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Figurative Conceptualisation of Negative Emotions in Hanya
Yanagihara's *A Little Life*

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Abstract

This paper aims to analyse the figurative conceptualisation of negative emotions in Hanya Yanagihara's *A Little Life* (2015). The paper investigates the metaphorical expressions regarding the negative emotions of the protagonist, relying on the MIP (Pragglejaz Group, 2007) protocol to identify metaphorical expressions and Lakoff and Johnson's (1980) conceptual metaphor theory as a framework for analysis. In total, 372 negative emotion-related metaphors were identified and categorised according to their source domains. Out of the 29 source domains that were identified, the most frequently occurring one was OBJECT. In addition to that, the study also revealed a tendency in the novel to refer to negative emotions in regard to NATURAL PHENOMENON, MOVEMENT, and ANIMAL. The identified target domains varied considerably not only denoting a range of different negative emotions, but also Jude himself, and his life. The figurative conceptualisation of the protagonist's negative emotions further helped to elucidate his complex character of a man who constantly lived in the shadows of his past and present trauma and could not come to terms with the fact that his life was valuable.

1. Introduction

Language is a primary key as well as a communication tool used to understand the surrounding world of one's daily life. Metaphors, which are part of figurative language, and as Johnson and Lakoff argue, are an effective rhetorical device that surrounds the world (1980: 3). Metaphors thus allow people to express themselves in a more creative way and can be found everywhere both in literature and in everyday life. Indeed, people are so used to using metaphorical concepts in their everyday language that they do not even notice it. This frequent use of metaphorical expressions shows that metaphors shape our understanding of the world and our conceptual system (ibid.). As Kövecses has shown, conceptual metaphors even pervade everyday language about emotions. Therefore, it is habitual to talk about one's emotions using metaphors. Yet, not only our everyday language but also literature is filled with "great metaphors of real life dealing with fears and hopes" as the film producer Avi Arad once said. It is thus clear that metaphors expressing emotions serve an important cognitive and communicative function, both in day-to-day life and in literature, as well as in everyday life through literature.

Known as a universal phenomenon that is influenced by culture, studies on emotions have been carried out in various fields: neuroscience, anthropology, psychology, philosophy, sociology, and linguistics. As a result, the term *emotion* has been defined depending on the perspective and theory the scholars adopt. Generally, it is defined as a complex pattern of physical and mental changes that include physiological arousal, feelings, cognition, visible expressions, namely facial expressions and body language, as well as specific behavioural reactions in response to a situation that is important to a particular person (Gruchola, 2023: 15). As there are few hundred emotion words in English, Plutchik suggested the categorisation of emotions. Plutchik noted that emotions "tend to fall into families based on similarity" (2001: 349), and therefore, he found that primary emotions can be conceptualised in a similar way to a colour wheel (ibid.). In the colour wheel similar emotions are placed close together and opposite ones 180 degrees apart (ibid.). Other, i.e., secondary, emotions are a mixture of primary emotions (ibid.). In addition, he argues that "each new cognitive experience that is biologically important is connected with an emotional reaction" (2001: 347).

The link between emotions, cognition, and language was also pointed out by Foolen (2012: 350), suggesting that humans have an innate ability to conceptualise emotions. A speaker can express their emotions directly through language, resulting in expressive, i.e., emotive or affective, language (Foolen, 2012: 350). Foolen notes that people can talk about emotions using nouns, such as *love*, *anger*, and *surprise*, as well as verbs like *to love*, *hate*, and *fear*, and adjectives, e.g. *happy*, *sad*, and *angry* (ibid.). Moreover, Plutchik has pointed out that "language

itself introduces ambiguity and does not make it easy to describe mixed emotions in an unequivocal way” (2001: 345). Often obscure meanings of emotion terms cause difficulties for people to differentiate between emotions, for example, fear and anxiety, guilt and shame, etc. (ibid.). He argues that this is the reason why people often use metaphors in an attempt to describe emotions and provides such examples of expressions as “blowing off steam” and “pain in the neck” (ibid.). Hence, it could be assumed that emotions are closely related to metaphors.

Furthermore, Kövecses asserts that the figurative linguistic expressions that people use to talk about their emotions are essentially derived from a shared conceptual system (2004: 34). He argues that metaphor not only permeates the language that people use to talk about emotions but is also crucial in order to understand most aspects of the conceptualisation of emotions and emotional experience (ibid., 20). Thus, for a better understanding, the concept of metaphor should be explained in further detail.

Metaphors, the object of this study, are used not only to express emotions but also in everyday communication, education, science, politics, and media. Therefore, many universal and basic concepts of our world are realised through metaphorical expressions. Essentially, there are two approaches to metaphor: traditional approach and cognitive. In the traditional approach, metaphor was seen as a matter of language, not thought. That is what most people consider metaphor to be: decorative, typically regarded as a characteristic of language (Lakoff & Johnson, 1980: 3; Kövecses, 2010: ix). Likewise, metaphor is seen as “a device of the poetic imagination and the rhetorical flourish – a matter of extraordinary rather than ordinary language” (Lakoff & Johnson, 1980: 3). Thus, in the traditional approach to metaphor, according to Lakoff and Johnson, metaphor is typically considered to be a characteristic of language alone, a matter of words and not of thought or action (ibid.).

In 1980, a new approach to metaphor that challenged the one mentioned above was introduced by Lakoff and Johnson in their seminal work, *Metaphors We Live By*. This new approach considers metaphor not only as a major phenomenon in language but in thought as well. Lakoff and Johnson claim that “metaphor is pervasive in everyday life, not just in language but in thought and action” (1980: 3) and that one’s conceptual system plays a central role in defining one’s day-to-day realities. Our conceptual system is essentially metaphorical, and therefore, what a person does and experiences every day is also highly metaphorical (ibid.). Hence, this new approach to metaphor, proposed by Lakoff and Johnson as the Conceptual Metaphor Theory (CMT), emphasises its cognitive function to understand and structure experience rather than considering metaphor as a characteristic of language alone.

Conceptual metaphor is a metaphor in thought consisting “of two conceptual domains, in which one domain is understood in terms of another” (Kövecses, 2010: 4). The domains are known as the source domain and the target domain. The source domain, as Kövecses puts it, “is the conceptual domain from which we draw metaphorical expressions to understand another conceptual domain” (ibid.). Meanwhile, the target domain is explained by Kövecses as the domain that is sought to be understood by using the source domain (ibid.). For instance, one of the classic examples of conceptual metaphor is LOVE IS A JOURNEY, where JOURNEY is the source domain and LOVE is the target domain. (ibid., 6). Kövecses argues that LOVE IS A JOURNEY is the statement of conceptual metaphor, while sentences such as “Look *how far we’ve come*” and “We’ll just have *to go our separate ways*” contain metaphorical expressions written in italics (ibid.). Hence, the nature of the relationship between conceptual metaphor and metaphorical expression is one where the metaphorical expression is what reveals the existence of the conceptual metaphor (ibid., 7).

Therefore, the metaphor is not only in language but in the way we conceptualise one mental domain in terms of another, and metaphors are, thus, viewed as a cognitive process, where a link between two conceptual domains is established through partial mappings. Essentially, mapping is a series of systematic correspondences between the source and the target, in that the constituent conceptual elements of one conceptual domain correspond to the constituent elements of the other conceptual domain (ibid., 7). Kövecses presents a case that exemplifies the process of mapping. According to him, in the instance, “*We aren’t going anywhere*”, the expression *go somewhere* means a journey towards a destination, in this specific sentence, a journey whose destination is unclear, and the word *we* refers to the travellers involved (ibid., 8). This sentence thus contains the three constituent elements of journeys: the travellers, the journey, and the destination (ibid.). He then points out that when heard in the appropriate context, this sentence could be interpreted as being about love, so it would be clear that the travellers are indeed lovers, the journey is the events of the relationship, and the destination is not the physical destination at the end of the journey, but the goals of the love relationship (ibid.). Once the interpretations are given, it is possible to outline a set of mappings between the source and the target constituents. The examples of the systematic set of mappings that characterise the LOVE IS A JOURNEY conceptual metaphor are presented by Kövecses: *the travelers* is a constituent element of the source domain that corresponds systematically to the constituent element *the lovers* of the target domain likewise *the vehicle* corresponds to *the love relationship itself*, and *the journey* corresponds to *events in the relationship*, etc. (ibid., 9). The word *metaphor*, therefore, refers to cross-domain mapping in the conceptual system, while the

term *metaphorical expression* refers to a linguistic expression (a word, a phrase, or a sentence) that is the surface realisation of such cross-domain mapping.

Metaphors of emotions have received a considerable amount of attention in recent decades, as metaphor plays a significant role in the structuring of emotion concepts. CMT is one of the most fruitful frameworks for the study of emotion concepts (Sauciuc, 2009: 244). Kövecses attempted to provide a comprehensive description of metaphorical emotion concepts from a Cognitive Linguistic perspective (Kövecses, 1986, 2004, 2020). In his works, Kövecses demonstrated that emotion concepts are chiefly metaphorically and metonymically constituted and defined (2020: 43). He draws on extensive cross-linguistic analysis, illustrates how many emotion concepts reflect widespread metaphorical patterns of thought, and discusses metaphors of emotions (Kövecses, 2004).

Since it has been found that emotion concepts are comprehended through a number of conceptual metaphors (ibid., 33), other cross-linguistic studies in cognitive linguistics and psycholinguistics have attempted to document and validate the claim that conceptual metaphor structures affective concepts (Sauciuc, 2009: 244). The emotion concepts investigated were “anger, fear, happiness, sadness, love, lust, pride, shame, and surprise” (ibid.). For instance, one of the provided examples of the conceptual metaphor of anger was AN ANGRY PERSON IS A FUNCTIONING MACHINE, and the sentence containing a metaphorical expression in italics was “That really *got him going*” (ibid., 21). He even provided metaphorical source domains that address different aspects of the concept of anger (ibid.). For example, the source domain FUNCTIONING MACHINE of the above-mentioned metaphor focuses on the angry person (ibid., 21-22). Kövecses suggests that most of such language is the typical, conversational way of talking about anger in English (ibid., 22). That is because, as he states, “language derives from certain metaphorical ways of conceptualizing the experience of anger” (ibid.). This applies to all conceptualisations of emotions.

Following Kövecses work, within the framework of CMT, cross-linguistic and cross-cultural metaphorical conceptualisations of emotions were also investigated. Hamand and Zibin aimed at investigating the conceptualisation of FEAR (2019) in Jordanian Arabic. Maalej, in his research, examined ANGER metaphors in Tunisian Arabic (TA) and argued that this emotion is conceptualised in TA as a physiological embodiment, a culturally specific and culturally tainted embodiment (2004). Matsuki illustrated in detail the concept of anger in Japanese by comparing anger in Japanese and American English (AE), highlighting culturally unique and common aspects (1995). A cross-linguistic perspective shown the sociocultural factors underlying the Japanese linguistically encoded emotion system (1995). The conceptualisation

of ANGER has also been investigated in Chinese and compared with English (Yu, 1995). Sauciuc “attempted a brief overview of CMT claims about and CMT-inspired research on emotion concepts” (2009: 244). She conducted a study based on data collected in six languages (Castilian Spanish, Danish, Italian, Norwegian, Romanian, and Swedish) with the aim of assessing the role of conceptual metaphors in structuring emotion concepts (2009).

Rather than focusing on particular emotions, Charteris-Black based his study on 38 interviews with people who had experienced depression and compared the metaphors with those identified in previous research (2012). He described the metaphors used by people when talking about depression, and in addition, compared types of metaphors men and women use when talking about depression (ibid.). Men and women were found to use the same total number of metaphors in the matched sample, and the frequency and types of metaphors were also very similar (ibid., 207). The four types of metaphors of depression that were found and investigated were descent, containment and contrast, weight and pressure, and darkness and light (ibid., 206). However, it was found that “women use more metaphor mixing and clustering than men and that as a result their use of metaphor is more emotionally expressive” (ibid., 210). Therefore, metaphor mixing and priming occurs more often in interviews with women than in interviews with men (ibid.).

Metaphors expressing emotions have also been studied in literature. The metaphorical conceptualisations of emotions, which are the object of the present study, will also be investigated in literature. There are several studies conducted that will help to support this research (e.g. Citron et. al. 2020; Kövecses, 2010; Semino & Steen, 2008). The one basic assumption implicitly or explicitly shared by the vast majority of literary metaphor studies is that metaphor in literature is different from metaphor elsewhere (Semino & Steen, 2008: 233). In their research, Semino and Steen discuss different approaches to the relationship between metaphor in literature, including both the study of the properties of metaphorical expressions and the study of readers' responses to metaphorical expressions in literary genre (2008). They have noted that most scholars seem to agree that the metaphorical expressions typically found in literature are more creative, novel, original, interesting, complex, etc. than those found in non-literary texts (ibid.). Kövecses adds that “[o]riginal, creative *literary metaphors* <...> are typically less clear but richer in meaning than either everyday metaphors or metaphors in science” (2010: 49). While Citron et al. in their research present the pertinence of conceptual metaphor in the understanding of poetry and literary texts and provide empirical evidence that crucial aspects of poetic thought and language arise from conceptual metaphor (2020). Yet, Semino and Steen point out that while CMT relates conventional patterns of metaphor in language to general cultural and cognitive patterns, much of the research on metaphor in the

literature relates specific, idiosyncratic patterns of metaphor in a writer's works, in a single text, or in sub-texts of a text, to the individual's particular cognitive habits, concerns, goals, and worldview (2008: 244). Thus, this is an area where more research is needed in order to describe special and general qualities of metaphor in literature in comparison with the properties of metaphor in other domains of discourse (ibid.).

Metaphorical conceptualisations of emotions in literature continue to be widely researched. Charteris-Black investigated intense romantic feelings relating to the emotion concept of love and concepts of lust and desire in American fiction (2017). Using COCA fiction, he compiled tables of metaphors containing LOVE, LUST, and DESIRE as their target domains and proposed a concept of metaphor and an illustration of the type of metaphor that corresponds to this concept (ibid.). The findings revealed that American fiction is characterised by a wide range of metaphors for romantic relationships, depending on which component of passion (love, lust, or desire) they focus on (ibid). Ko and Winiharti investigated metaphors expressing emotions in Lisa Kleypas' *Rainshadow Road* (2012) and found metaphorical conceptualisations of eleven emotions: anger, anxiety, depression, fear, happiness, hope, hurt, love, lust, shame, and trust) (2014). The metaphorical conceptualisation of HAPPINESS was the most frequent in the novel. Whereas Bethke, in her study, "reconsiders the question of poetic metaphor with a particular focus on the function of emotion metaphors in literary texts" (2021: 15). In her study of the conceptualisation of LOVE, the feelings of heaviness and worthlessness in Shakespeare's sonnets, Bethke showed that poetic metaphors of emotion may derive from basic conceptual structures, but that the communication of complex affective states is dependent on combinations and variations of these conceptual metaphors (2021).

Therefore, the focus of the present study is on figurative conceptualisation of negative emotions, more precisely the present paper is devoted to a detailed analysis of the negative emotion-related metaphorical expressions in literature. The figurative conceptualisation of the negative emotions in Hanya Yanagihara's *A Little Life* (2015) will be further analysed. The aim of this paper is to identify how the protagonist of the novel is portrayed through metaphors expressing negative emotions and to provide insights into their use via reliable analyses and explanations eventually leading to his characterisations, and to explain the effect of metaphors on the text. It is also expected that this research will point out directions for further investigation and that this study may serve as a basis for further research on the conceptualisation of negative emotions in literature.

2. Data and Methods

2.1. Corpus Construction

In order to analyse figurative conceptualisation of the protagonist Jude's negative emotions in Hanya Yanagihara's *A Little Life* (2015), it was needed to construct a corpus for investigation. The first essential step was to attentively read the novel and mark the passages that would describe various negative emotions of the novel's protagonist, such as *sadness*, *fear*, *anger*, etc. The focalisation of the novel is internal as all chapters are told from the perspective of different characters, whether the narrator is third person, narrating the story from Jude's, Willem's or other characters' perspectives, or first person (Jude's stepfather). Thus, all characters' viewpoints showing Jude's negative emotions were included. All in all, 271 passages concerning negative emotions were identified. Their length varies between 5 to 356 words. In total, all 271 passages make up a corpus of 21 569 words.

As mentioned, the focus in this study was on figurative conceptualisation of negative emotions, such as *sadness*, *fear*, and *anger*, that are included in all the lists of primary or basic emotions (Plutchik, 2001: 349). However, the protagonist experienced not only basic negative emotions but also the ones which are categorised as secondary in Plutchik's wheel of emotions. Plutchik pointed out that following the pattern used in colour theory and research, one "can obtain judgments that result when two or more fundamental emotions are combined, in the same way that red and blue make purple" (2001: 350). As he claims, there is a consensus, that, for example, mixing *disgust* and *anger* produces the mixed emotion of *hatred* or *hostility* (ibid.). Following this example, other secondary emotions were taken into consideration, but it was not aimed to make the difference between such emotions, as for example, *hatred* and *hostility*. The protagonist's emotions and feelings were very complex and intertwined or even inextricable from a physical state, e.g. *pain*, and often it was impossible to differentiate them.

2.2. Methods and Procedure

The study was carried out within the framework of CMT. It means that the analysis consisted of several steps. First, metaphorical expressions were manually identified; next, they were related to the underlying source domain; finally, the protagonist's psychological state was explained through the identified metaphors and their source domains. Further, the steps are explained in detail.

Step 1. To identify metaphorical expressions, the Metaphor Identification Procedure (MIP) was applied. Both quantitative and qualitative approaches were used. The quantitative analysis was

applied to count the metaphorical expressions, while the qualitative analysis was used to determine Jude's characterisation conveyed by metaphorical expressions.

In order to identify metaphorical expressions in every passage, a close reading of each passage was done, and metaphorical expressions were marked using MIP procedure, which is described below:

1. *Read the entire text – discourse to establish a general understanding of the meaning.*
2. *Determine the lexical units in the text-discourse*
3. (a) *For each lexical unit in the text establish its meaning in context, that is, how it applies to an entity, relation, or attribute in the situation evoked by the text (contextual meaning). Take into account what comes before and after the lexical unit.*
(b) *For each lexical unit, determine if it has a more basic contemporary meaning in other contexts than the one in the given context. For our purposes, basic meanings tend to be*
 - More concrete; what they evoke is easier to imagine, see, hear, fear, smell, and taste.*
 - Related to bodily action.*
 - More precise (as opposed to vague)*
 - Historically older.**Basic meanings are not necessarily the most frequent meanings of the lexical unit.*
(c) *If the lexical unit had a more basic current-contemporary meaning in other contexts than the given context, decide whether the contextual meaning contrasts with the basic meaning but can be understood in comparison with it.*
4. *If yes, mark the lexical unit as metaphorical.*

(Pragglejaz Group, 2007: 2)

Every lexical unit that was found in the extracted passages was marked and further investigated and analysed for its attribution to the textual situation in order to decide whether or not the lexical unit was metaphorical. First, its contextual meaning was determined, then the basic meaning of the lexical unit was checked in the Oxford Learner's Dictionary. If the contextual meaning of the lexical unit was in contrast with its basic meaning but could be understood in comparison with the given contextual meaning, the lexical unit was marked as metaphorical. All metaphorical expressions were counted, and the investigation was carried out in Excel.

Step 2. After marking the lexical units as metaphorical, all the sentences from the passages containing metaphorical expressions were grouped by their source and target domains, also identifying the sub-domain, and perspective. Only the metaphorical expressions in which negative emotions were related to a psychological state were further investigated. In order to identify the source domains, Lakoff and Johnson's (1980) conceptual metaphor theory was used. All the source domains were further investigated and grouped by their sub-domains. For instance, the source domain OBJECT was further categorised into the sub-domains, size, material, quality, physical object, and other sub-domains. The frequency of metaphorical expressions denoting a specific source domain and sub-domain of each source domain were determined. Target domains were identified and they varied considerably, including even

PSYCHOLOGICAL STATE. In order to facilitate the data processing, i.e., to create filters to process the data more efficiently, the investigation of source domains and their categorisation into sub-domains, as well as the identification of target domains was carried out in Excel.

Step 3. The protagonist Jude's emotional state expressed through metaphors was discussed providing a better insight into his inner self. The figurative conceptualisation of the protagonist's negative emotions further helped to illuminate his complex character of a man who constantly lives in the shadows of his past and present trauma and who cannot ever accept that his life is worthwhile.

In the next part, the quantitative and qualitative findings will be presented, the analysis of the source domains and their sub-domains will be discussed, and examples will be provided, followed by a discussion of the target domains, eventually leading to Jude's characterisation.

3. Results and Discussion

The first part of the research is devoted to the quantitative tendencies observed in the analysis of metaphors. Thus, the following subsections of this section present the overall number of metaphorical expressions and the distribution of main source domains.

3.1. Quantitative Analysis

In order to discuss in greater detail the quantitative tendencies of the negative emotion-related metaphors in terms of their source domains, the numerical data of all indicated source domains are presented in Table 1 below. The information in the table is arranged based on the number of instances attributed to the specific source domain.

Table 1. Raw data of source domains and their instances in Hanya Yanagihara's *A Little Life* (2015).

<i>Source domain</i>	<i>Instances</i>	<i>Source domain</i>	<i>Instances</i>
OBJECT	98	FOOD	12
NATURAL PHENOMENON	42	CONFLICT	10
MOVEMENT	30	CLEANLINESS	7
ANIMAL	25	VISIBILITY	7
CONTAINER	23	WAR	7
BUILDING	19	ENTERTAINMENT	6
HEALTH	18	Miscellaneous (ANIMATE, COLOUR, CREATURE, VOID, LEGAL DOMAIN, LIQUID, TOOL, BODY, CONTROL, DEATH, LAND, MATHEMATICS, and RELIGION)	36
FORCE	16		
PERSON	16	Overall	372

In this analysis, 372 metaphorical expressions were found while investigating the 271 selected passages concerning negative emotions. In Figure 1 below, the ratio of all linguistic metaphors found in the corpus is presented by highlighting all source domains and ignoring the target domains of these metaphorical expressions, as they will be discussed in the second part of this section. Out of the 29 source domains that were identified, the most frequent source domain is OBJECT (26%, 98/372).

