

“The Insatiable Itch”

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Mr. Millet was scratching an itchy itch. The itch had been bothering him for over a month. His thighs were now a loud red and full of small bumps from all the scratching. Mr. Millet had thought of visiting a doctor but a doctor would be expensive and Mr. Millet had no money. You see he had lost all of his investments as one in this country does.

‘Humbug!’, cried Mr. Millet and shelved the idea of a doctor’s appointment. Mr. Millet tried to find a cure for it on the internet as one does in this country. His itch grew and so did the scratching. He furiously typed his symptoms on the website with his right and scratched his itch with his left. A patch of skin came off and he chucked the raw red peel into the bin. The bin was filled to the brim with dried, black and blue, irritated flesh. The chucked peel only slid off the top of the pile.

The search query had yielded millions of results. A majority of them advised a visit to the doctor. Mr. Millet scrolled to the bottom, picked his nose with his now free hand and clicked on the result which promised, ‘Govt. approved organic inexpensive cure in days’. He had tried such a cure before. A splash of some mammals excrement on the infected area, followed by a patient wait of 98 hours. Re-application if the results were unsatisfactory. Needless to say, they were always unsatisfactory.

Mr. Millet scrolled through the page, read the instructions, found that it was the same as the one before but the excrement should come from a different mammal. He scratched some more and this time, even a larger patch was pulled out. He chucked it away, closed the web page and decided to head out of the house to look for work for he was also unemployed.

The sign said, ‘Help Wanted: Store Clerk. Attractive Perks’. Mr. Millet hurried inside the branded clothing store. “Highly overqualified,” Mr. Millet was told and sent back on his way. You see the

The UNiverse Journal

(A Quarterly Refereed Open Access Multidisciplinary e-Journal)

job was good- a nominal pay, 8 hrs of work, a lot of moving around and free t-shirts. Mr. Millet's previous job paled in comparison to 8-10 hours of sedentary typing mindless ads, ads which could reel in gullible consumers. No free T-shirts for the employees either. It was like any other job in this country.

Mr. Millet was in his kitchen. Tired and thirsty, his itch returned. He scratched it one more time. It wouldn't go away. He scratched again and again and again and again and again, took a pair of scissors, stabbed himself in the thigh, let out a loud, painful scream and died.