

## We Aren't Supposed To

She lay on the bed in her apartment, her form womanlike and reflective. Her breasts were molded firm, and though she hadn't any responsibility in the making of her body, she was proud of them and would let them rest and support themselves as often as she could. Her belly was primed to show a tautness in her abdomen and her hips flared out like fins wanting to swim. There was a continuous shifting in her body, as if the light that passed through her would show different beauty and flaws on her surface in the many ways her body flowed before she was frozen. Her body was cold but I felt warm next to her as she reminded me of creation that night she died. "Put the skin on."

I slid the skin onto my plastic penis and pulled tautly at the natural ribbing, letting the phallic form mold onto me. I pulled more at my own plastic. I juggled my iron testicles to stretch out their bag. I pulled my plastic abdomen and let my body snap and loosen.

Her apartment was a sky blue with white beams framing the ceiling incongruously. It was as if the sky was inverted with blue clouds and no sky. She had said that it reminded her of what shouldn't be and how she didn't really have a choice since the Blonde decided, so even more so. I felt that she was content, but it was hard to know exactly how she felt, or any of us, because of our colorless faces.

She lived on the top floor of the apartment complex that overlooked other complexes and was in place to see the sunset when it does. We could look down when I visited her and see our people walking the streets, going nowhere, consuming nothing, just mingling with replicas of themselves. The bodies and streets were cold. Even the sunset was cold, mostly purple and blue. I think RED is what sets humans apart from us, so that we don't get any funny ideas, I guess. I don't know what RED is. Our world is stark and empty, despite how bright blue can be.

We shouldn't have been anyways. We were only created to give the Blonde an understanding of what his bombs were. So, he gave us life and we were to live them the way his people do on the surface as long as we understand that he would take our lives whenever another one of his species would try to take his. He would then test his weapons on us, but our death meant nothing since I have met the other versions of me that live in the other apartments in our complex. They are all nice, but they are me so they are really the worst.

I looked down at her. I have met so many more like her and many of me ask themselves why would I be with one of her when I could experience the same thing many times. I look at myself and I take out photos of humans and I show them families in backyards animals, and hitting plastics like us, and swimming in water. They ask me where I got these photos and what is that \_\_\_ness in their world and I told them and they walk away from me shaking their heads calling me a fool.

What they aren't getting is how lucky people are to connect with others. How humans can enjoy sunshine and getting burned, eating RED meat and drowning their meals in tomato dip, dressing up in RED dresses or RED lipstick, or to see smiles with white teeth and RED gums. It's a bright color. Something of connection with this color. It's impossible to connect with yourself if your world is not complete, with something missing like a sense. If you haven't others, to connect with at all, despite missing RED, despite missing human qualities, we plastic people cannot connect. It's impossible to connect with yourself, so I singled her out. To set her apart from the rest. To set her apart as my emotional interest. It isn't the \_\_\_ that humans feel, but it *is* attachment.

She herself is a mixed bag as she was the original model so the traits of humans and of plastic were put into her in smidgens, but both equally. I read one time in a book I found in the

Natural Science section of the library that energy is lost the higher up the Natural World goes up the Consumption Pyramid, so I guess she is like that in a way. Or the many versions of her.

I can never know for sure, since our thoughts are censored to the Blonde's liking. Before the Cleanse, I read articles from this time called New York Times and they said how the Blonde would stand on this platform of hate, and though I am not sure how someone could stand on hate, he would create fear in this place called the States of America. I think it's where he lives now, once united but no longer anymore, and even now he calls it something else. I can never know for sure anymore because of the Cleanse, like I said, and now that those New York Times are burned, I can never remind myself of why I am afraid.

I don't think I mentioned why I am afraid. I wish I could. I just know that I am. I know that I will live on in my others, so death is not a worry. Maybe I am afraid of the times, and how I live now and not before. Things I'll never know because I am plastic. I know that humans are afraid at times, so I don't feel bad for being afraid, I just know that I should.

Again, I looked down at her lying in bed both plastic and human, both cold and warm. She kept me grounded in a way to reassure my fears. Her body is a sign of before and after, of what I wish I was and what I am. Maybe I should have told myself that what I see in her is creation so negated in paradox that she feels human anyways.

She lay there, glancing at my skin and back at my face.  
"Is it heat resistant?"

I nodded and rolled myself between my hands to enlarge myself. Some women enjoy length more than girth, really all their preference. I flopped down onto her hip and lay there like a hose. She knelt down and blew into me, her breath expanding my body like a balloon, her warm breath condensing within me so that my insides fogged and rained. My skin flapping on my plastic shook my body and my once liquidated form flowed once again with her lips on my skin.

I never asked her how she had gotten human skin, but she reassured me that humans put plastic or rubber on themselves so I guess it was okay if we put them on. She had said that when humans aren't afraid to feel everything they would go without a wrapper and that skin touching would feel more. I told her that it would make sense that we made \_\_\_ with just us, but she said I was wrong and that we aren't made to feel anything. If we are to feel something, we would have to feel it the way humans do.

"Are you ready?"

"I think so."

"Okay, let's try again."

I knelt down to her and spat her own breath into her birth orifice. I let it drip and rub against itself. The walls at once crackled and then soothed itself as it churned around my spit. I saw her body expand, her primped abdomen filling as air sucked in through her.

As I knelt down, I saw her note she had read to me before this night on the nightstand. She left it there where we would make \_\_\_ so that her thoughts would be on the materials we are. She wrote herself onto a Ziploc bag torn apart. It was rolled up like a manuscript the way humans do. She tied a yellow bow around it and it lay there like a diploma.

She said that she wanted to die. She was anxious to feel something. She wanted to be like humans who would die and she wanted me to feel sorry that she wasn't here anymore. I wanted the same things, to feel pain and grief and see how much it hurts when our relationship becomes detached. I will be sorry to see her...

"Go." She stared at me without feeling, just desperate to die.

I put my plastic into her and prayed that the skin would stay on. I began to churn my body into her, letting my looseness pulse thick air into my tool. The skin burned and melted onto me, souping along her lucent walls as they warmed and tightened and loosened along my tube and she

made eye contact with me. I hadn't any idea she was this beautiful in the heat. The windows looking out across our cold city fogged up. The air became humid and wet and I felt myself slide out of her.

We had tried many times before this night to kill her, but what she wanted was for me to displace myself in order to do so. Her plan was simple. In heat, we plastic people melt so in making \_\_\_ we would generate heat in all the passion. She wanted me to go further than we had ever gone. She wanted me to melt. She wanted me to go into her and make \_\_\_ from the inside till she broke. "Put it back."

"I am melting."

"Let it. We aren't supposed to anyways. Let me die in love." She looked down and her clear skin blushed.

I didn't know what that meant to be in love, but I nodded and put myself back.

She was so beautiful.

It started with my penis in her. With each stroke, I felt myself disappear into her, my plastic mixing with hers, and as more of me disappeared, I put more into her. I flushed my system. My body immersed and at once I inserted my entirety within her. I seeped into her as if I were gallons shooting through plastic wrap. I carved her out. I rubbed her walls and expanded her body. She screamed as I tore her apart, my liquid body splitting her form into ruptured flaps. I think she liked it because she held her hands against me, pressing me deeper into her as I filled her. I was in her. I felt her body vibrate as she spoke.

"...are one."

She broke and I lied there liquidated along the bed.