

Lone Star Stories

Speculative Fiction and Poetry

No Mosquito is a God

by Jon Hansen

No mosquito is a god, so no god should be a mosquito. I recite this semi-Zen koan to myself as the doctors circle me as if on leashes. If only. Then I could release them, let them run back to their peer-reviewed journals and double-blind scientific testing, to their empirical world where everything makes sense.

A nurse swoops into their orbit, brandishing a pair of metal shears. They gleam like a magic sword under the ER lights. For a moment I think she's the hero taking matters into her own hands (like heroes often do), but instead she fits them into my pants cuff and starts cutting. Snip, snip, snip, all the way up the seam.

In moments I'm lying in my altogether. Embarrassment fills me, but only the most dedicated pervert is checking out my privates right now.

No, all eyes are on the swelling on my right thigh, a swelling that doubles the thickness of my leg, skin stretched so tight and thin we can all see what's underneath it, wiggling with movements distinct to the naked eye.

One intern faints, and the rest just step around him.

They've been asking me questions since I hobbled in, sensible, easy questions for the most part ("Who's your insurance carrier?" "Do you have any family we can contact?" "Do these clothes have sentimental value?"), some cannot be answered despite their simplicity.

Specifically: "When did this happen?"

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