

The Confession & More

by [Jeffrey Zable](#) (January 2025)



The Kitchen, (Ruth Gikow, 1960)

The Confession

No, I wasn't the one who cut down the cherry tree but I did take a bite of Ma's cherry pie while she was sleeping.

And when she asked me if I did it—just me and the dog sitting there in the kitchen—I immediately pointed to him thinking it would be an easy escape, but when he started barking and pointed his front paw at me, Ma took out that big spoon and hit me on the side of the head with it.

“They’ll be no supper for you, nor will you get even a sliver of that pie!” she admonished.

She then vehemently expressed how cruel it was to blame the dog,
who’d been her faithful companion for longer than I existed.

Feeling pangs of shame, I confessed that I didn’t know what had
gotten into me. That I was hungry and that the pie looked so
good
I just couldn’t resist.

With that, Ma’s final words were, “You’re not a bad kid, but
sometimes
you make bad decisions. Try to think before you act next time.
It will save you a lot of heartache!”

The Lesson

“How perfect is the chair. . . existent to give support,
comfort, stability, and ease!” he said to himself.

But when he lowered himself to sit down, it pulled out
from under him and he fell to the floor, hitting his head
on the edge of the seat.

Angrily rising to his feet, he proceeded to dismantle it
realizing once again that he should never take anything
for granted.

Ben Z. Dreen

was in several of my classes in junior high, a boy who made strange faces, who was never able to sit still in his seat, who would call out without raising his hand. And what he said almost never made any sense in relation to what was going on.

It got to a point in which the teachers would sit him outside in the hallway or send him to the office.

Sometimes he was allowed to come back to class if he promised to behave, but invariably he was unable to do so.

Eventually he was kicked out and had to go to a school for kids who have problems.

Personally I wondered if he was on some sort of drug, but never could be sure. . .

Another Matter

Yes, I do think it's extremely risky to leave one's home these days. . .

My guess is that at least one in every two people is deranged, dangerous, and capable of committing grave harm in the blink of an eye.

And, beyond that, if any one of these people were in a vehicle while I happened to be walking across the street, what would be the chances of my making it to another day!?

It's unfortunate that there aren't more interesting programs on television and more quality reading material, given such circumstances—but, of course, that's another matter. . .

The Offer

“Did you say that you're a liar or a lawyer?” the fox asked him and he answered, “I'm both at the same time! And you can be sure that I'll get you off completely for stealing those chickens from the farmer's coop and leaving nothing but feathers in front of his door!”

To which the fox replied, “So long as you win my case I'll pay you with as many chickens as you can eat!”

“That would be fine!” the lawyer responded “except that I'm a vegetarian. Now, if you can pay me in fur coats from among your relatives and friends we'll definitely be able to work together. . .”

The Failed Attempt

“I tried my best to become an Aghori sadhu, but because I couldn't eat excrement they ultimately wouldn't have me. I tried on several occasions to consume the feces they handed me, but in the end I just couldn't bring them to my lips. I was perfectly okay drinking urine out of a human skull and I had no problem with their rubbing human ashes over my body,

but I just couldn't eat the shit!"

"I really don't understand!" my friend responded, "given that I've witnessed you eat a ton of fast-food cheeseburgers, tacos, fried chicken, pizzas, and fries. And you usually washed the stuff down with a large-size milkshake. So, what was the problem?"

To which I answered, "I wish that I knew! I still don't get it!"

A Special Occasion

"Every rat has an opinion, and the opinioner always wants others to believe that their opinion is the way! That's why the ratworld is so messed up!" the rat said to his fellow rat.

With that, the second rat nodded and confessed, "I've always known that my opinions were really facts and that if every rat embraced what I said as the truth, all the ratworld problems would be solved!"

To which the first rat responded, "I believe it's time to get that bottle of rat poison that I've been saving for a special occasion!"

What I Believe

I think that people believe in God for comfort, and with the hopes
that if they pray enough they'll have a nice cushy afterlife—
be given a mansion with an incredible view, a huge swimming
pool,
and a private chef who'll make them their favorite dishes,
24/7.

Me, I've never believed in God nor that there's anything
beyond this
except for maybe an occasional backyard barbecue and book
clubs
that focus exclusively on the best sellers. . .

The Shopping Mall

It's really the only place where people are always happy and
loving
toward one another.

I would live there if I could. Nod and wave to people in my
sleep,
always wake up refreshed, and never grow old.

Sometimes when I'm there, people I don't even know come up to
me
and say they wish they could adopt me.

That I'd make a fabulous pet—better than any pet they've ever
had—
because I always have a smile on my face, like my lips and
teeth
were made for this. . .

In Consideration

When I heard that people were eating cats and dogs in an area of our country, my first thought was that the meat must smell and taste pretty bad. After that, it occurred to me that the people eating these animals must be very hungry to consume what most people consider to be pets.

Reflecting further, I felt thankful that I've never been so desperate that I had to eat a cat or a dog to survive because I've had two cats and three dogs as pets, and if I had to eat one of them I don't think I'd be able to look myself in the mirror ever again.

Truth be told, I've never gone hungry a day in my life and I've never eaten anything that someone would consider to be a pet unless one considered a chicken, a turkey, a pig, a lamb, or a duck to be a pet—but come to think of it, if I had grown up on a farm maybe I would have had a different perspective with regard to these animals.

I can imagine that if I were hungry enough I'd be capable of eating a crow, which I've heard is a very tough bird to digest.

Other than that, I doubt that I'd even be able to catch one as I'm just not as fast as I used to be...

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Jeffrey Zable is a teacher, conga drummer/percussionist who plays for dance classes and rumbas around the San Francisco Bay Area, and a writer of poetry, flash-fiction, and non-fiction. He's published five chapbooks, and his writing has appeared in hundreds of literary magazines and anthologies, more recently in *Sufferer's Digest*, *Ranger*, *Sein Und Werden*, *Midsummer Dream House*, *Red Eft*, and many others.

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