

HARRISON MONOLOGUE

From “Willed Bodies” by Ashley Rose Wellman

Harrison: Male, 20s-30s

I dissected a fetal pig once. Tenth grade biology. They came in these vacuum packs, and the teacher pulled out pig after pig from a big cardboard box, and something about that seemed *wrong*. I don't know why. I wasn't a vegetarian. I'm still not. I love bacon. But it's different looking at a whole thing instead of pieces of it. This pig, my group named him “Hamlet”. I wanted to name him “Hector”. They said “Why? Hamlet like ham, get it?” And I got it, but I guess I thought Hector sounded more dignified. Less of a joke. Anyway, I uh... I fainted. On the first day dissecting... Hamlet. I still think it was because of the smell. The teacher made me sit in the hall the rest of the week. I really wanted to ask my group what they did with Hamlet after they were done. Did they just throw him in the trash? I don't like the thought of that. Hamlet all opened up and spilling out in a landfill next to some biology quiz I got a C-minus on. I had a dream once where I found Hamlet in the trash and collected all of his pieces in a bag and dug a little hole next to a shady tree and put him inside. It feels more like a memory now. I like it that way.

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