

Imagine My Surprise!

[The Keenan Harris Tapes]



K.S. Haddock

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or

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by

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a novel

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1. So, There I Am, Dying

Imagine my surprise! I was dying!

I remember the lovely prick of the needle in my arm. It was a clear January night, and I slouched on my black leather sofa watching the distant, twinkly lights of downtown San Francisco—watching them fade. Franks had come by with a birthday bag of really good heroin, and I fixed on my couch in front of those twinkly lights like I'd done so many times before. And *mmmm*, the Pavlov prick of the needle is exciting in its own right—you almost don't *need* what follows. Unfortunately, what *did* follow was an overdose. A murder-dose. I didn't see it coming.

But back to that moment—that *rush*. It's like ... love ascending. Then after you're an addict, it's like a glancing moment of love quickly plummeting into spiritual disappointment. Like an entire relationship in one shot. Exhilaration and heartbreak. One second you're on top of the world, the next second, bitter, inevitable loss. And then you need more.

So, there I am, dying, and my heart is breaking—literally—under the weight of a heavy overdose of some very fine Afghani White heroin ... cut with fentanyl. First of all, that anyone would sully such a high-grade narcotic with crap like fentanyl was a crime unto itself. Secondly, this was my unfortunate introduction to fentanyl. I was unable to move. Not twenty feet away in the kitchen drawer was a lifesaving dose of Narcan. I remember the feeling of liquid on my chin, dripping down my gray goatee onto my chest, ruining my expensive blue Brunello Cucinelli button-down. I was vomiting: so rookie, so preschool.

But if you're on your way out, overdosing on smack is probably not the worst. (I've heard drowning, just before the end, is quite pleasant.) Dying at the hands of the Goddess, as some call it, *has* to be a great way to go. All my anger had vanished, even my anger toward Franks for giving me such a high-priced hotshot. Heroin being heroin, it was hard to give a shit why he had murdered me, hard to care that I was dying at all.

And so I slipped down a rabbit hole, and with me went reality, the world, and the aforementioned prickly beautiful lights of downtown San Francisco. I slid comfortably back into the womb of creation, its arms enfolding, drawing

me back into the birth canal of existence, back to the atoms, to the Adam, to the beginning, and I didn't care because I was full of careless heroin love. I was either going to wake up in the hospital or not wake up at all, and either seemed a perfect outcome.

Happy birthday to me. I was fifty.



Imagine my surprise—and my dismay—to find out I didn't exactly die. After a brief period of the most ravishing, rhapsodic blackness, the rabbit hole appeared again and was coming back toward me. I couldn't breathe. I was cramped and wet. I was sure I was regaining consciousness in a giant pool of my own vomit. And the smell! There was a stink I cannot describe, like fish and feces and gut-stink, and it took my breath away. My lungs felt filled with fluid. And there was a taste, a taste of bile and something else, something indescribable yet somehow familiar.

The rabbit hole wasn't approaching me, I was being squeezed out of *it*. Slowly. I was losing patience and my anger was returning. I thought, whatever bad trip this is, I'm going to kill someone, someone in particular—Franks, that halitotic Irish motherfucker.

To make matters worse, I couldn't move. All musculature was gone from my body; I was bound in a wet sleeve with no muscles. A kind of goo blurred my eyes; my hearing was a sluiced white noise. It would be disappointing if the heroin had left me too brain damaged to personally kick the shit out of Franks.

The warm fuzzy of the heroin was quickly vanishing. My senses were a disquieting swirl, like a really bad acid trip. Then I was suddenly out of the hole and into the daylight. Yay!

Hold it. No—not *daylight*—it was *surgical* light! I'd made it to the hospital! It's just like I said, you either wake up dead or in the hospital.

I was freezing and everything was a blur, both sight and sound. I filled my lungs and screamed like a baby. I was alive!

2.

Keenan at Seven Years

Okay, before I resume this audio transcript—my *audio*-biography, if you will—let me give you a short bio. I'm Keenan Solomon Harris. I'm seven years old, caucasian, kind of skinny and I have brownish hair that turns red in the summer. My hair used to be a bright reddish blond, tow-headed. I'm sure one day there won't be any hair at all, just like Granddad!

