

**The Trials and Execution of
Mr. Monkey**
A Satiric Glance
by Michael Fuller



Chapter One

The Ennui of Mr. Monkey

Unable to give form to deeper philosophic thoughts, complexities involving the eternal, or the very devil himself, Mr. Monkey sat in his room and sulked. There no locks on the door, except the he had placed there himself for protection against the outside world. He tested it once or twice before retiring to his internal musings.

Sex? - No.

Food? - No.

Nothing came to mind. He felt immediately a sense of

deepening boredom come over him and his restlessness grew. His small room seemed to shrink around him and he was overwhelmed by a feeling of despair, loneliness, and claustrophobia. What to do? What to do? He had many objects in his room that all seemed specifically designed for his own personal diversion. There was the picture box with the ever shape shifting images and sounds. Some days it could hold his attention for hours on end. There was the other, smaller boxes that just carried sounds. Tuneful though they were, he felt a deep shudder of irritation at having to make a decision. Then there were the bits of paper stacked on the wood boards. On the pages were squiggles. Each squiggle represented an idea (pictures that formed magically in the mind if he concentrated hard enough on their meaning.) But, he was too unnerved to concentrate hard enough to make the images come today.

You see, something had happened to Mr. Monkey and he didn't know exactly what it was. It was a new feeling; strangely powerful in its immediacy.

It was called ... dissatisfaction.

This concept, as you can imagine, was alien and unique.

Where did it come from? Who or what made him suddenly so aware of things around him? Why did the magic boxes and bits of paper make him feel trapped by their ability to entertain and distract him? Why did he suddenly feel that perhaps his life was frittered away by such material things?

Monkey Sr. had died recently. What would Monkey Sr. have thought of this strange new feeling? Perhaps he had felt himself at some point in his long life? Useless thoughts. Since Monkey Sr. had never told him such things he would never know his thoughts now that he was dead. In some sense, he began to realize he probably didn't know much about Monkey Sr. at all. Perhaps Monkey Sr. never even existed except in his own imagination? All profoundly disturbing thoughts to Mr. Monkey, or Monkey Jr. as he had once been called.

Perhaps the reason for this "melancholy" (a squiggle he once learned in squiggle and counting school) was because his mate had run off with another Monkey. This was perfectly true and it vaguely bothered him as a repressed feeling of resentment for her as well as a source of unfulfilled sexual satisfac-

tion her absence inevitably meant. But, he reflected, Monkey sex was always clumsy and tiresome after a while. The urge was still present, he knew that for sure, but Mr. Monkey found that he didn't miss his mate as much as he missed the "idea" of having a mate. He searched his memory and found that he could only barely see her face now.

Mother Monkey insisted that she was just a worthless piece of monkey-trash. An animal, nothing more. She always said that the right monkey was just around the corner, but ... no matter how many corners Mr. Monkey looked around (whether in a hurried leap, or a slow, sneaking peek) there was never anyone there. Perhaps he misunderstood the meaning behind Mother Monkey's words.

Maybe I should go outside, he thought. Mingle with the other monkeys. Sometimes that helped alleviate the boredom. As he wondered around Monkey City, he chanced upon an old friend from Monkey School. After an excited exchange of yelping and picking fleas off one another, they stopped in at the local bar to catch up on old times. Mr. Monkey then proceeded

to drink too much banana juice and stumbled home in a blur. His friend and he parted company some ways along the road.

Mr. Monkey wandered the streets in a blur. He had temporarily relieved his boredom, but as he drifted through the crowded streets full of strangers, the feeling of futility started to return to him. He looked at the faces of the monkey strangers, almost as if he were searching for someone to share his feelings and thoughts. But, for some reason which he could never quite understand, their minds were closed. Perhaps they had no minds at all? There was no way of knowing.

Then a thought occurred to him: He could visit the Shrine of the Monkey God. Of course. But, then he remembered that the Monkey God was, in fact, a stone statue and it never spoke back to him, no matter what or how much he said. He could just ramble on and on about anything and the statue would simply smile serenely; one hand on his head, the other on his tummy. The priests of the Shrine of the Monkey God insisted that the Monkey God listened to all prayers and answered them in a special way, but still there was no proof.

Desperately, he returned home, the haze of banana juice wearing thin leaving him simply tired. He lay on his bed and turned out the bedside sunbox. In the darkness which engulfed him he suddenly wondered, "Do I still exist?"

He flipped on the sun box immediately and stared down at his toes. He turned it off again and they were gone. Soon he fell asleep and strange visions filled his head. What were they, he thought the next day? Were they real, too?