My Stuff

by Larry Strattner

A friend told me she was going to go to my web site and, “take a look at my stuff.”

It occurred to me I don't really know what my stuff is.

Accordingly I got out a note pad. I wrote words about my stuff: sexy, urbane, informed hip, knowledgeable, stylish and insightful.

After contemplating these words and thinking for a moment how they related to my stuff, I crossed them off. I began again.

Crass, vulgar, boorish, impaired, angry, depressed, jealous, regretful.

Nope; X'd ‘em out. These didn't really get it either. It must be side effects from the Tramadol I take; worse than In 'an Out sliders. A bum shoulder developed from choking the chicken makes me take these pills called opioid analgesics. I've noticed they're making me dizzy. My old man used to say, “Everything has its price.” Guess he knew what he was talking about. The price of not hurting is dizzy.

Now there's a word; dizzy.

Dizzy, unbalanced, scattered, delusional. I X'd these too.

Words are like skeletons. You know what they are but you don't want them laying all over in front of you. They're too indicative. Too structured. Something scary that might be real. Words are a pain in the ass.

Blissful, uplifting, inspirational, instructive, insightful. I write and like these words about my stuff a little better but I have to be honest. I X them.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/larry-strattner/my-stuff»*
Copyright © 2010 Larry Strattner. All rights reserved.

I guess I'll never really know what my stuff is. But I do know one thing after all this thinking about my stuff. My stuff is a product of something I *really, really* don't know anything about.

So I stop taking the sleazy opioids and start looking for a French girlfriend. My plan is to concentrate on her stuff and write whatever stuff occurs to me without getting dizzy.