

When you were nine

by James Knight

When you were nine your head fell off in the playground. Dr Mort was called. He pasted it back on with PVA glue. You'd never know now.

When you were nine your arms turned into trees. Dr Mort worked his magic with the chainsaw. You still need light pruning once a week.

When you were nine you broke space-time. Dr Mort patched it back together with a bandage made of your memories, printed in 3D.

When you were nine your pet rabbit turned against you, playing dead whenever you went near it. Dr Mort chuckled from his observation post.

When you were nine you brought all the extinct animals back to life. Your mother patted you on the head. Dr Mort frowned.

When you were nine you pretended to be Dr Mort. Dr Mort, meanwhile, pretended to be you. Your mother was nonplussed.

When you were nine Dr Mort replaced your eyes with marbles while you slept. You still haven't noticed.

When you were nine your head started shrinking. You look ridiculous. By the time you're 44, it will be the size of a pea.

When you were nine you tried to become a cyborg. Your shopping trolley attachment was risible.

When you were nine Dr Mort rewired your brain. Even to this day, the only word in your vocabulary is "blood."

—

When you were nine you bullied your imaginary friend. He hasn't forgotten. He's biding his time.

—

When you were nine you learned that the German word for poison is "gift." Christmas has had a special meaning for you ever since.