My mom is Louise Ann Solomon. They call her Louisiana. The Solomons were Jewish transplants to the South, who (so the story goes) were forced under duress to renounce their faith and pretend to be Baptists. In the end, they just became godless. Actually, my mom is a good personification of the American South: tawdry, sultry and a little mean. Well, she's not as mean as she used to be.

My dad, Andrew Dylan Harris, is Boston Irish—a Southie—and he met my mom by way of a tryst-gone-awry during a certain Burning Man Festival. Dad was a ne'er-do-well with an odd sense of humor; he had the loser's knack for bad decision-making and a tragic penchant for romantic love. He's also not as bad as he used to be.

Like I said before, lately, I realized I'm...it's hard to explain, but I'm *forgetting* myself. Every once and a while I suddenly find myself thinking and acting like a silly seven-year-old. That's why I have to get it all down. I didn't know that this was how it would turn out, that I had only a limited amount of time, but I'm glad for it. Keenan is going to forget the past and become himself. I'm glad and kind of sad...but mostly glad. I don't want this Keenan character to end up like who I was. I want him to have a bright and shining chance at innocence, to learn love and heartbreak on his own, hopefully without opiates. I want him to experience wonder and triumph untainted by second thoughts and cynicism.

Here's the real scoop: I used to be a guy named Keith Stanford Haddock, and—I've always wanted to say *this*—this is my story.

3. The New K.S.

Imagine my surprise when I realized what the fuck was going on.

“Holy Christ!” I shouted. But what came out was more like a squawky rattling shriek. I couldn’t control my mouth and tongue, and I had no fucking teeth! I had *no fucking teeth!*

The world was a cold, blurry cacophony. I bawled like a—*yes*—baby. I was uncontrollably angry, having a tantrum. Something was tugging on my stomach. Latex fingers passed me around.

I was insane.

Somehow, I found a moment of focus. I had to pull myself together. I obviously was not a screaming gore-covered nine-pound baby boy. I *was* a boy, right? No, c’mon, this was wrong. I was actually back in the real world in my death throes on my leather couch overlooking San Francisco, puke running down my face ruining my expensive shirt. I was *not* being wiped clean of a thick coating of placental goo and being swaddled in a warm blanket like a full-body tourniquet. I was *not* being weighed and measured; I was not being nestled into someone’s warm, protective arms.

What was happening was I was in the throes of a full-blown drug psychosis.

It was some new designer drug with a name like *Womb* or *Rebirth*, and it made you feel like you’d died and been reborn into a little bitty baby. That *had* to be it.

Suddenly, it was quiet. I’d stopped bawling.

I couldn’t see worth a damn. It was like being drunk with Vaseline in your eyes. Except without the drunk. My hearing was all a-jangle. My skin felt bathed in Novocain; my skin felt vague, fuzzy. Sight, sound and touch happened in shapes without definition.

But oh the smell! Never had my olfactory been so acute. Thirty years of smoking had taken its toll on the ol’ sniffer. That, and, well, let’s face it—the kilos of coke I’d snorted. Now I could smell with canine acuity: Pinesol, floral hand cleanser, sweat on a woman’s skin, the smell of ...what? *Aftershave*. Two aftershaves. There was cheap jasmine perfume. Coffee—with cream and sugar. I could smell blood. Blood and urine. A hint of shit. I smelled three types of bad breath, and the minty fresh breath of someone chewing gum. I could even smell

the cigarette somebody had smoked. A cigarette! I would've killed for it. Killed, I say! I smelled the liquor from somebody's pores after a night's hard drinking. A man's sour drunk-sweat. Probably the sweat of my new father in this increasingly vivid hallucination. And there was a curious sweet smell, directly below me.

I tried prying open my weak eyelids. Why couldn't I do it? Slivers of blurry shapes. As I wedged them open more, images were a white burst of over-exposed film. Colorless shapes bobbed before me; I realized the shapes were people looking down at me. I wanted to fend them off but I couldn't lift my tiny flaccid arms, leaden encumbrances without purpose. Minutes ago, before I injected myself with this new designer drug that I'm calling *Womb*, I was a tallish, brawny, white male who could break somebody in two with one well-placed roundhouse. Now I was tiny and helpless, and I was pretty sure I was about to piss and shit myself.

What a fucking nightmare. I *hated* this drug.

I began crying again. I was lifted, passed around. Then I was back in my warm swaddled arm-crook. I liked it there so I stopped crying. I managed to open my eyes a little more; the blur sharpened. But I was seeing in black and white.

