**He Kidnapped Himself**

Porkifiable

**I**

You fear you can’t stop yourself.

He walked at a steady pace, head down. He looked a bit odd—each step seemed to stomp the ground, and he appeared to be muttering to himself, angry but almost on the verge of tears, like a sulking teenager.

—Yes, he was a sulking teenager. More precisely, he was a sulking child. After all, he had been facing some things for a long time.

You fear you won’t be stopped. That’s your wish—every time you’re walking on the road, you hope to be intercepted. Yet, like fearing punishment, you always walk quickly. You wish the passersby could understand your feelings from your muttering, but that’s too dangerous—you are a child, and this would get you scolded.

But, why not just leave? You know, just not go home, stay somewhere, be fed by others—anything to avoid school. Then, go to college? You guess. After all, college is much more loose, and your grades are good enough to get in; you really don’t understand why the adults keep pushing you.

Of course, you know the reason. They want you to be better. Things generally fall into that category.

But, why not just leave?

This is almost a good question because you seem to feel not just that you can’t do this, not just for food and shelter, but you don’t dare to—you would be punished, and that makes you feel ashamed, and the punishment is too painful.

But, it’s a stupid question. Of course, you want to leave.

Why didn’t you steal him back earlier? He is still angry about this matter.

**II**

You run faster and faster on your way to find him, angry at yourself for not doing it a few days earlier. You almost sprint to the school gate—in the morning, of course. You wouldn’t put this off until the evening. This matter can’t be delayed.

He immediately followed you. He almost dragged you running, running into the bushes halfway to school. He jumped up, stomping on the ground, shouting:

“Ah—, ah———”

Then, he cried. He cried on you.

He seemed to want to hide behind you, almost hoping your body could envelop him. He feared being discovered and then punished.

But, he jumped up again, stomped on the ground, and continued shouting:

“Ah—, ah———, I’m leaving———”

You held him all the way back. He came with you to your place, the computer screen showing Windows’ automatic update, indifferent to the situation.

**III**

He only talked to you for three hours before your phone distracted him. It didn’t seem like a suffering person. Of course, you were the same.

He hugged you while sleeping. This wasn’t even his wish. He had already left school; he wouldn’t be scolded or punished anymore. Nothing important remained.

But, for fun, you still hugged each other. He chattered on about what happened to him, his anger, and how he believed things should be. He told you about his shame and his vulnerability to words. And, he lived in fear every day. He snuggled against you, telling you he wanted freedom, or just to cry. You held him, reassuring him that he had already left, and he would be okay.

You lived together from then on. This didn’t end with him messing up and then being reborn, nor with him returning to his parents. You merely lived together from then on.

**I**

 **tightened my grip on your arm. I faced an utterly insignificant question, which had been of utmost importance the previous day and the days before: why didn’t I run away. Despite your repeated assurances and the fact that you were holding me tight, I still clung to you. I would never lose this chance to leave.**

*Although he was forced into speech and felt pained by it, the taxi driver silently drove. Although he fantasized about people treating him differently, the train station and everything were the same. Since that moment yesterday, this too was of no significance.*

You held onto my arm. I gently pressed against you, reassuring you again and telling you I felt the question, even though it was now irrelevant.

**We arrived. I clumsily climbed out of the taxi, watching you climb out with a bit more grace due to your reduced mental clutter. I stayed slightly hidden beneath you, glancing around anxiously to avoid being taken back. Quickly choose a less crowded path to the ticket office and catch a train to leave.**

Of course. We each selected less crowded places, pulling each other like the ends of a spring, understanding each other’s thoughts without speaking. I knew more than this, but I worried that this understanding might still be insufficient. At best, I was merely the second person in the world to understand you.

*They reached the ticket counter, holding tightly to each other in the crowd, pretending to be normal while buying two tickets and choosing a spot away from others to sit.*

“There are still people in the world who either discipline you or don’t care about you. They are wrong.” I watched you as you watched the crowd.

**I had already guessed this would be what you would say to me, but I could only stare blankly at the crowd. “Well. They—the parents, I mean—they fed me, and now you will feed me.”**

“I will feed you. They should have fed you, but from now on, I will.” I knew you would respond with an acknowledgment, enduring your thoughts in silence.

**“Hmm.” I endured my thoughts, remained silent, leaning against you.**

*This thought was merely a distraction; after all, it had left yesterday.*

I looked at you, lost in thought. This was the first time in your life you were able to think so easily. You stared blankly, fiddled with your phone, and stared blankly again. I rested my head on your shoulder, waiting for you to say what you needed to.

