

Doggio's eyes

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*In memory of my dog; Boris, the only animal I ever
loved.*

1, Hunting

I fell in love with a boy. I saw his long, black hair wave in the wind and it just happened. He was new at school and I didn't know his name but that wasn't going to stop me! He looked at me, when his hair was waiving in the wind and I looked back and I smiled. I hoped my braces didn't put him off. I hate my braces. My teeth weren't even that crooked! But mom just told me whatever the dentist said, or the psychiatrist, or the schoolmaster, and she never listened to me. She thought I was stupid or something. 'Just wait!', I always thought, 'Wait until I finish a book! What kind of sixteen-year-old writes a book huh?' I guessed that if I would write a book, my mom and the teachers and the kids at school would finally start respecting me! Because they can't do that. They used to tell me all these things. That I dress to slutty or not slutty enough. That I need to study math. That I always need to study math even though I have no desire of becoming a mathematician. Grades! Grades! All they cared about was grades. They thought it was the stairway to heaven or something. Every

A is another positive step towards God.
What a bunch of nut-cases. I mean, I can name more famous people that mattered who did not do good at school than ones who did. Tsssss.

Anyways, I was writing about this boy and I was like, wow! And I don't know why. He just sat there, all alone. I was afraid to go over there because I'm shy. And I didn't know what to say. I decided to think about what to say to him all night so that the day after, I could say that to him, as if I didn't think about it at all. And I also had to decide what to wear when I would speak to him, this lonely new boy. He was reading something. It was too far away for me to read the title but it was a really thick book. I also like to read. I read all sorts of stuff. Especially detectives. I kind of wanted to write a detective. And maybe I am writing one. Maybe I'm some sort of love-detective. And love is way more complex than any murder motive, right?

I thought of all sorts of things to say that night, when my mom stopped bothering me about math because she went to sleep and the television wasn't on anymore. Always

the television. Don't these people know that they can watch pretty much anything on the internet nowadays? I mean, why let some big channel decide for you what you should watch when you can just go to pirate-bay and download all the movies and shows you want to see? My mom didn't want to hear it. She said its thievery and she didn't raise a thief. I'd much rather be a thief than a mathematician though!

The first thing that came into my mind was to ask him if he needed some company. But what if he would say no? Or what if he would think that I would be the one that actually needed company, or that I was inviting him over to sit with me and my stupid girlfriends, showing each other pictures of stuff and faces on our phones? I would be so embarrassed when he would come over and sit with us! I wondered for a while why I sat with those girls sometimes. I showed them stuff on my phone, that wasn't very interesting and they showed stuff on their phones that was even less interesting. I wanted to talk about freedom, hope and books and tell jokes. I was too smart for these people, way too smart for this stupid

school and this stupid town I would have been stuck in for another two years.

'What are you reading?', I could ask. Maybe he'd like to talk about it. But then I remembered that the reason I stopped taking my own books to school was that I got that stupid question all the time. I always said, 'Look it up on Goodreads. Once I finish it, I might also write a review there. So far so good. Would you please excuse me now? I'm trying to read.', and they would get kind of insulted. They even called me a nerd once or twice. I didn't like that. I'm not a nerd. I don't read nerd books either. I'm just literate beyond the capability of reading a comment on your Facebook-selfie. And most aren't even that literate anymore because who the fuck still uses Facebook?

I had nothing to say and nothing to wear, because my nice green summer dress was in the machine of course and I didn't want to look like all the other girls, which I always did because my mom didn't let me shop by myself and I didn't have any money. I always got the kind of clothes mom wanted me to wear. Jeans. All these jeans and all these shirts and skirts that fall slightly over

my knees. Sweaters and more sweaters. Nothing really nice. Nothing really special. I wanted to look like a real woman. I didn't want to look like some stupid teenager. I'm not a stupid teenager. I'm a smart teenager. And I should be able to dress smart. But the only smart thing I had was that dress, that was perfect, because my hair is red and my eyes are blue so green goes really well with that. Especially that kind of green. Light. But I already wore it to school that day for some reason I can't explain. Usually I just wore it on occasions but that morning I felt that it was very important to look on my best. Like something told me I was going to see that boy, that I wanted to be with, for the rest of my life, even though I had never spoken to him.

