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The Phantomoid Limb

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“All done, should work as good as new” said the young bioengineer, followed by the quiet, certifying nod from the software designer that worked under him. My new arm I thought, what a concept. The designer then warned me about being careful with signal interference, or something in the line of that, I didn’t pay much attention as I was too focused on having two arms again. I then quickly thanked both of them and left for home.

I almost forgot how easy it was to drive with both hands, I am one of those old-school drivers who still enjoy the non-self-driving car experience, which is statistically not a very good idea, but I believe I stopped caring about any of that, after I lost my arm seven years ago. Which feels odd now that I have it again, maybe I should be more careful with my life now, you know, since I’m all in one piece once more.

6.55, home. I’ve lived here since 2034, almost 15 years now. Half of which were without my left arm. I had friends trying to soothe my sorrow by telling me “It could’ve been worse, could’ve been your right arm”, fucking idiots, didn’t even know I was left-handed. I am happier now that they have fucked off and I’m completely on my own. My family and I we have long gone our different ways, something I’ve made peace with long ago. So, no family, no friends, just me, myself and my new left arm. It seems to be functioning well so far, I shall try cooking with it tomorrow.

Ah, marvellous, simply perfect. I’ve always loved eggs-benedict, but it feels somewhat better with this new arm, or perhaps it’s just me feeling better in general.

-bell rings-

How curious. I don’t recall ordering something, and I don’t expect anyone to visit me. Damn, I was just starting to get a good mood.

-bell rings again-

Aagh, leave already.

-bell continuous to ring-

Fuck it. On my way!

-front door opens-

Huh.

-door shuts-

¹ Not all lines are narrated due to textual updates and altercations.

Must have been some sort of a prank. Not that I'm fond of that kind buggeries, but better than having guests I suppose.

Something strange has happened while I was cleaning my arse, I learnt to use my right for that quite some time ago, but for old times sake I wanted use my new one. And I almost forced it into my hole, just stopped before it would become too unpleasant. Must be something due to moist, or water perhaps.

Agh! Christ sake! what the hell. It's 4.30 in the morning, I think my arm just tried to launch me Wforward from my bed. I tried to call the Cybernetics Studio but seems like only a bot was available. I wasn't able to sort out how to turn it off for the night, but I think I should be fine, maybe it reacted to something I dreamed, which sounds problematic itself, anyway, I'll let the studio know first thing in the morning.

The fuck! What are you doing! Agh! My head.

We are in my kitchen now. My arm... it crawled here, with my body. It seems to be malfunctioning, I don't know what time it is now, last thing it did was to hold on to the counter, so tight that I can't move anywhere. It doesn't do anything now and I think I no longer can feel it.

I am wakened by the sun. Nothing changed, my arm is still, and I'm stuck in here. I tried to take it of several times, but it was only painful. I can spot my knife set from here, maybe if I can use the dough roller on the counter, I can pull them towards me.

-cutleries drop on the ground-

Right. I managed to get the knives. I don't know what to do now.

The arm seems to be impenetrable, I can think of something that's not, but no. No, no, no, please. I just got it, fuck. I guess I'll wait for a while longer and see if it comes back online.

Agh, shite! No!

-coughs-

Let me go...

-coughs-

...let me.

-coughs-

It's night again. It did come back online a couple hours ago, to beat the shit out of me and leave me unconscious. We've moved again, we are in my living room now. It managed dig into my hardwood floor and lock itself to a steel beam. Why is this happening to me, why is it doing that.

I managed to get some sleep, wasn't very comfortable but I can't think of anything else to do. I am so fucking thirsty, and I need to eat something, God I'd kill for some eggs now. At this point I think it's playing with me, toying with me to see how I'll react, like one of those reality shows where they push people's psyche, I just don't know why in the bloody hell it's doing that. Maybe it was that slimy software designer, the fucking cunt looked like she hated working for that old fuck, perhaps she woke up one day and said I'm gonna fuck his career, who gives a shit if a poor bastard is tortured in the way. Fucking bitch!

I shat myself. I am not sure if it was before or after I pissed in my pants, but... I just couldn't hold it anymore. Its grip feels like even stronger than before, it's- it's taken me prisoner, I wish I knew for what offense. I mean what did I do to you? I fucking loved you, I thought you made me whole again, and you, you are upsetting me now.

There is a vase I can reach it with my feet. I will no longer be a slave to you.

-vase falls, shattered to pieces-

Come on now, just another inch. Hah, there we go! Okay, I can do this, I can do this, I did it before, I did it... you hearing this, eh? You metal fuck! I'll cut you off, like the spineless twat you are! C'mon now, c'mon.

-a sharp glass from the vase is plunged into skin, sinew and bone, cutting them vigorously-

Haha, weehahehe. I'm free, I'm free again. Heeha hahaa- aagh. You lost; you metal dumb fuck! You are nothing now, and I'm... I'm.

-body falls down-