

## Elixir

I come from a long line of divorcees. My grandmother, Agnes, married three times. The first marriage lasted six months, the second one lasted thirteen years, and the third lasted thirty-three minutes. My mother, Beth, wasn't going to be outdone by her mother, Agnes. Beth wed six times and there isn't enough space here to describe the lengths and intricacies of each marriage. It should be obvious by now that my family was in show business. If you're finding it hard to keep track of our names just remember, they go in alphabetical order. Agnes, Beth, then me, Cylvia.

Agnes began in vaudeville, then transitioned to the silver screen. She was one of the few actors to survive when sound was introduced. In her late forties, and coincidentally during the late 1940's, she gave birth to Beth. Agnes had no other children and figured that she was biologically incapable of reproducing. The birth was an accident- well no. She very much intentionally gave birth, but the conception was accidental.

Beth, not learning anything from her mother, conceived me accidentally in her late forties which was during the late 1990's. She had no other children. When Beth became pregnant with me, she was just about to begin filming on some horrible science fiction movie. The horrible science fiction movie went on to be one of the highest grossing films of all time but, unfortunately for Beth, they recast her on the eve of production.

I spent my childhood listening to horror stories of Old Hollywood from my mother and my hundred-plus-year-old grandmother. Despite divulging a vast array of information, Agnes never explained to Beth who her father was, and Beth never explained to me who mine was. Tradition. Most days we sat in our ancient mansion in Beverly Hills, watching the grass slowly take over the grounds. We assumed if we waited long enough, the vines would strangle us and put us out of their misery. I say their misery, because I was mostly happy. The house was filled with dark humor, which Agnes would provide even more of in her death. You see, the way she died was quite unusual. It wasn't cancer or heart attacks that got my Nana. No, what finished Agnes was something quite different. It was her first foray into dirt biking at the age of one-hundred-and-twelve. Against the advice of everyone involved, she hopped on a Kawasaki KX250 and hit the gas as hard as she could.

"Go fuck yourselves," she screamed as she went up the hill, before the bike exploded on the other side.

The heartbreak of Agnes's death nearly killed us too, but in the end, we knew it was the appropriate way for her to go out. Beth planned to go out the same way if she was unlucky enough to make it to one-hundred-and-twelve. Once I hit adolescence, I decided that I wanted a different life than the ones my mother and grandmother had. My dream was to become a health and safety inspector for OSHA. I was well on the way to making this dream a reality when I hit a major snag. It turns out I'm beautiful. I realize how conceited that sounds, but I'm not bragging. I wish I didn't look like this- but I do. I'm so beautiful in fact, that it upset the natural order of the world around me.

Boys have acted stupid around me for years, but I figured that was just the immaturity of my middle school and high school peers. When I turned eighteen, I realized it wasn't just young men that acted strangely around me. Adults would often come up to me, begin to speak, and then pass out. One gentleman lost his teeth when he collapsed into the side of a steel gum ball

machine. Another gave me the key to his bike chain. When I asked where his bike (a Pinnacle Neon 2 apparently) was parked, he said he couldn't remember and then he plummeted to the cement like bird shit. Sometimes I prefer these "fallers" to the "dancers". The dancers are the ones that will walk up to me and, for lack of anything better to say or do, start dancing. Regardless of age, race, or nationality, they always have a psychotic break. It's both troubling and annoying. Afterwards these men are so embarrassed by their own actions that they tend to hide inside for weeks on end.

Don't hate me. My beauty is a burden that I can no longer live with. You see, I was able to cope with all the perverts and lunatics until recently when I went to a baseball game that changed everything.

Last weekend, my friend brought me to see The Los Angeles Dodgers play. I don't know anything about baseball and the more that I've learned, the less it makes sense to me. I would guess only the brain damaged can enjoy such a sport. Maybe that man that hit his head on the gum ball machine likes baseball now. Anyway, as I was sitting in the centerfield bleachers at Dodger Stadium, the camera panned to me. Everyone in the stadium and everyone watching at home got a HighDef look at yours truly. The clip, which was simply me sitting and looking straight forward, went mega-viral. Billions saw the footage and I became a celebrity overnight. The commentary on social media looked like this:

"What's her num£\$£\$((\_\_(\*\*"

"I want her to 243921835h5325223))(&&^^%\$%"

"Be my mommy pwease cradle me like a little 3523>>\*\$£^\*("

Women scrolling through their apps figured that the men had been trying to say inappropriate things and that their brains had malfunctioned before they were able to complete their sentences. There was one man who was able to maintain coherent thought. That man was the most powerful man in the world. That man was CHC Irving.

