

Hayden Zhu

High School in America was a big four years for me. I felt uncertain about my body. Boys made fun of me for looking like "tall rabbit" and one time the most popular boy in school caught me on my way home and put me in a headlock. And he pried open my mouth and had Matthew Stone spit in it three times. The three of us did everything you can imagine together. Matt fucked me in my ass many times and Daniel had a special spot on his arm just for me to scratch and beat and burn with lighters and he said he'd tattoo my name over it one day. He taught me about my feet and I wore boots to crush his testicles but by accident so hard that he had go to the hospital.

My Mom would always be a colossal bitch about parties and things because when *she* was a young girl she threw Olympic discus and thinks that makes her superior. *She* is well-turned-out Superwoman who diets so hard she says she "digests her experiences." What a ho! She's not fat but a muscular piggy beast, bonde tho...I hate my white half. I feel like the Agent in The Matrix when he says "It's the smell", all the time. But at least I'm blonde and not a blackhead chink.

I got nothing from High School. Daniel could join me in Africa for a month before the Corp but I told him not to because it would only make the pain go longer. It should be like a Band-Aid instead. I told him something great on Skype. I said "You are a white privilege brat who's weak and just trying the military to be strong. But you're a fag." and I hung up but sent this in the chat: "I bet you will jerk off to my pictures forever. I know every picture I sent you and because you're a FAGGOT I know you won't delete them. The smile I made in the picture of me with Matt in the beach is MY smile so I get to decide what I'm smiling at and I decide I'm smiling at you being lonely and obsessing over me and still mad at Matt." I had to begin my life alone.

Daniel can't know this but my job made me do it. Then it made me go on hunting trips with ski-masked men, then study English and Acting at the People's University of Harare, then get a Representative to killing himself. I did it like Ellen Page in Hard Candy by blackmailing him about being a pedophile. I said I was thirteen and he still accepted naked pictures of me. I sent many pictures and we talked about my dream job, and many other things, for eight months before my real job said to finish. My dream job is to have an organic farm. There is so much peace on one of these farms! His was to be a shepherd. He probably meant Jesus but we always also talked about the rolling hills, pastures, trees, grass, animals, fruits and Sun and the *peace* of lying in the middle of it as husband and wife. In a child voice I asked him, "Why do people seek war and not only peace?"

"Well, why do trees not send all of their limbs into the pristine sky? Why do they root half of themselves in the muddy ground? A rich American, who fancied himself a poor farmer, told me this:

'They grow these roots to drink felled sediment, what all dead are reverted into. They thrive if we plowed in heavy rain years to make for good farmable sites, an event the trees "like", so-to-speak, for the increase in nitrogens.'

"So it is clear," he kept going, "that these creatures feed on others' deaths and, with the help of other ones, can even make food of their own dead leaves and branches. So it is with countries." He said this and I made an "Oh" sound and pretended to be confused and still learning, which excited him, and it was always easy to pull him in deeper with little things like that, until my job said we were deep enough. I don't know how things like that are calculated. I get instructions and prizes: iPhones, clothes, dinners, trips, and Dad said I could only stay in the house if I served a function. It is an every-second prize to serve a function. For too many years I served none, and only took, and every citizen needs to give more than they took before they die because the country needs to continue growing.

I killed ten African Representatives in three years and now it has been a slow two months. My job said to start reading about American TV, the *Chainsaw Diaries* show, and a woman named Julie Hing (I think I will be her), who has a very large and sad dossier, and a broken American man (I think he will be the target). So I have been doing this, and playing games, too, at home for two months. I am waiting to hear from Dad and my job. *Chainsaw Diaries* has been very funny to watch. It is about an idiot American police detective and his girlfriend, who is the serial killer he is looking for. They live together and there are many jokes about how obvious it is that she is the serial killer and he can't see it. The show is actually more about her. We follow her and her manipulations. A lot of American television is about manipulations, which is funny because they are so bad at them, like animals. They are also obsessed with sexism and the serial killer character Cindy targets only sexists to kill with her chainsaw and tries to convince her boyfriend that the killer could be a woman but he always denies this. One of the jokes is that to butcher humans she needs an industrial-size walk-in fridge and she convinces the detective to buy one by saying she wants to "explore cooking"! In one episode she sloppily forgets a bag of heads in the fridge and the detective finds it when he looks for a bottle of whiskey he hid there a season ago (he is an alcoholic and wants to drink because of work-related stress but then, when he sees the heads, he remembers that he needs to stay lucid). She convinces him that the bag of heads is a warning, or sportsman's gesture, left by the real killer, even though the heads were in a very utilitarian bag and stuffed in a back corner. I doubt our American target will be this idiotic but I'm excited to see what he is like, and to dress like his internet girlfriend Julie, who wears cute outfits with rubber gloves and aprons like killer-mode Cindy.