to understand energy. If you don’t know what your main box looks like, you don’t know anything. No one ever looks at their main box. No one sees the connections, the pathways in the walls. No one cares. No one wants to know anything about energy. It’s infuriating. It’s the gunpowder. Not caring is the gunpowder.



After I climb through the me-shaped hole to box #7, I change from my sweaty track clothes and follow the plywood passageway to where it smells like food. Daddy is standing at the counter in the kitchen, chopping parsley. “You are never here for dinner, Truda.”

I’m always here for dinner.

He says, "It is not boys, is it? Because I do not want you to throw away everything for some boy."

"I'm here for dinner. I'm literally setting the dinner table."

"Aha! It is boys!" he says.

"I was at track practice."

"Every night?"

I nod. "Every night."

"No boys?"

"No boys."

"Men eat women, Truda. It is fact of the world."

"I know," I say. "Don't worry."

"You are too important to be an American high school hors d'oeuvre. Stale crab. Fancy toothpicks." He waves his hand. "All this fun and dumb." He sprinkles the parsley onto our dinners, slides a claw hammer from the pocket of his Carhartt work pants, then reaches into his back pocket and retrieves a nail. Climbs up / knees on the counter / hammers it into the plywood. Always moving forward.

DINNER FOR TWO

To understand anything is to understand energy.

"Where's Richard?" I ask.

"Had a class or something. Took car."

Good. Richard is free of box #11 for the night. That's what matters / *something* is wrong.

I spoon lasagna into my face and chase it back with garlic bread and green salad.

"What's the hurry?" Dad asks. He pours himself a glass of wine. Offers one to me, to be polite, as he's done to all of us since

we were born, and then gets me a glass of water. "Tell me about school."

"I'm really excited about the meet next week. Nervous, too."

He nods. We eat.

"I mean school. Books. Do you need any help?"

"I'm good," I say. "Behind on one thing. A paper. I'll figure it out."

I get another square of lasagna and refill my glass of water.

Daddy says, "When is this meetup?"

I translate / chew. "The meet is next Tuesday."

"Why are you nervous?"

"I've never done one before."

He nods and takes a sip of wine. "You are a brilliant girl."

"Okay," I say.

"Grades not as good as Richard's, but you have creative ways of expressing yourself. This is your success."

Not everyone can be a rifle.

He says, "So you will do first meetup on Tuesday. Then another, then another. You make each one better. You grow. You win."

His lasagna keeps improving. His homemade vinaigrette. He is a walking example of growth mindset. And I am stuck inside a series of his boxes, even though I fly a thousand yards a day.

SIX WHOLE MONTHS

To understand anything is to understand energy.

I help Daddy put a plate aside for Richard and we do the dishes. I wash. He dries. The pristine dishwasher sits inches from us under the countertop wondering why my father sees it as some sort of threat to our family.

Dish-doing is his old-world way to show affection / model teamwork. It's the way he hugs. Continental-style table manners are how he shows love.

We finish cleaning up and I turn off the overhead light. He says, "How good are you—in this track?"

"I'm very good." I've never said this about anything, ever / would have caused a flash flood / twelve-alarm fire.

"Next Tuesday is my birthday, you know."

"I know," I say. "You don't have to come if you don't want to."

I smile. He smiles.

He stands for a minute, smiling at me. My eyes wander around the partially boxed kitchen and out into the hallway / to the boxes around the switch / to the switch.

He says, "I will be there to show my pride for you."

I say, "Good night," and kiss him on his forehead.

To understand anything is to understand / energy is Paleolithic like I am / trying to survive. It's natural and enormous. It's earthquake and ocean. It's rumors and sunlight. Sometimes, it flows in all directions. Sometimes, it only flows in one. Here, in his series of plywood boxes, Daddy is still trying to contain our energy / keep us safe from doing things too well. But sister is gone now. Six whole months.

I look out my bedroom window and see the car in the driveway.

Richard is home. Something is wrong.

