

BUBBY

Good morning, Bubby! If the soft morning glow and scent of our freshly manicured courtyard hasn't woken you, it is my duty to deliver you from the distant visions of your dream life, to the privileged life of the matron of this glorious estate. I've brought your medication and a breakfast smoothie! Forgive me for adding some extra ingredients-Dr. White's dosages are reliably heavy, but it's in my best interest to see that you remain blissfully removed from the day to day operations of this estate. I love you, Bubby!

Another day has come, Bubby! I hope you enjoyed your hour of television last night, I selected the QVC network as inoffensive and placating content for you to enjoy from your throne of domestic bliss, the Tempur-LuxeAdapt mattress. Bubby, why is your jaw locked tight? It cannot be that you don't want your medicine. Everyone from myself to Dr. White agrees that it's best for you to avoid the upsetting potential of life. After all, we're all you have left. No one has called in months. Even if they did, our estate is "off the beaten path," and most of our kin would rather die than give up just one of their days of luxury traipsing the Spanish Isles or Italian countryside. Very good, Bubby. Our morning routine (which I treasure) is so much easier when you consume your medicine peacefully! I have something to show you, Bubby. It's a 16th Century medieval flail, bought through an online auction. I have to thank you, Bubby. You never cared much for my happiness as a child, but now that you've taken ill, I'm free to indulge my fascination with medieval weaponry, amongst many many other hobbies. I've instructed the staff to don padding so I can incorporate them into my daily practice, followed by a southwestern-style lunch buffet, and screening of Dario Argento's "Tenebrae," in the screening room. Thank you for everything, Bubby. I love you!

Bubby, wherever did you go! Imagine my surprise at bringing your morning pills, only to find your room empty! Wherever could you be, perhaps in one of my estate's thirteen palatial bedrooms. Perhaps in one of the six immaculate bathrooms. Oh Bubby! Imagining you having slipped and cracked open your skull covering my heated mosaic tile floor with your purple cerebral discharge fills me with such dread. Perhaps the screening room. Have you been watching my collection of 35mm Italian films? You know they upset you and I will not allow it! You must never enter the screening room! Is it possible you scaled the stone walls? Did you descend safely to the ground, or have you fallen, with a jagged shiv of bone sticking through the tender flesh of your thigh? Oh, Bubby! Are you in the shivering cold of our 70 acre grounds? My mind wanders to releasing our trained hounds, they are so hungry on these cold mornings! They would find you in minutes. How would you run? How would you escape their gnashing teeth. It's already been 6 hours!

Bubby, I simply must lock the gates until you are found! Imagine leaving through the front, and embarking on the twenty mile walk to town with your condition! I cannot allow it! I have remotely locked and electrified the gate. I have activated the motion detectors. I have confiscated the car keys and slashed the tires. I am pouring over the security footage. I have sunk the boat. I have padlocked the food storage. I refuse to eat or sleep until you're found! 12 hours gone, where are you! Can you see the courtyard? Surrounded by immaculate greenery? What is that in the middle? I had the staff organize a gourmet buffet luncheon, just for you! Rows of roast beef, scalloped potatoes, roasted carrots, fresh brioche, handmade sushi, all your favorites! And at the table? A setting for one! All I ask is that you consume the six pills arranged next to the soup spoon. I promise any punishment will only be equivalent to the mental anguish you have caused me!

Bubby, the truth is, you are a very sick woman! It is not safe for you to be running and hiding to and fro across our estate. Dr. White said you have the worst case of leaky gut he has ever seen! He recommends sedation, three times a day! Your adrenal gland is completely drained after raising twelve children, it's time for your morphine shot! Your Xanax and Valium smoothie sits undrank and you must be starving after 48 hours! Bubby, please, come home. For your own sake. For me!

Bubby where could you be! Who else would care for you as I do! It's a crime that you left me out of the will, your most loving grandson! My trust is completely drained, and if something were to happen to you, I would be quite simply fucked! I give you my sacred love and you give me your thumbprint confirmation and signature on many many checks! Boats, vintage cars, my collection of medieval weaponry, all these things are nothing compared to my love for you! I miss you so! These have been the worst 60 hours of my life. Even worse than the accident. Even worse than the trial. Even worse than the hospital. Even worse than the second accident. Even worse than the second trial! However, not worse than the second hospitalization! Let me make you happy. You've never enjoyed my company, I can admit that now! That's why I have given you the gift of solitude and pharmaceutical bliss in your old age! You're lucky to have me. Any other relative of yours would be content to lock you away in some tomb with the other denizens of your generation, but I saw a use for you yet!

