



Wilford's Wish by Matthew Kirsch

FLYMF July 2004, The Iraqi Sovereignty Issue, Volume 1 Issue 5

Wilford ate his greens like a good little boy.

Wilford brushed his teeth thrice a day, and flossed his gums.

Wilford even gave half of his allowance each week to the church.

“Wilford was an angel,” they said. “An absolute angel,” they said.

But. He had a secret wish. Deep inside his heart.

And no matter how much good he did. This secret in his heart would not go away.

“Go away- secret wish,” Wilford would pray. “Please. Go away. I want to be pure.”

But the secret wish did not go anywhere. In fact it only became stronger and stronger.

Wilford was distraught.

“I’m so distraught,” Wilford cried. “Distraught, distraught, distraught,” Wilford cried.

There was only thing to do. He had to fulfill this secret wish deep in his heart.

So he climbed up to the tallest building in the town. And minutes later there was a loud thud.

Thud.

Wilford lay on his back, in a pool of dark blood on the concrete.

Onlookers ran over to the scene.

“That’s Wilford.” “Little Wilfy.” “He was such an angel.”

“Oh Wilford, why did you do it?”

And little Wilford could just barely speak.

“I had a secret wish deep inside my heart.”

“Oh Wilford. What was it? Did you want to die? Did you want to fly?”

And Wilford whispered, “No. I wanted to masturbate into my own mouth, I fell on accident.”