SWITCH LOGIC

Locate the switches.

In our precision-built development ranch home, lights are the only obviously switched energy sources. The switch units are mounted right on the wall at shoulder-height—exactly forty-eight inches from the floor—in every room. So convenient.

On. Off.

Richard is home. *Something is wrong.*

PEOPLE SWITCH

To understand anything is to understand energy.

It's not always lights, you know. You can switch an outlet. You can switch an appliance. You can switch anything, really. Even people.

Richard is home. *Something is wrong.*

OOO!

Sometimes when I was younger, I used to stick chewed gum into the eyes of wall outlets. You know the ones—two surprised little men stacked on top of each other—without whom our freezer melts, our hairdryer goes silent. Without them, your aquarium fish will die. Without those two little men—both saying “Ooo!” at the exact same time—there would be no TV / cold beer / online banking.

When you breathe, you don't need to be plugged into anything. The little men are in the walls, admiring your diaphragm. This is why I plugged their eyes with gum. The gum was handy / they were staring. One time, I covered their little mouths, too. No more “Ooo!” No more eyes. Just gum-covered outlets and energy with nowhere to go.

Richard is home. *Something is wrong.*

CONDUIT

The wire that connects the appliances and the outlets and the switches must, if not hidden inside the house's skin, be protected by conduit—a box for wire. A safe place. Like Daddy's boxes but tubular / long and thin and made of either metal or rigid plastic.

Because of Daddy's boxes, conduit now connects everything in our house. It is not safe for visitors. There are booby traps in our conduit / the house is laced with tiny, erratic bombs. Boom! On my way to the bathroom. Boom! Midnight carb snack. Boom! I lose my toes ten times a day. Boom! On my way to find Richard.

SOMETHING IS WRONG

Richard is standing in his room with his arms crossed. He looks normal. He's not smiling, and he's not frowning, but that's our rifle / Richard. Emotions are not on the syllabus.

"She called me," he says.

This could be Mama or sister / probably sister if something is wrong.

"When?"

"When I got outside Maya's."

Maya still lives next door to our old townhouse—the one with a fuse box. Richard goes there to talk to Maya's mother, Karen, who is a social worker and therapist. She doesn't charge him / he doesn't tell her the whole truth. That's how the deal works.

"Why did she call you? What did she say?"

"She asked some weird shit about me and what classes I'm taking. She asked me about you. And if you and Carrie are still friends. She talks to Carrie," he says, "I think."

"I'm sure she said that, but it's probably not true," I say. "What else? Why did you text that something's wrong?"

He fiddles with the cuticle on his thumb for a second. "Mama's in rehab," he finally says. "She wanted to let us to know."

Mama is probably not in rehab.

We sit on his bed for a minute, side by side. He picks up a pair of dirty socks and tosses them toward his laundry basket.

"And she's working at a nursing home now," he says. Shivers. It

causes me to shiver. Her energy understands how to move through us. “She’s a cook.”

Last time we talked about her, Richard reported that she was volunteering at a hospital, reading books to kids on the pediatric cancer ward.

“So she dropped out of college, I guess,” I say.

He shrugs.

Richard has always been a smart rifle. He’s not easily swayed by most people. Sister, though—alone in any space—serves as an individual corrective lens to each one of our family / diabolical / parts of us are hypnotized / who and which parts change on any given day.

“How are you, Richard?”

“I need to sleep,” he says.

“I’m sorry she called you.”

“I wish she’d just go away like she said she would,” he says. I don’t point out that he could just let the calls go to voicemail / he looks tired.

He gets into his single bed / clothes still on / shoes kicked off the edge. Snuggles with his duvet. Puts a pillow over his ear to block out the hammering. I marvel the light switch inside his bedroom door. I switch it to OFF and navigate the passageways from his room / #11 to my room / #7.

FOLKLORE

The last time my sister called me, five pretend-months ago, a month after she left for college seven hours away, she told me she’d called child services because Daddy was abusive. She said she would save me / I’d come to live on campus with her / she would take me to beer-keg parties.

