

Pockets

Y emptied Z's pockets and cringed. Z stood bemused – pocket linings hanging like a sad cocker spaniel's ears. Y, wide-eyed and retching, spit at the splayed inhabitants of the pockets. "You wandering fool; you wretch," Y shouted over the silence of the cavernous white room. "Why Why Why?" The question intimated the idiosyncrasy of the various strewn objects. Z wept, and hid the weakness Y perceived in a crumbling stoic mask. Z's feet scuffled. Z starred at the easily discarded objects, and planned an escape, but Z discovered a chain cemented to the ground and unconsciously fastened the chain with a padlock at the neck. Y's taunts remained insatiable, and intermittently Y would vomit over Z's few pitiful possessions. Z fastened braces over both knees to hinder any attempt to reclaim the proclaimed "pathetic" and "puerile" belongings. Z, initially nonplussed, slowly took anger at the derision. *Who is Y to question my dwellings?* Z snarled and Y leaped into the air in emphatic fright. "Your inquiries are a shield for your criticism." "Your presupposition is weighed with as much logic as your pocket's occupants." And after a few more of the same spats, Z noticed Y's protruding pockets. Z could only stretch the chain enough to eject Y's pockets. At this proximity, Z noticed a chain as well fastened to Y's neck; however, at the opposite end a bulbous weight rested, fastened indelibly to the chain. An epiphany overtook Z. *Y drags this weight, and upon any trifling provocation vilifies tirelessly.* Apparently, someone inscribed an etching to the weight, yet indecipherable under feculent slime. Z did not empathize with the weight, but exclaimed at Y's inability to recognize Y's own erupted pockets, dangling. Y snatched at the objects and stowed them out of sight. Z took the cue and placed the vomit-soaked belongings in their respective pockets. Y sneered and growled; Z longed for respite. Z inspected the secured chain, and saw it cemented to a weight rather than the ground. Z, with difficulty, trudged away, dragging the weight. Z's weight also had a mark, though a different etching. After Z left, the chain did not yield at Z's efforts of removal. With defeated acquiescence, Z ambled on. The weight fomented Z to intemperate wrath at the sight of others' pockets, until, using an object in a pocket, Z unfastened the chain.

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