

# nick orsini



WINNER OF FICTION FAST-TRACK

# fingerless gloves

Apostrophe  
Books

the cartridge and squinting at the poor graphics. What happened between those hours, that Friday night, that Saturday morning, was different from any high I'd ever seen in the movies. I sure as hell couldn't play it as cool as James Franco.

As the game of NBA Live wound on, a controller tangled and resting next to a limp hand and wrist, with the player-1 red circle on a pixelated, immobile athlete, a boy had his last seconds on the earth. That's a heavy enough thought. No drug could afford you height enough to clear the space between what's permanent and what's just passing through.

My name is Anton Duchamp. I am not French. My parents are film people. Marcel Duchamp made surrealist movies about spirals. I've since tried to watch these films to better understand my namesake. I can gather absolutely nothing from them. I'm not sure what my parents thought we'd ever become, but they liked those spirals enough to start a new family surname. It wasn't enough to name me Anton, but in some fit of rebellion against whatever original last name my father had, they went ahead and gave us all a new, very European, last name. To be honest, my name had been a source of ridicule from

kindergarten right on through middle school. Kids would stretch the name calling out as far as it could go. It isn't until high school that people realize having a unique name is a strange way to gain status points. Sometimes, when I think back on high school, it seemed like my name was the only source of status points.

I met James Squire in kindergarten, when I hid his box of 64 Crayola Crayons in a different cubby space. When it came time to color, James Squire was left with a black and white picture and a stern talking to from our teacher. He never ratted or asked anyone around him what

happened to his box of 64. I'm not sure why I picked James, probably had something to do with proximity, and his sitting on one side of me and the cubbies being on the other side of me. It might have also had something to do with the fact that he was a stand-up guy right from the start. Other kids, being young and unsure of themselves, would have sold me out. When the teacher asked about James' picture, he never let on that his crayons were stolen; rather, he just said he liked to color with black pen. Maybe the teacher took him for some misunderstood art prodigy. That same day, right after the frizzy-haired teacher

told us we were done coloring, James got up to use the in-classroom bathroom. When he returned to his chair, with tennis balls cut and stuck to the bottoms of the legs and the table that he shared with five other kids, his box had been returned, sharpener and all. He pushed his chair in, and as the tennis balls slid on the floor, no one heard a thing.

In the 6th grade, we graduated into middle school at a luau-themed "transition party." James danced with the prettiest girl while I messed with the zip-front collar on my Paco Jeans shirt. Our roles had pretty much reversed themselves and I was the one left