

Credit Cards

—Tharatorn Supasiti

Having figured out the nonsensical message on the folded piece of paper, you are just about to explore what other surprises might lie hidden in the stack of business cards, when you hear the familiar, non-judgmental blip of your own phone receiving an SMS. Hoping that some of those law students might have changed their minds about you, you decide that the business cards can wait.

You can hardly contain your excitement when you discover that it was sent from an unknown number, and as you read the message, part of your brain is already fantasising about Saturday nights not spent in front of the computer. The message reads: “look lizzie, it just isnt working out, im getting fat, i cant spin any more, everythings just gone wrong since we started seeing each other, maybe were better off apart”. Your hopes are dashed, as you know for a fact that law students are obsessive-compulsive about grammar and punctuation, and thus this message was almost certainly not intended for you.

Brushing aside the distraction, you get back to investigating the stack of business cards, which is now a lot larger than you remembered it. You turn around to see a dark figure in a cloak running away, and your stomach instantly churns at the thought that he was probably looking over your shoulder as you read that strange message, and that he had almost certainly tampered with the stack of business cards on the table, as there are now several credit cards conspicuously sticking out from the formerly neat pile. You start wondering whether you might have just been absent-minded enough not to notice them before, but you catch yourself before you slip into a daydream and actually do become that absent-minded.

The dark figure is long gone now, and you decide the only sensible thing to do is to examine the credit cards in the stack. Sure enough, each one has a little message attached, seemingly forming a collection of bizarre mini-biographies of people that sound vaguely familiar.

When I was 41, I took advantage of cheap Jewish labour.
At 47, I narrowly escaped from being gassed while negotiating with the Trade Federation.
I was trapped in a submarine under the Arctic when I was 50.
By 52, I was interested in human sexuality.

I was married to an Italian nobleman at 34.
At 35, my husband became pregnant.
By 36, I was penniless and heartbroken.
When I was 39, I lived the life of Hillary Clinton.

At 42, I failed to steal \$600 million from the vault in a Los Angeles tower.
I stole livestock in Nottingham instead, at 45.
By 55, I was master of the potions.
Then at 59, I became sooo depressed.

I was a loyal decoy for the queen when I was 14 years old.
By the time I was 17, I was a scout for a girls' football team.
I was kidnapped by pirates at 18 years of age.
At 19, I fought alongside an English king.

My fiancée fell in love with my brother when I was 35.
At 39, I fell in love with an American actress.
In the same year, I accidentally killed the son of a mafia boss.
When I was 42, a boy tried to set me up with his mother.

At 31, I was sent into the deep jungles of the Congo.
I played a part in a reality show when I was 34.
When I was 39 years old, my daughter was left mutilated in the middle of a park.
At age 40, I had an affair with younger man.

At 35, my pride almost ruined my true love.
When I was 38, my bride ran away to perform in a play.
I renewed my relationship with a childhood friend, at 41.
By 45 years of age, with my seven children, I needed a nanny.