

**TABULA RISA or A PRIORI**  
**By R. Tornello © 2012**

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*Deep in the recesses, the primal, that reptilian part of the brain, how much of it was controlled by learned/inculcated behavior that made him able to function?* Duine Buile often pondered this especially after years of therapy, *the surgery*, and at times, pharmaceuticals.

When Duine Buile was a child *The Anger* welded up and at times literally paralyzed him. It was if his brain short circuited, and overwhelmed by this primal *thing*, his muscles would get competing commands to do and not do. Instead he collapsed, his entire right side, head to toes, were temporarily but totally useless.

In moments of lesser rage, brought on by anything from a perceived verbal slight to a bad day at grammar school, he would simply beat the living tar out of anyone, basic animal strength coming from where, as a child, he had no idea. To make matters worse he didn't remember most of what happened except the victim was a bloody pulp or he was being restrained by a number of adults before any real harm could be wrought, and this was when he was a mere child.

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They said the operation was a success. He knew that he was different. He wasn't the same. They did this to him in the summer of his second grade. They said it was exploratory brain surgery. He knew he was not as quick of mind nor was he physically the same and he hardly ever fought again. In fact, he had to be so provoked that the dielectric that was implanted into his brain, suppressing that part which allowed for anger and normal self-defense finally became overwhelmed, and instead of a normal response, the monster came roaring back in full, vengeful and as a mighty force that whom ever he believed the cause of this slight, was most often found in the hospital.

These were his thoughts, memories, and fears along with his shame for not standing up for himself when he should have. He had no idea as to the why of all of it. But to all the others he had become a model child, teenager and as an adult, a rector in good standing. He was loved by everyone but himself. He was secretly afraid of that monster he knew was always there.

To his government mandated myth based religion he dissembled every week. He assisted as a rector should. He played with the children at the nursery and was kind to all the animals. To all he was a nice young man, one that would be the pride of any mother's son.

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An empty church but for the parish priests Father Gilly Tony, and Father Al Bejoe in the confessional with, Duine Buile.

“Forgive me Father for I have sinned. It’s been a day since my last confession.”

“Dunie Buile, you need not come every day. Your sins are light as compared to others that could use more than ...”

“Hear me father for I have sinned.”

“Yes My son I know your history of rages. You have been to seek professional help, and through the use of pharmaceuticals you have your life under control happily for the last few decades or so. It is well and good.”

“But the feeling are still there lurking in the back of my mind, in that animal, that reptilian element, before humanness.”

“There is no before humanness my so, God created...”

“Father listen, it there you know it and I know it. You wouldn’t be here if that were not the case. The rages are under control, but we both know what lurks there. And for you father what are your demons?”

“This is your confession my son, not mine go on.”

“As you know in my past I flew into uncontrollable fit of anger, beating all and any who came into my way, some provoked and others I provoked.”

“Yes Dunie Buile I do know the affect of your rages. I was the recipient of some of them. I do remember.”

“Well yes father that’s why I come to you are one who recognized them and steered me to the professional help that made me a model citizen, married, with children, a regular church goer, and a helper of the poor. Yes. But father I have sinned.”

“Dunie Bulie what have you done that can be so bad that I wouldn’t have heard of it before your arrival?”

“Father your friend and brother Gilly Tony you know him?”

“Yes I do. He’s close to me and a companion of this church.”

“Well Father,” he hesitated, “he is my lover and I must confess to that. It is a sin is it not?”

Father Al Bejoe was beside himself. This was news to him. *All these years he assumed otherwise, a true member, a true being to the church and now this news. Red rage boiled up inside him, no earthy control, no heavenly control and from the deepest recesses, that*

*same reptilian monster that Dunie Bulie believes he has some stupid relationship with, kicks in and Father Bejoe arises to his full six feet ten. The rage he has suppressed these years is unshackled.*

He utters, “My lover, his lover? No never, never,” and his world turns red-black. His eyes blood red, where nothing is seen, no noise is heard, time is a figment of other’s imaginations, and reaching through the screen with ancient animal strength, with the letter opener he always carries, grabs Dunie Bulie and stabs him. He rips the wooden partition with that welled up animal strength arising from deep within, hauls the body, blood soaking his red priestly garments, drags the life oozing lump through the sanctuary and picking Duine Bulie’s body if it weighed not the 200 lbs it weighed but an ounce, heaves it through the stained glass.

“This to all who defame my love,” he spat. “One monster to another,” he chuckled viewing the crumbled body below him.