Bubby you have impressed me thoroughly! Yes, our family has been asking for you. I remember you asking why I record all your conversations. It is for times like this, Bubby! I have a wondrous digital soundbank of your voice, ready for any conversation! But Bubby, how long will that last before people ask questions! Cousin Heather's nuptials are in a month, and Aunt Katherine expects to see you pleasantly content in the front row! I propose you reveal yourself at once, and you will not be punished! In fact, you will be rewarded, for I give up, Bubby. You

have proven your point and I offer the following. One (1) additional hour of television viewing time, unrestricted content! One (1) additional meal per week, Bubby's choice! That means access to Cook, and his myriad of delicacies crafted from rare birds and fish. One (1) monitored phone call per month. Two (2) additional hours of time per week to roam our vast grounds. Of course, I must insist on accompanying you, with two of the hounds. I have invited Dr. White to arrive on my call, at which time you will be treated for malnutrition and any injuries you may have suffered. What else could you possibly desire, Bubby? Haven't I treated you well? Haven't I given you everything you've ever wanted? I know you can hear me you bitch!

I'm tired, Bubby! And I work out twice a day, at a third of your age. I can only imagine how you feel! 80 hours gone! You gave me no choice but to give the hounds the scent of your undergarments. Away they go! They have the scent and they're off! Perhaps you overheard the bugle this morning at dawn. We've pounded through the wooded grounds, I atop my horse, Gideon. My tranquilizer rifle at the ready. With unimaginable speed we cover the forest. I've never felt so alive! How could we return empty handed, again and again? I had no choice but to send a message to the hounds, I terminated the weakest and set them loose again. Another will be felled with each empty handed search! As I sit on my balcony sipping a brandy, I gaze across the vast estate with my telescope. A rare moment to myself. Where could you be...

Bubby, I apologize for everything! I should not have taken your possessions and heirlooms into the courtyard, and smashed them with a hammer. I should not have defecated over the wreckage. But you have pushed me, Bubby. You have changed me. I was doing so well, existing. My needs were finally taken care of. I had time to write, time to practice the art of medieval combat, time to explore my mind. Things have changed, Bubby. I have found a special place in the wine cellar, Bubby. I drilled shackles to the wall. I dream about leaving you there, Bubby. Every day, I'll lay a brick at your feet. Slowly I'll build a wall. I'll keep you there as I watch

your eyes beg me for a sip of water as I slide the last brick into the wall, where you won't escape again! I'll get a body, I have ways of getting a body. Our surviving relatives won't care enough to check it. I'll say you choked on your eggs. Only I will know, Bubby! How you slowly wasted away underground, buried alive!

The forest is so beautiful, Bubby. Wrapped in sharp golden licks of flame. I can hear the hounds howling. The moon is so bright. Bubby, I wish you were here. It's so beautiful. I helped myself to your medicine cabinet, I was so disturbed by your conspicuous absence. The heat behind me tells me that the fire has spread! Glass shatters below me and my fine Japanese appliances are surely buckling from the heat. Look what you've done, Bubby. Everything we enjoyed is now turning to ash. Maybe I went too far? Did I respect you? Did I cherish my beloved Bubby? You were always a waste. You shamed me like everyone else, you belonged in the East Wing, out of sight and medicated. I'd do it again, Bubby! If you don't burn into a pillar of ash, I promise you Bubby, I'll do it again!

Morning! I scaled the walls, Bubby. I escaped the fire. It was easier than expected. The picture grows more clear. I have good news, Bubby! The fire could not breach the thick metal of the vault which stores my collection of medieval weaponry! The firemen were helpful, they fed me oxygen. They made me strong again. I went downtown and treated myself to a CLASSIC Porsche 911 Carrera. My collection of automobiles may have imploded as their gas tanks boiled, but I'm approaching life with a quality over quantity mindset! Did you know that the local library keeps blueprints of each residence in the district? Our estate is included! As I poured over the detailed and complete plans of our home, I found a surprising entry, a nuclear fallout shelter! Father must have built it in the fifties, before I was even born. Knowing him, it would have been stocked with supplies and enough physical protection to ward off bands of roving working class reactionaries. I'm on the long road leading to our estate. I'm taking my time. Next

to me is a personal favorite, a late 15th Century steel mace purchased at auction in London. My mind is sharp. My lungs are healing.

I'm coming, Bubby! I love you.