'I like your hair.', no. 'Are you new here?', no. 'Hi, I'm Samantha.', no. Pink sweater/black jeans? Black sweater/pink skirt? Blue jeans/gray sweater? WHY DON'T I HAVE MORE DRESSES! I really wanted more dresses. I decided to go with the first thing that came to my mind because that's usually the best thing. And I wondered what color lipstick would fit best with pink

sweater/black jeans. I knew my mom had cherry red, but I was afraid that would look to aggressive. Too sexy. Pink lipstick would be too girlish, and it would kind of be a little too pink that way. I had one pair of high heels but they were very uncomfortable and I hoped that he would walk me home and I didn't want to embarrass myself with my stupid high heel walk, because those shoes hurt so much that he might see it and he'll ask what's wrong with me and then I'd have to lie because if I'd tell him the truth about it it'll be really awkward.

I just decided to wear no lipstick at all, and no heels, just my Nike's, and I also decided that I was just going to walk up to him and say the first thing that would come into my mind. I was really nervous. I didn't get much sleep and I looked like absolute shit when I stood in front of the mirror at seven in the morning. After applying some mascara, a bit of rouge and pretty much every cosmetic except for lipstick, I looked alright, although it did take me about forty minutes.

'You're not going to school like that!', my mom said when she saw me on the couch with my breakfast cereal.

'Why not?', I asked.

'Because you look like a prostitute.'

'But I'm not even wearing any lipstick!', I protested.

'You still look like a prostitute.'

'Well then, I think I'll just become the school prostitute. If that's the only way of getting money for decent looking clothes and stuff.'

'Don't get clever with me young-lady. Wash that stuff off your face right now and don't be late for school.'

I said nothing when I walked past her but I gave her a look that was very angry. I'm very good at giving people that look. I practiced it a lot in the mirror. I saw some panic in her eyes as I gave it to her. It didn't last long but it was there, a fraction of a second, then she came back to her senses and said: 'You'll understand when you're older.'

'I understand now,' I said in front of the mirror, while I was washing off all that hard work I did, 'you're a puritan prude. That's why.' and I walked out of the house, slamming the door just hard enough for mom to notice it was a slam but not so hard

to make her complain about it. The sun was shining and I was hungry because I couldn't finish my cereal and I only had like, five spoons or something. And I didn't have any money either. I didn't want to go to school anymore. I looked like shit. How are you supposed to talk to a boy like that if you look like shit? So, I decided not to go to math but to the supermarket, to steal the most whorish makeup they had.

I'd stolen chocolate before and that wasn't too difficult. But then I was wearing stockings and I could easily stick them in there without anyone noticing. Now I wasn't wearing any because I wanted to show that boy my legs through the holes in my black jeans. My legs are the best part of my body. Or maybe my brain. I'd show him my brain later.

I had mascara in my bra, cherry red lipstick anyways, some rouge and some eyeshadow. Blue one. I looked at the camera angle before I stuck it in there, so my back was towards it and they couldn't see it. I'm pretty good at not being noticed. I just hoped that I would be good at being noticed too that day.

I looked in my wallet and I only had two dollars and fifty cents, so I bought some yogurt, because I was still hungry. The checker boy was looking at me. I think he liked me. I think he knew but he didn't say anything because he liked me.

In school, the classes had already started for a half-an-hour and my math teacher always got furious when you're late so I decided to take that half-an-hour to apply all this makeup I just stole in the bathroom.

'Ssst.', I heard coming out of one of the bathroom stalls. I was curious about who was in there, fucking or something, so I pretended to leave after washing my hands and sneaked in there again, without a sound.

'Alright. It's OK Susy. Do a little sniff OK.'

'I don't wanna do it off the toilet seat!'