Sound was blurry, voices distorted. It sounded something like this:

Male-sounding voice 1: Hhheehheeh rhrhllloookss llrrrike mheheheeee.

Male-sounding voice 2: Rhee jdduuuzzz rorrlook rrrrichhe ywhooooo.

Female-like voice coming from behind my head: Djddoodgggedd uhhs bbbhhuulleeeett. Whheeeehewww!

There was a cacophony of what I'm pretty sure was laughter. Everyone sounded drunk.

Female-like voice 1: Hhhhgggheeeeeezzz ppprrrrbbaablee zhuuunggrreee.

Male-sounding voice 1: Gggccchiive ghhiim tthshshhhhuahhh ttiitt.

They sounded drunk, but it was *me* who was hearing drunk. All those little pieces of the ear? Cochlea, vestibule, the stapes and the something-or-other along with a host of auditory nerves going to and coming from my baby brain. All that shit wasn't strong yet so I had the ears of a drunk, which is apropos since I had the life of a drunk—albeit a highly functional drunk.

The sardonic female voice coming from under me was my new mom, Louisiana. Which made that pervasive sweet smell her mother's milk. It hit me then that the growing pain in my stomach was hunger. I was famished. But I couldn't turn my head. There were no fucking muscles in my neck. My body was

a flopping paroxysm. So instead, I squirmed. My head, like my arms, was a useless leaden appendage. In my brain I was making the words, *Please, someone, I'm so hungry!* But in reality I was croaking the sounds of a dying asthmatic cat.

Somebody said something and there was laughter. Weird echoey laughter. They all knew what I wanted, it seemed. Mom turned me over. That smell was overpowering, sweet. If the idea of love had a smell, that was it: mother's milk, love elixir. It *was* love. It was everything I ever wanted. It was my new heroin. That's what it was like! I had found my new heroin and it was my mother's own milk. How convenient!

I needed it. I had a brainless zombie desire that controlled my rubbery, boneless body. I groped with my mouth and pried with useless fingers, and for the first time in living memory I suckled a breast for the primary reason breasts exist: the milk—*sustenance*.

When the milk passed through my gums, I heard radio waves. Almost deafening—it was an aurally synesthetic response to the mother's milk. And it was Beethoven.

All I could hear, shutting out the world (save for the slurping of warm magical nectar seeping past my toothless gums), was the chorus to *Ode an die Freude*.

Ode to Joy.

So this is what Beethoven meant.

4.

Keenan at Seven Years

Being seven is fucked up. I'm not talking about me, since I'm only *biologically* seven. I'm like 57 in mind-years. *Mind-years*—I like that—very sci-fi.

But yeah, the age of seven is messed up no matter what intellectual age you are. You're stuck between the memory of toddlerism and the promise of preteendom. Case in point: today was the last day of school—my last day of third grade. I sit in the middle of the second row of the class because my last name starts with an "H". I've got Hector Guzman to the left of me, heavy, thick-lipped and loud, and Georgia Hanson to the right of me, waifish, thin-lipped and a little dense. See, if I were a real seven-year-old, I'd call her a stupid stinky retard (Ralphy Malkmus' term). But I do actually think Georgia might be a little intellectually challenged. I'd bet it was a lack of stimulation in her home environment. I've clocked all

my classmates' parents. Georgia's mother, Linda or Belinda or something, is very concerned about the size of her neighbor's pool; and her father, Steve, is bothered by how the neighbor's trees are in conflict with his easement. I should know—they live a couple doors down. Yeah, home-owning adults really worry about this shit.

At school today, we were wrapping up a little Roman history. The teacher, Ms. De Silva, was too matronly to dress as hiply as she does. She couldn't have known how ridiculous her back tattoo would look when she reached 40, with the attendant stretch marks. She asked the question "What were the slaves called, the ones sent to the coliseum to fight?" A few kids raised their hands. I never raise my hand anymore. Mrs. De Silva and I have an arrangement.

So she went down the rows, and she must've been in a particularly bitchy mood because she picked Bobby Shaw, a good-natured kid whose excitability gives him something of a stutter sometimes.

"Bobby? Are you listening? The slaves sent to the coliseum to fight—what were they called?"

He smiled his sideways smile. "I'm listenin', Mrs. D. It was th-those fighters like in th-that movie, those..."

Several kids whispered to him.