Daddy never hurt any of us, not once. He's not even unkind. Sister has said he's an alcoholic, but there is no alcohol in our house aside from dinner wine. She said he's a drug addict. No drugs in our house aside from Advil and Mylanta. Sometimes she would hide the Advil when Daddy got low-air-pressure headaches.

Her weather is unpredictable.

Explosions aren't supposed to announce themselves.

When she was seven, she killed an injured bird with a screwdriver. Richard thinks about it a lot because he was there and tried to stop her. Something happened that day / changed Richard forever. His energy took form / rifles don't talk much.

I wish I knew Portuguese so I could have whispered something funny to Richard while he fell to sleep, instead all I said was "Sleep tight." That's what Mama would say when she'd close my door at night.

I wonder where she is if she isn't in rehab.

When I get back to box #7, which takes a while because Daddy's passageways are getting smaller / thicker / safer, I flop on my bed and open my laptop to write the thesis statement for my Solution Time paper. Nothing comes to me.

By the end of the month, I will figure out how to make people give a shit about other people. I still have no idea how I'll do this because I live in a house where emergencies are cubed like snack cheese and giving an actual shit has been put on hold. The hold music is shock. No time exists in shock / nothing can be done for us / no thesis statement for that / AFT3RMATH.

I close the laptop and stretch. It's soon time for work.

I wait until everyone is sleeping.

I bring a small crowbar.

Night Shift

ZENO OF ELEA

At rest / I am moving / with my crowbar.

ROBERT PLUTCHIK

Anger / Anticipation / the switch.

DIGGING

The switch is impossible to reach. There is new construction every day. To get to the switch I would have to disassemble the entire series of boxes—from #1 to #11—that now hold the first switch-protecting box in place. But tonight I want to see the supply, which I can see if I get through the drywall under the switch, which is easy to access by removing only one plywood side of the outer switch box.

BOOM! I get the panel off, but hit a tiny bomb. My hands are here, but my brain is exploding to the fact that Richard cannot be trusted. Exploding to the day I found him crying that first time, three years ago, I was still in middle school, he was a senior in high school and we agreed—never let her alone with us. Ever. But Richard cannot be trusted / he left me alone with her all the time. Had friends to do stuff with. Had senior year to complete / rifle to assemble.

He tried. He took me fishing. He'd rent a canoe on the lake and we'd take Daddy's rods and we probably used the wrong lures. We weren't really fishing.

Richard cannot be trusted. He is limp from a lifetime of game. The game is his life. There are no do-overs. Even though sister lit

him on fire and it's not his fault, he doesn't know what kind of lure to use in the lake / scratches his burns / is not able to heal.

UNWIRING DIAGRAM

I poke the crowbar into the wall below the switch and I pull out the drywall in dusty, prune-sized pieces and let them fall. I aim the flashlight and look for supply wires. At first glance, there are no wires going to the switch. I look again and there are a million wires going to the switch. A billion wires. More wires than can fit this house.

They start to flash / casino of possibility / impossibility. I can't flip the switch tonight, anyway. Not while Richard is sleeping / not while I'm training.

x equals not knowing what flipping the switch will do.

I replace the drywall, layer it with tape and glue, put the plywood piece back in place. Daddy will know someone was here / he won't ask / will quietly grind dry peppers.

THE REAL WORK

I move to more private spaces and remove nail after nail.

Hall closet / garage / laundry room / the southeast hallway. Some people do yoga to wind down. Some people smoke weed. I disassemble the boxes / sometimes hanging trapeze-style upside down / usually on my side. I only get four hours of sleep per night / hours don't exist / I am always awake / always asleep.

I am in Zeno's arrow. I feel everything / I feel nothing.

When I get back to box #7, I'm exhausted.