'Why don't you do it off my dick then? You're gonna suck it anyways.'

'I don't know Tygo.'

'Come on, I'll do one off your ass too. It'll be really sexy. Trust me.'

'It's too small here. How am I supposed to sit?'

'Just sit over the toilet biatch.'

'That's nasty.'

'No, it's not.'

'I don't want to do it Tygo. Here, just do it from the key.'

'I wanna do it off your ass.'

'Please. Don't be such a... let's just do this OK.'

'Bend over biatch!'

'Fuck you!'

'Fuck me? How about I fuck you!'

'Tygo don't do that. I'll scream.'

'If you scream, I'll tell your parents that you do cocaine.'

'No, no, no... do you know who my dad is?'

'I know, and so you better bend over the toilet biach.'

'Alright, just do it quickly OK.'

There was a sniffing sound, then there was a dimmed 'Fuck yeah' from Tygo.

'Alright, now where's my sniffy?'

'Right here on my dick biatch. Let me just... a fuck.'

'God damn it Tygo! You got any more?'

'Just sniff it of the floor.'

'That's fucking dirty. And this is your fault. I told you that you should have just used the key.'

'It's my fucking coke bitch, and if you wanna taste, you sniff it off the fucking floor.'

'Jesus fucking shit Tygo.', Susy said, and there was more sniffing, and there was a 'what are you doing. Don't fucking... Tygo...', another sniff, and a bang on the door, more banging on the door, rhythmic banging. And Susy was saying 'A fuck, Jesus fucking shit... Aw fuck... just, aw fuck, just don't go so deep... aw shit... that fucking hurts.', and then she stopped saying anything, she just sort of gave into it, accepting it. It was hard to focus on my makeup but it was a good gossip that I could always use to blackmail Tygo or Susy for something. I figured that I better just get some evidence so I took my phone out of my pocket and recorded the fucking.

'Turn around biatch I wanna cum in your mouth.', Tygo said.

'I don't want that in my mouth!', Susy complained.

'You wanna get pregnant biatch? Turn around and suck that dick like you promised.'

There was sigh, and then there were sucking noises. 'Suck it harder.', Tygo said, and repeated, over and over, until he said 'Fucking lazy bitch.' and he did something that made her gag and there was another bang on the door, and Susy gagged again.

'Open your mouth. Yeah, just like that. Stick your tongue out further, alright, alright, fuck... YEAH BITCH... fuck... swallow it. No bitch you gotta swallow.'

'Let me go Tygo!'

'Not until you swallow. It's good for you.'

There was a swallowing noise. Tygo said, 'Good girl.' And two seconds later the door opened. I pressed stop recording and stuck my phone back in my pocket. They did not seem to notice my phone.

Susy turned white as a sheet when she saw me standing there, applying my makeup as if I didn't hear a thing.

'You tell anyone about this I'll kill you, you understand?!', Tygo said.

'About what?', I asked.

Tygo nodded and he walked out of the bathroom. Susy stood before the mirror and wiped some sperm off the corner of her mouth. She looked at me and said; 'You look like a whore Samantha.', and she walked out of the bathroom. I smiled. Also, I decided that she was right. I wiped most of the whorish makeup from my face and went outside to wait for the next class. Tygo was smoking a cigarette behind one of the trees. I asked him if I could bum one and he gave one to me. He also gave me a light, then he gave me a look that said, "I want to fuck you." and I gave him a look that said "This ass comes with a bigger price tag than a sniff of coke you stupid loser."

'Nice weather ain't it.', Tygo said.

'Fuck you.', I said.

'You know how it is.'

'Yeah.'

'You won't tell, will you?'

'I won't. But you have to apologize for threatening me.'

'OK.'

'So, apologize then.'

'I'm sorry.'

'Apology accepted.', I said and I walked away from Tygo. I was happy to smoke in the sunshine. I didn't have a smoke for days. It's just nice to smoke sometimes, I think. I looked at my phone and saw that the next class was PE, and it would start in five minutes. I looked at the sky, ever so blue, and I just wondered why I had to exercise inside a stupid gym building while I could run in the forest by myself so I might actually enjoy the physical exercise. I fucking hated being sixteen.

