

## ORIGAMI GORILLA

Jonathan Cardew

Theo held the note in his hand. It read:

Jerry

Pizza

Jam

‘Who’s Jerry?’ Theo asked.

Janine looked up from her origami. ‘What did you say?’

‘This list. It says Jerry, Pizza, Jam. So who’s Jerry?’

After little tucks and folds, Janine lay whatever she was making on the coffee table. She brushed a stray hair from her eyes with a knuckle. ‘I don’t know who you’re talking about.’

Theo showed her the list, cross-referencing her handwriting with another note she had written just today. It was unmistakably hers.

She resumed her origami.

‘So?’

‘So, I don’t know what you want me to say.’

‘The truth?’

‘I probably wrote Ben and Jerry’s in shorthand.’

Theo was expecting this. He left the living room and returned seconds later with a jar of jam and two Connie’s pizzas. ‘No ice cream,’ he said, placing the items ceremoniously on the table. ‘Jam and pizza, but no Ben and Jerry’s. Nothing named Jerry in the groceries this week.’ He felt a sudden beat of blood in his temple. ‘So who’s Jerry?’

‘Jesus, Theo,’ Janine said, staring at her fingers, ‘maybe someone at work.’

‘Maybe someone at work?’

‘Yes! Maybe someone at work.’

Theo sank back into the couch and exhaled. He watched as Janine picked up the piece of origami again. After a couple of nips, she held out what she’d made.

‘It’s for you. Here, take it.’

He took it, slowly. ‘What is it?’

‘It’s a gorilla.’

‘A what?’

‘A gorilla.’ She rested back and laced her fingers behind her neck.

‘A gorilla!’ He turned it around in his hands. ‘Where are its arms and legs? Where is its *face*?’

She closed her eyes. The wrinkles in her forehead seemed to move up and down independently – a kind of accordion contracting and releasing. Without sound.

Theo threw it on the table. ‘It doesn’t look a bit like a gorilla.’ Janine kept her eyes closed. ‘You think?’

## **THE BRAZILIANS**

**Ana María Shua**

I dreamed of Brazilians. There were two of them. They were green and were vomiting flowers. They had very long necks. I told my dad about the dream. He was wide awake and his face was covered with shaving cream. Dad told me I had confused Brazilians with brontosaurus. I was really little. My memory of what really happened is different from my memory of the dream. You better hope that the Brazilians don't find out, said my dad. We were in the master bathroom at our house in Buenos Aires. Since then, poor me, I've always been a little bit scared of Brazilians.

Translated by Steven J. Stewart