FLOOR PLAN / GPS

You don't understand the boxes and you don't want to. Plywood-ugly / nails too long. It's not a bedroom like you'd imagine—no curtains, no rug, no faux sheepskins—just wood grain / do not drag the soles. I've had a splinter in my foot so long that a callus has formed and the sliver will be encased forever / a fossil.

You don't understand the hallways and you don't want to. The construction feels dangerous. Energy moves through. We move through. We are the energy.

A million wires.

A picture for you / GPS. There are eleven boxes. Switch at the center, kitchen #3 north, living room #2, east of that. My box #7 southeast, Richard #11 southwest. Daddy sleeps northwest in the hallway. Everything is easier with directions. But nothing really comes with directions. Especially not our family.

There are clocks in each room so we know when to go to dinner / none of them move now / we are always on time. There is an alarm system in case of emergency. We have located our exits. Mine is through the me-shaped hole. Richard's is anywhere he can climb down the conduit / usually windows. Mama's was through the front door, two bags packed, yapping little dog under her arm, and three words. *Don't call me.*

That was nine months ago. Three days before time stopped. Everything has been different since / nothing seems real / no directions.

Daddy is not a precision machine / nothing is level. Full-time job making sure the energy runs right / quit his other job making

mall kiosks / expert box-maker / two days after Mama left. In order: Mama left / he quit his job / time stopped. The order is important, I think. He never called Mama / obeys orders / to understand anything is to understand energy.

MAMA

Her weaknesses—American candy bars / American beer / American cheese / American shopping / American television—made her unintentionally lowbrow. She didn't mean for it to happen that way. She married a man from Somewhere Else who could not accept the fun *and* dumb.

Five years ago, she became an amateur psychic. Now, she's pay-per-minute, in-person, small groups at local hotel conference rooms. None of us expected this, considering she was always surprised when the mailman came. Not to say she's a fake. She may not be / to understand anything is to understand energy / it doesn't matter because she's not here.

We don't talk about the real reason she left / this explanation will do.

No one knows the real reason she left / this explanation will do.

Richard and I fought over her dinner chair.

She always sat to the left of Daddy, which put her out of sister's reach. Daddy settled the fight by putting me in Mama's old chair, and Richard took my old place, so sister's only way to touch us during meals was with her words.

It's very hard to eat while constantly exploding.

I think that's the real reason why Mama left. She used to drink

Mylanta straight from the bottle and by the time she said *Don't call me*, she'd been going to bed before eight o'clock for weeks. I knew she wasn't sleeping.

We'd been studying cancer in health class. Deep down, I suspected my mother had stomach cancer. So many bombs / too many years / Mylanta.

She's fine. No cancer. She wrote me an email a few days later when time stopped. Small talk, mostly, but then I wanted to make it easier on your father. He works so hard, and when he would come home all he got was chaos. You had nothing to do with this.

I replied to the email and told her I needed her.

I don't fit into the family. I heard all the reasons.

I replied and told her she was my mother, which meant she fit into the family / my family / I missed her.

Your father is devastated, but it's for the best.

I asked Richard, "If he's devastated and she's devastated, then why did she leave?"

Richard told me to wait / I wasn't sure for what.

She now lives in a small apartment she'd rented for her office / psychic den. It's got angels painted on the walls of the waiting room / smells like burnt sage. She sleeps on the futon couch surrounded by her crystals, where the next day, people will sit with cash hoping to contact their departed loved ones.

Daddy relies on his old friend Carmichael for parenting decisions. Carmichael video-calls every pretend-Sunday, but Daddy refuses to use the camera / all Carmichael sees when he talks to Daddy is Daddy's ear. Carmichael talks loud, so I stay nearby when he calls. Whenever Carmichael mentions reaching out to Mama, Daddy hangs up.

All I know is Mama has the wrong idea about what's going on here / I don't know what's going on here / we're all in a daze. So I invented work for myself. Seems reasonable work. It will lead to something solid in the end / on / off.

By the time I climb into bed, I've collected 234 six-inch, galvanized, hot-dipped steel nails.