"Mr. Shaw, maybe if you weren't conversing with Mr. Taylor, you'd be—"

I enthusiastically threw my hand up. Her face twitched. By now, the entire faculty handled me with trepidation. And no wonder since I only speak up to correct them or combat their injustice and hypocrisy.

"Mr. Harris," De Silva sighed as she made her way to the front of the classroom. "Should I start writing out the Principal's slip now or should I wait for your keen insights? Pun intended."

"That's funny. You should hear my keen insights."

This sass, coming from the soprano voice of a seven-year-old. It's got to be a mind-fuck, but she was a little inured to it by now. It wasn't just the teachers—my fellow classmates in this mild-mannered suburban public grammar school, Village Elementary, also gave me a wide berth. Not because I was mean to them, mind you, but because I literally couldn't act my age. While they didn't get it on an intellectual level, they knew something was wrong with me. I clearly wasn't one

of them.

On a psychiatric ward, it's the crazies who can identify the faker.

"Well?"

"Well, Mrs. De Silva, not only slaves fought in the arena. Roman soldiers, professional fighters, prisoners of war, and political enemies also fought there."

De Silva sighed. "Keenan, yes, you're absolutely right. But the word I was looking for was *glad-i-a-tors*." She enunciated it slowly.

"Technically, only the professional fighters were *glad-i-a-tors*. The rest were fodder." And then I couldn't help myself; I suddenly stood up and raised my voice. "Fodder—like my comrades here in this very classroom!"

"Sit down, Mr. Harris."

Growing up the last seven years, seeing the world transpire from a height of zero to four feet, reintroduced me to the banalities that comprise adulthood. I'm ashamed that I was ever a grown-up. As a seven-and-a-half-year-old, I'm part of a vast, invisible underclass in front of which adults pantomime their way zombie-like through affairs and divorces, business deals and friendships, all the while giving up on—and *fucking* up—their children. These adults surround me. And their kids, these little pods of potential that surround me at school every day, are sullied by the knee-deep bullshit of their parents' messy lives.

5.

Keenan, Newborn

So I was born. Again.

Imagine my surprise to find out my new name was Keenan Solomon Harris. Nine pounds three ounces. Eighteen inches long. K.S.H. Being reincarnated into my own former initials and on my former birthday, January 26, was proof of a higher...*something*. This was a cruel stroke to a life-long atheist. If I had only known in my old life that death wasn't the end, I could've done away with a shit-load of existential dread.

Faith with proof is no faith.

So there I was at the midwifery center, a wriggling newborn. A few days limped by and I alternately sucked, shat, and pissed with little or no control whatsoever. I cried some—not the wail of a newborn, but the confused weeping of someone dumbfounded by his predicament. At least that's how it sounded in

my small head.

Soon enough, through all the cooing and handling and suckling, through all the shitting, pissing and vomiting, through all the passing around to different relatives and complete strangers, my senses grew stronger. Smell and taste were off the charts. My past life held no memory of such richness. Vision, not so much; I couldn't get my eyes to focus. I could make out my fingers, stuff right in front of my face, but that was about it. As my baby-hearing became less drunk, I heard a phrase oft repeated: "Introducing Keenan Solomon Harris. Nine pounds 3 ounces. Over 18 inches! Big as a salmon!" This charmer was my new father.

Big as a salmon. He must've said that every day for two weeks.

The invariable response to this was, "Keenan Solomon? Sounds like a Black name."

Dad, or Andrew Dylan Harris, Drew, was skinny, tall, red-brown hair, super Anglo. He had a goofy smile and barely a chin. He would have been 30 at the time. Affable. Hapless. Jobless, most of the time. He held me in his arms like I was made of eggshells. I felt impossibly small; I remember what a trip it was. I still half-believed I would wake up.

You know what's the worst? Adults sticking their big, ugly mugs in my face. Every interaction was an invasion of my personal space. Giant faces garishly thrust at me, making ga-ga nonsense words and smelling of perfume, aftershave, liquor, cigarettes, coffee, halitosis. These were primarily Dad, Gramma and Pop-pop (mom's side), and Uncle Joe and Aunt Shelly (dad's side). Mom didn't have any siblings and Dad's remaining parent, his father, Edward, was hobbled by dementia back in Boston. I was handed off and prodded by strangers, doctors, visitors—all manner of human flotsam to whom parents willingly hand over their little babies. I felt like a fucking hot potato—a hot potato that got poked, pinched, and babbled to. I'd been reborn in Hell. I was a Sartrean character stuck in a room ripe with the stench of provinciality, quotidian aspirations, and junior college degrees, unable to run away, unable to form words, unable to escape at all, straight-jacket-swaddled in a baby blanket.

