

The door of the warehouse is neither locked nor latched. A father wounded, lying on the threshold is gasping with might and main. “Where...where... are you going, Somno? Help...hel...” Yet there’s no one hearing the father’s crying, and Somno, the son of the father, is actually gone; all one can see is the interior of the empty warehouse which is as dim as an abyss.

Not long ago, the warehouse was not that empty; conversely, it was Somno who was imprisoned therein. One could easily behold that Somno sat at the ground watching a palette of hues that invaded the skin of the portrait figure and that he had his head wearily lean against the wall.

Is that really you, Somno? Is that really you, Somno? Waves of a man’s voice slapped on his ear and mind. Somno was appallingly frightened as if he had heard his inquisitor-like father chasing after him for scourging the sin of his and for saving him from the religious violation, by torturing with a breast ripper. *No need to be afraid; it’s not Father; just look at me in the canvas.* The man’s voice emerged again to calm Somno down, but Somno was still drowned in angst.

“Are...are...are ...are you speaking to me? Sir?” stuttered Somno to the man in the portrait, but the man made no response.

“It’s me,” replied Somno to the man, but the warehouse was still in deadly stillness.

Somno wondered where the voice came from; he leaned his ear closely to the man’s chest to see if the man’s alive. Pump, pump, pump, pump. Somno heard the melody of the heartbeating, but still had no clue where the sound actually came from; however, all he could be aware of was that the man’s skin was as frosty as a shrouded corpse and as pale as a coffin sheet.

“Sir, you look so pale; you must be cold” whispered Somno, taking a glance to the oil colors behind the easel. “Don’t worry, I will dress you well.”

Shortly afterwards, Somno took the pen with his right hand and used his fingers to caress the figure with fingers of his left hand. He felt the man’s neck like a marble column without any temperature. He felt the clavicle as an up-and-down mountain range. He then continuously moved his fingers to the man’s chest and an image at this point brutally struck his mind. He was in an art lesson and was sitting at the schoolchair painting a man with plump breasts in a courtly velvet gown; abruptly there burst a surge of cackles from other boys as if fiends were roaring and spanking his chubby cheek with their bony palms. They sneered, they taunted, and they made sissy postures to insult Somno and his painting. Then the schoolmaster came forward to quiet the boys down. Before the schoolmaster came hither, the boys all went back to their seats yet the schoolmaster stood beside his desk and the face flushed like a scarlet balloon. “Ridiculous! Is this what you call an artwork, Somno? A man in a gown with his sagging breasts? That’s indecent and heretic!” Soon, the ferule in the schoolmaster’s hand fell on Somno’s palms; Somno’s mind was blanket by the intersectional sounds of pat, smack, whack, and spank; again, pat! Smack! Whack! Spank! Patwhackspanksmackpatpatwhacksmack....

“Ouch!” cried Somno, feeling hands inflamed. But he refocused his distracted attention on the painting; his forehead was dampened with his sweatdrops. He took a few gasps and then kept on caressing the chest but then stopped his hand. He thought it’s imperfect that the man’s breasts had been mutilated. The mutilation made the man in improper proportion. Thinking of the mutilation, a fright hit

Somno; he then quickly painted down a lace brassieres to cover the ugliness, then a layer of organdie undergarment to obscure the lines of the body, and finally a sack-back gown to make the body's imperfection unseen.

Somno then put his pen on the portrait man's groin. What would be the best apparel for the man? *Renaissance pantaloons*? A man's voice whispered to Somno's ears again.

"No," responded Somno then, "Absolutely no!" Somno recollected that one of his girl classmates in high school was being punished for talking back against the history teacher that the codpiece on the Renaissance pantaloons was a symbol of male's heathenism and she made fun of it in her project. She was soon taken outside of the classroom. Then, the sounds of pat, smack, whack, and spank penetrated the classroom's silence. Then, pat, smack, whack, spank, then pat, smack, whack, spank, finally patwhackspanksmackpatpatwhacksmack....

Having the memory re-emerged in his mind, Somno began to talk to the portrait and started to paint.

"I think that girl's right. Renaissance pantaloons and a codpiece are impressive only in appearance and it's a symbol of heresy. Those who wear these are just bragging about their power. They want to control the world with their power as God plays the puppetry of the world with violence. But in fact, they are just stupid pantaloons. So, I will not dress you in pantaloons but in the gown. It gives you a proper proportion. It looks attractive in full length. "

Simultaneously and unexpectedly, the pat, smack, whack, and spank reappeared beyond the warehouse door. Pat, smack, whack, and spank with a man's tapping steps.