**“How have you been lately?”**

“I’m fine. Don’t ask. From now on, you will be with me, and everything will be as you wish. Although it doesn’t matter, I will hold you and listen to you, just like last night. If you allow, I will help you express yourself, even though you are much better at it than I am.”

**“Finding the words I want to use is easy. That part is the simplest.”**

“Of course.” I took my head off your shoulder, resting on your arm, trying to express some things that were hard to articulate in a few words. I looked at you gently, trying to emphasize my non-judgment of you.

**“You came very late. You should have come a long time ago. You should have come much earlier.” I emphasized this while crying at you.**

“I’m sorry.”

*Their tears fell on the other person. He looked at the people around, just crying.*

**I listened to your heartbeat. You had turned your breath away from me. I felt my body’s presence, and yours surrounding me. I thought in this corner.**

“You have a beautiful soul. People certainly shouldn’t discipline you. But you have a beautiful soul.”

**I said nothing, continuing to think. If anyone had the right to judge, perhaps it would be you? Because you took me away, as for whether you are me or not, it was inconsequential.**

I took satisfaction in your silence. I feared you might think I saw you as a child deserving freedom only because of your beautiful soul, or just feel judged. Indeed, you knew my views and stance, and responded with silence.

*The train will start ticket inspection in 20 minutes.*

The train will depart in a bit over 20 minutes.

**We have more than 20 minutes to board. I stood up and said to you, “I’m going to the restroom.”**

You looked at me with almost gentle eyes. I stood up, not mentioning what I was going to do, and simply followed you.

**Turning around, I saw another group of bad people and their laboriously erected, more or less ornate signs saying “Restroom.” I dared only a quick glance before looking down at the similarly laboriously produced ornate tiles beneath my feet, avoiding the various other things in the station hall, heading towards the restroom.**

“Seeing things makes you feel ashamed compared to the effort of those who created them. You spent much time trying to comfort yourself, feeling relatively some less shame at the tiles. The tiles are the main thing you see while outside.” Using “feel” rather than “sense” considers your thinking process; “much time” rather than “a long time” reflects that comforting yourself is the easier part of your life; “relatively” is due to the depth of your shame; and “some less” rather than “a little less” or none is because I don’t want to downplay any part of your pains in life…

**“You didn’t find a word that I’d rather use than ‘shame.’” I glanced at you.**

“I’m sorry.” You came close to me. I don’t deserve the depth of your tears, but you certainly deserve me.

*The other side behind the concrete is not visible from outside. The train station is as splendid as a church.*

**We arrived at the restroom door. I was dissatisfied with temporarily leaving you.**

“I also need to use the restroom.”

**Water droplets slid down our arms as we left together. I focused my sight on you, avoiding other things. “To the ticket-checking place?” I asked, feeling too lazy to think.**

“The ticket-checking place feels a bit safer than the waiting room… I’m not sure if it is…”

**I took the plastic bag from your hand and carried it.**

You moved toward the ticket-checking place with the same motion. I watched you and the surroundings, staying close to you. “I don’t like train stations or trains. The knowledge used to create them includes elements forced on children, which I resent.”

**“I don’t like people.”**

“Hmm. Of course.” I thought about how we would have to use them to return, feeling uneasy and angry. You are more familiar with this, and you live a life that faces punishment. I gently touched you, trying to comfort you. Tears formed in your eyes. “You don’t need to argue. I know, I know…”

**“Of course, I don’t need to argue with you. How should I argue with others?” I no longer feared punishment, so I chose to speak with pain, anger, and sharpness, waving my vulnerability and with unease, still as if afraid of punishment. I looked at you as if you could beat up those who tried to punish me.**

Then, you started to cry a little. Your affectionate tears weakly showed your love for me. “Do you allow me to say ‘you should be allowed’ to you?”

**“I’ll teach you. I’m going to bury myself in your belly.”**

This was physically impossible; you lay on my shoulder.

**“Say with me, I should be allowed.”**

“You should be allowed.”

**“‘Punishing you is immoral.’”**

“Punishing you is immoral.”

