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a short story for caspar about no one they know personally

"I can really understand better German with an American accent," said the German Shepherd.

The Hedgehog looked offended and the Chicken understood why immediately.

"Her accent isn't really as strong as yours," she said.

And the Hedgehog was flattered, puffing herself up and saying something so she could demonstrate how nicely she rolled her r's.

"Yeah, I can't roll an r to save my life. Mein deutsch ist schrecklich."

"Schrehhhhcklick," said the Chicken, mocking the German Shepherds accent with an American accent on top of her Swedish one.

She giggled.

"I just don't manage."

The Hedgehog seemed to get upset whenever either of the others said anything at all.

"Yes, I was telling my partner, we met at Berghain, it was transcendent. One night I just really felt I had the money to go to Berghain, and I met my partner there."

"Your partner is German?"

"Yes," she paused for a brief look of disdain for the pitiful listening skills of her less than rapt audience, "My partner is German, we met at Berghain. We had been with another close friend of mine, and she has Crohn's, and my partner couldn't understand why she was so miserable, and I kept telling him she has Crohn's, she almost died from it. And he just couldn't understand me, Crohn's Crohn's I kept saying and he just wasn't getting it, until I said, Crohn's and then suddenly he was like, oh, Crohn's, that's really terrible."

"That's really terrible."

"Yes, my friend almost died from Crohn's."

"Crohn's?" said the Chicken, "I don't understand."

"Crohn's, Crooooooohns," said the Hedgehog, as she carefully placed her hand over a lighter on the table and slid it off the edge and into her pocket.

"Ah, Crohn's!"

"Yes, it's really terrible, it's really a horrible disease of the stomach, my friend almost died from it."

"I know what Crohn's is."

"My friend almost died."

"Can we stop talking about this?"

"Like he just didn't get what I was saying until I finally said Croooooohn's, and then he understand, he understood what was wrong with her and she almost died from it."

"No really, I have a lot of stomach problems and can we just talk about something else now."

The German Shepherd looked at the Chicken sympathetically, and then at the Hedgehog pleadingly.

"She almost died from it."

"Please, stop."

The Hedgehog became so enraged at the boundary that her face turned totally red. She screwed her lips tightly shut, crossed her arms tightly over her chest, widened her eyes dramatically, turned away, and refused to talk to them for the rest of the night. It was no real loss to them. They were lucky in that way, and could talk to anyone else about anything and it always seemed fun.

The Hedgehog didn't speak another word to them and refused to even glance in their direction. She sat right next to them, aggressively maintaining the territory. The Chicken watched as she would repeatedly steal all the tiny objects on the table and take them for herself, until finally the Hedgehog caught her watching and made eye contact, putting her finger over her lips in a vaguely threatening manner. She patted down her spikes repeatedly and finally it seemed she was going to leave.

"This isn't 'the' event of the night," she declared with an ambitious attempt at authority, turning and addressing the two others without really addressing them at all, more just making sure they heard, and could know they were disdained.

The German Shepherd smiled and nodded politely and refused to make eye contact with Chicken for fear of laughing.

"Gute nacht!" said the Chicken.