I still don't have a thesis statement.

Tomorrow is Trust.

BEST TEAM EVER

“Y’all know I have trust issues,” Carrie says. “So every time we get to Trust, I go kinda numb. It’s not really a good feeling for me.”

Eric says, “Trust has a lot to do with what home is like and home sucks for you right now.” Two Trusts ago, Eric would have never said something so empathetic.

“Carrie, what do you trust?” Ellie asks. “You trust me, right?”

Carrie sighs. “I trust all of you, but what I guess I’m saying that when I think about trust, the way we do here, capital T, it makes me think about how few people I do trust. So then I get sad.”

“I’m not going to force you to trust anyone,” I say. I trust no one, not even Carrie, really, and she’s my oldest real friend / fifth grade. “So how about things? You trust your car, right?”

“It’s a dependable car,” she says.

“What else?”

“I trusted this chair when I sat on it. And I trusted that school would be open today. I didn’t trust that no one would steal shit from my locker,” she says.

“That’s only because you had that happen before,” I say.

“Someone broke into your locker?” Len says. “That sucks.”

“Eighth grade. Gym locker. Stole my favorite pair of jeans,” Carrie says. “Never saw them again.”

“So trust often depends on past experience, as established,” I say.

“Sorry about your jeans,” Ellie says. “You can never replicate a favorite pair of jeans.”

“Agreed,” Len says.

Carrie stops to explain the ideas in her class project about Zimbardo’s time perspectives and how they affect us, especially relating to Trust. Well, her, specifically. She will fear her locker being robbed because it has been robbed before because in regard to locker-theft experiences, she has a “past-negative time perspective.” Eric jumps in and explains that theoretically, she could still have that lack of Trust even if her locker hadn’t been robbed before because trauma that passes down via epigenetics can cause children of people who had their locker robbed to have the distrust naturally. Ellie adds that Trust is a tricky concept when viewed through a child development lens because there are different levels of trust. As a baby, you learn Trust when you are taken care of, but by age ten, you have moral ideas and know, for example, that lying is a barrier to Trust, even if someone is lying to you because they think it’s part of taking care of you.

“I wish Nigel was here to hear you guys talk,” Len says, with his camera out, recording. “You sound so fucking smart.”

“Best team ever,” Carrie says.

We high-five.

Nigel is suddenly talking at us through the intercom. “Psych Team, check in.”

We sound off, like saying “here” in first-grade attendance except we say *Hello, Nigel* in the most done-with-Nigel voices we can manage.

“Are you geniuses coming up with anything? Your thesis statements are due next week.”

We’re in different climate zones. Nigel is a plant that grows in places where things don’t freeze and thesis statements matter /

delicate. We are five teenagers who grow in wild northern fucking Alaska trying to figure out what feelings are. We tell him we're fine. He says we don't seem fine / that he's coming to class tomorrow to assess us.

He says, "Don't forget, your papers have to be twice as good as everyone else's because you chose psychology," and the intercom squeaks off.

They all look back to me as if Nigel never interrupted. I say, "We're in Zeno's arrow. So I want you to really feel something. Close your eyes. Think of a person you really admire, or the feeling of being admired. Or the feeling of being accepted or being trusted. What do you feel about trustworthy things? I'll write down anything you blurt out starting . . . now."

During the next half hour, the whiteboard fills with words and phrases.

Proud, good, like I did something right, the feeling of giving yourself to someone you trust, watching someone be awesome, sending thank-you cards when you mean it (not when forced—Eric thinks this is evil), wishing you could be more like someone and knowing you can, doing good deeds feels nice, helping someone by listening, not gossiping, being accepted feels so good, being admired can feel fake (is that trust or lack of it? Or humility?—Len) Makes me cry, makes me smile, makes me want to do more good things, makes a person feel successful, when you trust someone it's like being safe in your bed, having no fears, inspires hope, inspires more trust.

x equals how I don't know what Trust is.

