

The Story of My Telepathic Life

By Gary LM Martin

Age 10

I had a perfectly happy life until Dad tried to kill me.

Well, all right, maybe that's an exaggeration, on two counts.

First of all, Dad didn't *actually* try to kill me. He just thought a lot about it, *really really hard*.

Dad thought about stabbing me, clubbing me to death like a seal hunter, poisoning me, drowning me, decapitating me, gouging my eyes out, dropping me from a tall building, shooting me, and on and on and on. Dad was already creative in thinking of new ways to murder his little girl and I always marveled at the forcefulness and creativity behind his thoughts.

Or not.

But we'll get back to that in a bit.

The other bit of exaggeration I did (in my very first sentence in my very first chapter!) was that I had a *happy* life until Dad started thinking about murdering me. My life wasn't happy, it was *dull*. But then, after I developed my new abilities, it became positively *anxious*. And this was even *before* I learned I could read minds.

I lived in a lily white suburb of Charlotte, North Carolina. My family purposefully moved to a stable, middle class community which was mostly white, and then promptly felt guilty about it, like all the rest of the social justice minded families who lived around us. We wanted diversity as a global concept; we just didn't want it particularly in Marvin, North Carolina.

When my Dad, Jonathan Diggler, wasn't busy thinking of ways to kill his most adorable and cuddly daughter, he could be found working hard as a doctor at Charlotte Obama General Hospital. A black name was added to the hospital's name like most institution in the hopes that the White Lives Don't Matter mobs wouldn't burn the place down. I didn't learn any of this until years later. At times you'll see me writing from the perspective of a ten year old with incredible poise and knowledge. If I wrote at the intellectual heights of the actual age I was writing about I would sound like a retard, and who wants to read a book about a retarded person?

Anyway, where was I? My Dad was great, really loving, *except* when he was trying to kill me. I had a Mom, too, Maureen Diggler. Yes, Diggler is my last name and is uncomfortably close to "Diddle", one of many slang terms for masturbation, so you can probably guess how much I enjoyed my family name by the time High School rolled around.

My Mom was a breastologist. At the time it was a relatively new field. *How to fucking explain it?* Breastology is like... like *astrology for the breasts*. More on that later. I also had an older sister Claire, who, when I was ten years old must have been... let me see... 12. Claire was *a real bitch* even at 12, and as she got older *her bitchiness only increased*, probably *exponentially*. I also had a younger brother Clay who was eight when I was ten, and I also had a younger sister named Audrey who must have been... six, I think. I loved Clay and Audrey. Clay had his problems but was lovable in his own way, and Audrey was very cute with her bright red hair and was very lively. We were great friends all throughout life... except for the ten years she refused to speak to me... which in my mind *was entirely justified*, given *the truly terrible things I did to her and Mom*. More on that later.

As far as I know I was an ordinary child. Well, maybe not *ordinary*. Mom always thought I was *a bit odd*, and this was even *before* I started to read minds. Since you're reading this book to discover

my life as a telepath, let's get past my no doubt *fascinating teething and potty training stories* and get to the very first time it happened. And I *think* that first time was when I was the age of ten.

It's hard to be sure because the first time it happened (and maybe the second and third) I wasn't really aware that it was happening. It was only years later, looking backwards, that I vaguely remembered the first time it *might* have happened, and that was when I was ten years of age.

And here it is, the magic moment:

My Mom popped her head into the living room. Claire and I were watching *Survey Trek*. I looked up and said, "In a minute, Mom."

She hadn't even spoken. A child could have inferred from the time that she was calling us to dinner. But in my mind Mom had clearly said, "Come to dinner, dears" even though she hadn't spoken. At such a young age I didn't notice the distinction, not until I thought back on it much later.

The second time it happened was just minutes after the first time, so close that in my mind I just combine the two to consider both incidents to be the "first time". Mom had mentioned that Michelle had invited her to go to the nail salon with her and that triggered an item of continual interest in my mind. "Mom, was I named for Michelle?"

"You were named for shit," Claire smirked.

"Claire! Watch your mouth, young lady!" Mom snapped. She turned to me. "Dear, I always thought Michelle was a beautiful name."

"But did you name me for her?" I didn't like Michelle. She wore a ton of colors on her face and had long painted nails. She looked like some sort of exotic space alien from *Survey Trek*.

Mom paused, just a second too long. "No, of course not."

That did it! I was *convinced* I was named for her! But that's not the second part of the first incident I was referring to. That happened a few moments later, when I was spooning string beans as limp as a leftist's penis and pushing them around my plate in the hopes they would vanish on their own. "Mom, what are we doing for my 11th birthday?"

"You'll see, dear," She said, with a knowing smile. "It's a surprise."

Social Justice Land. I heard it as clearly as if my mother had said it aloud. And sure enough, that's where we went for my birthday. Did I imagine it? Was it wishful thinking? Or had I read my mother's mind twice in the space of an hour? At the time, I didn't think anything of it.

The second time it happened (if you combine the first two times as one time, which makes perfect sense to me and I am sure to you as well), was when I was talking to my friend Tiffany at Big Bertha Washington Elementary School. The school used to be named George Washington Elementary School but as George Washington was a slaveholder and didn't support equal rights for transsexuals, it was decided to rename it after one of his slaves named Big Bertha, who I later learned was the real driving force behind the drafting of the Constitution, providing James Madison and John Hancock with the intellectual brainpower to put the whole thing together. Bertha was not educated but she was a very wise African. It was also thought that *White Lives Don't Matter* mobs might be less likely to burn the school down if it were named after a wise African.

Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, the Second Time. My friend Tiffany had us guess what her mother had gotten her for her 11th birthday. She looked at me and Christina Stalwart and Susan Johansen and then I said, "Tickets to Two Big Shekels" and her face fell. "How did you know that?"

I didn't know. I had never even heard of the Jewish quarter black rapper before. Tiffany's voice just seem to ring in my head with the answer. I shrugged my shoulders. Remember, I was only ten and not super articulate!

But I think that was definitely, definitely the second time, or, if the first time was just a big coincidence, then the second time was the first time.

Either way, I could read minds.

I still didn't realize it at the time, of course, not even when it happened the *third* time.

It was when my darling older sister Claire and I were fighting over the controls of the holoprojector. Claire wanted to watch *The Slutty Wives of Los Angeles County* and I wanted to watch *Survey Trek*. We wrestled with the controls for a moment and then I cried out, "Mom!"

After I called her the *fucking third time* Mom leisurely entered the living room. "What is it now, dear?"

"Claire won't let me watch *Survey Trek* and it's my turn to choose! And she called me a little cunt!"

Claire's mouth dropped open. "I did not!"

"You did!" I felt so *certain*. But thinking back on it, I remember now that I had indeed *heard it* but that Claire had never *said it*.

I had just read my older sister's mind.

Mom told us to work it out peaceably and to remember that we were sisters and should work together. And then when she left the room Claire grabbed the remote and grinned wickedly at me. "All right, let's work together and see what's on holo... you *little cunt*."