

Ira.

Ira.
Interesting person, I think.
As I eat. Or
my ice cream hasn't arrived yet.
That right, it hasn't.
He gets his first.
Bob is ordering or something.
Talking. Over there. Who knows.

Who's Bob?

I don't know.
He's Ira's friend.
Basically raised me.
Along with Ira, of course. Not
to be confused with Ila.
(the swamp-dweller.)
(Ila: Heya.)
(are you sick of that name?)
(Ila: Kinda.)
(Ila: Go on, though.)

I'm Callie, just to be clear.
Or am I?

Or am I?

I seem blank inside.
Spore-filled.
Hm.
Blank on the inside isn't good.
It means: depression.

Ira is talking. Chatting.
Is the word.
Chatting. About?
The Seventies.
How he grew up in them.
He didn't, as I mentioned.
Or
Or did he?

Or did he?

I don't ask.
It wouldn't do
to ask
directly.
And I'd rather not ask at all.
He tells me anyway.

The Seventies he says.

I don't understand.

I listen.
A little too much.

Bob comes back.
He and I, I guess, are sharing a
...an ice cream? Is
Is
Is that
Is that how you say it?
They're staring at me.

No, looking. They're just
looking at me. Looking.
It's normal, you know.
You look
all the time.

Do I?

(Hark.)

Angel. No, dog. And acne.

This kid, I mean,
but I notice, see, feel? (no, not feel)
the acne first, for some...
...Do I know him?

"Nice dog," he says.
Or something like that.
To someone else.
He's with friends.

Nice kid, I think.
More from his face than what he says.
Or his—
More from his—self than what he says?

Or is that—
Bob: What are you doing/thinking about.
Callie: Huh.?

(We don't say this, actually;
in words.)

That
Disoriented.
Faces.
Faces.
Faces.
Face.
Face.
Face.

Ah, dog.

Nice.

The kid was/is right.
It is/was a nice dog.

Aw.
Cute dog.

I guess.

Aw.

What a nice...
Hairdo?

Eat.

No.
Wrong.

On/off. On/off.
Stop.
Blink.

Good God.

OK.

Phew.
On/off
should be my name.

It's good.
Surprisingly.
I hate sugar, but I don't
I didn't used to, either
Did I?

No.
It's good.
As in tasty.

They watch me, I think.
Bob & Ira.
Through their not-watching.
I allow them.

I admit them.

No, allow.

Or does it?
He?
She?

It's...
Vivian?

[hu!]

Doctor Goddess Panaché

Big dog.

Baby.

Concept.

On/off.

On/off.

I eat the damn ice
cream.

The dog leaves.

Ah.

Doctor Goddess Panaché.

is my name.

Not yet, though.
I have to build it.
My safe soul.

Settled.