The hardest thing about talking about Trust, we learn for the third time, is that all of our minds go to lack of Trust because we feel we have experienced that more than Trust. Carrie points out

again that this means we are past-negative according to Zimbardo. We debate—have we really been screwed over that many times or is it only a perception? *Where does being screwed over fit on this clock?* Len: *anger, fear, sadness, disgust.* Eric: *Surprise, too.* Ellie: *Nigel is a perfect example.*

We examine what makes someone trustworthy. Mutual respect, good listener, good communicator, honesty, no gossip, knows when to let you cry (Ellie) and knows when to help you, and is happy to see you and see you succeed. In your corner, has your back, sticks up for you.

x equals how I know what Trust is, but don't have any.

UNBELIEVABLE / PALEOLITHIC

I was warming up / long throws for fun. I felt energy everywhere and inside me and I saw the other throwers out on the field collecting their javs and goofing around. I didn't think my jav would go that far.

No one got hurt.

That's all that matters.

Coach Aimee says, "That's a fifty-meter javelin. It shouldn't even land point down at that distance." She hands me another jav and says nothing about how far it went.

This time everyone is watching. I run. I hop-step. I throw. I aim for the goal posts. It falls short and lands right in front of Giselle Masterson, flat landing / skid.

"That had to be a hundred fifty," Coach Turner says, jogging toward us. Coach Aimee barely looks up from her training schedule clipboard.

"I'm scared about next Tuesday," I blurt / energy gone wild.

"You'll do fine," Coach Turner says.

"I still don't know what a field judge is," I say.

Coach Aimee says, "We'll walk you through it. I promise."

"What if I throw at the wrong time?"

"I'll be there with you," Coach Aimee says. "I'll tell you exactly what to do."

"I still don't know when to get on deck or in the hole or whatever," I say.

"On hold," Coach Aimee corrects / looks so sick of me.

"Throw it again, kid," Coach Turner says.

I pick up the last of the javs and weigh it in my hand. I bounce on my feet. Energy is everywhere. It's like I'm pulling from a source underground. All that lightning that gets rerouted to the earth—green wires attached to metal poles—it's rerouting upward now. Into my feet. My legs. My back. My arm. Into the jav. I am the jav. I have to hold back, the way I've always held back. I fly right over the field with no wobble. Giselle Masterson shades her eyes with her hand / sees me closing in.

She runs / watches it land where she was standing. She looks over at us—Coach Turner, Coach Aimee, and me—and she picks up her gear by the shed and huffs out of the stadium and toward the locker room.

"Unbelievable!" Coach Turner says. "You really got something!"

"I'm Paleolithic."

I walk to the other end of the field and pick up my javs.

Giselle's two thrower friends greet me with something I'm not used to.

"Holy shit can you throw! Nice job!"

"Yeah—you're going to score us some serious points."

I look at them, unsure what to say.

"I get to concentrate on discus now. Can't thank you enough," the first one says.

"Me too," the other one says. "I can't even get close to beating you."

I am a lost / loose wire. I am a million wires.

"Why are you being so nice to me?" I ask.

TRACK TEAM

"You're good," one of them says.

"You've never been on-team before. We didn't know you."

"Oh."

"Giselle hates everyone," one says.

"Does that mean you do, too?"

"Her dad," one says, "was in the Olympics."

"That's cool," I say.

"He threw javelin," one says.

I don't know why her dad being an Olympic javelin thrower means Giselle should hate everyone / maybe that's why my Paleolithic survival spear almost hit her / to understand anything is to understand energy.

"Did he win medals?" I ask.

The two of them shrug and start collecting gear and putting it in the wagon. I walk to the shed to put the javs back. They follow, eventually. I don't know what to say to them. I see Carrie taking off her spikes on the bleachers, so I walk over and sit next to her.

"Dude. What the hell?" she says.

"Yeah. It's weird."

"How do you even do that?" she asks.

"I think it's energy. And time. I don't know. Something like that."

