

The Boy Made Out of Bone China

King Missile

There was a boy made out of china - bone china. Very fragile boy. It was stupid to make a boy out of bone china; what do you expect? He's not gonna be good at any sports - one wild pitch and his head is gonna break off, probably. So he's a gentle, good boy who stays inside a lot, and he hates school because other kids are always trying to break him, it's very bad

It's very bad for the Bone China Boy, and it's not his fault. He didn't asked to be made out of bone china; he thinks it's stupid to be made out of bone china. And he knows whose fault it is - it's my fault. I invented the boy made out of bone china, and he completely resents me for it

(Bone China Boy)

(Bone China Boy)

The boy thinks I must be really angry, really full of repressed hostilities, to have invented such a boy. I must have a real sadistic streak; I could just knock this boy over, and he will break into a million pieces - no more Bone China Boy

At least when I slipped on the ice, I got to go to the hospital and lie in bed for days while people bring me food, and nurses come and give me Tylenol-3 with codeine. And I don't even have to get out of bed to urinate! I just use this bottle that is kept conveniently by my bed, except that sometimes when they empty it, they don't put it back where I can reach it, and sometimes, for example today, they didn't empty it for six hours and now it's full and no one has been by for a long time and when I called to ask a nurse to empty the bottle she said she won't be cause it's a shift change and it's not urgent and since she didn't speak English very well, I just hung up on her

But I don't even think she wrote a note or anything and when I just called again there was no answer and, you know, go ahead and complain, Bone China Boy, you don't even have bodily functions, you never have to go to the bathroom, you don't even know what it feels like to hold it in, and if you slipped on the ice and broke your ankle, it wouldn't even hurt. Somebody could just take a hammer and just pound you to bits and it wouldn't hurt you at all, you just wouldn't be a Bone China Boy anymore, you'd be a bunch of broken pieces of bone china, and you wouldn't be able to psychoanalyze me anymore, so don't give me any of that repressed hostility stuff. Just stay on the mantle, little Bone China Boy, and I'll make you a deal, okay? You leave me alone, and when I can walk again, I won't throw you out the window. Is it a deal?