

THE SOURCE CAN
NOT BE FOUND



BY HEATHER LORE

For my twin brother Heath, and for me.

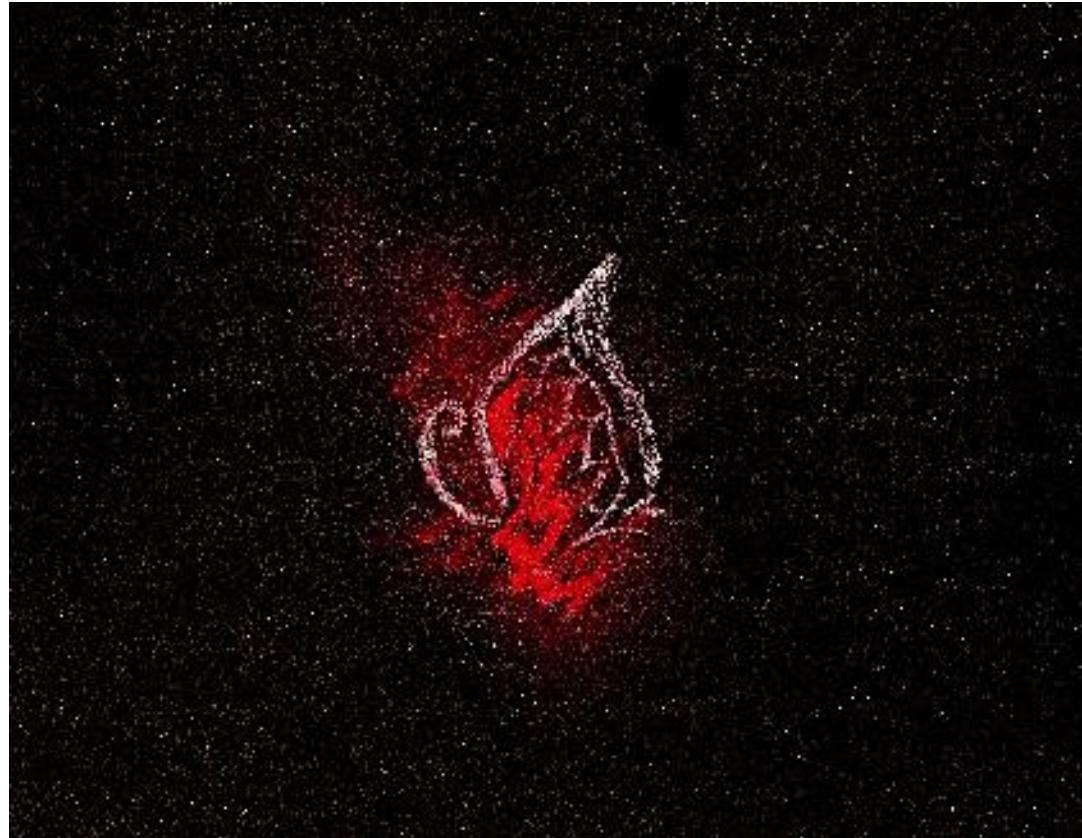
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by Heather Lore

A collection of illustrated prose



<http://www.skyegg.com/>

“Mommy, I wrote a story. Do you want to hear it?”

Will I be able? Will I allow myself this?

“Maybe later, after you finish your homework. You need to get serious about school. You're a big girl now. Your teacher expects you to read books.”

My words have no meaning. Your voice is everything I always wanted...

“Why can't I just write my own stories and read them?”

I would spare you from what I see coming.



“You won't get school credit for your own stories. You learn things in school beyond the thoughts in your own head. That's what the books contain—other people's thoughts.”

