

Not So Thoughtful After All

by Carl Santoro

She put the Necco wafer on Sally's tongue.

"You can't be the priest, Emma" Sally said nearly choking on the hard, chalky disk.

"Then why you on yaw knees stupid?"

"You said to be prayin' and like in church, but you can't be doin' priest stuff. That's for men."

"You want another or what? It's just a game"

"Give me the pink one. I want a pink one this time."

"Can we open Grandpa's treasure box now?"

"Yeah, I s'pose. But I'm a scared some. Gramps has a note inside 'bout the future. Moma tols us never to open it."

"Well, I'm not tellin'. And hows Gramps know so much 'bout future things?"

"Before Moma died, she said it would hurt Gramps to open it. Nows hes dead I figga I ain't beholdin' to nuthin'. You agree?"

"I suppose."

"Hold this flashlight, come with me. Aim it in that corner."

Emma took a screwdriver and busted the overlapping lock to the trunk. She lifted the creaky lid. Sally dropped the flashlight.

"You stupid! That scared me!"

They looked inside. One piece of paper laid in the bottom. It was folded to the size of a thumb.

"Open it Emma, hurry. I don't like my feelings right now."

"Shush, alright."

She reached in and lifted it out.

"Put the light on it sews I kin read it."

Emma read it slowly to herself; her lips moving with each word.

"Whatsitsay, c'mon read it ta me, whasitsay?"

It sez...uh, I don't know if you'all can understand this lill sis, but it sez...

"When the year 2014 begins, all living creatures, man and animal alike, will be limited to the amount of thoughts they can have. When they reach the limit, nothing will be com - pre - hen - ded."

"What's compri - en-dead?"