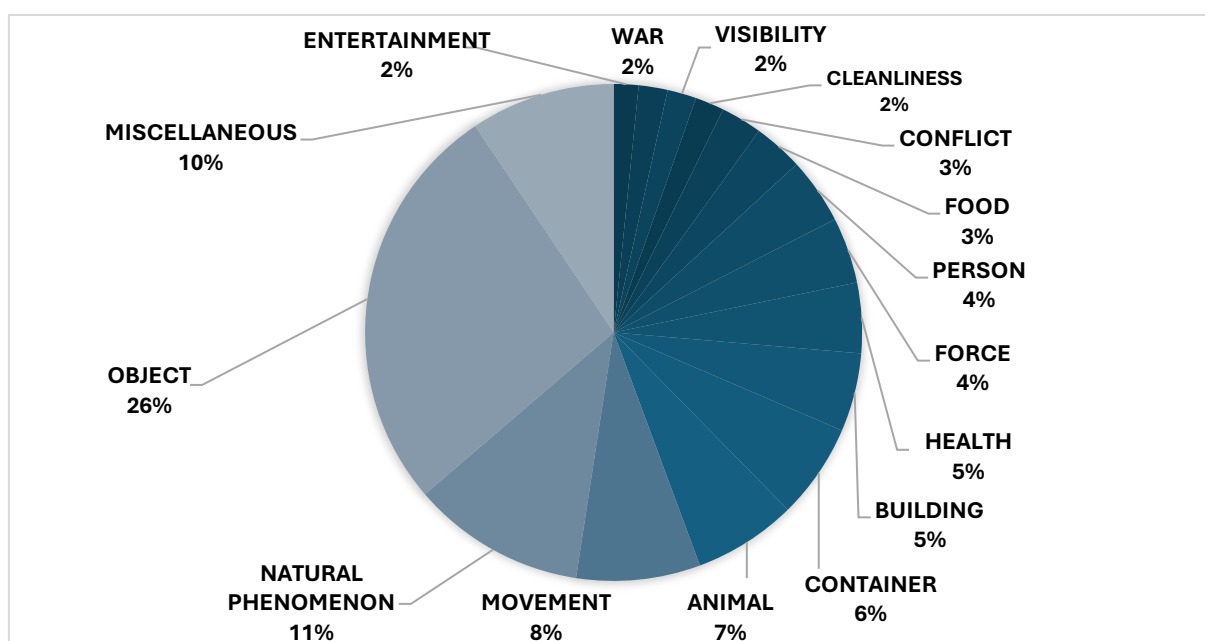


Figure 1. *Distribution of metaphors in Hanya Yanagihara's A Little Life (2015) in terms of their source domains.*

Another frequent type of the source domains used in the novel while talking about the negative emotion-related target domains (see Figure 1) are NATURAL PHENOMENON (11%, 42/372), MOVEMENT (8%, 30/372), ANIMAL (7%, 25/372), CONTAINER (6%, 23/372), BUILDING (5%, 19/372), HEALTH (5%, 18/372), FORCE and PERSON (4%, 16/372 both). Other instances of the use of metaphorical lexis instantiated such source domains as FOOD (3%, 12/372), CONFLICT (3%, 10/372), CLEANLINESS, VISIBILITY, and WAR (2%, 7/372 each), and ENTERTAINMENT (2%, 6/372).

In the novel, there are quite a few different source domains that refer to the target domains related to negative emotions, and as presented in Figure 1 above, miscellaneous, that account for 10% (36/372) instances and consist of source domains that were used no more than four times. Four-time instances include such source domains as ANIMATE, COLOUR, CREATURE, and VOID. CONTROL, LEGAL DOMAIN, LIQUID, and TOOL occurred only three times, and source domains BODY, DEATH, and LAND only two times. One-time instances include MATHEMATICS and RELIGION.

The source domains of OBJECT and BUILDING both refer to an inanimate object, however, some metaphorical expressions were specific enough to denote a building, which is a “permanently standing structure with a roof and walls which enclose an interior space” (OED, 2023). Other instances of the use of metaphorical lexis instantiated such source domains as NATURAL PHENOMENON and LIQUID where the source domain LIQUID could not fall under the source

domain NATURAL PHENOMENON. Although liquid is a freely flowing substance (OED, 2023) it is not necessarily always related to naturally occurring ones. Therefore, this distinction was made as in the passages some source domains were very specific to liquid, and it was my intention to reflect this in the investigation as well. All FORCE, CONFLICT, and WAR source domains refer to a violent situation that includes disagreement, fighting, and even aggression. However, after consulting the OED, a distinction between the three was made. As noted by the dictionary, force refers more to a violent physical action, and/or strength, conflict has less of a strong connotation and is more related to a disagreement in an argument or refers to a fight, and war refers to a hostile contention by means of armed forces between nations, states, etc. The three source domains have thus been distinguished, in order to better reflect the specificities in the investigation that occurred to one or another source domain in the passages.

All the above-mentioned source domains were further grouped into sub-domains to better reflect the specificity of each metaphorical expression. Each source domain in regard to its sub-domains will be analysed in greater detail in the next section. All miscellaneous source domains will be examined separately.

The identified target domains varied considerably, denoting such emotions as ANGER, ANXIETY, DISGUST, EMBARRASSMENT, FEAR, GUILT, PAIN, SADNESS, and SHAME. Some target domains represented a broader spectrum: EMOTION, FEELING, MEMORY, NERVES, STRUGGLE, STATE, JUDE himself, and his LIFE. All the above-mentioned target domains conceive Jude's emotions and his psychological state since the way that the protagonist feels is embodied by his life, experiences, and his memories of it. Since the protagonist's emotions and feelings were very complex and intertwined and it was impossible to differentiate them, the target domains will not be further investigated and analysed.

3.2. Qualitative Analysis

The analysis presented in this section is dedicated to the qualitative analysis of the negative emotion-related metaphors in Hanya Yanagihara's *A Little Life* (2015) and is divided into thirteen subsections representing each source domain: OBJECT (98 cases), NATURAL PHENOMENON (42 cases), MOVEMENT (30 cases), ANIMAL (25 cases), CONTAINER (23 case), BUILDING (19 cases), HEALTH (18 cases), FORCE and PERSON (16 cases both), FOOD (12 cases), CONFLICT (10 cases), CLEANLINESS, VISIBILITY and WAR (7 cases each), ENTERTAINMENT (6 cases), and the grouping of miscellaneous metaphors (36 metaphorical expressions found).

3.2.1. The source domain of OBJECT

Source domain OBJECT (98 cases) makes the most substantial group of all source domains used in the novel when talking about the negative emotions of the protagonist. As presented in Table 2 below, the source domain OBJECT consists of the following sub-domains: size, material, physical object, degree, fragile object, quality, quantity, inanimate object, moving object, form, frequency, temperature, destroyed object, immobile object, non-human, object with all its parts, unfamiliar object, and visible object. There are also several cases where used metaphorical expressions in this source domain do not fall under any of the above-mentioned sub-domains, and thus the sub-domains were not specified. All metaphorical expressions found are assigned to the OBJECT source domain based on their relation to an object in a matter of being an attribute of an object, which is named according to the sub-domains under which the metaphorical expressions have been grouped.

Table 2. The sub-domains of the source domain OBJECT and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
size	17	form	2
material	16	frequency	2
physical object	15	temperature	2
degree	8	destroyed object	1
not specified	7	immobile object	1
fragile object	6	non-human	1
quality	6	object with all parts	1
quantity	5	unfamiliar object	1
inanimate object	3	visible object	1
moving object	3		
Total sub-domains	19	Total LMEs	98

The source domain OBJECT accounts for 7 sub-domains that consist of one-time instances of metaphorical expressions denoting the specific sub-domain. This might be because the sub-domains: size, material, and physical object are so frequent, that they make up almost half the source domain and can be seen as a tendency in the novel to use metaphorical expressions referring to these attributes when conceiving negative emotions of the protagonist as an OBJECT. Looking only into specific examples of metaphorical expressions of sub-domain size, one of the metaphorical expression referring to negative emotions was repeated four times in the selected passages. The instances include examples such as:

- (1) [...], and in that moment his sadness was so great, so overpowering, that he wanted to tear at himself, [...] (151p.)
- (2) The sorrow he felt [...], was one of the greatest of his life. (483p.)

Other instances of this sub-domain include such metaphorical expressions as “*big pains and little ones*”, “*to shred himself into bits*”, “*humiliation increase*”, etc. (Yanagihara, 2015: 20, 151, 491 respectively).

Another tendency among the sub-domains, i.e., envisioning the negative emotions as an OBJECT, is expressed via material and its characteristics. For example,

(3) *She knew that he wore his life on his skin, [...]* (107p.)

(4) *[...] his sadness was so great, so overpowering, that he wanted to tear at himself, [...]* (151p.)

The sub-domain physical object that accounts for 15 instances includes metaphorical expressions such as:

(5) *He wished he was made of [...]: something that could be hosed down and scrubbed clean.* (419p.)

(6) *[...] I had the sense that he was in a hot-air balloon, one that was staked to the earth with a long twisted rope, [...]* (708p.)

These three sub-domains size, material, and physical object, make up the majority of all instances of the sub-domains of source domain OBJECT. The other sub-domains that are not so frequent include instances with such metaphorical expressions as presented below:

(7) *In that moment, though, he thought [...] he would splinter and crack.* (122-123p.)

(8) *[...] his humiliations are complete.* (337p.)

(9) *[...] he was only an extravagant collection of problems, nothing more.* (391p.)

Moving on to the group of instances of metaphorical expressions that were not grouped into a sub-domain due to their specificity or generality, which makes it quite difficult to categorise them, some of the examples are presented below:

(10) *[...], what he doesn't say makes him stranger, an object of pity and even suspicion.* (299p.)

(11) *He was losing himself; [...]* (389p.)

A few more instances of this group include such metaphorical expressions as “*his life had been: a sadness*” and “*a sadness that mingled with*” (ibid., 621). In these cases of the source domain OBJECT, the instances that depict negative emotions of Jude are conveyed through various metaphorical expressions that fall into the source domain but are too complex to be grouped under a particular sub-domain due to them being either too specific or general.

In this largest group of source domains used in the novel, several tendencies of the usage of metaphorical expressions can be identified. Firstly, the metaphorical expressions mostly tend to depict size, material, and physical object when negative emotions are conceived as OBJECT. Another tendency that was noted is that there were few instances of the same metaphorical expression that occurred in the novel to envision negative emotions of Jude as OBJECT. Yet, in

the novel, there were various metaphorical expressions denoting one or another sub-domain since there were 19 of them. Lastly, source domain OBJECT contained several expressions that were not further grouped into sub-domains due to them being either specific enough or too general, yet still allowing us to understand that the negative emotions of Jude are conceptualised as OBJECT.

3.2.2. The source domains of NATURAL PHENOMENON and LIQUID

NATURAL PHENOMENON, which accounts for 42 cases, is another source domain that is frequently used in the novel when talking about Jude's negative emotions. Although the source domain was further categorised into ten sub-domains, two sub-domains, liquid (13 instances) and cold (12 instances), are prevalent and represent more than half of the source domain NATURAL PHENOMENON (see Table 3). Other sub-domains, as presented in Table 3, include fire and light (4 instances both), heat and plant (2 instances both), and star, stone, thunderstorm, and volcano (one instance each).

Table 3. The sub-domains of the source domain NATURAL PHENOMENON and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
liquid	13	plant	2
cold	12	star	2
fire	4	stone	1
light	4	thunderstorm	1
heat	2	volcano	1
Total sub-domains	10	Total LMEs	42

The protagonist's negative emotions were conveyed in terms of the intrinsic features of nature, which were expressed through any of the sub-domains mentioned in Table 3 above. Figurative conceptualisation through liquid was the most frequent one, denoting such target domains as PAIN, ANGER, even FEELING, MEMORY, STATE, JUDE, and LIFE, as seen in the examples below:

- (12) *His brain was vomiting memories, they were flooding everything else [...] (391p.)*
 (13) *[...] the pain sloshing through him like a tide, sometimes receding enough to let him wake, [...] (510-511p.)*
 (14) *Above him a rain is always misting, [...] (689p.)*

Another tendency among the metaphorical expressions that refer to the NATURAL PHENOMENON source domain is via the sub-domain cold. The metaphorical expressions include examples such as:

- (15) *It had taken everything he had to say this, and he was so scared he was cold. (322p.)*
 (16) *JB had turned toward him, then, and he had felt himself freeze with a momentary terror. (84p.)*
 (17) *[...] it feels as if his heart is made of something oozing and cold, [...] (679p.)*

In 11 out of 12 instances, the sub-domain cold conveyed an emotion of fear by using such metaphorical expressions as in examples (15) and (16) above. The only instance where the sub-domain cold instantiated the target domain FEELING is presented in example (17).

Among the most intricate cases was the one with metaphorical imagery/narrative, where the sub-domain plant had 4 tokens instead of one, and the target domain was LIFE:

(18) *In his every day stands a tree, black and dying, with a single branch jutting to its right, a scarecrow's sole prosthetic, and it is from this branch that he hangs. Above him a rain is always misting, which makes the branch slippery.* (689p.)

Therefore, it can be noted that Jude's negative emotions were frequently conceptualised as certain natural phenomena, and mostly it was liquid and cold. However, there were a few instances where liquid did not fall under the source domain NATURAL PHENOMENON and thus was categorised as a separate source domain – LIQUID that fell into miscellaneous group. For instance,

(19) *He had felt a flush of anger and embarrassment.* (305p.)

In these examples above, a certain quality of liquid, movement, is indicated. It is rather only liquid-specific and, therefore, was grouped into a separate LIQUID source domain. This separate source domain broadens Jude's characterisation via liquid, portraying his negative emotions as either NATURAL PHENOMENON through liquid or LIQUID as such.

3.2.3. The source domain of MOVEMENT

The third most frequent source domain used in the novel, with 30 cases, to portray negative emotions is MOVEMENT. The source domain, as seen in Table 4 below, is further grouped into 8 sub-domains. Each sub-domain indicates a particular aspect or type of movement: direction (10 instances), speed and water (5 instances both), physical movement (4 instances), unsteady movement (3 instances), and assisted movement, manner, and vehicle (one instance each).

Table 4. The sub-domains of the source domain MOVEMENT and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
direction	10	unsteady movement	3
speed	5	assisted movement	1
water	5	manner	1
physical movement	4	vehicle	1
direction	10	unsteady movement	3
Total sub-domains	10	Total LMEs	30

When conceptualising negative emotions in regard to the MOVEMENT source domain, the most frequent aspect of movement used in the novel is direction, and it typically indicates downward movement, as in the example below:

(20) [...] *he feels himself tumbling toward despair; [...]* (597p.)

Another tendency among the metaphorical expressions that refer to the source domain of MOVEMENT is related to the sub-domain speed. In most instances by speed, it is meant quickness of the movement; however, in the one-time instance below, the negative emotion is conveyed as slowing:

(21) *But then he felt everything within him slow, felt himself relax, [...]* (414p.)

But the most distinctive and relatively prevalent sub-domain is water. The conceptualisation of MOVEMENT via this sub-domain accounts for 5 instances, and in 4 of them PSYCHOLOGICAL STATE of Jude is perceived as floating or afloat by the repetition of one metaphorical expression. For example,

(22) [...]; *most of the time he felt he was floating, [...]* (188p.)

And in one instance, his fear is conceptualised as a movement of a small wave:

(23) *And then he shuddered, a tremor that rippled its way through his body, [...]* (499p.)

Hence, the protagonist's emotions via source domain MOVEMENT are typically conveyed by a downward, quick movement, yet there are few cases of upward and slow movement. The most peculiar negative emotion-related metaphors are through sub-domain water when the negative emotions are conceived as MOVEMENT by the same metaphorical expression occurring in several cases. Other instances include the conceptualisation of negative emotions in relation to physical movements, such as running and dancing, unsteady or assisted movement, the manner of movement, or even a vehicle. Moreover, as will be noted throughout this paper, movement is also one of the sub-domains in several other source domains. Therefore, conceptualisations that relate in any way to movement are relatively frequent in the novel.

3.2.4. The source domains of ANIMAL and CREATURE

The source domain of ANIMAL, with 25 cases, is the fourth most frequent source domain in the novel. It is grouped into 9 sub-domains that denote either different animals or certain characteristics of them (see Table 5 below). The most ubiquitous sub-domain is hyenas (14 instances), the other sub-domains are hunt (3 instances), sound (2 instances), and beasts, bird, eel, ferret-like creature, insects, and limitation (one instance each).

Table 5. The sub-domains of the source domain ANIMAL and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
hyenas	14	eel	1
hunt	3	ferret-like creature	1
sound	2	insects	1
beasts	1	limitation	1
bird	1		
Total sub-domains	9	Total LMEs	25

As mentioned above, the most frequent sub-domain of the source domain ANIMAL that accounts for the most negative emotion-related metaphorical expressions is hyenas. In all 14 instances, hyenas instantiate not only various negative emotions of protagonist Jude but also describe what the hyenas are doing to the protagonist, i.e., how they affect him and his psychological state. The metaphorical expressions include examples such as:

- (24) *The hyenas were still chasing him, but now he could see, very far in the distance, a house with an open door; [...]* (391p.)
(25) *He closed his eyes. Behind him, the hyenas howled, furious at him.* (393p.)
(26) *But he also realized that the drugs had been protecting him, and without them, the hyenas returned, [...]* (413p.)

The hyenas themselves are a representation of Jude's memories, psychological state, and certain states of his life.

The sub-domain bird with a single metaphorical expression denoting protagonist's fear, connotes a light and quick up and down movement of bird's wings (Oxford Learner's Dictionary, 2024),

- (27) *He felt himself go fluttery with panic.* (181p.)

Indicating that Jude's fear is not only perceived as an animal, in this case, a bird, but also notes how he starts to panic, i.e., easily and quickly, like the motion of a bird's wings when it flies.

It can, therefore, be noted that the characterisation of the protagonist through the source domain ANIMAL combines the animal itself with all its inherent characteristics, certain movements as discussed above, and sounds such as the hiss, which occurred twice. There were even 4 instances that denote particular human actions towards animals in the sub-domains hunt and limitation. In these cases, his psychological STATE and JUDE himself are conveyed as an animal that is hunted and tethered by his memories.

Another source domain CREATURE, with 4 cases, that falls into the group of miscellaneous, has JUDE as its target domain and therefore portrays him as a creature. For example,

(28) *In his every day stands a tree, [...], with a single branch jutting to its right, a scarecrow's sole prosthetic, and it is from this branch that he hangs.* (689p.)

Other instances of metaphorical expressions include *demon* and *the voices* (Yanagihara, 2015: 496-497 and 514), which are more abstract examples of the source domain CREATURE.

Thus, the ANIMAL and CREATURE source domains are used to better convey and more accurately depict Jude's negative emotions and past traumas, thereby leading to a more varied and complex portrayal of his character.

3.2.5. The source domain of CONTAINER

Another category of occurring source domains with negative emotion-related metaphorical expressions in the novel is the source domain CONTAINER (23 cases). It is only the fifth largest source domain used in the novel and hence does not support the generalisation made by Kövecses about the application of the specific source domains to target emotion concepts, in which he states that source domain CONTAINER is “the major metaphorical source domain for emotions” (2004: 37).

The source domain is further grouped into 6 sub-domains and has one case with not specified sub-domain (see Table 6). The sub-domains of this source domain, as presented in Table 6, are movement away from and state (7 instances each), location (4 instances), physical object (2 instances), and building and action (one instance each).

Table 6. The sub-domains of the source domain CONTAINER and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
movement away from	7	building	1
state	7	action	1
location	4	not specified	1
physical object	2		
Total sub-domains	7	Total LMEs	23

Negative emotions of Jude have been conceptualised as a CONTAINER, from which he is either already out of, is able to or is trying to escape, move away from, or knows that there no longer is a way out. The sub-domain movement away from signifies Jude's ability, wanting and trying to escape the pain and his psychological state,

(29) *He was so far gone from himself.* [...] (403p.)

(30) [...]; *some of them made him fear he would be killed, or hurt so badly he wouldn't be able to escape, and in those moments he would be terrified,* [...] (545p.)

The sub-domain state contains metaphorical expressions that denote the negative emotions of Jude as being filled, stuffed, pumped, or vice versa, empty, hollow, and even shut down. For example:

- (31) *Sometimes he looks at his arms and is filled with a self-hatred so fiery that he can barely breathe: [...]* (306p.)
 (32) *Back in Cambridge, he lets himself into the silent house and walks as softly as he can back to his bathroom, [...] and cuts himself until he feels absolutely empty, [...]* (294p.)

In the source domain CONTAINER occurs one of the most worth-noting metaphorical expressions in the novel, where there is no sub-domain,

- (33) *He is astonished, still, by the speed and thoroughness with which Caleb insinuated himself into his life.* (321p.)

In this example, the word *insinuated* does not convey its usual meaning, to convey something by indirect suggestion (OED, 2023), but denotes Caleb's penetration into Jude's life. Moreover, Caleb is the cause of a traumatic period of Jude's life, as he was one of the many people who have abused him. Hence, this metaphorical expression is attributed to the source domain CONTAINER and its target domain is LIFE.

Several tendencies can be identified in this source domain. Firstly, the negative emotions of the protagonist are envisioned as a CONTAINER from which he is eager to move away from. In addition, metaphorical expressions portray his negative emotions both as a full and an empty container. And lastly, the life of Jude is depicted in which another person *insinuated* himself into.

3.2.6. The source domain of BUILDING

The BUILDING source domain, which, as noted previously, has a particular structure and thus is separated from the OBJECT source domain, also accounts for a larger category of source domains used in the novel when talking about the negative emotions of the protagonist. It consists of 19 cases, which were further grouped into 5 sub-domains, and had one instance that was no further grouped into a sub-domain. As presented in Table 7, the sub-domains of the BUILDING source domain are physical object (9 instances), area (4 instances), closing (3 instances), and shelter and trapping (one instance both).

Table 7. The sub-domains of the source domain BUILDING and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
physical object	9	shelter	1
area	4	trapping	1
closing	3	not specified	1
Total sub-domains	6	Total LMEs	19

The characterisation of Jude via this source domain was done by comparison with a particular building, such as a church or building itself, its parts, e.g. room, walls, warrens, alcoves, etc., or through actions, such as shutting, specific to a building. The portrayal of him and his emotions in the novel was mostly done via sub-domain physical object, i.e., conceptualising his being as a building itself or parts of it. This conceptualisation is most evident in the examples where his disgust of himself is expressed as a rotten building and a condemned church:

- (34) *He felt so ceaselessly dirty, so soiled, as if inside he was a rotten building, like the condemned church he had been taken to see in one of his rare trips outside the monastery: [...]* (150p.)
(35) *[...], as if inside he was a rotten building, like the condemned church he had been taken to see in one of his rare trips outside the monastery: [...]* (150p.)

