

Major Chaos

by Avital Gad-Cykman

Major Chaos came here one of those hot days. I was washing the floor, wearing old clothes, when he knocked on my door. Since I don't have many visits, I let him in. At first, he seemed like a soldier, but upon reflection I realized he was a big green frog. It may sound peculiar, but believe me: a man who jumps from an airplane can't look any better than that.

He said he had seen my name downstairs and liked the sound of it. I thought it strange to visit a woman because of her name, but I said nothing. Everyone has his reasons. Remembering my neighbor, arrested while trying to stab another man, I decided that his visit was neither a crime, nor as weird as it might seem.

Since Major Chaos had made it all the way down from the sky to the earth, he was very hungry. I noticed the interest with which he glanced at the oranges in the kitchen. I threw him one, and he, smiling, caught it with one hand while grabbing a chair with the other. I didn't know what to do with the bucket, full of soapy water, so I kicked it and the water washed the floor. Major Chaos pulled a camera out of his pocket and took a picture of the wet floor. I thought he might take one of me too, so I arranged my clothes, but he put the camera back in.

While he sliced the orange, I stared at his froggy face. In his way he was attractive. But not in mine. I decided we should maintain a platonic relationship. He never protested or discussed the subject. Well... I guess he simply agreed.

He said: "Don't believe in half of what you see or in half of what you hear." Then, he told me his story. It was midnight when he had joined the troops. Shadowy types crowded the meeting place. Some seemed rich, others poor, but all had that terminal look about them. The men knew they would challenge the natural forces that keep men on the ground. Major Chaos helped by pushing a few men out of the airplane. He hoped they made it back to the earth. He thought he saw one of them, an extremely light man, being drawn into space,

but he couldn't be sure. When Major Chaos jumped, he held his guitar and played a slow song.

I remembered hearing a familiar tune coming from far away the night before.

"You were better than many famous musicians," I said. He finished his orange, ate the sandwich I prepared for him and had coffee. Later, he slept in front of the television, and I turned on the ventilator.

He has been here ever since. Nothing has changed between us, and I like it this way. Major Chaos is my piece of paradise. We clean the house and pay bills together. Sometimes we talk.

