

# 2011 - What I Wanted

*by* Larry Strattner

Mostly for it to be 1955.

Then, after some thought, I switched to 1965 when I might have gotten laid but can't really remember because I was once Catholic and tend to repress all that stuff.

In any case, I yearn for a year when things were perfect. It seems those years are all in the past. Various drugs have colored my history an attractive pinkish blue.

If you pay attention you realize the future only allows humanity and nature opportunities to exercise capriciousness. Plus, there's a strong likelihood one of your sustaining drug prescriptions will run out or produce erectile dysfunction.

Money seemed a good thing to want in multiple years. I still wanted it in the 2000s.

In 1976 I wanted someone to pay attention. Good luck with that in any year.

I never wanted to graduate from college but after a number of years, almost against my will, I did. I didn't learn much. I learned to stay away from Professors and anyone who looked as if they might verge on the professorial. I did learn about Russian literature from a woman who I prefer to remember as a maniac rather than a professor. She was attractive after a maniacal fashion.

In 1970 I wanted a job so I wrote consumer advertising. It taught me the world is cruel, greedy and manipulative. I switched to writing about industrial equipment which gave me a peek at a world of rape, pillage and the displacement of rocks who would have preferred to remain where originally situated.

At some point in the Sixties I made a lot of money with high explosives but the money ran out. While in the chips I did have the foresight to acquire a lifetime subscription to The New Yorker. I only read the cartoons.

In 2012 I am sure I will have matured enough to wish it were 1980. In any year all one has is hope.

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