

“Realism is hard. Not that it should be. We live in this soup of real things and real thoughts and yet to express this, especially in such a limited media as writing is an impossibility. However because of the inherent lack of realism, all writing becomes subreal. And that turns this dead end of an impossibility into a simple opportunity.

The opportunity in question, is to present this fictional expression of reality in such a way that it becomes almost palpable. To take something real, force it into nonexistence and then give it to your audience so that they can become part of its existence without it being limited to its original boring state” I selected the two paragraphs on my computer screen and deleted them. I stared at the empty screen displaying nothing but a header with my name and the date in the upper right hand corner (Greg Dimpson, 6-1-14).

The assignment was to write about the writing process. Without even thinking about it you can tell the redundancy of the assignment. You might as well asked someone with a burning stick up their ass to describe in detail the sensation of the burning stick being put there. Meta-ness would be glorifying it. To be honest redundancy is selling it short. That assignment is a waste of time, no more, no less.

School was over and my day had begun. I go home, I go upstairs and get online. That’s where I exist for the next five hours. I go from chat room to chat room to forum to forum. I talk to anyone who’ll listen and directing them to my blog. Dinner was at seven. I took it to my room and started writing. I was there in my room crunched over my notebook with my pen scribbling furiously, almost tearing the fragile pages apart, when I got the “Its On” text from Jonathan.

My bedroom’s position on the lower floor of my house made sneaking out at night extremely easy. Open the door slowly, take a few steps, close the door carefully. The cool night air settled around me, annoyed at my unwanted disturbance of its sleepy existence. It felt wonderful. I slipped on my leather gloves to protect against any unwanted evidence of my being anywhere, one can never be too careful.

Walking was my new purpose. I took long meaningful strides towards my destination. I was high on life but I knew it wouldn’t last. Life is no hallucinogen or opiate, and its effects fade fast.

My steps slowed to a shallow trot as I approached the flea market . A large sign out front advertised cash for gold, and super collectables. I would enjoy this while I could.

I hopped into the alley next to the storefront. In the shadows was the outline of Angelicas slender form, leaning against the alley wall. No greeting was exchanged only glances. I unlocked the shops door and opened it slowly.

The door opened into a dirty back room. We tiptoed through the maze of boxes and chachkas. We navigated through the room and out into the area behind the cash register. The security was very easy to avoid. One Camera was positioned above the register moving back and forth like a hypnotists watch.

I signaled to Angela who promptly stood up on the counter next to the register and started opening up the underside of the security camera. She pulled out her phone and took a short video from the estimated angle of the camera moving back and forth twice with her steady hands. Then he took her magic cord out and plugged one end into the phone and somehow connecting the other end into the camera. When the owner checked the video cameras he'd see an instantaneous switch from his normal store to an empty one.

I didn't really know how Angela did it, or anything else she did for that matter. I went to the circuit box and opened it up for Angela. She worked her magic and I went back over to the register. I opened it quietly and took my the cash, shoving it into my backpack. there was about a hundred dollars in ones, fives, tens and twenties.

Then it was on to Merchandise. Gold and silver went into my backpack. Valuable looking knickknacks went into the box that Angela brought. We took things off the shelves and from the display cases until the box was full and my backpack felt like it weight ten thousand pounds. Once I was sure that we couldn't possibly take anymore I sent a text to Darren. Five minutes later we heard a familiar pickup truck pull up outside.

Jonathan and Darren speed walked in with black glistening trash bags. They had ski masks pulled over their faces. Jonathan tossed Angelica and I bags of our own and then started working. This was the high of the high. We were on fire and I loved it.

It was customary of our group to not speak during a heist. Once we all had loaded up our bags and the store had virtually nothing left, we left the store and piled the bags in

the back of the rusty orange pickup while Angela disabled her setup. The night's first words were spoken as me and Jonathan piled into the front seat.

“What's with the ski masks?” I questioned. Jonathan pulled his mask off as he settled into the leather seat. “I don't even know.” His voice quivered with a subtle laugh as he responded. “What's wrong with a little cliché now and then?” he said after pausing for a second to think about it. I nodded in agreement. Darren and Angela Jumped into the back of the semi-truck with the goods. Jonathan started the car and we drove off.

One half an hour later we were bouncing along the ugly dirt road towards “The shack”. That name was of Angelicas creation, a bit dramatic for my liking but the name had stuck. We turned into the narrow driveway and pulled up close to the small wooden shed.

I swung my door open and exited the car. Angela and Darren climbed slowly from the back of the truck, shaken from the bumpy ride. Jonathan bailed out of the car after me and we all started unloading boxes into the shed. I took my first box from the back and walked into the shack. Jonathan held the door open for me with his foot, a bag in his hands.

The process of unloading the truck went smoothly. Between the four of us we managed to move sort and pack all of the valuables into the sheds gloomy interior. Within a half an hour we were done. We headed home for the night.

