

2012 MCC Creative Writing Contest

Fiction Category

First Place: “*Glad Sacrifice,*” by Rachel Gilbert

“You can let go,” they say.

What bullshit. This is the gutter of my life and people come in and say stupid crap like “you can go home now”, “go be with God”, “we’re going to be okay”. They might be okay, but fuck, I’m the one stuck—wherever I am. While they’re talking and weeping and reassuring each other, do they stop even once to think about how the hell I feel listening to their shit? And it’s all shit.

People I haven’t spoken to since grade school come to visit, family I hardly know any more, who hardly know me—the third cousin on my dad’s side. They come in, sit at my side, hold my hand, and share memories. How fucked up is that?

A few times I think they might break out in a round of Kumbaya. And if I could, I might throw up because they’re so damn fake. A bunch of fake asses, who wouldn’t know real compassion, real love, real life it is hit them between the eyes.

The next round of visitors talk all techy about brainwaves and responsiveness to certain drugs, which names I c

