

TABLE READ for ‘Just Things’, by actor/entrepreneur Freddy Moyano, May 31, 2017.

Link to audio reel of for this reading =

<https://soundcloud.com/freddy-moyano-lingua/jtbyfreddy>

I can’t sleep. It’s nothing out of the ordinary. My mind has raced since I was a kid. I probably should be used to it by now. But I’m not: Worry. Worry. Worry. **Stop.** Worry some more.

It’s like the ringing in my ears. That won’t stop either. It drives me crazy. I sleep with a fan, but the steady cadence of the blades whirling doesn’t help much. It just mocks me, blowing dust around the room and forcing me to pull the covers tighter around me, the way I do with the Things’ bandages for wounds. (Not that I hurt them all that often. I’m a nice guy.)

Don’t mistake *nice* for not callous. Some people count sheep. I count their screams. If it wasn’t so darn cold out, I’d go back to visit my Things. I like checking up on them, seeing how they’ve changed. Sometimes, I bring a bag of make-up. I fix them up the best I can. You see, I’m not *all* evil. It’s complicated. I guess there’s one good way to describe it: I’m a collector. Because of that, I *mostly* take good care of my Things.

Back to the screams: I lost count at forty-seven. Forty-seven bellows, pleas, and “Mister, why are you doing this to me’s?” Forty-seven blissful moments of feeling—no, knowing—I was God. Go ahead, roll your eyes, give me a dirty look. **It doesn’t matter what you think of me.** Until you’ve killed, you can’t *possibly* understand. ‘Til you’ve become a collector and taken pride in your things.

It’s in those final breaths before surrender where I get my high. Submission comes first through their eyes, which bulge, and, when I’m lucky, turn red. It’s even contagious. Mine turn red too, reflective of the panic. In that moment, we’re connected most. If you’ve done it, you know that the terror races through them and into your own hands toward the finish line. It enters your fingers, likely wrapped around their necks if you’re anything like me, and doesn’t leave until they’re finally dead. (I never kill from behind. That’s for cowards. I want to see it. I want *them* to see it coming too, so they know who’s in charge. What good is owning a Thing if it doesn’t know who its master is?)

Maybe it *was* forty-eight screams. I can’t be sure. The last Thing mumbled at the very end. I can’t decide whether to count it or not. I guess it would depend on what she said. I think it was “help,” so that would count. But if it was only a grunt, it doesn’t.

Silly little Things, they are. As if I haven’t anticipated their yammering. As if I don’t have a place where I can do my best work. As though I don’t have routines and a spot. As if they have a chance of escape. Like I haven’t prepared for this my whole life since that bitch in high school thought she was better than me. The one who made Momma laugh and say I was too “pansy” to ever land a girl like that. *Whatever, Momma. Look at you now.*

It’s cute, though. The screamers, as much as they annoy me, are also the most fun. There’s something more satisfying about possession after you’ve really earned it. That last one, well, she certainly gave me a run. I’ll have to pick up lipstick—cherry red—for our date this week. I’m a considerate man. I take care of my Things. I told you that already. I don’t think I’d like her so much if she hadn’t screamed. I wish I could be sure how many times it was. It’s really haunting me. I need my rest. It’s not going to happen ‘til I’ve completed my mental inventory.

I catalogue everything – journal entries of why I do the things I do, scrapbooks as reminders of my Things, and even logs of activities and research. I take this seriously, you see. And numbers, well, sometimes, they bother me.

Forty-eight is better than forty-seven. I don't like odd numbers. I don't like a lot of things. I don't like Things that think they are better than others. I can't stand pumpkin latté and I'm never late. Punctuality is the first step of being in control. The wonderful thing about Things is that once you possess them, they can't ever be late. Better? They *have* to respect you. And, they are *fully* in your control. Always. In all ways.

My wife, Shelia, she was always late. Couldn't even show up to church on time. What kind of woman of God was she? *Never* trust a ginger. Doesn't matter now anyway. She'd never have been good enough to be one of my Things. And I'm not saying they're all perfect. My Things come in every shape and size. I'm sure lots of them were like Shelia – loud-mouthed, white trash and big. Lopsided titties. Hell, Thing Ten is the perfect example of that. When I get to her, you'll hate her too. You'll thank me for doing what I did. The world's a better place with her, mostly, out of it.

Wait. That's it. That's why I can't sleep: odd numbers. Currently, I only have fifteen Things. I never sleep right when I'm stuck on an odd number. I hate odd numbers more than mocha with extra cream. I despise odd numbers even more than I hate Halloween—a holiday for posers. Odd numbers are the worst, especially thirteen.