



JACLR

*Journal of Artistic
Creation & Literary
Research*

f

JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research is a bi-annual, peer-reviewed, full-text, and open-access Graduate Student Journal of the Universidad Complutense Madrid that publishes interdisciplinary research on literary studies, critical theory, applied linguistics and semiotics, and educational issues. The journal also publishes original contributions in artistic creation in order to promote these works.

Volume 3 Issue 1 (July 2015)

Dominika Javier

"The Begetter"

2nd PRIZE: "VIRGINIA WOOLF" FOR SHORT NARRATIVE

Recommended Citation

Javier, Dominika. "The Begetter." *JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research* 3.1 (2015)

<<https://www.ucm.es/siim/journal-of-artistic-creation-and-literary-research>>

©Universidad Complutense de Madrid, Spain

The Begetter

I.

That bastard killed my dog. After graduating high school he got a scholarship to study abroad.

He went to Russia. He travelled to many countries and one may think that an experience like that would open his mind. It didn't happen, he was too rooted in his idiocy.

After he and my mother could not stand each other anymore, she moved into my room until she was able to save enough money to move out of that house. Apart from being a pathological liar he was also paranoid. He had convinced himself that my mother was planning on killing him during his sleep so he devised a trap right in the entrance of his room: a string tied to a glass which was on top of a small bench. If my mother tried to come in with her katana she would trip over the string, the glass would fall on the floor and the noise would wake him up just in time to defend himself. That actually never happened but what did happen was him waking up at night to go to the bathroom, not remembering about the trap he had set up and falling into it waking everybody up. My mother and I would laugh our asses off at the old fool.

'Do it one more time. Do the coin trick'. He took the coin and made it appear from behind my ear or my pocket. It amazed me every time, I thought it was real magic.

When we moved out of the house he wasn't even there. I think it somehow hurt him but he didn't know what hurt felt like. "You can still visit me anytime, Ana" he said to me right before going out. After we moved out I would still go to visit him once in a while. He was short and stupid, that's why he bought a gun; he wanted to feel powerful outside his household. He put the gun in his pants for everyone to see him and to fear him. He wanted to try his shooting skills and he did it in an unusual place. One time when I went to visit him

I saw bullet holes in the walls of his dining room. "I had to know it was working properly" he said, laughing.

I never really knew him. The chunks of memories I have about him are mostly bad. Some of those memories I decided to block out for a while just to give him another chance. Just when I thought there was something human about him, he always managed to take out another surreal trick out of his pocket. Me finding out about a half-sister with the same name as me was definitely one of the greatest tricks. Not only was he an irresponsible, heartless prick but he was also not creative. Why in the world would you name your two only daughters with the same name? I am Ana no. 1 and the other Ana is no.2. Just because she is three years younger than I am. She was hoping to find a wonderful father who would try to make up for all the time he was not there for her. That was obviously not the case. She never met him.

For some strange reason he built a big chicken coop on the flat roof of his house. He had hens, geese and a turkey. He also had a dog that was supposed to prevent any reckless attempt of stealing any of his poultry. The same dog fell from that roof one day and he thought it would be a good idea to leave the poor dog there on the floor and wait until it died. But the dog didn't die; it made a full recovery and he put it back on the roof. He went up the roof twice a day to feed his pets and one day one of the steps of his self-made ladder broke. His body, covered in corn, was discovered three days later by a neighbor. The dog did nothing but wag his tail.

II.

At his funeral, there were a lot of people whom I didn't know. It seems that some people who knew him considered him a friend. At that moment I thought he was a two-faced humbug and I only got to know the Hyde part. Before leaving, I stopped for a moment and looked around, just wondering if there was a third Ana in the crowd.

Bioprofile of the author: Dominika Javier is a BA student at the Complutense University. In 2015 she began her one-year internship in the Department of Anglo-American Literature. Her short story "The Begetter" won second prize in the fourth edition of the Virginia Woolf contest at the Complutense University in 2015.

Contact: <djavier@ucm.es>