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The Carbon Chauvinist

Ben Brezner

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The Carbon Chauvinist

I beat people up who choose not to bake me cookies. I did it to Tim Sandwich just the other day. I said, "Make me some goddamn cookies and leave them on the TV when my mom's at work." He said, "Fuck you, what the hell are you talking about?" So I punched him in the throat and crossed the street. I hope he choked to death on the sidewalk.

When I tell people to make me cookies, they better goddamn do it.

This morning, I told Maria to bake me cookies. Maria's parents sent her here from the Canary Islands. She says there's no money in Tenerife, unless you learn to surf off of the craggy black volcanic rocks in the swirling foaming waves that crash hard against the hellish points stabbing out of the whitish froth. Nobody can get work because they can't make any more canaries in the factories — they escape their cages and dash themselves against the white-rimmed basalt under the yellow sun. That's why they call them the Canary Islands. Her father never learned to surf. What a weirdo.

She said, "No me diga qué hacer." And I told her about how Tim Sandwich cried for eight hours and almost died last week, because he chose not to make me cookies, and that I don't even understand Spanish but she sure better get cooking and speaking normal or else I'd punch her right in the throat just like Tim Sandwich.

Maria said, in not-normal English, "Tell me not what to do, young sir, for I am a powerful maiden. I have honored thy kind by appearing in a form visible to your inferior human eyes. If thou dost not refrain from black threats and heartless insistence, I shall cause great pain to come upon thee."

But I told her I only knew two things — that she better make me cookies, or I was going to punch her in the throat, and that she was fucking nuts, so I'd punch her extra hard for being a goddamn crazy.

Apparently, this pissed her off to no end, because she disappeared, or just kind of made everything where she was all jumbled and boxy, like when the cable's acting weird, and it was hard to distinguish her from what was behind her. I couldn't tell if she had altered the visual schema which I had perceived as "Maria," or if she had simply gone away, leaving some kind of cosmic skid-mark where she had just been.

At this point, the universe turned off. I didn't know which way was up, but I might have been dreaming or hallucinating because it didn't feel like I was falling, just like all the molecules in my body were trying to escape in all directions at the same time and it wasn't throwing off my balance, because there was no balancing, simply existing in a void of encompassing blackness. It's goddamn weird. But I still wanted some cookies, and when I figured out what the hell was going on, I was going to punch Maria in the throat until she made me some damn cookies.

I couldn't figure out how to surf off of these goddamn pillars of magma sticking out of the ocean. You have to carry your board up and dive off, hoping that you don't get buried by a wave. But I can understand everything Maria's talking about now. She's what they call in science a "non-carbon based life form." She refused to explain to me how she exists, even though I insist that it's impossible. She told me where the cookies are and how you have to swoop down out of the sky and grab them from the waves just as they break apart on the still-hot lava floes, trying not to smash yourself to bits on the glassy black promontories. The damn cookies better be good or I'm going to punch her in the throat, just like I did to that humanoid abnormality, Tim Sandwich.

[*Ben Brezner*]