

Dostoevsky

Let's say I ask the coffee girl to run away with me instead of just dreaming it between grading papers and let's say she says yes, not because I'm something but because she has father issues, plus a full store of stupid mistakes to make before she gets to the smarter mistakes, and I have a car, a little money, a few books in my name. Then let's say I write up our "adventures," which make for a fast read and it's taken by a big house because it has a golden hook, and sells ten times as much as all my other books combined. Let's say then my wife divorces me, my kids despise my name. Colleagues are divided: half are bound to applaud any action that subverts the middle class, half just think I'm a dick. Then let's say, given the chain established, the inevitable drinking begins, the coffee girl vanishes like dust, my wife will not return my sloppy late night messages, etc. Finally, I cease all effort, and just drink. Let's say then I become a gut-shot buck the hunter tracks three miles to a clearing somewhere in the Adirondacks, and there gently places the muzzle against my bony forehead. Because without god, all things are possible.