

## Stafford

# "The Snake In Your Suitcase"

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And I think this rape scene arouses you to the point where the eyes tearing, screaming, "help me," make you feel indestructible. But how fast will you run will my bullets in your kneecaps? And how much will you love the taste of your cyanide-laced blood? [We will choke that snake, and make him remember we gave him life, and we can take it away just as easily.] Try to wash your hands of this. Try to tell us you've stepped across that stream (the one that runs in the opposite direction). That's funny, your shoes don't seem to be wet at all! Now that you've finished your rape, I think it's my turn to pillage. Once I've got everything you thought you owned, I think you'll realize there wasn't much of you to begin with. I think you'll realize there wasn't much of you.

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