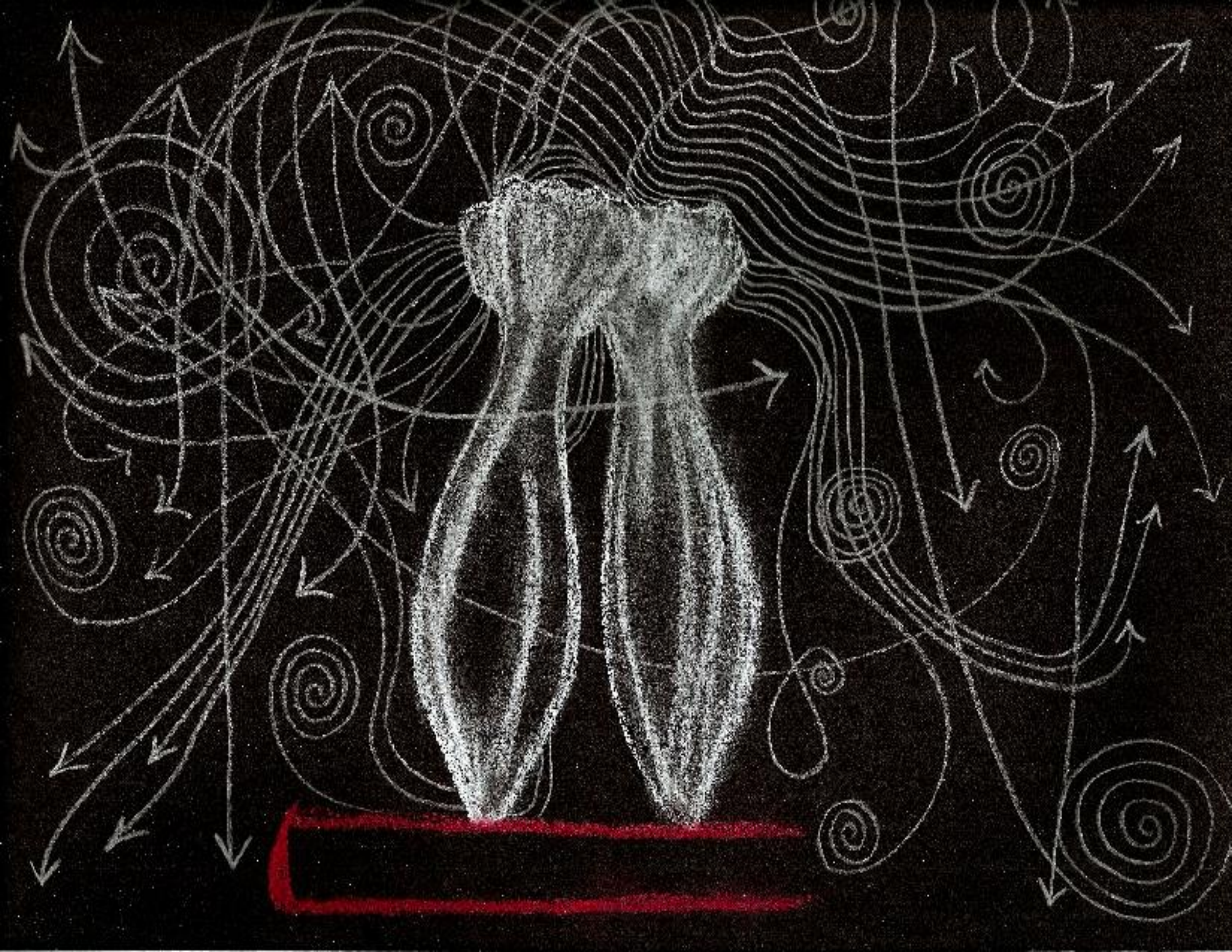
Can't you see my scars?

“Yes, But what if I get so many other people's thoughts in my head that I don't have room for my own thoughts?”

There is no reason to do this to anyone.

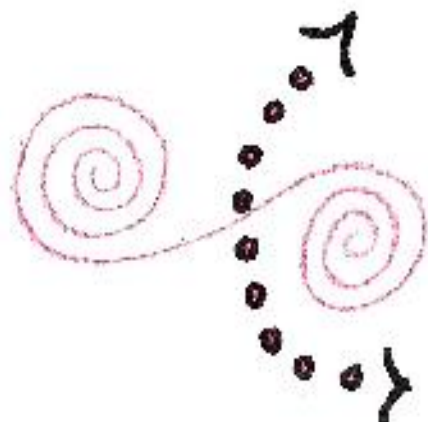
“You go to school to learn to read other people's thoughts. Those thoughts are in books, so you have to read the books. It's the way it's done.”

Nothing is worth the pain of a living death.



And so she went to school and she read a great many books containing the thoughts of a great many people.

Pretend this was what I wanted.



And once her head was filled with the thoughts of the human race, she found that her own thoughts were lost among them. Sort of mixed up inside her head.

This wasn't what I wanted even for myself.



Sometimes she felt particularly passionate about something and even told herself so yet her passion was seasoned with experiences which were not her own and peppered with phrases which while clever or at times even funny were not original to her or at least the thoughts might not have been her own. It became so hard to tell the difference.

I can hear you.



Though where the part of her thoughts that was original to her had gone was a mystery about which she hadn't a clue.

I refuse to lose you to this lie!

Still, because she had lots of books around her from which to collect thoughts she didn't depend upon generating her own. She made her way in the world by filling her head with other people's thoughts and was rewarded greatly for doing so.

I forsake all for you.



The thoughts in her head said, “My way is their way. Their way is my way.
That is the way it is done.”

We must not dig our own graves.

“Mother, please listen. I want to tell you my story.”

I hear myself.

