

Holden Caulfield

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I think it's kinda funny. This has been the worst week of my life. A lot of bad thoughts. I used to be scared that people could read my thoughts, so every time I thought of something bad, I would hide it under a topic that wouldn't attract as much attention. I don't feel guilty about the things I think about anymore; they don't keep me up at night as they might others.

My mother and father are getting divorced. It doesn't bother me though. The colour of pain is a beautiful thing on others. I don't mean I like seeing them hurt; it just makes me feel better. Anyway, that's why they sent me here. They're worried the divorce is damaging my social life; they think therapy will help me get my feelings out. But my social life is fine. I don't like parties, but I go to them anyway. Sometimes, I'll even host them myself. My parties are always the best.

I feel as if it's hard to connect to people sometimes. It's just too much effort, and I'm fine with my own company.

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'The most loving parents and relatives commit murder with smiles on their faces. They force us to destroy the person we really are: a subtle kind of murder.' —Jim Morrison

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'Why has this has been the worst week ever?' the therapist asks.

Let's see:

Her: I think we should break up.

Me: Why?

Her: You don't care about me.

Me: Who said that?

Her: You did.

Me: Not to you I didn't.

Her: Jeff told me everything.

Me: D*ck. (*Paces back and forth.*) I'm sorry you found out. Can we just move on?

Her: (Says something I don't remember).

Me: (Calls her a name).

I haven't seen her since.

'Oh my,' the therapist replies.

Yeah.

I want to make this clear; I'm not upset because she broke up with me. I'm more worried about what it will look like in other people's eyes. That I'm a loner, a loser, a failure. This is why I'm upset.

'I want to get a better look at the type of person you are. Tell me about yourself. What are your interests?'

I like to get my friends drunk until they pass out and tie them up and lock them in the boot of my car, then drive off down the road. I'll circle town until they wake up and start screaming. Don't worry, I tell them it's a joke, and I'm not kidnapping them.

The trick is to never drink yourself.

I can only work sober.

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'Every serial killer has a copy of Catcher in the Rye in their home' —Jam Jam Man

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I've been writing a story. It's about a guy who hasn't lost his virginity. He's in his thirties, so his friends convince him to see a cheap street hooker. He's a bit nervous and ends up forgetting his protection. Being not so legit, she doesn't have anything either, so he puts on a sock. But this is the first person he's ever been intimate with, so he ends up prematurely ejaculating and doesn't even get to fuck. It's an allegory for the Russian Revolution.

Silence.

Do you want to hear a poem I've been working on?

'Absolutely not.'

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Memory:

I'm nine years old.

My dad has taken me to the doctors, and we are on our way home in the car. We're heading onto Main Street at about seven in the evening. There are no cars around. I'm not paying attention to anything, until my dad suddenly crashes into something and swerves the car into a stop. I look out the window and see a man lying on the road, screaming.

My dad turns to me and says, "Don't ever tell anybody about this," and he drives off.

I haven't told anyone yet, and I don't think I will.

I don't trust the therapist either.

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'When there's no more room in hell, the dead will walk the earth.' —George A. Romero

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Inside my room, there is:

- A desk and chair.
- A queen-sized bed.
- A drawer for my clothes.
- A bookshelf.

That is all.

My bookshelf contains such works as *Emma* by Jane Austen, *Invisible Monsters* by Chuck Palahniuk, *Hell's Angels* by Hunter S. Thomson, *American Psycho* by Bret Easton Ellis, and the one I just finished, *The Catcher in the Rye* by J.D. Salinger.

I loved that book. I really did. I've never read anything like it. So controversial. So relatable. I can't believe it was banned from schools. Every high schooler should read it at least once. This is my favourite quote from the book:

"This fall I think you're riding for—it's a special kind of fall, a horrible kind. The man falling isn't permitted to feel or hear himself hit bottom. He just keeps falling and falling. The whole arrangement's designed for men who, at some time or other in their lives, were looking for something their own environment couldn't supply them with. Or they thought their own environment couldn't supply them with. So they gave up looking. They gave it up before they ever really even got started."

The guy he's talking about is me. How humans are destined to be disappointed by the success or failure of their own lives. And once we start our downfall, it only gets harder to gain a more positive perspective.

‘That’s an interesting observation. I read the book once when I was in school and hated it,’ the therapist says.

How can you possibly hate it? It has the most relatable character in it since Mary Shelly’s *Frankenstein*.

‘I found the main character sort of whiney and annoying.’

No way. He’s the ultimate embodiment of a teenager. I’m going to change my name to Holden Caulfield.

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‘Life is beautiful. Really, it is. Full of beauty and illusions. Life is great. Without it, you’d be dead.’ —Harmony Korine

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I’ve started to accept my own mortality. Eventually, everything must end. It can’t go on forever. But what if I don’t want to leave? I’m by no means an unhappy person. I get maximum enjoyment out of life. It’s exciting and thrilling. I never want to die.

I’ve also been thinking about this theory that humans are holograms. Can holograms have feelings? Can humans have feelings? Are we even real? Are you real?

‘I’m as real as you are.’

Am I real?

I’ve been having a lot of bad thoughts lately. Thoughts I can’t control. Thoughts of violence. Thoughts of chaos. Morning chaos, evening chaos, eternity chaos, noon chaos, evening chaos, midnight chaos, eternity chaos. Something is changing inside of me. What will come of it; who’s to know? Positive or negative; who’s to know?

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‘There is something at work in my soul, which I do not understand.’ —Mary Shelly