

# Unanswered E-mails Over a Cup of Coffee and a Microwaved Danish

*by* Kyle Hemmings

Hi Zin,

Really enjoyed seeing you again at *Miranda Sinned*. Looked like you enjoyed doing the St. Vitus. Don't ask me how but I got rum and coke on my panties. When I got home, I had a craving for tongue and my honey's talking squid, later, some fruit loops without milk. Q. What does all this make me? A. A girl without zippers. How did I ever come to this? Felicity, my ex-piano teacher and the one you saw me cracking spines with at the club is now my new mother goddess traveling incognito in hostile territory. She says I feign submission so I can sabotage a relationship and blame it on my victim/mother-clone. But what does that have to do anything? I can still scramble eggs with one hand. I can still make someone turn the color of burned ham. Hey, heard you crashed at Tony's after the club. Is it true? You slept between Chop Chop and Bruce? Did they lasso you in their sleep or are they really gay? Did you listen to each one's dreams and jot down the plotlines? It could be used for future extortion. See you soon. I love my new life. No boys. No broken condoms. No falling arches at rush hour. No Hitlers in my bed.

Love,  
The Amazon Chick  
Who Likes Her Eggs  
Sunny Side UP

Hey Zin,

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Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/kyle-hemmings/unanswered-e-mails-over-a-cup-of-coffee-and-a-microwaved-danish>»  
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This is Joey Fisher, the guy you met the other night at *Miranda Sinned*. Like I said, I saw you singing at Blue Ice a few weeks back. Loved your voice but you need better material. The punks backing you up need some boot camp with Mel Bay. Are they audio-philos or audio-phobics? Just joking. I left you a QR code that when downloaded will take you to my website. Shows you some of the talent I've worked with: Martha Graves and the Fantastics, Mother Gone Mad, Cecily's In Trouble. There are also some hot pics of me while vacationing in CanCun. I really look forward to working with you, I mean, depending if we meet each other's expectations, and I know we will. Your voice is honey and it sings the melody of \$\$\$\$. But I must warn you. We might have to change your name. Zin doesn't cut it unless you're into astro-house and you'd be a minority of one. Are you into Deep Spike Metal? Do you snort life or exhale it? Did I tell you that you're cute in a broken vase kind of way? I wanted to talk to you longer, but you wandered away into the men's room, instead of veering to your left. You were that drunk. When sober, you must wear men like argyles. Only joking. Please get back to me ASAP.

Joey the Musical Dragon

Hi Zin,

I was passing by your hangout-*Miranda Sinned*--and I picked up a plastic girl with all your features. Only her eyes and lips could move. So I felt sorry for her, people passing her on the sidewalk like she was a manikin who needed a life but all she got was stillness, which is a form of nothing. So I tucked Plastic Girl under my arm and walked down East Houston. Plastic Girl said Where are you taking me? I said, I'm not sure, maybe we'll go shopping together, or maybe to Miranda's when it opens, but you can't dance, so nuke that idea. She asked me to put her down. I leaned her up against the wall of an

old brick and mortar building that I knew housed a 24 hr. massage parlor and the office of a guy I worked for. He was a Chinese gangster kingpin, who on the side, collected exotic butterflies. He gave each one the name of a love child. With her blue hungry planet-boy eyes, Plastic Girl froze me. She said What are you looking for? Do you think you can find luv with a replica? Polyurethane silence and doll-drop eyes? I said I don't care. I said you remind me of someone who was once there as like inside but I don't know myself anymore. Plastic Girl's hand slowly raised. I stepped back, not sure how to process this. Then, she melted. What was left was a girly space alien with flashing eyes and antennae for ears. She placed me under her arm and we flew over the city. It gives you a different perspective being up here, doesn't it? she asked. Yes, I said, but I'm dizzy at heights. We landed at the same spot, in front of Miranda's, and after a long waxy kiss, she took off. She said she had to return to her planet and her parents were old fashion. I told her I'd keep in touch through virtual thought channeling while keeping Deep Space integrity.

Zin, if you believe this story, then give me a call.

If you don't, then give me a call anyway because I can't seem to reach you.

Love,  
Beatle-Boy