Cedric Henry Calvin Irving made his money in Silicon Valley. Silicon Valley is an amusement park for the impotent. CHC Irving was in on the ground floor of that circus and invested in every major company you've ever heard of. The one named after a fruit, the one named after the sound a bird makes, and the one started by the little alien that went to Harvard. CHC Irving also was the inventor of the "FckYrBoss" dating application, where people could fuck their bosses. A manager would swipe down on an employee they wanted to bang and if the employee swiped up, they would go at it like animals. The tagline for the app was "work just got a lot more interesting". Because of the app and his investments, he was the richest man in the world and he was about to become richer. The reason he is in this story, and the reason he walked into my life, is because of a new product that he was about to release.

The only thing that CHC and most of the other men in Silicon Valley wanted but couldn't have was a full head of hair. They were bald as bowling pins. At least until CHC's new elixir that is. He found through trial and error that if you sacrificed an entire family and added a few select secret ingredients, the process would produce a serum that caused hair to grow rapidly. Many people had suggested that a random group of unrelated people would work, but Irving knew the only solution was to destroy an entire bloodline. It might seem cruel, but he got results. The

elixir was a product that would save the world, and he needed to introduce it in the biggest way possible. He needed to have the girl from the Dodgers game (me) to star in the commercial for it.

I wish I could tell you that I didn't even accept the meeting with him, but I don't want to lie to you. The amount I was paid just to sit down with him was inordinate. I've since donated most of it to charity. He was what I expected him to be, though he did surprise me in one way- he had no problem looking me in the eye and talking to me. It was the first time a presumably straight man had ever accomplished that.

He sat in a chair made out of dead astronaut bones (Armstrong, Glenn, and (most impressively) Buzz Aldrin who was still alive). There was a pet alligator in the corner that could speak English to him through an electronic tablet in its pit. It mostly just said things like *"Chicken. Feed me chicken. It's funny how you have time to take meetings but not to feed your pet alligator chicken."* I can't tell you where his lair was, because I honestly don't know. A private jet picked me up at LAX and flew me to an island that I can only assume was somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. Anyway, I sat across from his dead astronaut chair and diagonal from his pet alligator who could speak English through the use of a tablet and listened to his pitch.

He gave a high-level overview of his elixir and asked me if I'd like to watch a family die to make it. I turned him down, which he didn't seem too pleased about. He then moved on to the idea for the advertisement he wrote which would debut at that year's Super Bowl. It was pretty derivative stuff, but essentially a bald guy would walk by me and I wouldn't pay any attention and then he'd drink the elixir like Popeye and the next time he walked by he'd have a full head of hair and I'd be all over him. The male lead- Bruce "The King of Sexual Assault" Sheffield- had already signed on. Bruce was at one time America's top stand-up comedian but had seen his career dip in recent years. Not because of the sexual assault, but because he had lost his hair.

I sat in front of CHC Irving and considered my options. I would never have to work again if I accepted his offer. I could take care of my mother and donate even more to charity. I could use that evil man's money for good. Repurpose it. I stood up to shake his hand and when he met my grasp I turned with all my weight and hurled him into the alligator pit. I could hear the alligator cheering *"Yes! Oh, fuck yes!"* as I ran from the office. I then remembered I was on an island and there was no place to go.

Irving's handlers turned me into the LAPD and I admitted to everything I did. They sentenced me to 25-to-life, and I'm trying to make the most of it. I've used my cult-hero status to drastically reform the safety conditions in the prison. I also managed to expose the true formula for the hair elixir, which saved countless families from being murdered. There are rumors that you can still get your hands on the serum if you have enough money, but at least mass production has stopped. My mom is proud of me and it doesn't hurt that the publicity has revitalized her career. She has done documentaries for seven different streaming services and is playing herself in my biopic.

When the judge asked me if I had anything to say for myself, I replied:  
"Yes. Go fuck yourselves."

The End