Other conceptualisations of his negative emotions are being done while specifying certain characteristics of the above-mentioned church, for example,

- (36) *He felt [...], like the condemned church he had been taken to see in one of his rare trips outside the monastery: the beams speckled with mold, [...]* (150p.)

Such conceptualisation of his disgust continues by mentioning “*the rafters splintered and holey with nests of termites*” (Yanagihara, 2015: 150).

Another such instance is presented later in the novel, where the disgust that he is to himself and to others is depicted through the alcoves of the first flat he and Willem (another character in the novel) lived in together,

- (37) *Lispenard Street, with its half-obsured alcoves [...]* (319p.)

This characterisation is also continued by referring to other damaged parts of the flat, such as *dark warrens and walls that had been painted so many times* (ibid., 319).

In other cases of source domain BUILDING, negative emotions are conceptualised by referring to specific actions, such as closing, trapping, and shutting, which in the given context refer to a building. For example,

- (38) *He feels that he is in a cold cement room, from which prong several exits, and [...], he is [...], closing himself in the room, [...]* (674p.)

It can, therefore, be noted that, at first sight, the more complex instances of emotional imagery in the novel, such as the conceptualisation of negative emotions via buildings, parts of buildings, and particular actions related to them, can be easily interpreted and attributed to the characterisation of Jude when the context of the book is taken into account.

3.2.7. The source domain of HEALTH

Another quite frequent source domain, with 18 cases, used in the novel to refer to the negative emotion-related target domains is HEALTH. As presented in Table 8 below, each sub-domain indicates related concepts within the context of health: condition (9 instances), symptom (4 instances), disease and poison (2 instances both), and virus (one instance). These sub-domains are assigned to the HEALTH source domain based on them being specific aspects related to health.

Table 8. The sub-domains of the source domain HEALTH and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
condition	9	poison	2
symptom	4	virus	1
disease	2		
Total sub-domains	5	Total LMEs	18

Looking at the most frequent sub-domain condition, it can be noted that it usually denoted immobility due to health problems. The metaphorical expressions include examples such as:

- (39) *For a moment, he is paralyzed. But then he rebukes himself: he has nothing to fear.* (307p.)
(40) *“Maybe we’ll have a son together one day,” Luke said once, and he had stiffened, for he knew without Luke saying so that Luke would do to this phantom son of theirs what had been done to him, [...] (541p.)*

Another tendency among the source domain referring to the negative emotions of Jude is via sub-domain symptom, which indicates particular health-related problems as well as the feeling of sickness itself. For example,

- (41) *“Get out of here right now,” Harold repeats, and now everyone really is looking in their direction, and he is so mortified that he feels sick.* (334p.)

The other sub-domains that are not so frequent include poison, virus, and disease:

- (42) *[...], it was as if he was draining away the poison, the filth, the rage inside him.* (419p.)
(43) *[...], the fear itself a virus [...]* (613-614p.)
(44) *He feels his past is a cancer, [...]* (692-693p.)

In this another quite large source domain of metaphorical expressions used in the novel, we can trace down a tendency of the metaphor usage. In the novel, the negative emotions of the protagonist are envisioned as health through sub-domains: condition, symptom, disease, poison, and virus, which are applied in medical contexts.

3.2.8. The source domains of FORCE, CONFLICT, WAR, and CONTROL

Another category of occurring source domains with negative emotion-related metaphorical expressions in the novel is the source domain of FORCE (16 cases). It is grouped into 4 sub-domains (see Table 9): movement (7 instances), pressure (4 instances), physical force (3 instances), and electricity (2 instances).

Table 9. The sub-domains of the source domain FORCE and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
movement	7	physical force	3
pressure	4	electricity	2
Total sub-domains	4	Total LMEs	16

As noted by the sub-domains, this source domain is also conceived through movement, which is also categorised as a separate source domain. However, the found metaphorical expressions fell more into the source domain FORCE through the sub-domain movement rather than into the MOVEMENT source domain. It is depicted in the examples below:

- (45) “I am,” he said. He felt a pull of regret after talking to both of them, [...] (391p)
 (46) [...] he no longer knows how he feels: he wants to cut himself, to disappear, to lie down and never get up again, to hurl himself into space. (673p.)

Another tendency is to envision negative emotions as force via metaphorical expressions denoting pressure. For example,

- (47) He kept his eyes shut the entire time, but when he felt Willem place his palm on his back, just between his shoulder blades, he began to cry, savagely, the kind of bitter, angry weeping he hadn't done in years, tucking into himself with shame. (456p.)

Other examples of source domain FORCE include envisioning negative emotions as a physical force that Jude feels:

- (48) In all his decades of cutting himself, he had never been witnessed in the act itself, and he stopped, abruptly, the violation as shocking as if he had been slugged. (492p.)

or even the memory, which evokes all the negative emotions of all the bad that has happened to him,

- (49) But it was so difficult—there were so many memories from those months that stabbed him [...] (381p.)

Less prevalent cases of this source domain that express the pain of Jude are metaphorical expressions such as “*electric prickles*” and “*jolted out of its sockets*” (ibid., 101-102 and 658).

The metaphorical expressions discussed in this source domain express negative emotions through relatively different and sometimes even ambiguous sub-domains. However, given the examples, it can be noted that it is indeed the force that is emphasised in these examples and through which the negative emotions of Jude are conceived.

CONFLICT, which accounts for 10 cases, is another source domain that is attributed to a smaller category of source domains. As presented in Table 10, it is further categorised into 5 sub-domains, that distribute quite equally: violence (3 cases), betrayal, danger, and fight (2 instances each), and struggle (one instance).

Table 10. The sub-domains of the source domain CONFLICT and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
violence	3	fight	2
betrayal	2	struggle	1
danger	2		
Total sub-domains	5	Total LMEs	10

Through this source domain, the negative emotions of Jude are envisioned as a conflict by the narrator and Harrold. The majority of the sub-domains to conceive the negative emotions as a CONFLICT are used by the narrator. It includes metaphorical expressions such as:

- (50) *He felt in those minutes his body's treason, how sometimes the central, tedious struggle in his life was his unwillingness to accept that he would be betrayed by it again and again, [...]* (141p.)
 (51) *So he fought past his feelings of shame; [...]* (485p.)
 (52) *[...] he feels the memory as something alive and wounding, feels its meaty, powerful smack against his intestines, his heart, his lungs.* (504p.)

Other two cases of the source domain CONFLICT are the instances where the fear that Jude feels is envisioned as danger in the eyes of Harold, Jude's guardian,

- (53) *But he was pretending to be asleep, though I could still feel that vibration, everything in his body alert and alarmed.* (366p.)
 (54) *[...], everything in his body alert and alarmed.* (366p.)

Hence, it can be acknowledged that the negative emotions of Jude are conceived by both the narrator and Harold as CONFLICT, applying different aspects that are to some extent associated with conflict.

WAR is the third source domain, which constitutes the second smaller category of source domains of the negative emotion-related metaphors used in the novel. It was further grouped into 4 subdomains: defeat and protection (2 instances both), bomb and shield (one instance both), and one instance without a subdomain (see Table 11 below).

Table 11. The sub-domains of the source domain WAR and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
defeat	2	shield	1
protection	2	not specified	1
bomb	1		
Total sub-domains	5	Total LMEs	7

As mentioned above, source domain WAR has a stronger connotation of aggressive competition, i.e., a hostile contention by means of armed forces (OED, 2023), than previously analysed source domains FORCE and CONFLICT. Therefore, in this regard, the source domain WAR portrays the negative emotions of Jude. Mostly the protagonist's hopefulness is conceptualised as WAR via sub-domain defeat. For instance,

(55) *He would watch these films and feel defeated. (385p.)*

Or with a more positive connotation, as something protective of him and his being, for example,

(56) *His silence had begun as something protective, [...] (299p.)*

In another instance, the characterisation of Jude that is led via source domain WAR indicates a high level of emotional intensity or agitation, in this case suggesting the emotion of anger as something explosive, a bomb:

(57) *He had done this sometimes when he was a child and had felt like he was exploding, separating from himself [...] (658p.)*

Therefore, the source domain WAR, which has a negative connotation, generally conveys it through the characterisation, yet as noted above, in the novel, it also carries more of a positive connotation, with such sub-domains as protection and shield, while still denoting negative emotions of the protagonist.

Another three cases that fall into the source domain CONTROL, which belongs to the group of miscellaneous, were too concrete to be assigned to any of the above-discussed source domains. The instances contain metaphorical expressions such as:

(58) *His silence had begun as something protective, but over the years it has transformed into [...], something that manages him rather than the other way around. (299p.)*

and *overpowering* and *beyond his control* (Yanagihara, 2015: 151 and 306). Both metaphorical expressions do not convey a strong enough connotation to be grouped under FORCE, CONFLICT, and WAR source domains, and thus compose one more source domain through which the negative emotions of Jude are conceptualised.

3.2.9. The source domain of PERSON

Another source domain that accounts for 16 cases used in the novel when talking about the negative emotions of the protagonist is PERSON. It is categorised into 5 sub-domains (see Table

12 below) that denote different characteristics of a person. As presented in Table 12 below, the source domain PERSON consists of the following sub-domains: movement (5 instances), feeling (4 instances), action and Luke (3 instances both), and quality (one instance).

Table 12. The sub-domains of the source domain PERSON and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
movement	5	Luke	3
feeling	4	quality	1
action	3		
Total sub-domains	5	Total LMEs	16

It means that negative emotions were personified in terms of human being specific characteristics, which were conveyed through any of these in Table 12 mentioned sub-domains, or even a concrete human being, in this case, another character, Luke (see Table 12). Personification through movement, which is also categorised as a separate source domain, was the most frequent one, for example, some feelings denoting anger were depicted as being able to leave:

(59) [...] sometimes when he was being hurt, the part of him that was still conscious wondered what the brothers would think of him now: gone were his rages [...] (188p.)

Another tendency among the metaphorical expressions that refer to the PERSON source domain is via the sub-domain feeling. In the instance below, the negative emotion is conveyed as not having a particular feeling:

(60) It was [...], a pain without shame [...] (418p.)

Among the most thought-provoking cases in the source domain PERSON, were the ones where the negative emotions were embodied by a certain person, in these cases, Luke. The linguistic metaphorical expressions include examples such as:

(61) His cutting, his hatred, his shame, his fears, his diseases, his inability to have a normal sex life, to be a normal person—those were Luke, too. (423p.)

It can be noted that there is a tendency, albeit slight, to depict Jude's negative emotions through certain human traits, including movement.

3.2.10. The source domain of FOOD

The source domain of FOOD, with 12 cases, accounts for a smaller category of source domains used in the novel to refer to negative emotion-related target domains. Yet, as presented in Table 13, it is almost equally grouped into 5 sub-domains: consumption, cooking, and state (3 instances each), taste (2 instances), and meat (one instance).

Table 13. The sub-domains of the source domain FOOD and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
consumption	3	taste	2
cooking	3	meat	1
state	3		
Total sub-domains	5	Total LMEs	12

The negative emotions of the protagonist are thus envisioned as food through various metaphorical expressions denoting the sub-domains presented in Table 13. As the sub-domains are pretty much equally distributed, there is no particular tendency in this source domain. The characterisation of Jude via the FOOD source domain includes metaphorical expressions such as:

- (62) *He doesn't sleep so much as move in and out of consciousness, the pain sloshing through him like a tide, [...], sometimes consuming him beneath a grayed, filthy wave.* (510-511p.)
(63) *He felt raw and merciless.* (639p.)
(64) *Hatred sizzles through his veins.* (697p.)

In the taste sub-domain, there is one metaphorical expression that conceptualises the tiredness of Jude as something rather positive, i.e., connoting a sweet taste,

- (65) *He was tired, he was in pain, but it didn't matter; his tiredness felt like something sweet [...]* (582p.)

In the FOOD source domain, there are a few metaphorical expressions that depict the actions and hunger of hyenas towards the protagonist, where the target domain is JUDE himself. For example,

- (66) *He felt sometimes as if his months with Caleb were a pack of hyenas, and every day they chased him, and every day he spent all his energy running from them, trying to escape being devoured by their snapping, foaming jaws.* (384p.)

However, a few tendencies can be distinguished in this source domain. Firstly, the negative emotions of Jude, such as tiredness, are conceived through rather a positive metaphorical expression denoting it as *something sweet* (ibid., 582). Secondly, not only the negative emotions of the protagonist are envisioned as food but also Jude himself, and this is being done via the perspective of hyenas, which are the instantiation of not only various negative emotions of him but also the representation of Jude's memories, psychological state, and certain states of his life.

3.2.11. The source domain of CLEANLINESS

The source domain of CLEANLINESS, which accounts for only 7 cases is further grouped into two sub-domains: dirt (5 instances) and clean (2 instances). Through this source domain, the

negative emotions of Jude are portrayed as something dirty that needs to be cleaned. For example, it is noted through sub-domain dirt:

- (67) *He felt so ceaselessly dirty, so soiled, as if inside he was a rotten building, [...]* (150p.)
(68) *[...], it was as if he was draining away [...], the filth, [...]* (419p.)

as well as through sub-domain clean, for instance,

- (69) *He had tried to be someone different, [...], he had tried to make himself clean.* (391p.)

Hence, as shown in the examples above, both sub-domains conceptualise negative emotions as CLEANLINESS, expressing Jude's need to be clean and his desire to purify himself, as if his disgust, shame, and even himself are filth.

3.2.12. The source domain of VISIBILITY

Another source domain, which accounts for 7 cases, is VISIBILITY. This source domain is also grouped into two sub-domains: exposed (5 instances) and invisible (2 instances).

The source domain VISIBILITY conceptualises Jude's character through both its sub-domains, portraying his negative emotions as something seen and evident. This is noted in these examples of the sub-domain exposed:

- (70) *He stands; he has never felt more naked, [...]* (337-338p.)
(71) *He kept remembering the night with Caleb, the last time he had been so exposed, [...]* (456p.)

as well as in the sub-domain invisible that contains such metaphorical expressions as “wishing he was invisible” and “he tries to hide” (Yanagihara, 2015: 188 and 248).

Being seen and exposed and his wish to hide in order to not be seen by others is the conceptualisation of the shame, fear, and anxiety that he feels daily and the state he is in because of it and his past traumas. These examples above portray the negative emotions of Jude as VISIBILITY, as if he is naked, in the same way as in the conceptual metaphor A SHAMEFUL PERSON IS A PERSON WHO HAS NO CLOTHES ON (Kövecses, 2004: 32).

3.2.13. The source domain of ENTERTAINMENT

The ENTERTAINMENT source domain accounts for the smallest non-miscellaneous category of source domains used in the novel when talking about the negative emotions of the protagonist. However, its sub-domains are relatively diverse. As seen in Table 14 below, the source domain of ENTERTAINMENT is categorised into 5 sub-domains: event (2 instances), fairy tale, festivity, film, and fireworks (one instance each).

Table 14. The sub-domains of the source domain ENTERTAINMENT and their number of LMEs.

<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>	<i>Sub-domain</i>	<i>Number of LME</i>
event	2	film	1
fairy tale	1	fireworks	1
festivity	1		
Total sub-domains	5	Total LMEs	7

It is quite a compelling conceptualisation since entertainment typically carries a somewhat positive connotation (Oxford Learner's Dictionary, 2024), but in these instances is used to conceptualise such negative emotions as pain. The metaphorical expressions include examples such as:

- (72) *"I just feel like I'm going to be this series of nasty surprises for you," he said at last, [...]* (457p.)
- (73) *[...], he was also made to recognize how much he had edited—edited and reconfigured, refashioned into something easier to accept—from even the past few years: the film he had seen [...] hadn't been a film at all—it had been his life, [...]* (503-504p.)
- (74) *He feels he has become a spectacle to himself, [...]* (514p.)

It can be noted that even a source domain that typically contains a positive connotation, in this case, ENTERTAINMENT, can and is used with negative emotion-related metaphorical expressions in order to characterise protagonist Jude.

3.2.14. Miscellaneous

The group of miscellaneous source domains accounts for 36 cases, and thus when combined, makes up one of the largest categories of the instances of metaphorical expressions in the novel. Yet, in Table 15, are presented only the source domains that were not discussed above together with relatively similar source domains. Thus, the presented source domains are COLOUR and VOID (4 instances both), LEGAL DOMAIN and TOOL (3 instances both), BODY, DEATH, and LAND (2 instances each), and MATHEMATICS and RELIGION (one instance both).

Table 15. Miscellaneous source domains and their instances.

<i>Source domain</i>	<i>Instances</i>	<i>Source domain</i>	<i>Instances</i>
COLOUR	4	DEATH	2
VOID	4	LAND	2
LEGAL DOMAIN	3	MATHEMATICS	1
TOOL	3	RELIGION	1
BODY	2	Overall	22

Among many other metaphorical expressions that occurred in previously investigated source domains, the ones that fell into any of the in Table 15 presented source domains were too definitive to be grouped into a different source domain. As there are relatively many instances throughout all the miscellaneous source domains, only the ones that are worth most noting will

be discussed. Such metaphorical expressions through which the negative emotions of Jude are envisioned are:

- (75) [...], to think he has the right to keep going when even his own body tells him he should stop. (154p.)
- (76) And Jude's was grayish, but a silvery gray, a shade particular to gelatin prints that was proving very difficult to reproduce with acrylics, [...] (277p.)
- (77) [...], he knows that x will always equal x, no matter what he does, or how many years he moves away from the monastery, from Brother Luke, no matter how much he earns or how hard he tries to forget. (340p.)
- (78) [...] – he could have been his own savior. (391p.)

The examples above are from LEGAL DOMAIN, COLOUR, MATHEMATICS, and RELIGION source domains. Via these source domains, Jude is envisioned as such either by himself, JB, or the narrator. Jude is the one questioning his *right to keep going*, reminding himself of the axiom of equality and assigning it to his life and experiences, as well as being the one who wished to be *his own saviour*. This is being envisioned by Jude himself as a 1st person narrator or through narrator (3rd person narration). The instance where Jude is characterised as COLOUR is the way JB conceives him.

Another case that is worth noting occurs in the source domain of LAND and is the one with metaphorical imagery/narrative, where the sub-domain hole had 4 tokens instead of one, and the target domain was DEATH:

- (79) [...], in which something buried wisped up from the loamy, turned earth and hovered before him, waiting for him to recognize it and claim it as his own. (503-504p.)

Hence, although when combined, the miscellaneous group of source domains forms one of the largest categories in the novel, it can be pointed out that all cases contain metaphorical expressions that cannot be attributed to any of the other source domains. It can also be noted that this broadens the characterisation of Jude, noting his oscillation between life and death. As presented in several examples, such conceptualisations are carried out by a few characters, further denoting the inner self of Jude and his complex character.

Conclusion

This study has sought to identify the figurative conceptualisation of negative emotions in Hanya Yanagihara's *A Little Life* (2015) and disclose the characterisation of the protagonist Jude via metaphors.

1. To find quantitative patterns, the cases of the source domains referring to the negative emotion-related metaphors were counted. This process revealed that the most frequent source domain used to conceptualise the negative emotions of the protagonist is OBJECT. Other frequently occurring source domains are NATURAL PHENOMENON, MOVEMENT, ANIMAL, and CONTAINER. On the other hand, the least common are ANIMATE, COLOUR, CREATURE, VOID, LEGAL DOMAIN, LIQUID, TOOL, BODY, CONTROL, DEATH, LAND, MATHEMATICS, and RELIGION. Yet, when combined, the group of miscellaneous source domains also account for a larger category of cases in the novel. These findings suggest that metaphors used in the novel vary considerably and the most frequent source domain in the novel differs from the one identified by other researchers (e.g. Kövecses, 2004) where the source domain CONTAINER was identified as one of the major metaphorical source domains for emotions. Furthermore, looking into specific cases, the ones denoting OBJECT, as expected by the frequent use of the source domain, had the highest number of metaphorical expressions and is the most prevalent source domain to conceptualise negative emotions of Jude through its various sub-domains.
2. Moreover, the research revealed a few patterns and tendencies in the negative emotion-related metaphor usage in the novel. The first pattern is quantitative and has to do with the fact that in the investigated passages the same metaphorical expressions tend to occur several times. This allows us to identify the most recurrent and thus preferred metaphorical expression used in the novel to conceptualise the negative emotions of the protagonist as MOVEMENT and OBJECT while also providing some unique metaphorical expressions. Another tendency, adding to the envisioning of the negative emotions is the presence of several incendiary metaphorical expressions since the book is full of brutal, feelings evoking figurative conceptualisations, and thus negative emotions are envisioned as FORCE, CONFLICT, WAR, CONTROL, and DEATH.
3. Regarding the conceptualised negative emotions of the protagonist, the target domains varied considerably, intertwining emotions, feelings, psychological state, memories, life, and the protagonist himself or even were inextricable from a physical state. Therefore, were not grouped by their source domains, which were also relatively

diverse. This founding only supported the overall very complex character of Jude, who constantly suffers from his past and present traumas.

4. Naturally, this study has certain limitations, such as the not relatively thorough discussion about how metaphors characterise Jude. The portrayal of Jude through metaphors could be discussed in greater detail, but due to BA limitations, the less thorough description was chosen. In addition, for further research, the larger discussion section would likely show more tendencies of the metaphorical usage. The analysis and grouping of target domains may also reveal a more precise characterisation of Jude. This research can be an addition to the growing area of research on the usage of figurative conceptualisation on negative emotions in literature or provide some basis for the larger study of all the present emotions of Jude in the novel. This study may be useful for other linguists interested in metaphor usage or even teachers, to facilitate the metaphor learning and teaching processes, since there are relatively many distinctive, complex, and worth noting, metaphorical expressions.

