

The Hamburger Story

by Lauren Becker

I bought your book. Used. But, still. I bought it. It was mean. I dropped it hard on the floor when I finished. You didn't have to keep the ending. I took a picture of my foot stepping on your face. You liked my feet. You would like this picture.

I didn't like her. I like the name. You know I hate that name. I always thought you were funny. Maybe even more than you were mean. All you seem to remember is that I was mean. You even made me ugly. I like that you made them way different sizes. You know I always thought one was bigger. I like that you gave me a tiny nose and big feet, and that I always wore the same green coat. I like that I didn't sing in the car, or eat oatmeal with blueberries or take baths instead of showers.

I'm not so mean that I'm not happy that your face is on a book for me to step on. Are you still that mean? He is not mean at all. I would never throw a hamburger at him. I liked that part best.

I like your picture, too. You shaved your beard. My chin was raw for two years. John told me you shaved it right after you threw my pillow out the window. Erased my scraped face from yours. I got a haircut the next day. It's grown back.

Do you still have my chair? I came back for it. Everything I left was gone. I took all the best stuff on my first trip. The only thing I wish I still had is the chair. I'm pretty sure you're sitting in it in your book picture. I don't recall you being obvious. Have you become lazy? I know you haven't become stupid. You can't hide a present under ugly wrapping.