My high lasted until I got home. I was staring at my reflection in the mirror. Without warning, I felt the last tingling bit of my dignity drain from my face. I clenched my fists with bitter resentment towards myself. I hated every last sub atomic particle buzzing around my body.

My hands clenched into bitter fists and without warning I slammed my knuckles into the plaster wall of my bathroom. At night any noise seems much louder than it actually is; The sound of my fist going through the wall was the loudest noise I could imagine. I could only hope that my parent had not been awoken. I wrenched my hand out of the hole in the wall. I still abhorred my actions that night, although the throbbing pain in my hand was distracting.

I examined the bleeding posterior of my hand. Three smeared flows of blood clung to my knuckles. I rinsed my hand off. As the pain receded my guilt increased.

As I slowly trotted from my bathroom to my bed I felt faint and light headed. Two feet away from being able to fall right into my futon's warm embrace, I felt my consciousness fade and my body collapse till the morn.

The next day, I did as any good criminal would: I returned to the scene of the crime. I stared blankly at the caution tape blur of a police investigation. I felt sick to my stomach. The worst part was not the guilt itself but the fact that the urge for another heist was already bubbling up inside me.

I ran into the gas station, slowing my pace to a casual walk as I entered through the gleaming silver sliding doors. I came through the threshold into the convenience store. My eyes adjusted slowly to the dreary shade of the store. At first darkness filled my eyes making it difficult to see properly but within a second the tiny muscles around my pupils contracted with all their strength. The aperture of my eye was pulled open and light flooded my retina. My eye had turned its brightness up as if it were a cell phone screen.

As I looked around, my eyes automatically jumped from security camera to security camera (the eye really is an amazing piece of equipment). I found a blind spot and shuffled over to it. The section happened to shelve an assortment of packaged donuts, pastries and pies. I pretended to look interested in the grotesque sugar bombs in front of me. I stuffed two down my pockets when the cashier wasn't looking. Then I picked up the least expensive one I could find, bought it and walked out.

As I knew it would, the theft of the small pastries didn't relieve the urge. Kleptomania is not an easily subdued habit. The pressing urgency that the addiction creates is no less than the urge a heroin junkie feels to get their next fix. I thought about how I had gotten to where I was that day.

I first discovered my need to steal when I was five or six. I remember stealing crayons in kindergarten. Not just the occasional pocketed colored wax piece that you'd expect to find in the pocket of a six five year old; I would take whole packs of crayons and shove them into my backpack. When I got home, I would run upstairs to my room with my backpack on and put the crayons under my bed.

I believe my mom eventually found my stash of crayons and that I was reprimanded for my crimes. I may have even gotten a time out because of my habit. Unfortunately for me of us, no one saw my childish misbehavior as an early sign of a illness that could potentially destroy my life.

My theft became a more sinister problem when I started stealing things with the group. Our little club originally consisted of me, Darren and Angelica. We all had our reasons and justifications. For me and Darren it was different forms of the same kind of illness, Angela was more complicated. Angela claimed that she was in it to take back from owning class and destroy the materialistic, consumer fueled, imperialist death machine. However I believe her motives are more to the end of showing off her super powered intellect.

Angelica is and was the smartest person I have ever known. She was good at just about everything. Her intelligence didn't just stay in a metaphysical state either, she was crafty and good at things like skateboarding and rock climbing. That's why she joined the club. What is the point of being that smart when you don't have an audience?

The original group would meet up once a week and shoplift. Then we met Jonathan. From the moment I lay eyes on him I knew I was in love. He was tall and skinny yet muscled. He had shoulder length dusty brown hair that was cut in a semi-punk style. He was (in my humble opinion) the epitome of hot guys.

Jonathan had no reason. His family was well off, he had no "mental-illness", he was smart but not so smart that he needed to show it off, the only reason he joined us was because it was something to do and he was bored with life.

Jonathan charmed his way into a leadership position inside our club. No one was resentful of his usurpation. He was cute, funny and a born leader so we let him lead. The downside was that under his leadership shoplifting wasn't enough.

The first heist we did was a party store. Jonathan worked there part time so getting in at night was no problem. We took candy and pop and ice cream and lotto tickets and booze. We didn't take too much, we didn't want to push it, but we took enough that it could be easily noticed.

The rush I had on that first major breaking and entering was unbelievable. I didn't come down for days. By the time I had come down it was the night of our next big heist. Eventually after experiencing several lows I diagnosed Darren and me with kleptomania.

Right now, as I type these words on my keyboard to be posted on my blog, I wish that I wasn't this way. Although it's painful to admit, I think it needs to be said if anyone is to understand why I'm doing this. I WISH I WASN'T ME. I wish I could be just another kid growing up, going to college, getting into a career, retiring, dying naturally in my bed asleep. Sadly I can't.

Thank all of my readers for their amazing support and kindness, sadly no faceless stranger writing a blurb about how cool I am can stop me from doing what I'm about to do.

This is what I'm doing:

<http://kleptoman.weebly.com/1/post/2014/03/confetion.html>.