Summary in Lithuanian

Šio bakalauro darbo tikslas – išanalizuoti figūratyvų neigiamų emocijų konceptualizavimą Hanya Yanagihara romane „Mažas gyvenimas“. Darbe nagrinėjamos metaforinės išraiškos, susijusios su neigiamomis pagrindinio veikėjo emocijomis, remiantis MIP (Pragglejaz Group, 2007) protokolu metaforinėms išraiškoms nustatyti ir Lakoff ir Johnson (1980) konceptualiosios metaforos teorija kaip analizės pagrindu. Iš viso buvo identifikuotos 372 su neigiamomis emocijomis susijusios metaforos ir sugrupuotos pagal jų šaltinio sritis. Iš 29 nustatytų šaltinio sričių dažniausiai pasitaikanti buvo OBJECT. Be to, tyrimas taip pat atskleidė tendenciją romane neigiamas emocijas sieti su NATURAL PHENOMENON, MOVEMENT, ANIMAL ir CONTAINER. O tuo tarpu rečiau pasitaikančios yra šios šaltinio sritys: ANIMATE, COLOUR, CREATURE, VOID, LEGAL DOMAIN, LIQUID, TOOL, BODY, CONTROL, DEATH, LAND, MATHEMATICS ir RELIGION.

Be to, tyrimas atskleidė keletą su neigiamomis emocijomis susijusių metaforų vartojimo romane dėsnų. Pirmasis dėsniumas yra kiekybinis ir susijęs su tuo, kad tiriamose ištraukose tie patys metaforiniai išsireiškimai paprastai pasitaiko kelis kartus. Tai leidžia nustatyti dažniausiai pasikartojančias, taigi ir labiausiai pamėgtas metaforines išraiškas, kurios romane vartojamos konceptualizuojant neigiamas protagonisto emocijas kaip MOVEMENT ir OBJECT, kartu pateikiant keletą unikalių metaforinių išraiškų. Kita tendencija, papildanti neigiamų emocijų vaizdavimą, yra kelios sukrečiančios ir trikdančios metaforinės išraiškos, kadangi knygoje nemažai brutalių, jausmus keliančių vaizdinių konceptualizacijų, todėl negatyvios emocijos vaizduojamos kaip FORCE, CONFLICT, WAR, CONTROL ir DEATH.

Taip pat kaip ir šaltinio sritys, identifikuotos tikslinės sritys buvo labai įvairios, žyminčios ne tik įvairias neigiamas emocijas, bet ir patį Džiudą, ir jo gyvenimą. Figūratyvus pagrindinio veikėjo neigiamų emocijų konceptualizavimas dar labiau padėjo atskleisti jo sudėtingą charakterį – palaužto žmogaus, kuris nuolat gyveno savo nenusakomai žiaurios vaikystės bei dabarties traumų šešėlyje ir negalėjo susitaikyti su tuo, kad jo gyvenimas yra vertingas.

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Appendices

Appendix 1

The source domain of OBJECT

1. He had never discussed it with Jude, but in the years to come, he would see him in all sorts of pain, **big pains and little ones**, would see him wince at small hurts and occasionally, when the discomfort was too profound, would see him vomit, or pleat to the ground, or simply blank out and become insensate, the way he was doing in their living room now. (20p.)
2. He had never discussed it with Jude, but in the years to come, he would see him in all sorts of pain, big pains and little ones, would see him wince at small hurts and occasionally, when the discomfort was too profound, would see him vomit, or **pleat** to the ground, or simply blank out and become insensate, the way he was doing in their living room now. (20p.)
3. Jude sat on the table, looking **slumped** and miserable and holding a glass bottle of orange juice. (69p.)
4. Sometimes he could predict what would trigger the spasming, that pain that would **extend** down his spine into one leg or the other, like a wooden stake set aflame and thrust into him: a certain movement, lifting something too heavy or too high, simple tiredness. But sometimes he couldn't. And sometimes the pain would be preceded by an interlude of numbness, or a twinging that was almost pleasurable, it was so light and zingy, just a sensation of electric prickles moving up and down his spine, and he would know to lie down and wait for it to finish its cycle, a penance he could never escape or avoid. (101-102p.)
5. Sometimes he could predict what would trigger the spasming, that pain that would extend down his spine into one leg or the other, like a wooden stake set aflame and thrust into him: a certain movement, **lifting something too heavy or too high**, simple tiredness. But sometimes he couldn't. And sometimes the pain would be preceded by an interlude of numbness, or a twinging that was almost pleasurable, it was so light and zingy, just a sensation of electric prickles moving up and down his spine, and he would know to lie down and wait for it to finish its cycle, a penance he could never escape or avoid. (101-102p.)
6. Sometimes he could predict what would trigger the spasming, that pain that would extend down his spine into one leg or the other, like a wooden stake set aflame and thrust into him: a certain movement, lifting something too heavy or too high, simple tiredness. But sometimes he couldn't. And sometimes the pain would be preceded by an interlude of **numbness**, or a twinging that was almost pleasurable, it was so light and zingy, just a sensation of electric prickles moving up and down his spine, and he would know to lie down and wait for it to finish its cycle, a penance he could never escape or avoid. (101-102p.)
7. She knew that **he wore his life on his skin**, that his biography was written in his flesh and on his bones. She would never ask him why he wouldn't wear short sleeves, even in the steamiest of weather, or why he didn't like to be touched, or, most important, what had happened to his legs or back: she knew already. (107p.)
8. Whenever Harold asked him questions about himself, he always felt **something cold move across him**, as if he were being iced from the inside, his organs and nerves being protected by a sheath of frost. In that moment, though, he thought he might break, that if he said anything the ice would shatter and he would splinter and crack. So he waited until he knew he would sound normal before he asked Harold if he needed him to find the rest of the articles now or if he should do it in the morning. He didn't look at Harold, though, and spoke only to his notebook. (122-123p.)

9. Whenever Harold asked him questions about himself, he always felt something cold move across him, as if he were being iced from the inside, his organs and nerves being protected by a sheath of frost. In that moment, though, he thought **he might break**, that if he said anything the ice would shatter and he would splinter and crack. So he waited until he knew he would sound normal before he asked Harold if he needed him to find the rest of the articles now or if he should do it in the morning. He didn't look at Harold, though, and spoke only to his notebook. (122-123p.)
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12. He sat on the floor near the jar and rubbed one of the flowers' velvet heads between his fingers, and in that moment his **sadness was so great**, so overpowering, that he wanted to tear at himself, to rip the scar from the back of his hand, to shred himself into bits as he had done to Luke's flowers. (151p.)
13. He sat on the floor near the jar and rubbed one of the flowers' velvet heads between his fingers, and in that moment his sadness was so great, so overpowering, that he wanted **to tear at himself**, to rip the scar from the back of his hand, to shred himself into bits as he had done to Luke's flowers. (151p.)
14. He sat on the floor near the jar and rubbed one of the flowers' velvet heads between his fingers, and in that moment his sadness was so great, so overpowering, that he wanted to tear at himself, to rip the scar from the back of his hand, **to shred himself into bits** as he had done to Luke's flowers. (151p.)
15. He will **experience that prickle**, that shiver of disgust that afflicts him in both his happiest and his most wretched moments, the one that asks him who he thinks he is to inconvenience so many people, to think he has the right to keep going when even his own body tells him he should stop. (154p.)
16. He will experience that prickle, that shiver of disgust that afflicts him in both his happiest and his most **wretched moments**, the one that asks him who he thinks he is to inconvenience so many people, to think he has the right to keep going when even his own body tells him he should stop. (154p.)
17. "I know you are, JB," he said, and **he felt a sort of sadness** he'd never felt before. Other people had been cruel to him, had made him feel awful, but they hadn't been people he loved, they hadn't been people he had always hoped saw him as someone whole and undamaged. (291p.)
18. His silence had begun as something protective, but over the years it has **transformed** into something near oppressive, something that manages him rather than the other way around. Now he cannot find a way out of it, even when he wants to. He imagines he is floating in a small bubble of water, encased on all sides by walls and ceilings and floors of ice, all many feet thick. He knows there is a way out, but he is unequipped; he has no tools to begin his work, and his hands scrabble uselessly against the ice's slick. He had thought that by not saying who he was, he was making himself more palatable, less

- strange. But now, what he doesn't say makes him stranger, an object of pity and even suspicion. (299p.)
19. His silence had begun as something protective, but over the years it has transformed into something near oppressive, something that manages him rather than the other way around. Now he cannot find a way out of it, even when he wants to. He imagines he is floating in a small bubble of water, encased on all sides by walls and ceilings and floors of ice, all many feet thick. He knows there is a way out, but he is unequipped; he has no tools to begin his work, and his hands scrabble uselessly against the ice's slick. He had thought that by not saying who he was, he was making himself more palatable, less strange. But now, what he doesn't say makes him stranger, **an object of pity and even suspicion.** (299p.)
 20. And then Willem sighs, and sags, and looks so defeated that **he feels a twist of guilt.** (301p.)
 21. In the cab, he finds he really is tired, and he leans his forehead against the greased window and closes his eyes. By the time he reaches home, **he feels as leaden** as a corpse, and in the apartment, he starts taking off his clothes—shoes, sweater, shirt, undershirt, pants—as soon as he's locked the door behind him, leaving them littering the floor in a trail as he makes his way to the bathroom. His hands tremor as he unsticks the bag from beneath the sink, and although he hadn't thought he'd need to cut himself that night—nothing that day or early evening had indicated he might—he is almost ravenous for it now. He has long ago run out of blank skin on his forearms, and he now recuts over old cuts, using the edge of the razor to saw through the tough, webby scar tissue: when the new cuts heal, they do so in warty furrows, and he is disgusted and dismayed and fascinated all at once by how severely he has deformed himself. Lately he has begun using the cream that Andy gave him for his back on his arms, and he thinks it helps, a bit: the skin feels looser, the scars a little softer and more supple. (301-302p.)
 22. But as self-conscious as he is about appearing normal, he doesn't want a relationship for propriety's sake: he wants it because he has realized he is lonely. He is so lonely that he sometimes **feels it physically**, a sodden clump of dirty laundry pressing against his chest. He cannot unlearn the feeling. (305p.)
 23. But as self-conscious as he is about appearing normal, he doesn't want a relationship for propriety's sake: he wants it because he has realized he is lonely. He is so lonely that he sometimes feels it physically, **a sodden clump of dirty laundry pressing against his chest.** He cannot unlearn the feeling. (305p.)
 24. In that moment, he goes blank, the world, his very self, **erasing themselves.** It has been a long, long time since anyone has kissed him, and he remembers the sense of helplessness he felt whenever it happened, and how Brother Luke used to tell him to just open his mouth and relax and do nothing, and now—out of habit and memory, and the inability to do anything else—that is what he does, and waits for it to be over, counting the seconds and trying to breathe through his nose. (314p.)
 25. He is so sore, so depleted: but now **his humiliations are complete.** (337p.)
 26. He stands; he has never felt more naked, more exposed in his life. When he was a child, and things were happening to him, he used to be able to leave his body, to go somewhere else. He would pretend he was something **inanimate**—a curtain rod, a ceiling fan—a dispassionate, unfeeling witness to the scene occurring beneath him. He would watch himself and feel nothing: not pity, not anger, nothing. But now, although he tries, he finds he cannot remove himself. (337-338p.)
 27. He stands; he has never felt more naked, more exposed in his life. When he was a child, and things were happening to him, he used to be able to leave his body, to go somewhere else. He would pretend he was something inanimate—**a curtain rod**, a ceiling fan—a dispassionate, unfeeling witness to the scene occurring beneath him. He would watch

- himself and feel nothing: not pity, not anger, nothing. But now, although he tries, he finds he cannot remove himself. (337-338p.)
28. He stands; he has never felt more naked, more exposed in his life. When he was a child, and things were happening to him, he used to be able to leave his body, to go somewhere else. He would pretend he was something inanimate—a curtain rod, **a ceiling fan**—a dispassionate, unfeeling witness to the scene occurring beneath him. He would watch himself and feel nothing: not pity, not anger, nothing. But now, although he tries, he finds he cannot remove himself. (337-338p.)
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 31. He may be respected; in court, he may even be feared. But fundamentally, he is the same person, a person who inspires disgust, a person meant to be hated. And in that microsecond that he finds himself **suspended in the air**, between the ecstasy of being aloft and the anticipation of his landing, which he knows will be terrible, he knows that x will always equal x , no matter what he does, or how many years he moves away from the monastery, from Brother Luke, no matter how much he earns or how hard he tries to forget. (340p.)
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 33. That made me angry. “I’m not asking you to apologize, Jude.” I told him. “I’m asking you what this is, and don’t say ‘it’s a bag with razors in it’ What is this? Why did you tape it beneath your sink?”
He stared at me for a long time with that look he had – I know you know the one – where you can see him **receding** even as he looks at you, where you can see the gates within him closing and locking themselves, the bridged being cranked above the moat. “You know what it’s for.” He finally said very quietly. (358p.)
 34. But it was so difficult—there were so many memories from those months that stabbed him that he was overwhelmed. He heard Caleb’s voice saying things to him, he saw the expression on Caleb’s face as he had stared at his unclothed body, he felt the **horrid blank airlessness** of his fall down the staircase, and he crunched himself into a knot and put his hands over his ears and closed his eyes. (381p.)
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36. He got up, he went to work. He simultaneously craved company, so he wouldn't think of Caleb, and dreaded it, because Caleb had reminded him how **inhuman** he was, how deficient, how disgusting, and he was too embarrassed to be around other people, normal people. He thought of his days the way he thought of taking steps when he was experiencing the pain and numbness in his feet: he would get through one, and then the next, and then the next, and eventually things would get better. (383p.)
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38. For a moment, he wanted to **break down** and beg Willem not to leave. (388p.)
39. He was **losing himself**; this had to stop. (389p.)
40. And then, at some point, it was no longer an experiment [thinking about the suicide]. He couldn't remember how he had decided, but after he had, he felt lighter, freer, less tormented. The hyenas were still chasing him, but now he could see, very far in the distance, a house with an open door, and he knew that once he had reached that house, he would be safe, and everything that pursued him would fall away. They didn't like it, of course – they could see the door as well, they knew he was about to elude them – and every day the hunt got worse, **the army of things chasing him stronger and louder and more insistent**. His brain was vomiting memories, they were flooding everything else – he thought of people and sensations and incidents he hadn't thought in years. Tastes appeared on his tongue as if by alchemy; he smelled fragrances he hadn't smelled in decades. His system was compromised; he would drown in his memories; he had to do something. He had tried – all his life, he had tried. He had tried to be someone different, he had tried to be someone better, he had tried to make himself clean. But it hadn't worked. Once he had decided, he was fascinated by his own hopefulness, by now he could have saved himself years of sorrow by just ending it – he could have been his own savior. No law said he had to keep on living; his life was still his own to do with what he pleased. How had he not realized this in all these years? The choice now seemed obvious; the only question was why it had taken him so long. (391p.)
41. "I am," he said. He felt a pull of regret after talking to both of them, but he was determined. He was no good for them, anyway; he was only an **extravagant collection of problems**, nothing more. (391p.)
42. He was so far gone from himself, from who he had hoped to be, that it was as if he was no longer a boy at all but **something else entirely**. (403p.)
43. His hands shook more than ever, and he felt **sharp prickles** vibrating through his fingers, but she told him not to worry, that it was his muscles repairing themselves, his nerves resetting themselves. (410p.)
44. He and Willem left early, and that evening he cut himself for the second time since he was released from the hospital. This was another thing the drugs had dampened: his need to cut, to feel that bright, startling slap of pain. The first time he did it, he was shocked by how much it hurt, and had actually wondered why he had been doing this to himself for so long—what had he been thinking? But then he felt everything within him slow, felt himself relax, felt his memories dim, and had remembered how it helped him, remembered why he had begun doing it at all. The scars from his attempt were three vertical lines on both arms, from the base of his palm to just below the inside of his elbow, and they hadn't healed well; it looked as if he **had shoved pencils just beneath the skin**. They had a strange, pearly shine, almost as if the skin had been burned, and now he made a fist, watching them tighten in response. (414p.)

45. That night, the brother had been careful with him, and had brought him tea, but he had felt more alive than he had in weeks. Something about the fall, the freshness of the pain, had been restorative. It was honest pain, **clean pain**, a pain without shame or filth, and it was a different sensation than he had felt in years. (418p.)
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47. When he did it, it was as if he was draining away the poison, the filth, the rage inside him. It was as if his old dream of leeches had come to life and had the same effect, the effect he had always hoped it would. He wished he **was made of metal**, of plastic: something that could be hosed down and scrubbed clean. He had a vision of himself being pumped full of water and detergent and bleach and then blasted dry, everything inside him made hygienic again. (419p.)
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50. He hadn't moved, he had been too petrified, but then there was the **splintering of wood**, and the room was filled with men holding flashlights high by their heads, so that he couldn't see their faces. One of them came over to him and said something to him—he couldn't hear for the noise, for his panic—and pulled up his underwear and helped him to his feet. (421p.)
51. He kept his eyes shut the entire time, but when he felt Willem place his palm on his back, just between his shoulder blades, he began to cry, savagely, the kind of bitter, angry weeping he hadn't done in years, tucking into himself with shame. He kept remembering the night with Caleb, the last time he had been so exposed, the last time he had cried this hard, and he knew that Willem would only understand part of the reason he was so upset, that he didn't know that **the shame of this very moment—of being naked, of being at another's mercy—was almost as great as** his shame for what he had revealed. He heard, more from the tone than the words themselves, that Willem was being kind to him, that he was dismayed and was trying to make him feel better, but he was so distraught that he couldn't even comprehend what Willem was saying. He tried to get out of the bed so he could go to the bathroom and cut himself, but Willem caught him and held him so tightly that he couldn't move, and eventually he somehow calmed himself. (456p.)
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53. The day before, they had taken a shower together for the first time, and Jude had been so silent afterward, so deep inside one of his fugue states, his eyes so **flat** and blank, that Willem had been momentarily frightened. He hadn't wanted to do it, but Willem had coerced him, and in the shower, Jude had been rigid and grim, and Willem had been able to tell from the set of Jude's mouth that he was enduring it, that he was waiting for it to be over. (474p.)
 54. **The sorrow** he felt when he realized that even Willem couldn't save him, that he was irredeemable, that this experience was forever ruined for him, **was one of the greatest of his life.** (483p.)
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 56. Eventually his **fear of the process diminished**, though not his dread. He had always known that Willem enjoyed sex, but he had been surprised and dismayed that he seemed to enjoy it so much with him. He knew how unfair he was being, but he found himself respecting Willem less for this, and hating himself more for those feelings. (484p.)
 57. Sometimes, often, he cursed himself, and how limited he was, but at other times, he was kinder: he recognized how much his mind had protected his body, how it had shut down his sexual drive in order to shelter him, how it had **calcified** every part of him that had caused him such pain. But usually, he knew he was wrong. He knew his resentment of Willem was wrong. He knew his impatience with Willem's affection for foreplay—that long, embarrassing period of throat-clearing that preceded every interaction, the small physical gestures of intimacy that he knew were Willem's way of experimenting with the depths of his own ability for arousal—was wrong. (484-485p.)
 58. "Jude," Willem said, after a pause, "come lie down next to me before you go," but he shook his head and left, and all day he had regretted it, and with every passing day that Willem didn't ask him again, he hated himself more. Their new morning ritual was Willem examining his arms, and every time, sitting next to Willem in bed as Willem looked for evidence of cuts, he felt his **frustration** and humiliation **increase.** (491p.)
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 60. They sat there in silence for a long, long time, Willem still bent over, he watching Willem. "I'm sorry, Willem," he said.
 "Jesus, Jude," Willem said, a while later. "This really hurts." He finally looked at him. "How can you stand this?"
 He shrugged. "You get used to it," he said, and Willem shook his head.
 "Oh, Jude," Willem said, and he saw that Willem was crying, silently. "Are you even happy with me?"
 He felt **something in him break** and fall. "Willem," he began, and then started again. "You've made me happier than I've ever been in my life."
 Willem made a sound that he later realized was a laugh. "Then why are you cutting yourself so much?" he asked. "Why has it gotten so bad?"

- “I don’t know,” he said, softly. He swallowed. “I guess I’m afraid you’re going to leave.” It wasn’t the entire story—the entire story he couldn’t say—but it was part of it. (493-494p.)
61. They sat there in silence for a long, long time, Willem still bent over, he watching Willem. “I’m sorry, Willem,” he said.
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62. Willem sighed. “I don’t know what I can say to convince you I’m not going to leave, that you don’t need to test me,” he said. They were quiet again, and then Willem took a deep breath. “Jude,” he said, “do you think you should maybe go back to the hospital for a while? Just to, I don’t know, sort things out?”
 “No,” he said, his throat **tightening** with panic. “Willem, no—you won’t make me, will you?” (494p.)
63. Eight months ago, when Malcolm was breaking ground, he and Willem had gone up to the property and had wandered around it. He had been feeling unusually well that day, and had even allowed Willem to hold his hand as they walked down the gentle hill that sloped from where the house would sit, and then left, toward the forest that held the lake in its embrace. The forest was denser than they had imagined, the ground so thick with pine needles that their every footfall sank, as if the earth beneath them was made of something rubbery and squashy and pumped half full of air. It was difficult terrain for him, and he grasped Willem’s hand in earnest, but when Willem asked him if he wanted to stop, he shook his head. About twenty minutes later, when they were almost halfway around the lake, they came to a clearing that looked like something out of a fairy tale, the sky above them all dark green fir tops, the floor beneath them that same soft pelt of the trees’ leavings. They stopped then, looking around them, quiet until Willem said, “We should just build it here,” and he smiled, but **inside him something wrenched**, a feeling like his entire nervous system was being tugged out of his navel, because he was remembering that other forest he had once thought he’d live in, and was realizing that he was to finally have it after all: a house in the woods, with water nearby, and someone who loved him. And then he shuddered, a tremor that rippled its way through his body, and Willem looked at him. “Are you cold?” he asked. “No,” he said, “but let’s keep walking,” and so they had. (499p.)
64. He thought of it as a **slight parting of worlds**, in which something buried wisped up from the loamy, turned earth and hovered before him, waiting for him to recognize it and claim it as his own. Their very reappearance was defiant: *Here we are*, they seemed to say to him. *Did you really think we would let you abandon us? Did you really think we wouldn’t come back?* Eventually, he was also made to recognize how much he had edited—edited and reconfigured, refashioned into something easier to accept—from even the past few years: the film he had seen his junior year of two detectives coming to tell a student at college that the man who had hurt him had died in prison hadn’t been a film at all—it had been his life, and he had been the student, and he had stood there in the Quad outside of Hood, and the two detectives were the people who had found him

and arrested Dr. Traylor in the field that night, and they had taken him to the hospital and had made sure Dr. Traylor had gone to prison, and they had come to find him to tell him in person that he had nothing to fear again. “Pretty fancy stuff,” one of the detectives had said, looking around him at the beautiful campus, at its old brick buildings where you could go and be absolutely safe. “We’re proud of you, Jude.” But he had fuzzed this memory, he had changed it to the detective simply saying “We’re proud of you,” and had left off his name, just as he had left out the panic he now remembered he had vividly felt despite their news, the dread that later someone would ask him who those people were that he had been talking to, the almost nauseous wrongness of his past life intruding so physically on his present. (503-504p.)