**I became anxious, as if afraid someone might appear to criticize my vulnerability or to elevate and punish me. I was in the train station, surrounded by people, which mean treacherous people, fraught with danger.**

I was at a loss. Embracing each other at the train station wasn’t something that would attract attention, and accusations of being “sexually immoral” wouldn’t punch at any of your vague or real part of discontent. However, I felt uneasy and tried to match your unease, even though what I was enduring was less than a tenth of what you bore, and what you bore was less than a thousandth of what you endured on some day before yesterday—2 numbers engineeringly precise. I defensively said and tried to tell you, “I don’t think your crying at yourself affects that others should go to hell.”

**“Would you think otherwise?”**

If you allow me to admire you, I would say I admire your grim laugh of helplessness when you said those four words, which happened to happen while you were crying on my body.

**I glanced, and there were still people slowly moving towards the ticket-checking place.**

But you didn’t show any signs of urgency. You continued lying on my shoulder, and sometimes I glanced at the clock, and sometimes you did as well.

**The clock was an LED display, also used elsewhere.**

Motivational slogans posted by the government.

**Motivational slogans hung by the school.**

These were things that made one feel scolded.

**And lists of latecomers and other offenders.**

Nearby was the “ordinary” clock, themed around some math problems.

**It was hung on the wall next to the blackboard.**

The teacher punished those who looked at it too frequently.

**Does it also include the teacher’s phone that served as evidence for punishing latecomers?**

I thought about how these things happened to you and felt like throwing up. I hugged you more tightly. But ultimately, I was just holding you here, without being able to hurt other people.

**It should be said that this is a sad and angering situation.**

*The ticket-checking place was empty.*

**I no longer squeezed into you.**

You slowly, appearing indifferent, vaguely felt no need to make any particular gesture as you walked in, made no sound, walking up the steps as casually as if going on a train trip, entering the train, holding my weak hand with one hand, in a way that allowed my finger joints to avoid each other, yet still as if marking my hand with your grip, pulling me onto the train.

**I scrutinized you, who, more or less like me, avoided looking at the ornate things, just occasionally glancing at the train seat number signs.**

I realized I shouldn’t focus on this, then scanning the signs on both sides to get a general idea of where our train seats were, and then I looked at you, noticing that you were observing me, and then was not so much with a hint of excitement but with a desire to be close to you.

**“You’re still you.”**

“I’m late” I said to you quietly, breathlessly, without a period.

**We casually pushed against each other, being pulled by each other in a way we’d never experienced before, squeezing into the train seats, pressed against each other’s bodies.**

I saw you subtly raised your head, though not really looking down, but subtly looking down at me.

**“Just for a few hours, and you’ll still on your phone?” After I questioned, jokingly and ironically, I quickly looked at you softly, towards someone who naturally wouldn’t care about this matter.**

“Of course, it should be said that it would be unnecessary.” **“Of course, it should be said that it would be unnecessary.”**

I did open the voice recorder on my phone, intending to document our unceasing conversation. You didn’t record much of the pain you felt; it was a very difficult question to answer.

**One attempt to answer this question is that the recordings you made won’t become effective accusations in the eyes of others, but rather evidence of scolding me and reasons for disciplining me. But why didn’t I even try? Although indeed, I tried time and again to talk with my parents (and others) and failed repeatedly; the school’s punishments, threats, and reprimands seem to make even private dissent impossible, or at least limit it to complaints to strong and indifferent peers, leaving it unrecorded. But why didn’t I even try?**

You stared intently at the recording phone, and I knew you were emotionally agitated. You should have shouted loudly, questioning the crowd and getting support for your viewpoint. If you indulged my disrespect and allowed me to speak inaccurately and incompletely, you would be mourning and angry for not having fought back with full effort, despite clearly opposing from the very first day and minute of this matter, and feeling genuine pain.

**I decided to press my head against your body. I don’t think this can be said to be me seeking your approval, even though you are perhaps the only person in this world who might have a bit of a right to be used by me like this, but it’s more like a symbol of you protecting me from discipline and punishment. This is far from what the word “protection” can express; I’m leaving!**

I tried to dive into your heart to face, together with you, the thousands or even more things you are being forced to confront, the years of constraints and punishments, and the seconds within them, one second after another, not to mention that I must completely remove you from your life, but I came too late, too late, too late. Now, we must leave immediately; this matter cannot be delayed—

*That train hesitated to depart, but fortunately, it would not stop.*

**Contact Me**

Feel free to reach out and connect with me. Whether you have questions, want to discuss something, or just want to be friends, you can contact me through:

**Discord Username**: Porkifiable
**Email Address**: porkifiable@outlook.com

I look forward to hearing from you.