"It's Father, it's Father, I'll be scourged ...," yelled Somno in hysterical madness, having difficulties to control his utterance, trying to find something to cover the canvas. "I must hide, you must hide, he...she...it must hide. But where can this neither-he-nor-she hide? No, hide in here! No, there...Father will see you... No, here! No, there!" The lock of the door clicked. The door opened with a creak. The light intruded the darkness— FATHER SHOWED UP! FATHER! FATHER!

"Somno, it's lecture time," announced his father with solemnity, while Somno curled himself at the corner, hid his head in his circled arms and bent knees, and shivered as if he had been spiritually possessed by evils. "Look as if you really needed God's help, my poor lamb."

Switching his sight, his father was subsequently aware of the canvas— a man in a woman's silver gown. What a monster! How evil the witchcraft is! It's in violation of Nature. It's in blasphemy against God. It's worship to the diabolic thinking. The father's heart swelled with wrath in a wink. His eyes drowned with surging blood. His breath dashed in and out. Eventually, his scorching tongue and his sullen lips let out his pressed words.

"What on earth is that monster?" the father ground his teeth, hitting the scourge on the door. "There you go again? Damned sissy dressing! Damned insanity...."

Somno's father continued his reproach to Somno himself. Yet Somno was still weeping, his body all shivering.

"Cry for what, girlish boy! You spineless brat! You incapable sissy! Wipe away tears and stand up! I'll burn the canvas and then take you to the chapel to have the other priests take care of you! Go change your disgraceful sissy dress! We'll depart for the chapel soon! You really disgust me!" The father roared

to Somno, seized the canvas, and then ripped off Somno's blouse, skirt and brassieres, leaving Somno shirtless.

Take that dagger, take that dagger, stab it into his heart and rescue me from his hands! That voice of the canvas man hissingly emerged all over again.

Yea! Kill him, kill him, I have been in ordeals for a long while, man abuses us too much for their bias, I disbelieve in his God's words that men must not dress like a woman. I hate them for raping the pretty queens and princesses with offensive words. Did men create the world? Are men's rules fair to us that are not "real men"? Why have they so wronged us? Questions popped up in Somno's brain and teardrops fell like rolling stones, and finally landslide.

The father set fire that sounded like patwhackspanksmackpatpatwhacksmack. The sounds crisscrossed his brain, and then the yell of the schoolgirl reappeared. *Kill him, kill him, be yourself, kill him, kill him, be yourself....* The sound persisted in loudening, then a man's sound incorporated, and eventually the sound of patpatwhack came in. *Kill patwhack him pat kill whack him, stab in his heart, pat kill whack him kill him, stab in his heart....* With the sound continuing and messing with one another, a surge of energy was churning in Somno's heart. *Kill him kill him kill him.* Somno himself felt that his heart was going to blast and he breathed violently as the darting bull inhaled and exhaled before the bullfighter. *Kill him—kill him—*His father then held the canvas and was about to throw it into the fire.

"KILL HIM—MY CANVAS!" Somno took the dagger, rushed it to his father, and pierced it into father's body; then the blood exploded from the heart, the drop sprayed the air, and blood then converged into a scarlet swamp with his father falling and lying on it. The canvas fell on another side. Somno seized it nervously and rushed out of the warehouse.

"My man! We are saved, saved from the fiendish fathers! We no longer have to endure the fathers! It's our time of glory and of liberty! Let's get out of this tyranny! " Somno repeatedly howled with laughter to the portrait, embracing the portrait and leaping up and down. Hurriedly he left the house without turning his head back to see the father lying on the ground. His figure went further, further, further, and at last disappeared as a dot in the horizon. The yelling for joy was soon smoothed

"Where...where are you going, Somno? Help...hel..." groans Somno's father and then he makes his dying inhale. However, no one responds. Blood still wells from Father's pricked chest like a gushing fountain but now the breath of his seems to be frozen. There then comes no more sound but the smack of the creaking door against the doorframe. The warehouse is opened not closed, and the sun and the moon are now both hung on the sky. The interior of the warehouse gets darker and darker as one has his perdition, walks down the inferno, and sees nothing but all in pending and gulping dimness. Father rests in that dimness indeed. He makes no more moves. But let Dimness swallow his body at her will.