65. A small memory he could contain, but as the days go by and he waits for Willem, he recognizes that this is a long eel of a memory, slippery and uncatchable, and it whipsaws its way through him, its tail slapping against his organs so that he feels the memory as something alive and wounding, feels its meaty, powerful smack against his intestines, his heart, his lungs. Sometimes they were like this, and these were the hardest to lasso and corral, and with every day it seems to grow inside him, until he feels himself stuffed not with blood and muscle and water and bone but **with the memory itself, expanding balloon-like to inflate** his very fingertips. After Caleb, he had realized that there were some memories he was simply not going to be able to control, and so his only recourse was to wait until they had tired themselves out, until they swam back into the dark of his subconscious and left him alone again. (504p.)
66. The pain is—what is the pain? Ever since the injury, there has not been a single day in which he is not in **some sort of pain**. Sometimes the pain is infrequent, or mild, or intermittent. But it is always there. (509p.)
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70. But this pain is a pain he has not felt in decades, and he screams and screams. Voices, faces, scraps of memories, odd associations whirl through his mind: the smell of smoking olive oil leads him to a memory of a meal of roasted *funghi* he and Willem had had in Perugia, which leads him to a Tintoretto exhibit that he and Malcolm had seen in their twenties at the Frick, which leads him to a boy in the home everyone called Frick, but he never knew why, as the boy’s name was Jed, which leads him to the nights in the barn, which leads him to a bale of hay in an empty, fog-smeared meadow outside Sonoma against which he and Brother Luke had once had sex, which leads him to, and to, and to, and to, and to. He smells burning meat, and he breaks out of his trance and looks wildly at the stove, as if he has left something there, a slab of steak seething to itself in a pan, but there is nothing, and he realizes he is smelling himself, his own arm cooking beneath him, and this makes him turn on the faucet at last and the water splashing against the burn, the oily smoke rising from it, makes him scream again. And then he is reaching, again wildly, with his right arm, his left still lying useless in the sink, an amputation in a kidney-shaped metal bowl, and he is grabbing the container of sea salt from the cupboard above the stove, and he is sobbing, rubbing a handful of the sharp-edged crystals into the burn, which reactivates the pain into **something whiter than white**, and it is as if he is staring into the sun and he is blinded. (510p.)

71. “Are you going to tell me how you got a third-degree burn in such a perfect circle?” Andy asks him at last, and he ignores Andy’s chilly sarcasm, and instead recites to him his prepared story: the plantains, the grease fire. Then there is another silence, this one different in a way he cannot explain but does not like. And then Andy says, very quietly, “You’re lying, Jude.” “What do you mean?” he asks, his throat suddenly dry despite the orange juice he has been drinking. “You’re lying,” Andy repeats, still in that same quiet voice, and he slides off the examining table, the bottle of juice slipping from his grasp and shattering on the floor, and moves for the door. “Stop,” Andy says, and he is cold, and furious. “Jude, you fucking tell me now. *What did you do?*” “I told you,” he says, “I told you.” “No,” Andy says. “You tell me what you did, Jude. You say the words. *Say them.* I want to hear you say them.” “*I told you,*” he shouts, and he feels so terrible, his brain thumping against his skull, **his feet thrust full of smoldering iron ingots**, his arm with its simmering cauldron burned into it. “Let me go, Andy. *Let me go.*” “No,” Andy says, and he too is shouting. “Jude, you—you—” He stops, and he stops as well, and they both wait to hear what Andy will say. “You’re sick, Jude,” he says, in a low, frantic voice. “You’re crazy. This is crazy behavior. This is behavior that could and should get you locked away for years. You’re sick, you’re sick and you’re crazy and you need help.” “Don’t you *dare* call me crazy,” he yells, “don’t you *dare*. I’m not, *I’m not.*” But Andy ignores him. “Willem gets back on Friday, right?” he asks, although he knows the answer already. “You have one week from tonight to tell him, Jude. One week. And after that, I’m telling him myself.” “You can’t *legally* do that, Andy,” he shouts, and everything spins before him. “I’ll sue you for so much that you won’t even—” (511-512p.)
72. He is struck silent then, reeling from pain and fear and the shock of what Andy has just told him. The two of them are still standing in the examining room, that room he has visited so many, so many times, but he can feel his **legs pleating beneath him**, can feel the misery overtake him, can feel his anger ebb. (512p.)
73. On and on they stare, until Jude’s face becomes almost meaningless as a face to him: **it is a series of colors**, of planes, of shapes that have been arranged in such a way to give other people pleasure, but to give its owner nothing. (536p.)
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76. Finally he was sent back to the home, and the first time he had seen his back, he had recoiled, moving so quickly away from the bathroom mirror that he had slipped and fallen on a section of wet tile. In those initial weeks after the beating, when the scar tissue was still forming, it had made a puffed mound of flesh on his back, and at lunch he would sit alone and the older boys would whip damp pellets of napkin at it, trying to get them to ping off of it as against a target, cheering when they hit him. Until that point, he had never thought too specifically about his appearance. He knew he was ugly. He knew he was ruined. He knew he was diseased. But he had never considered himself grotesque. But now he was. There seemed to be an inevitability to this, to his life: that every year he would become worse—more disgusting, more depraved. Every year, his

- right to humanness diminished**; every year, he became less and less of a person. (540p.)
77. He hadn't felt at his best on that trip, although at least he was mobile. In the months before, he had been feeling weaker, but not in any truly specifiable way, not in any way that seemed to suggest some greater problem. He simply lost energy faster; he was achey instead of sore, **a dull, constant thud of pain** that followed him into sleep and was there to greet him when he woke. It was the difference, he told Andy, between a month speckled by thundershowers and a month in which it rained daily: not heavily but ceaselessly, a kind of dreary, enervating discomfort. In October, he'd had to use his wheelchair every day, which had been the most consecutive days he had ever been dependent on it. In November, although he had been well enough to make Thanksgiving dinner at Harold's, he had been in too much pain to actually sit at the table to eat it, and he had spent the evening in his bedroom, lying as still as he could, semi-aware of Harold and Willem and Julia coming in to check on him, semi-aware of his apologizing for ruining the holiday for them, semi-aware of the muted conversation among the three of them and Laurence and Gillian, James and Carey, that he half heard coming from the dining room. (574-575p.)
 78. For a while they simply stood, both of them smiling, watching the dancers heave and blur before them. He was tired, he was in pain, but it didn't matter; his **tiredness felt like something** sweet and **warm**, his pain was familiar and expected, and in those moments he was aware that he was capable of joyfulness, that life was honeyed. Then the music turned, grew dreamy and slow, and Harold yelled that he was going to reclaim Julia from Willem's clutches. (582p.)
 79. He's able to take twenty more steps—such slow steps, his feet **tangling in the mulch**—before he simply can't move any more. "I can't, Harold," he says, and by this time he can barely speak, the pain is so extreme, so unlike anything he has felt in such a long time. Not since he was in the hospital in Philadelphia have his legs, his back, his feet hurt so profoundly, and he lets go of Harold and falls to the forest floor. (594p.)
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 81. He's able to take twenty more steps—such slow steps, his feet tangling in the mulch—before he simply can't move any more. "I can't, Harold," he says, and by this time he can barely speak, the **pain is** so **extreme**, so **unlike anything** he has felt in such a long time. Not since he was in the hospital in Philadelphia have his legs, his back, his feet hurt so profoundly, and he lets go of Harold and falls to the forest floor. (594p.)
 82. "Okay," he swallows, and stands, and immediately, he feels a **hot stake of pain** being thrust upward through his feet and gasps, but Harold doesn't notice. (595p.)
 83. January; February. He is busier than he has ever been. Willem is rehearsing a play. March: Two new wounds open up, both on his right leg. Now the pain is excruciating; now he never leaves his wheelchair except to shower and go to the bathroom and dress and undress. It has been a year, more, since he has had a reprieve from the pain in his feet. And yet every morning when he wakes, he places them on the floor and is, for a second, hopeful. Maybe today he will feel better. Maybe today the pain will have **abated**. But he never does; it never does. And still he hopes. April: His birthday. The play's run begins. May: Back come the night sweats, the fever, the shaking, the chills, the delirium. Back he goes to the Hotel Contractor. Back goes the catheter, this time into the left side of his chest. But there is a change this time: this time the bacteria is different; this time, he will need an antibiotic drip every eight hours, not every twenty-four. Back comes Patrizia, now two times a day: at six a.m., at Greene Street; at two

- p.m. at Rosen Pritchard; and at ten p.m. again at Greene Street, a night nurse, Yasmin. For the first time in their friendship, he sees only one performance of Willem's play: his days are so segmented, so controlled by his medication, that he is simply unable to go a second time. For the first time since this cycle began a year ago, he feels himself tumbling toward despair; he feels himself giving up. He has to remind himself he must prove to Willem that he wants to remain alive, when all he really wants to do is stop. Not because he is depressed, but because he is exhausted. At the conclusion of one appointment, Andy looks at him with a strange expression and tells him that he's not sure if he's realized, but it's been a month since he last cut himself, and he thinks about this. Andy is right. He has been too tired, too consumed to think about cutting. (597p.)
84. "Rhinopharyngitis," Andy had said to them, smiling. "The common cold." But he had rested his hand on the back of Jude's head, and they had all been relieved. How fast, how distressingly fast, had their instinct for fear been reawakened, the fear itself a virus that lay dormant but that they would never be able to permanently dispel. Joyfulness, abandon: they had had to relearn those, they had had to re-earn them. But they would never have to relearn fear; it would live within the three of them, a shared disease, a shimmery **strand** that had woven itself through their DNA. (613-614p.)
85. He had looked at Jude, then, and had felt that same sensation he sometimes did when he thought, really thought of Jude and what **his life had been: a sadness**, he might have called it, but it wasn't a pitying sadness; it was a larger sadness, one that seemed to encompass all the poor striving people, the billions he didn't know, all living their lives, a sadness that mingled with a wonder and awe at how hard humans everywhere tried to live, even when their days were so very difficult, even when their circumstances were so wretched. Life is so sad, he would think in those moments. It's so sad, and yet we all do it. We all cling to it; we all search for something to give us solace. (621p.)
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88. He **lost himself** after that. He was conscious only in flashes, and the people's faces he saw—Harold's, JB's, Richard's, Andy's, Julia's—were the same faces he remembered from when he had tried to kill himself: the same people, the same tears. (637p.)
89. In those first months, there were practicalities, which gave him something to do, which **gave his days anger**, which in turn gave them shape. He sued the car manufacturer, the seat-belt manufacturer, the air-bag manufacturer, the rental-car company. He sued the truck driver, the company the driver worked for. The driver, he heard through the driver's lawyer, had a chronically ill child; a lawsuit would ruin the family. But he didn't care. Once he would have; not now. He felt raw and merciless. Let him be destroyed, he thought. Let him be ruined. Let him feel what I feel. Let him lose everything, the only things, that matter. He wanted to siphon every dollar from all of them, all the

- companies, all the people working for them. He wanted to leave them hopeless. He wanted to leave them empty. He wanted them to live in squalor. He wanted them to feel lost in their own lives. (639p.)
90. That night he cut himself wildly, uncontrollably, and when he was shaking too badly to continue, he waited, and cleaned the floor, and drank some juice to give himself energy, and then started again. After three rounds of this he crept to the corner of the shower stall and wept, folding his arms over his head, making his hair tacky with blood, and that night he slept there, covered with a towel instead of a blanket. He had done this sometimes when he was a child and had felt like he was exploding, **separating from himself** like a dying star, and would feel the need to tuck himself into the smallest space he could find so his very bones would stay knit together. (658p.)
 91. *Let me get better*, he asks. *Let me get better or let me end it*. He feels that he is in a cold cement room, from which prong several exits, and one by one, he is shutting the doors, closing himself in the room, eliminating his chances for escape. But why is he doing this? Why is he trapping himself in this place he hates and fears when there are other places he could go? This, he thinks, is his punishment for depending on others: one by one, they will leave him, and he will be alone again, and this time it will be worse because he will remember it had once been better. He has the sense, once again, that his life is moving backward, that it is **becoming smaller and smaller**, the cement box shrinking around him until he is left with a space so cramped that he must fold himself into a crouch, because if he lies down, the ceiling will lower itself upon him and he will be smothered. (674p.)
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 93. But he doesn't do this, of course, just looks up at last and sees JB smiling at him, sadly. "The title card's been mounted already," JB says, and he goes slowly to the wall behind the painting and sees its title—*Willem Listening to Jude Tell a Story, Greene Street*—and he feels his breath abandon him; it feels as if his heart is made of something oozing and cold, like **ground meat**, and it is being squeezed inside a fist so that chunks of it are falling, plopping to the ground near his feet. (679p.)
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 95. He has just come home, so exhausted that he feels soluble, as if he is evaporating into the air, so **insubstantial** that he feels made not of blood and bone but of vapor and fog, when he sees Willem standing before him. He opens his mouth to speak to him, but then he blinks and Willem is gone, and he is teetering, his arms stretched before him. (683p.)
 96. And yet at some point in his life—after Caleb, if I had to date it—I had the sense that he was **in a hot-air balloon, one that was staked to the earth with a long twisted rope**, but each year the balloon strained and strained against its cords, tugging itself

- away, trying to drift into the skies. And down below, there was a knot of us trying to pull the balloon back to the ground, back to safety. And so I was always frightened for him, and I was always frightened of him, as well. (708p.)
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98. The next day was a Thursday and he came over and we had dinner, and he asked what we had seen and done and we told him. That night we were washing the dishes, and as he was handing me a bowl to put in the dishwasher, it slipped through his fingers and broke against the floor. “*Goddammit*,” he shouted. “I’m so sorry, Harold. I’m so stupid, I’m so clumsy,” and although we told him it wasn’t a problem, that it was fine, he only **grew more and more upset**, so upset that his hands started to shake, that his nose started to bleed. “Jude,” I told him, “it’s okay. It happens,” but he shook his head. “No,” he said, “it’s me. I mess up everything. Everything I touch I ruin.” Julia and I had looked at each other over his head as he was picking up the pieces, unsure what to say or do: the reaction was so out of proportion to what had happened. But there had been a few incidents in the preceding months, ever since he had thrown that plate across the room, that made me realize, for the first time in my life with him, how truly angry he was, how hard he must work every day at controlling it. (708-709p.)

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99. JB had turned toward him, then, and he had felt himself **freeze** with a momentary terror. (84p.)
100. Sometimes he could predict what would trigger the spasming, that pain that would extend down his spine into one leg or the other, like a wooden stake **set aflame** and thrust into him: a certain movement, lifting something too heavy or too high, simple tiredness. But sometimes he couldn’t. And sometimes the pain would be preceded by an interlude of numbness, or a twinging that was almost pleasurable, it was so light and zingy, just a sensation of electric prickles moving up and down his spine, and he would know to lie down and wait for it to finish its cycle, a penance he could never escape or avoid. (101-102p.)
101. Whenever Harold asked him questions about himself, he always felt **something cold move across him**, as if he were being iced from the inside, his organs and nerves being protected by a sheath of frost. In that moment, though, he thought he might break, that if he said anything the ice would shatter and he would splinter and crack. So he waited until he knew he would sound normal before he asked Harold if he needed him to find the rest of the articles now or if he should do it in the morning. He didn’t look at Harold, though, and spoke only to his notebook. (12-123p.)
102. Whenever Harold asked him questions about himself, he always felt something cold move across him, as if **he were being iced** from the inside, his organs and nerves being protected by a sheath of frost. In that moment, though, he thought he might break, that if he said anything the ice would shatter and he would splinter and crack. So he waited until he knew he would sound normal before he asked Harold if he needed him to find the rest of the articles now or if he should do it in the morning. He didn’t look at Harold, though, and spoke only to his notebook. (12-123p.)
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- until he knew he would sound normal before he asked Harold if he needed him to find the rest of the articles now or if he should do it in the morning. He didn't look at Harold, though, and spoke only to his notebook. (12-123p.)
104. It's not going to get better, Jude; as you get older, it'll get worse." Andy had been looking down at his ankle as he spoke, using tweezers to pick out shreds of dead flesh from a wound he'd developed, when he suddenly **froze**, and even without seeing Andy's face, he could tell he was chagrined. (134p.)
105. "That doesn't have anything to do with anything," he'd said, **feeling cold**. (137p.)
106. He had no tricks, he had no skills, he couldn't charm. When he had arrived at the home, he had been so **frozen** that they had left him behind the previous November, and a year later, he wasn't sure that he was any better. He thought less and less frequently of Brother Luke, it was true, but his days outside the classroom smeared into one; most of the time he felt he was floating, trying to pretend that he didn't occupy his own life, wishing he was invisible, wanting only to go unnoticed. Things happened to him and he didn't fight back the way he once would have; sometimes when he was being hurt, the part of him that was still conscious wondered what the brothers would think of him now: gone were his rages, his tantrums, his struggling. (188p.)
107. He hadn't been able to look at Willem in the cab, and without anything to distract him—no forms to fill out, no doctors to talk to—he had felt himself **grow cold** despite the hot, muggy night, and his hands begin to shake, and Willem had reached over and taken his right hand and held it in his left for the rest of the long, silent ride downtown. (289p.)
108. A few weeks after they had started seeing each other, Caleb was sitting on the sofa and he had gone to get a bottle of wine, and as he was walking back, he noticed Caleb staring at him so intently that he had **grown nervous**. (318p.)
109. It had taken everything he had to say this, and **he was so scared he was cold**. (322p.)
110. "Jude—" Harold begins, but he shakes his head. He is so angry, so furious, that his humiliation has almost been **eclipsed** by his rage. (334p.)
111. And then, at some point, it was no longer an experiment [thinking about the suicide]. He couldn't remember how he had decided, but after he had, he felt lighter, freer, less tormented. The hyenas were still chasing him, but now he could see, very far in the distance, a house with an open door, and he knew that once he had reached that house, he would be safe, and everything that pursued him would fall away. They didn't like it, of course – they could see the door as well, they knew he was about to elude them – and every day the hunt got worse, the army of things chasing him stronger and louder and more insistent. His brain was vomiting memories, they were **flooding everything else** – he thought of people and sensations and incidents he hadn't thought in years. Tastes appeared on his tongue as if by alchemy; he smelled fragrances he hadn't smelled in decades. His system was compromised; he would drown in his memories; he had to do something. He had tried – all his life, he had tried. He had tried to be someone different, he had tried to be someone better, he had tried to make himself clean. But it hadn't worked. Once he had decided, he was fascinated by his own hopefulness, by now he could have saved himself years of sorrow by just ending it – he could have been his own savior. No law said he had to keep on living; his life was still his own to do with what he pleased. How had he not realized this in all these years? The choice now seemed obvious; the only question was why it had taken him so long. (391p.)
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113. “It troubles me, however, that you’ve been so unwilling to discuss why you made the attempt in the first place. Dr. Contractor —I’m sorry: Andy—tells me that you’ve always resisted therapy, can you tell me why?” He said nothing, and neither did the doctor. “Your father tells me that you were in an abusive relationship last year, and that it’s had long-term reverberations,” said the doctor, and he felt himself **go cold**. (407p.)
114. He and Willem left early, and that evening he cut himself for the second time since he was released from the hospital. This was another thing the drugs had dampened: his need to cut, to feel that bright, startling slap of pain. The first time he did it, he was shocked by how much it hurt, and had actually wondered why he had been doing this to himself for so long—what had he been thinking? But then he felt everything within him slow, felt himself relax, felt his memories **dim**, and had remembered how it helped him, remembered why he had begun doing it at all. The scars from his attempt were three vertical lines on both arms, from the base of his palm to just below the inside of his elbow, and they hadn’t healed well; it looked as if he had shoved pencils just beneath the skin. They had a strange, pearly shine, almost as if the skin had been burned, and now he made a fist, watching them tighten in response. (414p.)
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116. They were quiet, the two of them. He lay on his back and stared at the chandelier. “You know, Jude,” Willem said at last. “I *have* seen you without your shirt on.” He looked at Willem, who took a breath. “At the hospital,” he said. “They were changing your dressings, and giving you a bath.” His **eyes turned hot**, and he looked back up at the ceiling. “How much did you see?” he asked. (455p.)
117. He could feel himself **getting hot**. (487p.)
118. He thought of it as a slight parting of worlds, in which something buried wisped up from the loamy, turned earth and hovered before him, waiting for him to recognize it and claim it as his own. Their very reappearance was defiant: *Here we are*, they seemed to say to him. *Did you really think we would let you abandon us? Did you really think we wouldn’t come back?* Eventually, he was also made to recognize how much he had edited—edited and reconfigured, refashioned into something easier to accept—from

even the past few years: the film he had seen his junior year of two detectives coming to tell a student at college that the man who had hurt him had died in prison hadn't been a film at all—it had been his life, and he had been the student, and he had stood there in the Quad outside of Hood, and the two detectives were the people who had found him and arrested Dr. Traylor in the field that night, and they had taken him to the hospital and had made sure Dr. Traylor had gone to prison, and they had come to find him to tell him in person that he had nothing to fear again. “Pretty fancy stuff,” one of the detectives had said, looking around him at the beautiful campus, at its old brick buildings where you could go and be absolutely safe. “We’re proud of you, Jude.” But he had **fuzzed this memory**, he had changed it to the detective simply saying “We’re proud of you,” and had left off his name, just as he had left out the panic he now remembered he had vividly felt despite their news, the dread that later someone would ask him who those people were that he had been talking to, the almost nauseous wrongness of his past life intruding so physically on his present. (503-504p.)

