

Chapter 5: Subtext -- Of Horror!

SOURCE: Velveteen is the story of a young woman who travels back in time to 1983 San Francisco, where she is sucked into the seedy underground circuit. She subsequently murders the symbolic representation of Pure Evil embodied in the character Jackie_drew and finds Love and redemption at the eponymously-named Chicken Sandwich Restaurant.

TITLE: Velveteen Dissociated I: Velveteen In The Booth

SPASM: In that instant, that is to say, in a time and space simultaneously beyond, within and yet containing that which our embryonic huMan consciousness only dimly thinks it perceives as “time” and “space,” in short, in her soul, Velveteen (the real Velveteen, her spirit, not the decrepit corruption in which she was trapped) was propelled into The Dream World.

DREAM: In this particular dream, she was in a booth.

The air was thick and intoxicating.

The floor was slippery beneath her size 7 candy apple red Brian Atwood Merritta Zip-Front Sandals. Her skin was slick beneath her luxurious Tatiana Pearl Lace Bra Set from Frederick's of Hollywood, “perfect for nights of decadence and naughtiness.” She stood facing a smeared, foggy Plexiglass window.

SOURCE: The Noocj Group (Run by Lil Boochie, assisted by sidekick Jackie_drew, “associate” Angel Hair Bernardi, who is a horse, and nephew Boochie Mane, also a horse).

TITLE: Velveteen Dissociated II: Velveteen Helps Her Mother Die

SPASM: in a spasm, Velveteen experiences a flashback related to her mother’s death. When her mind wanders, a intrusive thought or memory or a voice seems to trigger a spasm.

DREAM: In this particular dream, her mother was back: and it was a known fact between the two of them that she had died of cancer and that she was back.

SOURCE: The Jack Pack controls the slave trade throughout Boochopolis from their headquarters located inside Lil Boochie World, modeled after the hideous “entertainment establishments” of the 1970’s and 1980’s. Later, Young Velveteen herself is transformed into Robot Velveteen and enslaved to Jackie_drew.

TITLE: Velveteen Dissociated III: Velveteen Cowering in Sickness and Terror

SPASM: In a flash, her guts were liquid. Her father loomed over her in the dark.

DREAM: In this particular dream which was a memory which was a dream, she was fourteen as she had always been and would forever be, dressed conservatively in her Blue Venus Women's Pleated Fit Flare Dress and matching Blue Size 9 2E Multi Leather Women's Aravon Kitt Cross

Strap Mary Janes, a simple silver tone Anchor's Away Nautical necklace set with a short chain (sailboats, fish and sea creatures were also available), Vintage Ralph Lauren Silver-Plated Demi-Hoop Earrings, a Thick Genuine Leather Cuff Bracelet, and her amazing adjustable Mood Ring, which changed color based on her emotional state, revealing whether was happy, sad, cool, nervous, roMantic, remorseful, troubled, or calm. (Guess which one she was now? You get three guesses, the first two don't count!) Please record your guesses below:

Guess Number One:

Guess Number Two:

Guess Number Three:

Velveteen. The correct answer is:

SFX: Cue drum roll.

Velveteen: Nervous!

SFX: Cue applause.

Velveteen. The name of my report is: Velveteen's "Traumatic Experiences I Have Known, By: Velveteen."

(Opens her blue bedazzled Glitter Folder, pushes her trademark pearlescent bright red oversize smart Girl glasses up onto the bridge of her nose with her right index finger and begins to read:)

Velveteen's "Traumatic Experiences I Have Known, By: Velveteen."

First of all, I'm not admitting to anything, OK? Not trying to be a *****, OK? But let's just say, for the sake of argument, that there was a little boy, OK? And that the little boy's name was Jack, OK? And let's just say that the little boy couldn't really remember what happened first, OK? But that when you say, "First traumatic experience," what he immediately thinks is,

"As a child I knew my S**uality, my gender and even my very existence were wrong. I knew they knew that too. As a child, I knew that my family knew what I was doing, when I first developed S**ually as children do, and that it was wrong. My father thought he "caught" me doing something about which

- Nobody had ever told me
- I discovered on my own
- Frightened me
- I didn't understand
- Had decided to stop doing

I believe this incident was particularly terrifying. I'm pretty sure lots of other super weird S** stuff went on in that house.”

So inevitably an actual boy inevitably discovered it had a body, and it was only decades later that the real Girl felt safe and healthy enough to do the same. And how were these poor babies to know that it was ok, really, perfectly natural, even healthy, to be desired and desire, when their souls were steeped in corruption? And if some completely random person, not their probation officer at all (*Please see “Meet Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short)”*), were to observe during, oh, I don't know, a home visit(?) that their not-filthy-at-all luxury apartment on the 19th floor of the prestigious Boochmark Tower, which they had assiduously transformed into (essentially) a multimedia studio, didn't seem very “homey,” how were they to say, “Well, if one's definition of ‘homey’ is ‘super weird and rapey,’ then no, it is definitely not ‘homey.’”

Because that would be rude.

And just because we know about each other doesn't mean we're not real, “Doctor.”

That is end of my report, Velveteen's “Traumatic Experiences I Have Known, By: Velveteen.”

And before it had even begun, the spasm was over and she was back with Saran in their favorite booth, Booth 36, at their favorite restaurant, Fine Dining Establishment, and she had no memory

at all of her journey beyond the moon. All she knew was that she just had one of her “twitchy things.”

Next - Velveteen's Return!