

Murphy hates Halloween, God Stepped in, Took him Back to 1965

This is an essay by a 16-year-old on the spectrum of autism, Murphy [name changed] when he was asked to write about God.

MUMBAI, MAHARASHTRA, INDIA, October 31, 2022 /EINPresswire.com/ -- Brain Bristle is a think

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“Is it for Grandpa? Write him one. Grandpa hates how they turn every crisis into a holiday so man turns mogul, one more than another, each after one!” Murphy scratched tightly tailored pale brown...”

Murphy

tank that runs out of Mumbai, India. Its hope is to propel children diagnosed on the spectrum of autism into some form of inherent, natural giftedness through the use of politics, art, history, design, science, media, and more. We believe the capacity to mainstream children on the spectrum of autism is under-researched and under-developed, thus there exist multiple parallel industries catering only to those diagnosed 'autistic' or 'special'.

[As poetic revolt, this essay was written for weekend work by a teenager on the spectrum under the guidance of Brain Bristle and its manifesto to maximize intelligence]

"It was the 27th of October, everyone was dressing up for [Halloween](#), Murphy was already dressed with a paper sword in one hand, and a water bottle in another, walking three steps back four steps forward, for now, what was the 26th ride.

He had to complete 30 rounds, he told his mother, he forgot where he was.

He began back from sixteen again, three steps back four steps forward, three steps back four steps forward, on a typewriter he typed, time was still young, it worked in shuttlecocks rather than a shiny ball at Lord's, it was 1965, a typewriter typed.

His mother interjected “Is it for Grandpa? Write him one. Grandpa hates how they turn every crisis into a holiday so man turns mogul, one more than another, each after one!” Murphy scratched tightly tailored pale brown singlets off his skin, he'd done it enough through the night, to prepare perfect scabs, for Rachel's dinner on Halloween night.

He yelled, 'Confirm, click, I'm a villain', slicing electricity with paper cuts, he typed, four steps back

three steps forward, four steps back three steps forward, four back three for... "Dear Murphy this is me, [god](#)..." tutted out his long letter from the other side, of the traffic jam.

Some words might be seen others lost, these cars, women with baskets, cyclists in a rush, don't read, they go places on rules and ties, but you read as many words as I type, let your palms grow big and heavy, your eyes grow wide, they'll burst out pupils, put those back inside.

Once you've cleaned them out, thank your mother, then your garage, don't cross the road, instead walk to Sunset Boulevard, hold a cigar the one Grandpa smoked as he despised merciless mouthbreathing mankind, tell a tale to a pretty girl don't bother if she's listening or not, tell her three stories, pick any you like, make sure smoke circles the rings of her hair so they settle at her temples perfectly tight;

Until you cry, then tip your hat, walk back home, four steps forward three steps back, wear the tuxedo you'd saved for prom but it got too tight, cover your scabs, tell your mom, that girl- "I'll one day marry her!" Then begin life, maybe you'll meet her again in a marketplace or by the boulevard or you'll meet a belle from Argentina whose name will be the first name (and last name) you'll ever pronounce, and spell totally right.

Happy Halloween Murph,
with love,
dear God,
you're my child'

BrainBristle wishes you a happy Halloween and we hope you enjoyed this stream of perfect consciousness from a teenager trying to survive in an imperfect world.

Devangana Mishra

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