BIG MAC MEAL

"I'll have a Big Mac meal with a vanilla shake, please," Carrie says into the speaker.

She gives me one more chance to order / I decline.

Once we get the food, she drives to her house a few minutes away and we go inside. Carrie's house is normal. It's in a development, like ours is, but there is no exposed plywood and no mystery switch on the wall. Carrie has never seen the inside of my house. From the outside, I'm sure it looks fine.

She starts eating and I call Daddy.

"I came home with Carrie because her parents aren't home," I say.

Daddy says, "We have sausage for dinner. I will save for you."

"Thanks."

"Are you studying?" he asks.

"We just got here. But yes. I'm working on my paper."

He tells me to be home in an hour and I hang up.

Carrie says, "You still can't figure out a thesis statement?"

"I'm stalling."

"It's just a paper," she says. "It's not like we're really going to figure out how to save the world, you know. It's just a distraction from this time thing."

Time thing. Eight billion of us / no wristwatches / no way to break the record in hurdles no matter if you're in Bali or Botswana. Always 0623202016:44 / we are molecules floating in time / we are resting arrows / time thing.

"I don't know," I say. "Maybe."

I walk around her kitchen. It's nothing like our kitchen. Our kitchen is eat-in and small. Hers has nowhere to eat as a family,

but a huge island and breakfast bar in the middle. Everything is marble.

"So, why is Giselle Masterson such a bitch?" I ask.

She chews and swallows. Washes it down with milkshake. "Um. She's probably only a bitch to you," she says.

"What's that mean?"

She looks at me with her head tilted like I should know what she's talking about, "You don't know?" Always the last one to know / this is not new / AFT3RMATH.

I hold my hands out and shrug.

Carrie takes a deep breath. "I don't even know how to tell you this if you don't know," she says, "but . . . there's a pretty popular rumor that your brother used to . . . um . . . be with Giselle. When he was a senior."

I do math. Richard is twenty one and Giselle is a sophomore in high school. "No," I say. "There's no way anyone would even believe that."

She ugh-sighs. "The story goes that he picked her up at the rec center in the morning after her dad dropped her off."

"That's, like, six in the morning."

"Yeah. He took her to some parking lot and they . . . you know," Carrie says.

"What? Talked about pre-algebra?"

"You know."

"That's the stupidest thing I ever heard."

She nods and shoves a fist of fries into her mouth.

"Your sister told the whole school he was always like that," she says.

A thousand tiny bombs / "She's a liar," I say.

"Well, yeah. She eventually told me it was a lie and she was just mad at him for making her walk to school."

"But people still believe it?"

"Big rumor, little town," she says.

I sit and stare into space / time stops all over again / "Huh."

"Sorry to have to tell you that."

"No wonder Giselle hates me," I say. I send good-energy to Giselle Masterson, wherever she is.

Carrie adds, "She probably doesn't even remember. It's not like anything actually happened. But maybe you could tone it down a bit. I've been in track since seventh grade with Giselle. She was always the star. This is probably freaking her out."

When Carrie drives me to my house I can feel a new energy between us. Like she's mad at me for an old rumor / for throwing so far / tone it down a bit.

REST

Daddy has installed an intercom system from wherever-he-is to the kitchen.

"Plate is in oven," he says through a speaker.

"Thank you." I put a mitt on and get it from the oven.

"You smell like fast food."

I decide not to hear him / believe he can smell me through a speaker. I walk to the wall unit / turn the volume all the way down. I'm thinking about Richard and Giselle Masterson / rumors / sister. I'm thinking about how everyone knows more than I do about everything. I'm thinking about my thesis statement. I don't know why they make us work so hard on something so impossible. I'm tired. We're all tired.

I think about Zeno and arrows. Motion / Time. All of us stuck in a single resting moment, not resting. I don't think I've ever rested in the sixteen years I've been alive. I'm not sure any kid does.

Maybe if we knew what it was like to rest, we would understand time better.