119. But this pain is a pain he has not felt in decades, and he screams and screams. Voices, faces, scraps of memories, odd associations whirl through his mind: the smell of smoking olive oil leads him to a memory of a meal of roasted *funghi* he and Willem had had in Perugia, which leads him to a Tintoretto exhibit that he and Malcolm had seen in their twenties at the Frick, which leads him to a boy in the home everyone called Frick, but he never knew why, as the boy's name was Jed, which leads him to the nights in the barn, which leads him to a bale of hay in an empty, fog-smeared meadow outside Sonoma against which he and Brother Luke had once had sex, which leads him to, and to, and to, and to, and to. He smells burning meat, and he breaks out of his trance and looks wildly at the stove, as if he has left something there, a slab of steak seething to itself in a pan, but there is nothing, and he realizes he is smelling himself, his own arm cooking beneath him, and this makes him turn on the faucet at last and the water splashing against the burn, the oily smoke rising from it, makes him scream again. And then he is reaching, again wildly, with his right arm, his left still lying useless in the sink, an amputation in a kidney-shaped metal bowl, and he is grabbing the container of sea salt from the cupboard above the stove, and he is sobbing, rubbing a handful of the sharp-edged crystals into the burn, which reactivates the pain into something whiter than white, and it is **as if he is staring into the sun** and he is blinded. (510p.)
120. The next day he has a fever. It takes him an hour to get from the kitchen to his bed; his feet are too sore, and he cannot pull himself on his arms. He doesn't sleep so much as move in and out of consciousness, the pain sloshing through him like a **tide, sometimes receding** enough to let him wake, sometimes consuming him beneath a grayed, filthy wave. (510-511p.)
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122. “Are you going to tell me how you got a third-degree burn in such a perfect circle?” Andy asks him at last, and he ignores Andy's chilly sarcasm, and instead recites to him his prepared story: the plantains, the grease fire. Then there is another silence, this one different in a way he cannot explain but does not like. And then Andy says, very quietly, “You're lying, Jude.” “What do you mean?” he asks, his throat suddenly dry despite the orange juice he has been drinking. “You're lying,” Andy repeats, still in that same quiet voice, and he slides off the examining table, the bottle of juice slipping from his grasp and shattering on the floor, and moves for the door.

“Stop,” Andy says, and he is cold, and furious. “Jude, you fucking tell me now. *What did you do?*”

“I told you,” he says, “I told you.”

“No,” Andy says. “You tell me what you did, Jude. You say the words. *Say them.* I want to hear you say them.”

“*I told you,*” he shouts, and he feels so terrible, his brain thumping against his skull, his **feet thrust full of smoldering iron ingots**, his arm with its simmering cauldron burned into it. “Let me go, Andy. *Let me go.*”

“No,” Andy says, and he too is shouting. “Jude, you—you—” He stops, and he stops as well, and they both wait to hear what Andy will say. “You’re sick, Jude,” he says, in a low, frantic voice. “You’re crazy. This is crazy behavior. This is behavior that could and should get you locked away for years. You’re sick, you’re sick and you’re crazy and you need help.”

“Don’t you *dare* call me crazy,” he yells, “don’t you *dare*. I’m not, *I’m not.*”

But Andy ignores him. “Willem gets back on Friday, right?” he asks, although he knows the answer already. “You have one week from tonight to tell him, Jude. One week. And after that, I’m telling him myself.”

“You can’t *legally* do that, Andy,” he shouts, and everything spins before him. “I’ll sue you for so much that you won’t even—”. (511-512p.)

123. He is struck silent then, reeling from pain and fear and the shock of what Andy has just told him. The two of them are still standing in the examining room, that room he has visited so many, so many times, but he can feel his legs pleating beneath him, can feel the misery overtake him, can feel his **anger ebb**. (512p.)

124. “Willem?” he asks. “What’s wrong? You look terrible.”

“Andy called,” he says, and he watches Jude’s face, watches it **become stony** and scared. “Jude,” he says, and his own voice sounds far away, as if he’s speaking from the depths of a gulch, “how did you get the burn on your arm?” But Jude won’t answer him, just stares at him. *This isn’t happening*, he tells himself. (523p.)

125. As he lay there, he tried to decide what he could do next. Rodger would wait for him and then, when he didn’t appear, they would eventually look for him. But if he could last here for the night, if he could wait until everything was silent around him, then he could escape. This was as far as he could think, although he was cognizant enough to realize that his chances were poor: he had no food, no money, and although it was only five in the afternoon, it was already very cold. He could feel his back and legs and palms, all the parts pressed against the stone, numbing themselves, could feel his nerves turning to **thousands of pinpricks**. But he could also feel, for the first time in months, his mind coming alert, could feel, for the first time in years, the giddy thrill of being able to make a decision, however poor or ill-conceived or unlikely. Suddenly, the pinpricks felt like not a punishment but a celebration, like hundreds of miniature fireworks exploding within him and for him, as if his body were reminding him of who he was and of what he still owned: himself. (538p.)

126. The trunk opened, and Dr. Traylor helped him out, plucking his shirt, and shoved him to the front of the car with the fire poker. “Stay there,” he said, and he did, shivering, watching the doctor get back into the car, roll down the window, lean out at him. “Run,” the doctor said, and when he stood there, **frozen**, “you like running so much, right? So run.” And Dr. Traylor started the engine and finally, he woke and ran. (558p.)

127. They have never discussed it, but he knows Jude knows he is having sex with other people. He has even given Willem his permission. This was after that terrible Thanksgiving, when after years of obfuscation, Jude was revealed to him completely, **the shreds of cloud** that had always obscured him from view abruptly wiped away. For many days, he hadn’t known what to do (other than run back into therapy himself; he had called his shrink the day after Jude had made his first appointment with Dr.

Loehmann), and whenever he looked at Jude, scraps of his narrative would return to him, and he would study him covertly, wondering how he had gotten from where he had been to where he was, wondering how he had become the person he had when everything in his life had argued that he shouldn't be. (563p.)

128. He hadn't felt at his best on that trip, although at least he was mobile. In the months before, he had been feeling weaker, but not in any truly specifiable way, not in any way that seemed to suggest some greater problem. He simply lost energy faster; he was achey instead of sore, a dull, constant thud of pain that followed him into sleep and was there to greet him when he woke. It was the difference, he told Andy, between **a month speckled by thundershowers** and a month in which it rained daily: not heavily but ceaselessly, a kind of dreary, enervating discomfort. In October, he'd had to use his wheelchair every day, which had been the most consecutive days he had ever been dependent on it. In November, although he had been well enough to make Thanksgiving dinner at Harold's, he had been in too much pain to actually sit at the table to eat it, and he had spent the evening in his bedroom, lying as still as he could, semi-aware of Harold and Willem and Julia coming in to check on him, semi-aware of his apologizing for ruining the holiday for them, semi-aware of the muted conversation among the three of them and Laurence and Gillian, James and Carey, that he half heard coming from the dining room. (574-575p.)
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130. He had worried that Elijah might be in a talkative mood, but he hadn't been, and he had slept, gratefully, almost the entire way home, his feet and back **blazing with pain**. (575p.)
131. But then one night near the end of the trip he was being driven back to the hotel from a long day of meetings, and he had looked out of the car window and had seen, glittering over the road, a massive billboard of Willem's face. It was a beer ad that Willem had shot two years ago, one that was only displayed throughout east Asia. But hanging from the top of the billboard were people on pulleys, and he realized that they were painting over the ad, that they were erasing Willem's face. Suddenly, his breath left him, and he had almost asked the driver to stop, but he wouldn't have been able to—they were on a loop of a road, one with no exits or places to pull over, and so he'd had to sit very still, his heart **erupting** within him, counting the beats it took to reach the hotel, thank the driver, get out, walk through the lobby, ride the elevator, walk down the hallway, and enter his room, where before he could think, he was throwing himself against the cold marble wall of the shower, his mouth open and his eyes shut, tossing and tossing himself until he was in so much pain that his every vertebrae felt as if it had been jolted out of its sockets. (658p.)

132. That night he cut himself wildly, uncontrollably, and when he was shaking too badly to continue, he waited, and cleaned the floor, and drank some juice to give himself energy, and then started again. After three rounds of this he crept to the corner of the shower stall and wept, folding his arms over his head, making his hair tacky with blood, and that night he slept there, covered with a towel instead of a blanket. He had done this sometimes when he was a child and had felt like he was exploding, separating from himself **like a dying star**, and would feel the need to tuck himself into the smallest space he could find so his very bones would stay knit together. (658p.)
133. Sometimes he thinks: I am doing better. I am getting better. Sometimes he wakes full of fortitude and vigor. Today will be the day, he thinks. Today will be the first day I really get better. Today will be the day I miss Willem less. And then something will happen, something as simple as walking into his closet and seeing the lonely, waiting stand of Willem's shirts that will never be worn again, and his ambition, his **hopefulness will dissolve**, and he will be cast into despair once again. (664p.)
134. But he doesn't do this, of course, just looks up at last and sees JB smiling at him, sadly. "The title card's been mounted already," JB says, and he goes slowly to the wall behind the painting and sees its title—*Willem Listening to Jude Tell a Story, Greene Street*—and he feels his breath abandon him; it feels as if **his heart is made of something** oozing and **cold**, like ground meat, and it is being squeezed inside a fist so that chunks of it are falling, plopping to the ground near his feet. (679p.)
135. He has just come home, so exhausted that he **feels soluble**, as if he is evaporating into the air, so insubstantial that he feels made not of blood and bone but of vapor and fog, when he sees Willem standing before him. He opens his mouth to speak to him, but then he blinks and Willem is gone, and he is teetering, his arms stretched before him. (683p.)
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139. And now he is once again finding life more and more difficult, each day a little less possible than the last. In his every day **stands a tree, black and dying, with a single branch jutting to its right, a scarecrow's sole prosthetic, and it is from this branch that he hangs**. Above him a rain is always misting, which makes the **branch slippery**. But he clings to it, as tired as he is, because beneath him is a hole bored into the earth so deep that he cannot see where it ends. He is petrified to let go because he will fall into the hole, but eventually he knows he will, he knows he must: he is so tired. His grasp weakens a bit, just a little bit, with every week. (689p.)
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141. But what Andy never understood about him was this: he was an optimist. Every month, every week, he chose to open his eyes, to live another day in the world. He did it when he was feeling so awful that sometimes the **pain seemed to transport** him to another state, one in which everything, even the past that he worked so hard to forget, seemed to fade into a gray watercolor wash. He did it when his memories crowded out all other thoughts, when it took real effort, real concentration, to tether himself to his current life, to keep himself from raging with despair and shame. He did it when he was so exhausted of trying, when being awake and alive demanded such energy that he had to lie in bed thinking of reasons to get up and try again, when it would be much easier to go to the bathroom and untape the plastic zipped bag containing his cotton pads and loose razors and alcohol wipes and bandages from its hiding place beneath the sink and simply surrender. Those were the very bad days. (143-144p.)
142. He had no tricks, he had no skills, he couldn't charm. When he had arrived at the home, he had been so frozen that they had left him behind the previous November, and a year later, he wasn't sure that he was any better. He thought less and less frequently of Brother Luke, it was true, but his days outside the classroom smeared into one; most of the time he felt **he was floating**, trying to pretend that he didn't occupy his own life, wishing he was invisible, wanting only to go unnoticed. Things happened to him and he didn't fight back the way he once would have; sometimes when he was being hurt, the part of him that was still conscious wondered what the brothers would think of him now: gone were his rages, his tantrums, his struggling. (188p.)
143. He hadn't been able to look at Willem in the cab, and without anything to distract him—no forms to fill out, no doctors to talk to—he had felt himself grow cold despite the hot, muggy night, and **his hands begin to shake**, and Willem had reached over and taken his right hand and held it in his left for the rest of the long, silent ride downtown. (289p.)
144. His silence had begun as something protective, but over the years it has transformed into something near oppressive, something that manages him rather than the other way around. Now he cannot find a way out of it, even when he wants to. He imagines he is **floating in a small bubble of water**, encased on all sides by walls and ceilings and floors of ice, all many feet thick. He knows there is a way out, but he is unequipped; he has no tools to begin his work, and his hands scrabble uselessly against the ice's slick. He had thought that by not saying who he was, he was making himself more palatable, less strange. But now, what he doesn't say makes him stranger, an object of pity and even suspicion. (299p.)
145. Enough of this, he thinks; he can tell by Willem's tone that he is building up to a longer speech and he is now **actively anxious**, his heart beating a funny rhythm. (300p.)
146. I put my hand on his shoulder, which jumped, but I held on. Beneath my palm I could feel his muscles tense, could feel that **shiver running through him**. "It's okay," I told him. "You don't have anything to be ashamed of," I said. "It's not your fault, Jude, do you understand me?" But he was pretending to be asleep, though I could still feel that vibration, everything in his body alert and alarmed. (366p.)
147. He told himself he was fine, that he had recovered, that he had regained his equilibrium, but really, he knew something was wrong, that he had been changed, that **he was slipping**. Willem was home, and even though he hadn't been there to witness what had happened, even though he didn't know about Caleb, about his humiliation—he had made certain of this, telling Harold and Julia and Andy that he'd never speak to them again if they said anything to anyone—he was still somehow ashamed to be seen by him. (383p.)
148. He got up, he went to work. He simultaneously craved company, so he wouldn't think of Caleb, and dreaded it, because Caleb had reminded him how inhuman he was, how

- deficient, how disgusting, and he was too embarrassed to be around other people, normal people. He thought of his days the way he thought of taking steps when he was experiencing the pain and numbness in his feet: he would **get through one**, and then the next, and then the next, and eventually things would get better. (383p.)
149. Things were getting worse; he knew it and didn't know how to make it better. It was eight months after the incident, and every day he thought about it more, not less. He felt sometimes as if his months with Caleb were a pack of hyenas, and every day **they chased him**, and every day he spent all his energy running from them, trying to escape being devoured by their snapping, foaming jaws. (384p.)
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151. He had considered killing himself before, of course; when he was in the home, and in Philadelphia, and after Ana had died. But something had always stopped him, although now, he couldn't remember what that thing had been. Now as he ran from the hyenas, he argued with himself: Why was he doing this? He was so tired; he so wanted to stop. Knowing that he **didn't have to keep going** was a solace to him, somehow; it reminded him that he had options, it reminded him that even though his subconscious wouldn't obey his conscious, it didn't mean he wasn't still in control. (390p.)
152. He and Willem left early, and that evening he cut himself for the second time since he was released from the hospital. This was another thing the drugs had dampened: his need to cut, to feel that bright, startling slap of pain. The first time he did it, he was shocked by how much it hurt, and had actually wondered why he had been doing this to himself for so long—what had he been thinking? But then he felt everything **within him slow**, felt himself relax, felt his memories dim, and had remembered how it helped him, remembered why he had begun doing it at all. The scars from his attempt were three vertical lines on both arms, from the base of his palm to just below the inside of his elbow, and they hadn't healed well; it looked as if he had shoved pencils just beneath the skin. They had a strange, pearly shine, almost as if the skin had been burned, and now he made a fist, watching them tighten in response. (414p.)
153. And some of them were sad ones: although his hands were much stronger, and although it was less and less frequent, they still shook occasionally, and he knew Jude was embarrassed by it. And he was more skittish than ever about being touched, especially, Willem noticed, by Harold; a month ago, when Harold had visited, Jude had practically **danced out of the way** to keep Harold from hugging him. (435p.)
154. "Someone I was in a relationship with," he says at last, and **his tongue feels clumsy** in his mouth. (469p.)
155. Eight months ago, when Malcolm was breaking ground, he and Willem had gone up to the property and had wandered around it. He had been feeling unusually well that day, and had even allowed Willem to hold his hand as they walked down the gentle hill that sloped from where the house would sit, and then left, toward the forest that held the lake in its embrace. The forest was denser than they had imagined, the ground so thick with pine needles that their every footfall sank, as if the earth beneath them was made of something rubbery and squashy and pumped half full of air. It was difficult terrain for him, and he grasped Willem's hand in earnest, but when Willem asked him if he wanted to stop, he shook his head. About twenty minutes later, when they were almost halfway around the lake, they came to a clearing that looked like something out of a fairy tale, the sky above them all dark green fir tops, the floor beneath them that same soft pelt of the trees' leavings. They stopped then, looking around them, quiet until Willem said, "We should just build it here," and he smiled, but inside him something

- wrenched, a feeling like his entire nervous system was being tugged out of his navel, because he was remembering that other forest he had once thought he'd live in, and was realizing that he was to finally have it after all: a house in the woods, with water nearby, and someone who loved him. And then he shuddered, a tremor that **rippled** its way through his body, and Willem looked at him. "Are you cold?" he asked. "No," he said, "but let's keep walking," and so they had. (499p.)
156. But then it is two weeks before Willem is to come home, and just as the memory is fading, checking out of him until the next time it comes to visit, the hyenas return. Or perhaps return is the wrong word, because once Caleb introduced them into his life, they have never left. Now, however, they don't chase him, because they know they don't need to: his life is a vast savanna, and he is surrounded by them. They lie splayed in the yellow grass, drape themselves lazily over the baobab trees' low branches that spread from their trunks like tentacles, and stare at him with their keen yellow eyes. They are always there, and after he and Willem began having sex, they multiplied, and on bad days, or on days when he was particularly dreading it, they multiply further. On those days, he can feel their **whiskers twitch** as he moves slowly through their territory, he can feel their careless derision: he knows he is theirs, and they know it, too. (505p.)
157. He is struck silent then, **reeling from pain and fear and the shock** of what Andy has just told him. The two of them are still standing in the examining room, that room he has visited so many, so many times, but he can feel his legs pleating beneath him, can feel the misery overtake him, can feel his anger ebb. (512p.)
158. He is struck silent then, reeling from pain and fear and the shock of what Andy has just told him. The two of them are still standing in the examining room, that room he has visited so many, so many times, but he can feel his legs pleating beneath him, can feel the misery **overtake him**, can feel his anger ebb. (512p.)
159. It was a time he rarely thought about, his flight to Philadelphia, because it was a period in which he **had been so afloat from himself** that even as he had lived his life, it had felt dreamlike and not quite real; there had been times in those weeks when he had opened his eyes and was genuinely unable to discern whether what had just happened had actually happened, or whether he had imagined it. It had been a useful skill, this persistent and unshatterable somnambulism, and it had protected him, but then that ability, like his ability to forget, had abandoned him as well and he was never to acquire it again. (537p.)
160. The day after they returned to Greene Street he couldn't lift himself out of bed. He was in such distress that his body seemed to be one long exposed nerve, frayed at either end; he had the sense that if he were to be touched with a drop of water, his entire being would sizzle and hiss in response. He was rarely so exhausted, so sore that he couldn't even sit up, and he could tell that Willem— around whom he made a particular effort, so he wouldn't worry—was alarmed, and he had to plead with him not to call Andy. "All right," Willem had said, reluctantly, "but if you're not better by tomorrow, I'm calling him." He nodded, and Willem sighed. "Dammit, Jude," he said, "I *knew* we shouldn't've gone." But the next day, he was better: better enough to get out of bed, at least. He couldn't walk; all day, his legs and feet and back felt as if they were being driven through with iron bolts, but he made himself smile and talk and move about, though when Willem left the room or turned away from him, he could feel his face **drooping with fatigue**. (575-576p.)
161. "Go," he told him, but before Harold left him, something made him reach out and put his arms around him, which was the first time he had voluntarily touched Harold since the incident with Caleb. He could see that Harold was stunned, and then delighted, and he felt **guilt course through him**, and moved away as quickly as he could, shooing Harold onto the dance floor as he did. (582p.)

162. Later, he wakes in their bed, disoriented, and sees Harold sitting next to him, staring at him. "Harold," he says, "what're you doing here?" But Harold doesn't speak, just lunges at him, and he realizes with a **sickening lurch** that Harold is trying to take his clothes off. No, he tells himself. *Not Harold. This can't be.* This is one of his deepest, ugliest, most secret fears, and now it is coming true. But then his old instincts awaken: Harold is another client, and he will fight him away. He yells, then, twisting himself, pinwheeling his arms and what he can of his legs, trying to intimidate, to fluster this silent, determined Harold before him, screaming for Brother Luke's help. (587p.)
163. "Okay," he swallows, and stands, and immediately, he feels a hot stake of pain being **thrust** upward through his feet and gasps, but Harold doesn't notice. (595p.)
164. January; February. He is busier than he has ever been. Willem is rehearsing a play. March: Two new wounds open up, both on his right leg. Now the pain is excruciating; now he never leaves his wheelchair except to shower and go to the bathroom and dress and undress. It has been a year, more, since he has had a reprieve from the pain in his feet. And yet every morning when he wakes, he places them on the floor and is, for a second, hopeful. Maybe today he will feel better. Maybe today the pain will have abated. But he never does; it never does. And still he hopes. April: His birthday. The play's run begins. May: Back come the night sweats, the fever, the shaking, the chills, the delirium. Back he goes to the Hotel Contractor. Back goes the catheter, this time into the left side of his chest. But there is a change this time: this time the bacteria is different; this time, he will need an antibiotic drip every eight hours, not every twenty-four. Back comes Patrizia, now two times a day: at six a.m., at Greene Street; at two p.m. at Rosen Pritchard; and at ten p.m. again at Greene Street, a night nurse, Yasmin. For the first time in their friendship, he sees only one performance of Willem's play: his days are so segmented, so controlled by his medication, that he is simply unable to go a second time. For the first time since this cycle began a year ago, he feels himself **tumbling** toward despair; he feels himself giving up. He has to remind himself he must prove to Willem that he wants to remain alive, when all he really wants to do is stop. Not because he is depressed, but because he is exhausted. At the conclusion of one appointment, Andy looks at him with a strange expression and tells him that he's not sure if he's realized, but it's been a month since he last cut himself, and he thinks about this. Andy is right. He has been too tired, too consumed to think about cutting. (597p.)
165. But that was that period's only sadness, and the source of their sadnesses were different: For Jude, he knew, the **sadness rose from a sense of failure**, a certainty one Willem was never able to displace—that he wasn't fulfilling his obligations. (619p.)
166. He had to agree and so he did, telling Richard he could take the car back to Greene Street. For a while they sat in the living room, just he and Mr. Irvine—Malcolm's mother remained in the dining room with Flora and her husband and children—talking about his health, and Mr. Irvine's health, and Harold, and his work, when Mr. Irvine began to cry. He had stood then, and had sat down again next to Mr. Irvine, and placed his hand hesitantly on his back, feeling awkward and shy, feeling **the decades slip away from beneath him**. (661p.)
167. *Let me get better*, he asks. *Let me get better or let me end it.* He feels that he is in a cold cement room, from which prong several exits, and one by one, he is shutting the doors, closing himself in the room, eliminating his chances for escape. But why is he doing this? Why is he trapping himself in this place he hates and fears when there are other places he could go? This, he thinks, is his punishment for depending on others: one by one, they will leave him, and he will be alone again, and this time it will be worse because he will remember it had once been better. He has the sense, once again, that his life is **moving backward**, that it is becoming smaller and smaller, the cement box shrinking around him until he is left with a space so cramped that he must fold himself

- into a crouch, because if he lies down, the ceiling will lower itself upon him and he will be smothered. (674p.)
168. “Thank you, JB,” he says. He makes himself stand upright, feels everything within him **shift**. I need to eat something, he thinks. When was the last time he ate? Breakfast, he thinks, but yesterday. He reaches his hand out toward the crate to center himself, to stop the rocking he feels within his head and spine; he feels this sensation more and more frequently, a floating away, a state close to ecstasy. *Take me somewhere*, he hears a voice inside him say, but he doesn’t know to whom he is saying this, or where he wants to go. *Take me, take me*. He is thinking this, crossing his arms over himself, when JB suddenly grabs him by his shoulders and kisses him on the mouth. (679-680p.)
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171. But what Andy never understood about him was this: he was an optimist. Every month, every week, he chose to open his eyes, to live another day in the world. He did it when he was feeling so awful that sometimes the pain seemed to transport him to another state, one in which everything, even the past that he worked so hard to forget, seemed to fade into a gray watercolor wash. He did it when his memories crowded out all other thoughts, when it took real effort, real concentration, to **tether himself** to his current life, to keep himself from raging with despair and shame. He did it when he was so exhausted of trying, when being awake and alive demanded such energy that he had to lie in bed thinking of reasons to get up and try again, when it would be much easier to go to the bathroom and untape the plastic zipped bag containing his cotton pads and loose razors and alcohol wipes and bandages from its hiding place beneath the sink and simply surrender. Those were the very bad days. (143-144p.)
172. He felt himself **go fluttery with panic**. “I should really rinse them off, or everything’s going to congeal,” he protested, lamely, hearing how stupid he sounded. (181p.)
173. Things were getting worse; he knew it and didn’t know how to make it better. It was eight months after the incident, and every day he thought about it more, not less. He felt sometimes as if his months with Caleb were a pack of **hyenas**, and every day they chased him, and every day he spent all his energy running from them, trying to escape being devoured by their snapping, foaming jaws. (384p.)
174. It was taking so much energy to hold **the beasts** off. (390p.)
175. He had considered killing himself before, of course; when he was in the home, and in Philadelphia, and after Ana had died. But something had always stopped him, although now, he couldn’t remember what that thing had been. Now as he ran from **the hyenas**, he argued with himself: Why was he doing this? He was so tired; he so wanted to stop.