Then again, I pretty much hated everything. Maybe because everything sucks when you're sixteen. I hoped to get rich. Then I'd be done with all this bullshit. Anyways, I went to PE class and told the teacher I had a headache due to PMS but he had talked to the substitute two weeks ago, who I had told the same excuse. The difference was, that even though it didn't really trouble me, I did have my period now so when he called me on it, I yanked out a bloody tampon and swung it in front of his face. I was excused from gym class but I had to promise I would not do that again.

I saw them run. I like to run. But I like to run on my own. I'm fast. Sometimes I saw animals in the forest where I ran. I wished I had a rifle when I saw them. I wanted to hunt. That was one of the reasons I wanted to get rich, so I could hunt. I used to have an BB-gun but they took it away from me when they found out I was shooting birds and rabbits with it. I'm an excellent shot. And as I looked at the people running, in a nice little square, to warm up for all the fun, I fantasized about hunting them. I fantasized about being in the forest with a light rifle, like a Vector, that I can run with, and I'm faster than them and the bullet is way faster than them. I would play with them. Miss them on purpose. Shoot all the trees around them. It would be the best thing to see Annabel run away from the bullet hail that hits pretty much everything except for her skinny ass, and then a squirrel falls down in front of her, shot in the eye, and she would know that no matter how skinny that ass of her is, it ain't gonna save her, that nothing will save her, but she keeps on running, as she was doing now.

Before all the fun started that I could not be part of due to my bloody woman's curse, there was an announcement made by the PE teacher that I forgot the name of.

'Misses Sanches and mister Fog cannot be at school today, so for however has biology or history today, we advise you to use the time productively and we would like to alert you that these are still school hours and that it is forbidden to leave the perimeter during that time.'

And I thought today was going to be a bad day! I thought about just going to lie down in the sunshine for two hours, think about what to say to that boy and listen to some Motörhead, my favorite band. I don't look like a fan, because I don't like too much black because I think that's boring and if I wear the T-shirt I'd be one of THOSE girls and before you know it Motörhead, the greatest band in the history of history of history and even before that will be hailed in the same fashion as we hail the mediocre alto rock shit of Nirvana which is alright but totally not heavy and totally not Metal. I really like heavy metal. I like angry music. I feel angry when I listen to music that isn't

angry and I feel at peace when the music is angry enough. Nice people piss me off. That's maybe why I liked that boy. He didn't seem very nice. He just looked around, with a paper in front of him, holding that book, wearing heavy sunglasses, only taking them off when he gave people funny looks. Not like a clown or anything, but like, yeah... this is me assholes, come and get it. Like a real man. Like a boy that can handle the situation. I see these boys all acting tough around me. They can't run, they can't fight and they like stupid shit. They talk and talk but then some situation comes and they all panic. It doesn't matter what the situation is. Good, bad, safe, dangerous. They want this pussy. But they don't even know where the clit is on the pussy. I was at this party once and this guy said he was really good at pleasing woman sexually so I asked him where the clit was and he didn't even know! I told him he was a pussy and his clit was to be found on his forehead, where he had a big red pimple, floating in a sea of eczema. YAK! I hate pimples! I cut them open with a sharp knife and then I put all the pimple product in there that I can find and also

some alcohol. And some salt. The little scars go away in a matter of weeks and the fuckers are not going to return. But your face will burn. You have to bleed. And only women bleed. True bleeders. And what are we bleeding for? This bullshit here? Nah, if I have to bleed, I bleed for a boy worth bleeding for. And that boy... something about that boy...

All my people hunting fantasies got very intense as I saw them hurdling over hurdles. Here is the hurdle, you think overcoming this obstacle will bring you closer to safety. So, when you are on the verge of decent, I shoot, but I shoot not your head, I shoot your leg, so you fall down, on my side of the hurdle, and then you know all is lost. And I stand over you, and I wait until I see acceptance in your eyes. Accept that I am the one. The only. The unbeatable Samantha, and you don't fuck with me! I wished I had more cigarettes.

