

VEILED ENTRY

tags: 1966, mancamp, mars2, odin, spiro_mold

31 March.

Mom never changed, and this place hadn't either. Spiro stood mock vigil in the kitchen next to vacant scaffolding of Odin, finally allowing himself to see the place as it was, as it had always been. Debris from the night the microwave had exploded were still scattered across the kitchen floor, laying at cross-purposes to the rust stains on the yellow linoleum. Odin was still there, too, his white hair puffed up absurdly at attention all over the mottled smörgåsbord of his devastated body. Spiro inched past him into the dining room, careful to avoid spoiling the scene of the crime. At least this war was over.

He had considered the old apartment as background, something to offset the cleverness of his t-shirt, a place to throw his locked trapper keeper, Game Boy, and comics books, but in his absence the whole context of his reactionary lifestyle had changed. He hadn't intended for his essential self to become so tightly coupled with the disposition of a shitty apartment in a mancamp operated by a contractor to the U.S. government, but, oh, well, identity was a scam, anyway.

Dad's safe was empty.

His own room remained wickedly wrecked, just as he'd left it. This wasn't a surprise, exactly, but still it disappointed him, as it diverged stubbornly from some (he realized) cherished sense of the place as he would liked to have remembered it.

This old test site had been shut down, surplused, liquidated. The mancamp was empty. The transports run off. He wasn't even supposed to be here today.

Spiro tipped over Odin on his way out, making sure the disabled elder god went all the way down, face mashing into the ruined floor. Forensics be damned.

Made his way uprange.

Into the wider world.