- Knowing that he didn't have to keep going was a solace to him, somehow; it reminded him that he had options, it reminded him that even though his subconscious wouldn't obey his conscious, it didn't mean he wasn't still in control. (390p.)
176. And then, at some point, it was no longer an experiment [thinking about the suicide]. He couldn't remember how he had decided, but after he had, he felt lighter, freer, less tormented. The **hyenas were still chasing him**, but now he could see, very far in the distance, a house with an open door, and he knew that once he had reached that house, he would be safe, and everything that pursued him would fall away. They didn't like it, of course – they could see the door as well, they knew he was about to elude them – and every day the hunt got worse, the army of things chasing him stronger and louder and more insistent. His brain was vomiting memories, they were flooding everything else – he thought of people and sensations and incidents he hadn't thought in years. Tastes appeared on his tongue as if by alchemy; he smelled fragrances he hadn't smelled in decades. His system was compromised; he would drown in his memories; he had to do something. He had tried – all his life, he had tried. He had tried to be someone different, he had tried to be someone better, he had tried to make himself clean. But it hadn't worked. Once he had decided, he was fascinated by his own hopefulness, by now he could have saved himself years of sorrow by just ending it – he could have been his own savior. No law said he had to keep on living; his life was still his own to do with what he pleased. How had he not realized this in all these years? The choice now seemed obvious; the only question was why it had taken him so long. (391p.)
177. And then, at some point, it was no longer an experiment [thinking about the suicide]. He couldn't remember how he had decided, but after he had, he felt lighter, freer, less tormented. The hyenas were still chasing him, but now he could see, very far in the distance, a house with an open door, and he knew that once he had reached that house, he would be safe, and everything that pursued him would fall away. They didn't like it, of course – they could see the door as well, they knew he was about to elude them – and every day **the hunt got worse**, the army of things chasing him stronger and louder and more insistent. His brain was vomiting memories, they were flooding everything else – he thought of people and sensations and incidents he hadn't thought in years. Tastes appeared on his tongue as if by alchemy; he smelled fragrances he hadn't smelled in decades. His system was compromised; he would drown in his memories; he had to do something. He had tried – all his life, he had tried. He had tried to be someone different, he had tried to be someone better, he had tried to make himself clean. But it hadn't worked. Once he had decided, he was fascinated by his own hopefulness, by now he could have saved himself years of sorrow by just ending it – he could have been his own savior. No law said he had to keep on living; his life was still his own to do with what he pleased. How had he not realized this in all these years? The choice now seemed obvious; the only question was why it had taken him so long. (391p.)
178. He closed his eyes. Behind him, **the hyenas howled**, furious at him. Before him stood the house with its open door. He wasn't close yet, but he was closer than he'd been: close enough to see that inside, there was a bed where he could rest, where he could lie down and sleep after his long run, where he would, for the first time in his life, be safe. (393p.)
179. But he also realized that the drugs had been protecting him, and without them, **the hyenas returned**, less numerous and more sluggish, but still circling him, still following him, less motivated in their pursuit but still there, his unwanted but dogged companions. (413p.)
180. A small memory he could contain, but as the days go by and he waits for Willem, he recognizes that this **is a long eel of a memory, slippery and uncatchable**, and it whipsaws its way through him, its tail slapping against his organs so that he feels the memory as something alive and wounding, feels its meaty, powerful smack against his

intestines, his heart, his lungs. Sometimes they were like this, and these were the hardest to lasso and corral, and with every day it seems to grow inside him, until he feels himself stuffed not with blood and muscle and water and bone but with the memory itself, expanding balloon-like to inflate his very fingertips. After Caleb, he had realized that there were some memories he was simply not going to be able to control, and so his only recourse was to wait until they had tired themselves out, until they swam back into the dark of his subconscious and left him alone again. (504p.)

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183. But then it is two weeks before Willem is to come home, and just as the memory is fading, checking out of him until the next time it comes to visit, **the hyenas return**. Or perhaps return is the wrong word, because once Caleb introduced them into his life, they have never left. Now, however, they don't chase him, because they know they don't need to: his life is a vast savanna, and he is surrounded by them. They lie splayed in the yellow grass, drape themselves lazily over the baobab trees' low branches that spread from their trunks like tentacles, and stare at him with their keen yellow eyes. They are always there, and after he and Willem began having sex, they multiplied, and on bad days, or on days when he was particularly dreading it, they multiply further. On those days, he can feel their whiskers twitch as he moves slowly through their territory, he can feel their careless derision: he knows he is theirs, and they know it, too. (505p.)
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185. And then, finally, there comes an evening in which he knows that his efforts will not satisfy him any longer: he needs to cut himself, extensively and severely. **The hyenas** are beginning to make little **howls**, sharp **yelps** that seem to come from some other creature within them, and he knows that they will be quieted only by his pain. (506p.)
186. When he wakes, he is on the floor, his head against the cupboard beneath the sink. His limbs are jerking; he is feverish, but he is cold, and he presses himself against the cupboard as if it is something soft, as if it will consume him. Behind his closed eyelids he sees **the hyenas, licking** their snouts as if they have literally fed upon him. *Happy?* he asks them. *Are you happy?* They cannot answer, of course, but they are dazed and satiated; he can see their vigilance waning, their large eyes shutting contentedly. (510p.)
187. When he wakes, he is on the floor, his head against the cupboard beneath the sink. His limbs are jerking; he is feverish, but he is cold, and he presses himself against the cupboard as if it is something soft, as if it will consume him. Behind his closed eyelids he sees the hyenas, licking their snouts as if they have literally **fed upon him**. *Happy?* he asks them. *Are you happy?* They cannot answer, of course, but they are dazed and satiated; he can see their vigilance waning, their large eyes shutting contentedly. (510p.)
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190. He feels he has become a spectacle to himself, with all the beings who inhabit him—**the ferret-like creature**; the hyenas; the voices—watching to see what he will do, so they can judge him and scoff at him and tell him he’s wrong. (514p.)
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192. On and on **they stare**, until Jude’s face becomes almost meaningless as a face to him: it is a series of colors, of planes, of shapes that have been arranged in such a way to give other people pleasure, but to give its owner nothing. (536p.)
193. The day after they returned to Greene Street he couldn’t lift himself out of bed. He was in such distress that his body seemed to be one long exposed nerve, frayed at either end; he had the sense that if he were to be touched with a drop of water, **his entire being** would sizzle and **hiss** in response. He was rarely so exhausted, so sore that he couldn’t even sit up, and he could tell that Willem— around whom he made a particular effort, so he wouldn’t worry—was alarmed, and he had to plead with him not to call Andy. “All right,” Willem had said, reluctantly, “but if you’re not better by tomorrow, I’m calling him.” He nodded, and Willem sighed. “Dammit, Jude,” he said, “I *knew* we shouldn’t’ve gone.” But the next day, he was better: better enough to get out of bed, at least. He couldn’t walk; all day, his legs and feet and back felt as if they were being driven through with iron bolts, but he made himself smile and talk and move about, though when Willem left the room or turned away from him, he could feel his face drooping with fatigue. (575-576p.)

194. "I know, Andy," he said. "And I appreciate it; I do. I've been behaving badly, and I took it out on you." But he knows now that he has to be careful: he has tasted anger, and he knows he has to control it. He can feel it, waiting to burst from his mouth in **a swarm of stinging black flies**. Where has this rage been hiding? he wonders. How can he make it disappear? Lately his dreams have been of violence, of terrible things befalling the people he hates, the people he loves: he sees Brother Luke being stuffed into a sack full of squealing, starved rats; he sees JB's head being slammed against a wall, his brain splashing out in a gray slurry. In the dreams he is always there, dispassionate and watchful, and after witnessing their destruction, he turns and walks away. He wakes with his nose bleeding the way it had when he was a child and was suppressing a tantrum, with his hands shaking, with his face contorted into a snarl. (684p.)
195. "Jude," Harold had said, frightened, "can you hear me?," and he'd nodded, and Harold had entered the pantry himself, picking his way around the stacks of paper towels and jugs of dishwasher detergent, lowering himself to the floor and gently pulling his head into his lap, and for a second he had thought that this was the moment he had always half anticipated, the one in which Harold would unzip his pants and he would have to do what he had always done. But he hadn't, had just stroked his head, and after a while, as he twitched and grunted, his body tensing itself with pain, its heat filling his joints, he realized that Harold was singing to him. It was a song he had never heard before but that he recognized instinctually was a child's song, a lullaby, and he juddered and chattered and **hissed through his teeth**, opening and closing his left hand, gripping the throat of a nearby bottle of olive oil with his right, as on and on Harold sang. As he lay there, so desperately humiliated, he knew that after this incident Harold would either become distant from him or would draw closer still. (698p.)

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196. He had no tricks, he had no skills, he couldn't charm. When he had arrived at the home, he had been so frozen that they had left him behind the previous November, and a year later, he wasn't sure that he was any better. He thought less and less frequently of Brother Luke, it was true, but his days outside the classroom smeared into one; most of the time he felt he was floating, trying to pretend that he **didn't occupy his own life**, wishing he was invisible, wanting only to go unnoticed. Things happened to him and he didn't fight back the way he once would have; sometimes when he was being hurt, the part of him that was still conscious wondered what the brothers would think of him now: gone were his rages, his tantrums, his struggling. (188p.)
197. Back in Cambridge, he lets himself into the silent house and walks as softly as he can back to his bathroom, where he prises his bag from beneath the loose tile near the toilet and cuts himself until **he feels absolutely empty**, holding his arms over the bathtub, watching the porcelain stain itself crimson. (294p.)
198. His silence had begun as something protective, but over the years it has transformed into something near oppressive, something that manages him rather than the other way around. Now he cannot **find a way out of** it, even when he wants to. He imagines he is floating in a small bubble of water, encased on all sides by walls and ceilings and floors of ice, all many feet thick. He knows there is a way out, but he is unequipped; he has no tools to begin his work, and his hands scrabble uselessly against the ice's slick. He had thought that by not saying who he was, he was making himself more palatable, less strange. But now, what he doesn't say makes him stranger, an object of pity and even suspicion. (299p.)
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202. But as much as he fears sex, he also wants to be touched, he wants to feel someone else's hands on him, although the thought of that too terrifies him. Sometimes he looks at his arms and is **filled with a self-hatred** so fiery that he can barely breathe: much of what his body has become has been beyond his control, but his arms have been all his doing, and he can only blame himself. (306p.)
203. He is astonished, still, by the speed and thoroughness with which **Caleb insinuated** himself into his life. It was like something out of a fairy tale: a woman living on the edge of a dark forest hears a knock and opens the door of her cottage. And although it is just for a moment, and although she sees no one, in those seconds, dozens of demons and wraiths have slipped past her and into her house, and she will never be able to rid herself of them, ever. Sometimes this was how it felt. Was this the way it was for other people? He doesn't know; he is too afraid to ask. (321p.)
204. He stands; he has never felt more naked, more exposed in his life. When he was a child, and things were happening to him, **he used to be able to leave his body**, to go somewhere else. He would pretend he was something inanimate—a curtain rod, a ceiling fan—a dispassionate, unfeeling witness to the scene occurring beneath him. He would watch himself and feel nothing: not pity, not anger, nothing. But now, although he tries, he finds he cannot remove himself. (337-338p.)
205. Things were getting worse; he knew it and didn't know how to make it better. It was eight months after the incident, and every day he thought about it more, not less. He felt sometimes as if his months with Caleb were **a pack of hyenas**, and every day they chased him, and every day he spent all his energy running from them, trying to escape being devoured by their snapping, foaming jaws. (384p.)
206. He was **so far gone from himself**, from who he had hoped to be, that it was as if he was no longer a boy at all but something else entirely. (403p.)
207. When he did it, it was as if he was draining away the poison, the filth, the rage inside him. It was as if his old dream of leeches had come to life and had the same effect, the effect he had always hoped it would. He wished he was made of metal, of plastic: something that could be hosed down and scrubbed clean. He had a vision of himself

- being **pumped full of water and detergent and bleach** and then blasted dry, everything inside him made hygienic again. (419p.)
208. At nine, he tells his associates he's leaving early, and then drives home and goes directly to the bathroom, shucking his jacket and rolling up his sleeves and unstrapping his watch as he goes; he's almost hyperventilating with desire by the time he makes the first cut. It has been nearly two months since he's made more than two cuts in a single sitting, but now he abandons his self-discipline and cuts and cuts and cuts, until finally his breathing slows and he feels the old, **comforting emptiness settle inside him**. (450-451p.)
209. The day before, they had taken a shower together for the first time, and Jude had been so silent afterward, **so deep inside** one of his fugue states, his eyes so flat and blank, that Willem had been momentarily frightened. He hadn't wanted to do it, but Willem had coerced him, and in the shower, Jude had been rigid and grim, and Willem had been able to tell from the set of Jude's mouth that he was enduring it, that he was waiting for it to be over. (474p.)
210. Sometimes, often, he cursed himself, and how limited he was, but at other times, he was kinder: he recognized how much his mind had protected his body, how it had **shut down** his sexual drive in order to shelter him, how it had calcified every part of him that had caused him such pain. But usually, he knew he was wrong. He knew his resentment of Willem was wrong. He knew his impatience with Willem's affection for foreplay—that long, embarrassing period of throat-clearing that preceded every interaction, the small physical gestures of intimacy that he knew were Willem's way of experimenting with the depths of his own ability for arousal—was wrong. (484-485p.)
211. A small memory he could contain, but as the days go by and he waits for Willem, he recognizes that this is a long eel of a memory, slippery and uncatchable, and it whipsaws its way through him, its tail slapping against his organs so that he feels the memory as something alive and wounding, feels its meaty, powerful smack against his intestines, his heart, his lungs. Sometimes they were like this, and these were the hardest to lasso and corral, and with every day it seems to **grow inside him**, until he feels himself stuffed not with blood and muscle and water and bone but with the memory itself, expanding balloon-like to inflate his very fingertips. After Caleb, he had realized that there were some memories he was simply not going to be able to control, and so his only recourse was to wait until they had tired themselves out, until they swam back into the dark of his subconscious and left him alone again. (504p.)
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213. Sometimes the men would want him for longer and they would get a motel room, and he would imagine Brother Luke waiting in the bathroom for him. Sometimes they would talk to him—I have a son your age, they'd say; I have a daughter your age—and he would lie there and listen. Sometimes they would watch television until they were ready to go again. Some of them were cruel to him; some of them made him fear he would be killed, or **hurt so badly he wouldn't be able to escape**, and in those moments he would be terrified, and he would wish, desperately, for Brother Luke, for the monastery, for

- the nurse who had been so kind to him. But most of them were neither cruel nor kind. They were clients, and he was giving them what they wanted. (545p.)
214. Sometimes he thinks: I am doing better. I am getting better. Sometimes he wakes full of fortitude and vigor. Today will be the day, he thinks. Today will be the first day I really get better. Today will be the day I miss Willem less. And then something will happen, something as simple as walking into his closet and seeing the lonely, waiting stand of Willem's shirts that will never be worn again, and his ambition, his hopefulness will dissolve, and he will be **cast into despair** once again. (664p.)
215. *Let me get better*, he asks. *Let me get better or let me end it*. He feels that he is in a cold cement room, from which prong several exits, and one by one, he is shutting the doors, closing himself in the room, **eliminating his chances for escape**. But why is he doing this? Why is he trapping himself in this place he hates and fears when there are other places he could go? This, he thinks, is his punishment for depending on others: one by one, they will leave him, and he will be alone again, and this time it will be worse because he will remember it had once been better. He has the sense, once again, that his life is moving backward, that it is becoming smaller and smaller, the cement box shrinking around him until he is left with a space so cramped that he must fold himself into a crouch, because if he lies down, the ceiling will lower itself upon him and he will be smothered. (674p.)
216. Again and again he sees Brother Luke, Dr. Traylor. As he has gotten weaker, as he has **drifted from himself**, he sees them more and more frequently, and although Willem and Malcolm have dimmed for him, Brother Luke and Dr. Traylor have not. He feels his past is a cancer, one he should have treated long ago but instead ignored. And now Brother Luke and Dr. Traylor have metastasized, now they are too large and too overwhelming for him to eliminate. Now when they appear, they are wordless: they stand before him, they sit, side by side, on the sofa in his bedroom, staring at him, and this is worse than if they spoke, because he knows they are trying to decide what to do with him, and he knows that whatever they decide will be worse than he can imagine, worse than what had happened before. At one point he sees them whispering to each other, and he knows they are talking about him. "*Stop*," he yells at them, "stop, stop," but they ignore him, and when he tries to get up to make them leave, he is unable to do so. "Willem," he hears himself call, "protect me, help me; make them leave, make them go away." But Willem doesn't come, and he realizes he is alone and becomes afraid, concealing himself under the blanket and remaining as still as he can, certain that time has doubled back upon itself and he will be made to relive his life in sequence. (692-693p.)
217. "Jude," Harold had said, frightened, "can you hear me?," and he'd nodded, and Harold had entered the pantry himself, picking his way around the stacks of paper towels and jugs of dishwasher detergent, lowering himself to the floor and gently pulling his head into his lap, and for a second he had thought that this was the moment he had always half anticipated, the one in which Harold would unzip his pants and he would have to do what he had always done. But he hadn't, had just stroked his head, and after a while, as he twitched and grunted, his body tensing itself with pain, its **heat filling his joints**, he realized that Harold was singing to him. It was a song he had never heard before but that he recognized instinctually was a child's song, a lullaby, and he juddered and chattered and hissed through his teeth, opening and closing his left hand, gripping the throat of a nearby bottle of olive oil with his right, as on and on Harold sang. As he lay there, so desperately humiliated, he knew that after this incident Harold would either become distant from him or would draw closer still. (698p.)
218. And then he winced—I wasn't sure why—and looked away. "No," he said. "I don't think I would be. It was a controversial decision anyway, as I understand it. Besides," he began, and then stopped. Somehow we had stopped walking as well, as if speech and

movement were oppositional activities, and we stood there in the cold for a while. “Besides,” he continued, “I thought I’d leave the firm in a year or so.” He looked at me, as if to see how I was reacting, and then looked up, at the sky. “I thought maybe I’d travel,” he said, but his voice was **hollow** and joyless, as if he were being conscripted into a faraway life he didn’t much want. “I could go away,” he said, almost to himself. “There are places I should see.” (715p.)

