

Tincture Shunt Lunch Box

by S.H. Gall

Most people don't understand what it's like being a pop idol.

I am *not* most people. I am Tincture Shunt, and here I present you with my trajectory to stardom, in case you want to copy it for your own personal use.

Unfortunately (for you), I can only be vague. I mean, certain stuff happened in a specific order. I didn't plan it, it simply came to be. It was fated, painful, sublime.

I screwed up repeatedly. I hurt everyone I loved, over and over again. But fame was on my doorstep, due to the particular way I fucked over everyone else's life. I got clean from drugs, sex addiction, and credit card abuse. I learned to drink like a man even though I am the fairest of fairies.

And then, the glowing stage appeared. If you, too, aspire to the stage, you might follow my abstractions which pose as guidelines. Most likely, though, you won't make it. You'll end up in some kind of 12-step program and get fat eating free donuts. Sucks, right?

In closing, it is not actually easy, or even fun, being a pop idol. Everything that makes me who I am is now a commodity.

Nonetheless, if you could be featured on the lunchboxes of children everywhere, would you decline?

Seth Gall has had work published in China, Canada, and the U.S. His work has appeared in Word Riot, SmokeLong Quarterly, and Nanoism. He is S.H. Gall in decomp Magazine, Nanoism, issues one and 27 of SmokeLong Quarterly, Five Star Literary Stories, and Fictionaut.

