

The Story Of Us

As is the custom with starting new things, I am doing this not well but with the intention of improving. This you & me, which we may as well call **us** – this face to face & heart & lung(s) & other vital organs we'll be needing for this trip, most impressively in your case brain (& please do notice how I flatter you here because it may be some time before I do that again) – as terrifying as that sounds, & is, & will be, feels to me to be nudging like a fat tender grub towards something not uncomfortable, towards not gross, inching its way into the fragile world of light & air & utter transience. It is a feeling not standard.

I am a pretentious little thing, including & especially in relation to matters of the aforementioned vital organs – i.e. heart, lung(s), brain – & I feel the kidneys, too, deserve mention here, given their job of filtering out all the crap. I imagine there will be plenty of that ahead of **us** on account of **us** both being human n all, ergo, fully weird.

Or is it the liver? & what the hell is a pancreas? Perhaps if I had listened more instead of undressing with my eyes the man I will simply refer to as Mr Biology (albeit my execution was meticulous). Cellularly speaking, he remains not insignificant – which is more than can be said for the box of frogs he had us dissect & spear (in not that order). There's nothing quite like that timeless combination of amphibian death & bad aftershave to stir the primal lustings of a thirteen-year-old. I am sorry in advance for all the crap your organs will be required to deal with. & I will just add here in my defence that failing science is a long-standing family tradition (with the exception of Phil the doctor who we mostly don't talk about, hence the parenthesis).

Anyway, this is me saying hopelessly hopelessly but with what I hope you will assess to be a commendable level of enthusiasm that I am more than moderately impressed with the start we have made, despite my opening gambit & notwithstanding our various inadequacies, idiosyncrasies & other nouns which makes **us** sound more complete than we currently are. The thing is, I think that together, in time, we might become so – that in time you might teach me important things such as how to use words like 'antecedent' & 'diaspora' for reasons other than fashion or fear, & that I might teach you things, mostly smiling-related, such as how to smile at a leaf & at not winning the lottery & at good things happening to bad people such as bad people winning the lottery, & that together we will grow worthy. & armed with this shared knowledge, this shared worth, we will go forth & make a story which we will breathe into the eversphere so that those passed into energy may admire **us** for our valour & our pluck, & blow: Well done.

Isn't it funny how verbs are called doing words & adjectives are called describing words etc. when presumably all words are just trying to be themselves? Perhaps we should just let them be – or at the very least stop typecasting them.

I also apologise for my insistence on believing that my casual (mis)use of language in some intangible but charmingly hipster way heightens my appeal. I hope to soon grow out of this. For now, I will sing along the exceedingly long floorboarded hallway of our soon-to-be house & at a certain point, just here, I will stop. to listen. to the story of **us**. Are there children? Are there cakes with candles? Is there loss? Are all the usual too strange too wonderful things of life present?

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