I had history from Fog planned next so when gym class was over, I sat under a tree and got my phone out of my pocket. I looked at my messages and there was a message from Ronnie. Ronnie asked me... oh well, I

might as well paraphrase, then you know right away who Ronnie is:

‘Hi Sam say you sit alone in gym. Do you have PTSD again? Anything I can do I’m here. I can really understand your problems so if you want to talk like now or something...’

So yeah, those are the kind of idiots that are trying to get into my pants. He wants to lick my vag clean like a rich cunt’s poodle. You’re so nice Ronnie. I was listening to *Inferno* (which is my favorite Motörhead album) and I thought of Lemmy, and how bad I wanted to get fucked by Lemmy. There was this concert when I was fourteen and three quarters, and I thought I could maybe sneak in backstage, and get to Lemmy, and then Lemmy would fuck me rough, from behind. I masturbated many evenings to it. I would just sneak out and go to the concert. Only fifty miles away. I would hitchhike, I would suck dick for a ride. Anything to get to Lemmy. But my mom noticed and she called the police and I was picked up by a cop car. That was the first one that stopped when I stuck my thumb in the air, ready for anything but that. I will

have my revenge on her, for humiliating me like that! And now Lemmy is dead.

But here was that boy. He was wearing a suit. Black blouse, black tie, black pants, black shoes, and he was looking at a black watch through his black sunglasses. His black hair waved in the summer breeze over his pale face, he looked to the left, he looked to the right, he moved closer while he was looking to the right, and then he was only 15 feet away, and then he looked at me, and he smiled. I smiled back. He took off his sunglasses and he said something but Lemmy was singing 'FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!' and I couldn't hear him so I took out the earphones and I said 'What?'

'Nothing.'

'You were saying something. I saw you say something.'

'I did say something.'

'Then what were you saying?'

'I told you.'

'No, you didn't.'

'Yes, I did. I told you I said nothing.'

'You're weird.'

'Yes.'

It went so fast. I didn't think about what I was saying. I was a little confused. But in a good way. I liked that confusion. I wanted him to confuse me more.

'What's your name?'

'What's yours?'

'My name is Samantha, now what's yours?'

'Whatever you want.'

'Alright. I'll call you Stupirandimo then. You like that?'

'Fine by me.', he said, now even closer to me, because with every word that he said, he moved a little closer. But we were still talking loudly, as if we were still 15 feet away. He looked to the sky for a second, then he looked at me again. And he said the most wonderful thing:

'I am Stupirandimo! The king of the retarded! The smart tried their best at school and now they are stuck in traffic in slightly more expensive cars. They are so smart that they don't have to talk about anything but the new show on Netflix, because they already agreed on everything else. They are so smart, they die in hospitals, on every drug except for opium. They are so smart they can thrive in slavery. I guess I'm stupid,

because I can't thrive in slavery. So, I like that. And I want to be the king. Bow for king Stupirandimo! You wanna be my queen? My queen Stupida?"

I laughed. He sat on the grass opposed to me and stuck his hand out. 'But in all seriousness, he said with the least serious face I ever saw. 'my name is Vincent.'

'Pleased to meet you Vincent.', I said and I looked at him a little naughty. In the girl group that I was kind of part of, they were getting hysterical over it. They manically laughed, and they neurotically tapped on their phones. I got a text from Ann.

'DON'T GET SUCKED INTO THE MATRIX.', it said. I showed the text to Vincent and I pointed at Ann, who was sitting in the girl group, with a goofy smile on her stupid face.

'Can I borrow that?' Vincent asked and I handed him the phone. He typed very slowly, as if he had never used one before. He lit a cigarette while he was typing. I anxiously looked at his slim fingers touching the screen, wondering what it was that was being written on it, one letter at the time. After the cigarette had burned to the filter,