

Somebody Loves You

by Stacie Adams

I keep a picture of myself on my refrigerator as a baby, not because I'm a narcissist (which I most certainly am), but because I like to be reminded of those simpler times when I was not yet an asshole. Before I took distinct pleasure in ruining relationships and making people feel like shit because they loved me. I like the idea that someone at some point looked upon me with love, not with consternation or confusion or fear or regret. They say that your life experiences form you, but they also take parts of you away. Bad things take away your capacity for hope or joy or even love. They take so much away that eventually there is nothing at all left and you are literally held together by bitterness and some kind of primeval survival instinct.

When I look at the picture on my refrigerator, I always think the same thing: "Hitler was a baby once too, look how well he turned out."