Strangely, the only person who didn't baby-talk or change her vocal register to me was my new mother. My milk dealer. What was it about the milk? It had to be some hormone hard-wired into my limbic system. In the presence of the nipple, I had no control; when that fat-drenched creamy goodness trickled down my throat, I was like a junkie with a fix: totally absorbed. It even made me nod

off.

Mom—Louisiana, as everyone called her—was a real piece of work. Her low voice held a hint of the South, graveled with cigarettes and filtered through a California accent. Though I could feel the happiness and connection and love in her when I was born, there was something amiss. I could sense her disappointment, desperation and...was it contempt? Not at me, at everyone, everything else.

All these things I quickly registered within my short stay at the midwifery.

At this stage, I had a sort of rolling consciousness. I chalked it up to my developing brain, my nascent reticular activating system. My old self might've been reborn inside this new shell, but it was still at the mercy of human biology.

About that, human biology: of course I realized even then, at the hospital, that I shouldn't have been able to think the thoughts I was thinking. The physical structure of the newborn human brain—about a third the size of an adult—should not be capable of complex thought. Its cerebral cortex is vastly undeveloped at that point. But the mysteries of the brain are numberless, and reincarnation wasn't supposed to be scientifically possible, so I soon tired of this riddle.

On the first morning of my rebirth, I woke to my mother handing me off to a blur that I identified as Dad, and some other guy whose seriousness suggested he was a doctor. They wheeled me away in a plastic crib into another room. A flurry of faces floated above me in surgical masks. *Curious*, I thought.

Dad said: "Zyoo whown fheel uh shang...esss hokay."

I felt a sharp something down below. I couldn't lift my head to see what the hell the doctor was doing down there. There was this tugging feeling. I thought, *HOLY SHIT!* Then, by the time I realized I'd just been circumcised, it was over. I didn't even have time to cry or protest, and the aftermath was not much more painful than, say, fucking yourself raw. With none of the pleasure of getting there.

As the day wore on, I started to understand much of what I was hearing. Sound was rattled and tinny, like a stereo EQ with the treble jacked and the bass missing. A bad cassette recording.

That night, as I lay in Louisiana's arms, the TV blaring, a man delivered the top of the news. It was my biggest revelation yet.

"Good evening on this Thursday, January 27, 2022..."

I began to cry.

Lou kissed my head. "What is it, honey?"

Five years had lapsed. I struggled to turn my head toward the television,

but my neck could not support my head. Had I heard correctly? Was that right? January 27? I was born yesterday. That meant I died and was reborn on my birthday. Five years earlier, alone in my house on Potrero Hill, I had died, a junkie loser.

So, that was the brass tacks: I had been reborn on my birthday in the middling Northern California suburb of Campbell—in Santa Clara County, Silicon Valley. I'd been reincarnated forty miles south of where I'd died.

~*~

What was I saying? Oh, yeah—I'm a newborn. I held a belief that my new life was an hallucination for some time. I occasionally still luxuriate in it. And in this extended dream, I was now a Harris.

After I was born, they drove me home from the 'birthing center' in what I could only discern was a Japanese car owned by a chain smoker. See, Louisiana was a smoker, and she could barely wait to be wheeled from the facility before lighting up. As they released her on the steps of the midwifery, she handed me off to Pops and searched for a pack of cigarettes. Actually, the pack of cigarettes was in the form of a bow-wrapped gift from Dad's sister, Aunt Shelly. Uncle Joe pulled up in a car which looked to my blurry eyes to be a faded red Toyota Corolla. Meanwhile, Mom savagely ripped the gift wrapping from the cigarettes, a pack of Winston Reds. She gazed at them tearfully, long-lost friends. Then she tore into the pack and, with shaky hands, guided a cigarette between her un-lipsticked lips. She searched for a lighter in her voluminous purse, cursing. She found it, and lit up, drawing deeply, with pleasure.

Pops carried me away from her toward the idling Toyota.

"Honey," Pops said, "Joe's here. Let's go."

Louisiana stopped and looked at him with slow-burn defiance.

