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Gift

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GIFT

Put on these Indian flyer things here.

What are you talking about?

These.

Put them where?

On your ears, I guess.

Have you lost your mind?

No. Why?

I am not putting those on my ears.

I think that's what they're for.

You think those are earrings?

What else are they?

They look more like bagpipes, or porcupines. Put them on *your* ears.

I got them for you.

Well take them back.

I can't.

Why not?

The Indians said they would kill me if I tried to exchange a pur-

chase. Tribal law allows this, owing to the long history of broken treaties etc.

The earrings are moving.

Good God.

Those *are* porcupines. They sold you drugged porcupines. You are a fucking idiot, even before you announced I was to *wear* them.

How was I to know what they are? All I know about porcupines is that they eat buildings.

That is probably why the Indians won't exchange them for something that does not eat buildings.

Why didn't the Indians just kill them?

Instead of get money from you to take them away?

Yes.

I don't know. That's a hard one.

I couldn't see them well. They were half in the box, in tissue paper.

Something in a Dell computer box, weighing forty pounds, they tell you is earrings, and you buy it.

They said it was some kind of "flyer things," they mumbled, I thought they meant some kind of ceremonial headdress, not mere earrings, I don't know.

I think this is a transitional relationship.

What is?

You and me. You and I.

Transitional?

Yes. Crossing.

Into what?

Into not a relationship.

Because I bought you some earrings that turn out to be live animals? You regard that as an *infraction*?

That you expect me to strap twenty-pound balls of deadly quills to my head, yes, that is an infraction.

I don't expect it now that I see what they are.

That makes it even worse. You'd be somehow less stupid if you drugged *me* now and tied these things to my head.

You fly off the handle at the least provocation. I think you are right. The relationship is ABC. I will find a woman who does not freak because you buy her a surprising gift.

I'll have a lot of fun telling people about my ex who bought me porcupine earrings, *whole porcupine* earrings.

A gross distortion. They'll know you are crazy.

I won't be able to deny it, for having been with you up to that point.

Your whole life will become a fabric of lies if you start saying shit like that.

Shit like what?

Forget it. I bet these guys make good pets if you can keep them from eating the house. I think I'll ride out to the rez and thank the Indians profusely. They'll be laughing at me and it will be perfect. I'm in a new zone. We're all stupid, finally, babydoll, so you might as well get free in the deep end. Where you can maneuver.