"I haven't had a fucking cigarette in nine fucking months and if I don't smoke this fucking cigarette, I'm going to rip both your and Joe's fucking heads off and shove them up your own motherfucking asses. *Capisce?*"

Drew nodded his head obsequiously and knelt, opening the rear passenger door with one hand while holding me in the other; he slid into the back. They didn't have a baby seat yet so he belted up and held me tightly. *Genius*. Dad

noticed his Uncle Joe was also smoking.

“Um, Joe...snub the butt. A newborn child is in the vehicle,” Pops said.

“Oh, shit, Drew, sorry.” I noted, *Drew...they call him Drew*. Uncle Joe, a short, taut man with a shock of black hair, flicked the cigarette quickly to the asphalt outside his window. Joe had a Boston accent. He looked back and smiled at me, sticking a stubby finger in my face. *Ah! Nicotine!* I could smell it, and I grabbed his giant finger with my little hands and suckled on it greedily. He grinned and let me.

“What’s taking Lous so long?” Joe asked, adjusting his head to see his sister-in-law through the passenger window.

Pops sighed. “Well, I guess the best way to put it is that she’s having her first *fucking* cigarette in nine *motherfucking* months. To paraphrase.”

Uncle Joe nodded appreciatively. “Ah...that’s gotta taste good.”

I cooed in agreement.

6.

Keenan at Seven Years

I’m running out of gas today talking on this little device. The attic is an oven. Amidst the boxes, ancient electronics, broken bicycles, unused sports equipment, and dusty furniture, I’ve set up a toy battlefield, battalions of green plastic army men warring against blue plastic army men. Old school boy fun. War *never* goes out of style. Though, as I recall, in my first childhood, the blue men were Nazis with submachine guns and potato-masher grenades. Now the blue ones are politically correct and are molded exactly the same as the green ones.

So good ol’ Uncle Joe, it turned out, was a lot like me and my crew. You will soon become acquainted with my former cohort, a motley crew of San Francisco petty criminals, part Dickens, part *Cannery Row*; my criminal apostles were both smart and stupid, and I suppose I was too because I was hanging out with them.

In becoming a criminal, I’d turned my back on my beautiful San Francisco life. On my sister. Worst of all, I’d thrown in my artistic towel after years of fearless, if not delusional, toil. There is no worse Judas.

I turned away from the pursuit of my art to join the sordid world of reverse mortgage brokering, which dovetailed effortlessly into a world of crime, a world I’d often rubbed up against but had never sunk to, at least never all the way.

Believe it or not, it wasn't a giant leap from reverse mortgage brokering to dealing cocaine, which is the wrong business for an enthusiastic cocaine user. From there it was down hill into a fetid stew of illicit behavior facilitated by a team of morally handicapped degenerates over whom I lorded, their thin allegiance held only because *I* was the money. They thought I was their ticket. It'd be foolish to think they actually liked me for who I was because I never *showed* them who I was.

I'm getting ahead of myself...let's get back to Joe. He and Shelly were grifters, a married couple right out of a Jim Thompson novel. As I would find out, Joe was a small time Boston wiseguy—at least he fancied himself as such.

As I sat around for those first months, immobilized in my newborn shape and cursing the criminal descent that led me there, I puzzled over my death. I figured it was murder, plain and simple, and I had been returned to this earthly existence to solve the murder and to make some roundabout amends for my slips of faith—not losing faith in a higher power, but losing faith in love, friendship, family, right and wrong. Deciding to solve a murder when you are zero years is an uphill mission, but I had nothing but time.

But right now it's back to the sweltering attic and my army men. *My cover*. Mom and Dad think I'm up in the attic playing, that the sound of my voice is me making up dialog. I use an old baby monitor to watch the stairs in case they get curious and try to sneak up here and catch me dictating about a life of crime. The baby monitor is now a *parent* monitor, a *grup* detector.

This late in the afternoon, it gets too hot to stay up here, even with the window open. So I'm going to take a juice break and see what Ralphy is up to. It's currently summer vacation—July 5th—and I have all summer to spin this unbelievable yarn. Hopefully, I won't slip all the way into age seven before I can finish. Talk to you later.

7.

Keenan, Newborn

It's later.

Biology erased all misgivings I might've had about breastfeeding. It was now hardwired into my brain like a heroin mainline. This evolutionary instinct to