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219. He felt so ceaselessly dirty, so soiled, as if inside **he was a rotten building**, like the condemned church he had been taken to see in one of his rare trips outside the monastery: the beams speckled with mold, the rafters splintered and holey with nests of termites, the triangles of white sky showing immodestly through the ruined rooftop. (150p.)
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225. Lisenard Street, with its **half-obsured alcoves** and dark warrens and walls that had been painted over so many times that you could feel ridges and blisters where moths and bugs had been entombed in its layers, was a much more accurate reflection of who he is. (319p.)
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230. That made me angry. “I’m not asking you to apologize, Jude.” I told him. “I’m asking you what this is, and don’t say ‘it’s a bag with razors in it’ What is this? Why did you tape it beneath your sink?”
- He stared at me for a long time with that look he had – I know you know the one – where you can see him receding even as he looks at you, where you can see **the gates within him closing and locking themselves**, the bridged being cranked above the moat. “You know what it’s for.” He finally said very quietly. (358p.)
231. That made me angry. “I’m not asking you to apologize, Jude.” I told him. “I’m asking you what this is, and don’t say ‘it’s a bag with razors in it’ What is this? Why did you tape it beneath your sink?”
- He stared at me for a long time with that look he had – I know you know the one – where you can see him receding even as he looks at you, where you can see the gates within him closing and locking themselves, **the bridged being cranked above the moat**. “You know what it’s for.” He finally said very quietly. (358p.)
232. Sometimes, often, he cursed himself, and how limited he was, but at other times, he was kinder: he recognized how much his mind had protected his body, how it had shut down his sexual drive in order to **shelter** him, how it had calcified every part of him that had caused him such pain. But usually, he knew he was wrong. He knew his resentment of Willem was wrong. He knew his impatience with Willem’s affection for foreplay—that long, embarrassing period of throat-clearing that preceded every interaction, the small physical gestures of intimacy that he knew were Willem’s way of experimenting with the depths of his own ability for arousal—was wrong. (484-485p.)
233. *Let me get better*, he asks. *Let me get better or let me end it*. He feels that he is in a **cold cement room**, from which prong several exits, and one by one, he is shutting the doors, closing himself in the room, eliminating his chances for escape. But why is he doing this? Why is he trapping himself in this place he hates and fears when there are other places he could go? This, he thinks, is his punishment for depending on others: one by one, they will leave him, and he will be alone again, and this time it will be worse because he will remember it had once been better. He has the sense, once again, that his life is moving backward, that it is becoming smaller and smaller, the cement box shrinking around him until he is left with a space so cramped that he must fold himself into a crouch, because if he lies down, the ceiling will lower itself upon him and he will be smothered. (674p.)
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237. He lingers on this floor, staring at these paintings, blinking, his **throat shutting**, and then slowly moves to the stairs a final time. (678p.)

The source domain of HEALTH

238. For a moment, he is **paralyzed**. But then he rebukes himself: he has nothing to fear. (307p.)

239. “Get out of here right now,” Harold repeats, and now everyone really is looking in their direction, and **he is so mortified that he feels sick**. (334p.)

240. He begins to panic, then, and struggle, but Caleb presses one arm against the back of his neck, which **paralyzes** him, and he is unable to move; he can feel himself become exposed to the air piece by piece—his back, his arms, the backs of his legs—and when everything’s been removed, Caleb yanks him to his feet again and pushes him away, but he falls, and lands on his back. (337p.)

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242. I could sense, rather than see, **him stiffen**, and under my hand, I could feel him shudder. (365p.)

243. He was mortified that Harold had seen him like that: when he thought of it, Harold seeing his bloody pants, Harold asking him about his childhood (How obvious was he? Could people actually tell by talking to him what had happened to him so many years ago? And if so, how could he better conceal it?), **he was so sharply nauseated** that he had to stop what he was doing and wait for the moment to pass. (382p.)

244. And then, at some point, it was no longer an experiment [thinking about the suicide]. He couldn’t remember how he had decided, but after he had, he felt lighter, freer, less tormented. The hyenas were still chasing him, but now he could see, very far in the distance, a house with an open door, and he knew that once he had reached that house, he would be safe, and everything that pursued him would fall away. They didn’t like it, of course – they could see the door as well, they knew he was about to elude them – and every day the hunt got worse, the army of things chasing him stronger and louder and

- more insistent. His brain was **vomiting memories**, they were flooding everything else – he thought of people and sensations and incidents he hadn't thought in years. Tastes appeared on his tongue as if by alchemy; he smelled fragrances he hadn't smelled in decades. His system was compromised; he would drown in his memories; he had to do something. He had tried – all his life, he had tried. He had tried to be someone different, he had tried to be someone better, he had tried to make himself clean. But it hadn't worked. Once he had decided, he was fascinated by his own hopefulness, by now he could have saved himself years of sorrow by just ending it – he could have been his own savior. No law said he had to keep on living; his life was still his own to do with what he pleased. How had he not realized this in all these years? The choice now seemed obvious; the only question was why it had taken him so long. (391p.)
245. When he did it, it was as if he was **draining away the poison**, the filth, the rage inside him. It was as if his old dream of leeches had come to life and had the same effect, the effect he had always hoped it would. He wished he was made of metal, of plastic: something that could be hosed down and scrubbed clean. He had a vision of himself being pumped full of water and detergent and bleach and then blasted dry, everything inside him made hygienic again. (419p.)
246. "I can't not," he said, after a long silence. *You don't want to see me without it*, he wanted to tell Willem, as well as: *I don't know how I'd make my way through life without it*. But he didn't. He was never able to explain to Willem what the cutting did for him in a way he'd understand: how it was a form of punishment and also of cleansing, how it allowed him to **drain everything toxic and spoiled** from himself, how it kept him from being irrationally angry at others, at everyone, how it kept him from shouting, from violence, how it made him feel like his body, his life, was truly his and no one else's. Certainly he could never have sex without it. Sometimes he wondered: If Brother Luke hadn't given it to him as a solution, who would he have become? Someone who hurt other people, he thought; someone who tried to make everyone feel as terrible as he did; someone even worse than the person he was. (490p.)
247. He thought of it as a slight parting of worlds, in which something buried wisped up from the loamy, turned earth and hovered before him, waiting for him to recognize it and claim it as his own. Their very reappearance was defiant: *Here we are*, they seemed to say to him. *Did you really think we would let you abandon us? Did you really think we wouldn't come back?* Eventually, he was also made to recognize how much he had edited—edited and reconfigured, refashioned into something easier to accept—from even the past few years: the film he had seen his junior year of two detectives coming to tell a student at college that the man who had hurt him had died in prison hadn't been a film at all—it had been his life, and he had been the student, and he had stood there in the Quad outside of Hood, and the two detectives were the people who had found him and arrested Dr. Traylor in the field that night, and they had taken him to the hospital and had made sure Dr. Traylor had gone to prison, and they had come to find him to tell him in person that he had nothing to fear again. "Pretty fancy stuff," one of the detectives had said, looking around him at the beautiful campus, at its old brick buildings where you could go and be absolutely safe. "We're proud of you, Jude." But he had fuzzed this memory, he had changed it to the detective simply saying "We're proud of you," and had left off his name, just as he had left out the panic he now remembered he had vividly felt despite their news, the dread that later someone would ask him who those people were that he had been talking to, the almost **nauseous wrongness** of his past life intruding so physically on his present. (503-504p.)
248. But this pain is a pain he has not felt in decades, and he screams and screams. Voices, faces, scraps of memories, odd associations whirl through his mind: the smell of smoking olive oil leads him to a memory of a meal of roasted *funghi* he and Willem had had in Perugia, which leads him to a Tintoretto exhibit that he and Malcolm had seen in their

twenties at the Frick, which leads him to a boy in the home everyone called Frick, but he never knew why, as the boy's name was Jed, which leads him to the nights in the barn, which leads him to a bale of hay in an empty, fog-smeared meadow outside Sonoma against which he and Brother Luke had once had sex, which leads him to, and to, and to, and to, and to. He smells burning meat, and he breaks out of his trance and looks wildly at the stove, as if he has left something there, a slab of steak seething to itself in a pan, but there is nothing, and he realizes he is smelling himself, his own arm cooking beneath him, and this makes him turn on the faucet at last and the water splashing against the burn, the oily smoke rising from it, makes him scream again. And then he is reaching, again wildly, with his right arm, his left still lying useless in the sink, an amputation in a kidney-shaped metal bowl, and he is grabbing the container of sea salt from the cupboard above the stove, and he is sobbing, rubbing a handful of the sharp-edged crystals into the burn, which reactivates the pain into something whiter than white, and it is as if he is staring into the sun and **he is blinded**. (510p.)

249. Maybe we'll have a son together one day," Luke said once, and **he had stiffened**, for he knew without Luke saying so that Luke would do to this phantom son of theirs what had been done to him, and he remembered thinking that that would never happen, that he would never let this ghost child, this child who didn't exist, ever exist, that he would never let another child be around Luke. (541p.)
250. Back at the house, the beating continued, and over the next days, the next weeks, he was beat more. Not regularly—he never knew when it might happen next—but often enough so that coupled with his lack of food, he was always dizzy, he was always weak: he felt he would never have the strength to run again. As he feared, the sex also got worse, and he was made to do things that he was never able to talk about, not to anyone, not even to himself, and again, although it wasn't always terrifying, it was often enough so that he lived in a constant **half daze of fear**, so that he knew that he would die in Dr. Traylor's house. (556-557p.)
251. "Rhinopharyngitis," Andy had said to them, smiling. "The common cold." But he had rested his hand on the back of Jude's head, and they had all been relieved. How fast, how distressingly fast, had their instinct for fear been reawakened, **the fear itself a virus** that lay dormant but that they would never be able to permanently dispel. Joyfulness, abandon: they had had to relearn those, they had had to re-earn them. But they would never have to relearn fear; it would live within the three of them, a shared disease, a shimmery strand that had woven itself through their DNA. (613-614p.)
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253. And then one Sunday in December he had woken and had known: Willem was gone. He was gone from him forever. He was never coming back. He would never see him again. He would never hear Willem's voice again, he would never smell him again, he would never feel Willem's arms around him. He would never again be able to unburden himself of one of his memories, sobbing with shame as he did, would never again jerk awake from one of his dreams, **blind with terror**, to feel Willem's hand on his face, to hear Willem's voice above him: "You're safe, Judy, you're safe. It's over; it's over; it's over." And then he had cried, really cried, cried for the first time since the accident. He had cried for Willem, for how frightened he must have been, for how he must have suffered, for his poor short life. But mostly he had cried for himself. (641p.)

254. Somehow he made it through that trip; somehow he had made it through a year. The night of Willem's death he dreamed of glass vases imploding, of Willem's body being projected through the air, of his face shattering against the tree. He woke missing Willem so profoundly that he felt he was **going blind**. (659p.)
255. Again and again he sees Brother Luke, Dr. Traylor. As he has gotten weaker, as he has drifted from himself, he sees them more and more frequently, and although Willem and Malcolm have dimmed for him, Brother Luke and Dr. Traylor have not. He feels **his past is a cancer**, one he should have treated long ago but instead ignored. And now Brother Luke and Dr. Traylor have metastasized, now they are too large and too overwhelming for him to eliminate. Now when they appear, they are wordless: they stand before him, they sit, side by side, on the sofa in his bedroom, staring at him, and this is worse than if they spoke, because he knows they are trying to decide what to do with him, and he knows that whatever they decide will be worse than he can imagine, worse than what had happened before. At one point he sees them whispering to each other, and he knows they are talking about him. "*Stop*," he yells at them, "stop, stop," but they ignore him, and when he tries to get up to make them leave, he is unable to do so. "Willem," he hears himself call, "protect me, help me; make them leave, make them go away." But Willem doesn't come, and he realizes he is alone and becomes afraid, concealing himself under the blanket and remaining as still as he can, certain that time has doubled back upon itself and he will be made to relive his life in sequence. (692-693p.)

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256. Sometimes he could predict what would trigger the spasming, that pain that would extend down his spine into one leg or the other, like a wooden stake set aflame and thrust into him: a certain movement, lifting something too heavy or too high, simple tiredness. But sometimes he couldn't. And sometimes the pain would be preceded by an interlude of numbness, or a twinging that was almost pleasurable, it was so light and zingy, just a sensation of **electric prickles** moving up and down his spine, and he would know to lie down and wait for it to finish its cycle, a penance he could never escape or avoid. (101-102p.)
257. He could **feel the old hysteria descending upon him**, could feel inside him the vestiges of the boy who would throw fits and shout, who could still a room with his screams. (191p.)
258. His silence had begun as something protective, but over the years it has transformed into something **near oppressive**, something that manages him rather than the other way around. Now he cannot find a way out of it, even when he wants to. He imagines he is floating in a small bubble of water, encased on all sides by walls and ceilings and floors of ice, all many feet thick. He knows there is a way out, but he is unequipped; he has no tools to begin his work, and his hands scrabble uselessly against the ice's slick. He had thought that by not saying who he was, he was making himself more palatable, less strange. But now, what he doesn't say makes him stranger, an object of pity and even suspicion. (299p.)
259. But it was so difficult—there were so many memories from those months that **stabbed him** that he was overwhelmed. He heard Caleb's voice saying things to him, he saw the expression on Caleb's face as he had stared at his unclothed body, he felt the horrid blank airlessness of his fall down the staircase, and he crunched himself into a knot and put his hands over his ears and closed his eyes. (381p.)
260. "I am," he said. He felt a **pull of regret** after talking to both of them, but he was determined. He was no good for them, anyway; he was only an extravagant collection of problems, nothing more. (391p.)

261. “You’re going to do what you did with Father Gabriel and a couple of the brothers,” he said, and then, slowly, he understood what Luke was saying, and he stepped back toward the bed, everything within him **seizing with fear**. (398p.)
262. He kept his eyes shut the entire time, but when he felt Willem place his palm on his back, just between his shoulder blades, he began to cry, savagely, the kind of bitter, angry weeping he hadn’t done in years, **tucking into** himself with shame. He kept remembering the night with Caleb, the last time he had been so exposed, the last time he had cried this hard, and he knew that Willem would only understand part of the reason he was so upset, that he didn’t know that the shame of this very moment—of being naked, of being at another’s mercy—was almost as great as his shame for what he had revealed. He heard, more from the tone than the words themselves, that Willem was being kind to him, that he was dismayed and was trying to make him feel better, but he was so distraught that he couldn’t even comprehend what Willem was saying. He tried to get out of the bed so he could go to the bathroom and cut himself, but Willem caught him and held him so tightly that he couldn’t move, and eventually he somehow calmed himself. (456p.)
263. In all his decades of cutting himself, he had never been witnessed in the act itself, and he stopped, abruptly, the violation as shocking as if he had been **slugged**. (492p.)
264. Eight months ago, when Malcolm was breaking ground, he and Willem had gone up to the property and had wandered around it. He had been feeling unusually well that day, and had even allowed Willem to hold his hand as they walked down the gentle hill that sloped from where the house would sit, and then left, toward the forest that held the lake in its embrace. The forest was denser than they had imagined, the ground so thick with pine needles that their every footfall sank, as if the earth beneath them was made of something rubbery and squashy and pumped half full of air. It was difficult terrain for him, and he grasped Willem’s hand in earnest, but when Willem asked him if he wanted to stop, he shook his head. About twenty minutes later, when they were almost halfway around the lake, they came to a clearing that looked like something out of a fairy tale, the sky above them all dark green fir tops, the floor beneath them that same soft pelt of the trees’ leavings. They stopped then, looking around them, quiet until Willem said, “We should just build it here,” and he smiled, but inside him something wrenched, a feeling like his entire nervous system was being **tugged out of his navel**, because he was remembering that other forest he had once thought he’d live in, and was realizing that he was to finally have it after all: a house in the woods, with water nearby, and someone who loved him. And then he shuddered, a tremor that rippled its way through his body, and Willem looked at him. “Are you cold?” he asked. “No,” he said, “but let’s keep walking,” and so they had. (499p.)
265. “Are you going to tell me how you got a third-degree burn in such a perfect circle?” Andy asks him at last, and he ignores Andy’s chilly sarcasm, and instead recites to him his prepared story: the plantains, the grease fire. Then there is another silence, this one different in a way he cannot explain but does not like. And then Andy says, very quietly, “You’re lying, Jude.” “What do you mean?” he asks, his throat suddenly dry despite the orange juice he has been drinking. “You’re lying,” Andy repeats, still in that same quiet voice, and he slides off the examining table, the bottle of juice slipping from his grasp and shattering on the floor, and moves for the door. “Stop,” Andy says, and he is cold, and furious. “Jude, you fucking tell me now. *What did you do?*” “I told you,” he says, “I told you.” “No,” Andy says. “You tell me what you did, Jude. You say the words. *Say them*. I want to hear you say them.”

"*I told you,*" he shouts, and he feels so terrible, his brain thumping against his skull, **his feet thrust** full of smoldering iron ingots, his arm with its simmering cauldron burned into it. "Let me go, Andy. *Let me go.*"

"No," Andy says, and he too is shouting. "Jude, you—you—" He stops, and he stops as well, and they both wait to hear what Andy will say. "You're sick, Jude," he says, in a low, frantic voice. "You're crazy. This is crazy behavior. This is behavior that could and should get you locked away for years. You're sick, you're sick and you're crazy and you need help."

"Don't you *dare* call me crazy," he yells, "don't you *dare*. I'm not, *I'm not.*"

But Andy ignores him. "Willem gets back on Friday, right?" he asks, although he knows the answer already. "You have one week from tonight to tell him, Jude. One week. And after that, I'm telling him myself."

"You can't *legally* do that, Andy," he shouts, and everything spins before him. "I'll sue you for so much that you won't even—" (511-512p.)

266. The day after they returned to Greene Street he couldn't lift himself out of bed. He was in such distress that his body seemed to be one long exposed nerve, frayed at either end; he had the sense that if he were to be touched with a drop of water, his entire being would sizzle and hiss in response. He was rarely so exhausted, so sore that he couldn't even sit up, and he could tell that Willem— around whom he made a particular effort, so he wouldn't worry—was alarmed, and he had to plead with him not to call Andy. "All right," Willem had said, reluctantly, "but if you're not better by tomorrow, I'm calling him." He nodded, and Willem sighed. "Dammit, Jude," he said, "I *knew* we shouldn't've gone." But the next day, he was better: better enough to get out of bed, at least. He couldn't walk; all day, his legs and feet and back felt as if they were being **driven through with iron bolts**, but he made himself smile and talk and move about, though when Willem left the room or turned away from him, he could feel his face drooping with fatigue. (575-576p.)

267. But then one night near the end of the trip he was being driven back to the hotel from a long day of meetings, and he had looked out of the car window and had seen, glittering over the road, a massive billboard of Willem's face. It was a beer ad that Willem had shot two years ago, one that was only displayed throughout east Asia. But hanging from the top of the billboard were people on pulleys, and he realized that they were painting over the ad, that they were erasing Willem's face. Suddenly, his breath left him, and he had almost asked the driver to stop, but he wouldn't have been able to—they were on a loop of a road, one with no exits or places to pull over, and so he'd had to sit very still, his heart erupting within him, counting the beats it took to reach the hotel, thank the driver, get out, walk through the lobby, ride the elevator, walk down the hallway, and enter his room, where before he could think, he was throwing himself against the cold marble wall of the shower, his mouth open and his eyes shut, tossing and tossing himself until he was in so much pain that his every vertebrae felt as if it had been **jolted out of its sockets**. (658p.)

268. That night he cut himself wildly, uncontrollably, and when he was shaking too badly to continue, he waited, and cleaned the floor, and drank some juice to give himself energy, and then started again. After three rounds of this he crept to the corner of the shower stall and wept, folding his arms over his head, making his hair tacky with blood, and that night he slept there, covered with a towel instead of a blanket. He had done this sometimes when he was a child and had felt like he was exploding, separating from himself like a dying star, and would feel the need to **tuck himself into the smallest space** he could find so his very bones would stay knit together. (658p.)

269. "I can't keep having this conversation," he says at last, his voice scraped and hoarse. "I can't, Harold. And you can't, either. I feel like all I do is disappoint you, and I'm sorry for that, I'm sorry for all of it. But I'm really trying. I'm doing the best I can. I'm

sorry if it's not good enough." Harold tries to interject, but he talks over him. "This is who I am. This is it, Harold. I'm sorry I'm such a problem for you. I'm sorry I'm ruining your retirement. I'm sorry I'm not happier. I'm sorry I'm not over Willem. I'm sorry I have a job you don't respect. I'm sorry I'm such a nothing of a person." He no longer knows what he's saying; he no longer knows how he feels: he wants to cut himself, to disappear, to lie down and never get up again, to **hurl himself into space**. He hates himself; he pities himself; he hates himself for pitying himself. (673p.)

270. *Let me get better*, he asks. *Let me get better or let me end it*. He feels that he is in a cold cement room, from which prong several exits, and one by one, he is shutting the doors, closing himself in the room, eliminating his chances for escape. But why is he doing this? Why is he trapping himself in this place he hates and fears when there are other places he could go? This, he thinks, is his punishment for depending on others: one by one, they will leave him, and he will be alone again, and this time it will be worse because he will remember it had once been better. He has the sense, once again, that his life is moving backward, that it is becoming smaller and smaller, the cement box shrinking around him until he is left with a space so cramped that he must fold himself into a crouch, because if he lies down, **the ceiling will lower itself** upon him and he will be smothered. (674p.)

271. "I know, Andy," he said. "And I appreciate it; I do. I've been behaving badly, and I took it out on you." But he knows now that he has to be careful: he has tasted anger, and he knows he has to control it. He can feel it, waiting to **burst from** his mouth in a swarm of stinging black flies. Where has this rage been hiding? he wonders. How can he make it disappear? Lately his dreams have been of violence, of terrible things befalling the people he hates, the people he loves: he sees Brother Luke being stuffed into a sack full of squealing, starved rats; he sees JB's head being slammed against a wall, his brain splashing out in a gray slurry. In the dreams he is always there, dispassionate and watchful, and after witnessing their destruction, he turns and walks away. He wakes with his nose bleeding the way it had when he was a child and was suppressing a tantrum, with his hands shaking, with his face contorted into a snarl. (684p.)

The source domain of PERSON

272. He had no tricks, he had no skills, he couldn't charm. When he had arrived at the home, he had been so frozen that they had left him behind the previous November, and a year later, he wasn't sure that he was any better. He thought less and less frequently of Brother Luke, it was true, but his days outside the classroom smeared into one; most of the time he felt he was floating, trying to pretend that he didn't occupy his own life, wishing he was invisible, wanting only to go unnoticed. Things happened to him and he didn't fight back the way he once would have; sometimes when he was being hurt, the part of him that was still conscious wondered what the brothers would think of him now: **gone were his rages**, his tantrums, his struggling. (188p.)

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275. That night, the brother had been careful with him, and had brought him tea, but he had felt more alive than he had in weeks. Something about the fall, the freshness of the pain, had been restorative. It was **honest pain**, clean pain, a pain without shame or filth, and it was a different sensation than he had felt in years. (418p.)
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277. His cutting, **his hatred**, his shame, his fears, his diseases, his inability to have a normal sex life, to be a normal person—those **were Luke**, too. (423p.)
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280. As he lay there, he tried to decide what he could do next. Rodger would wait for him and then, when he didn't appear, they would eventually look for him. But if he could last here for the night, if he could wait until everything was silent around him, then he could escape. This was as far as he could think, although he was cognizant enough to realize that his chances were poor: he had no food, no money, and although it was only five in the afternoon, it was already very cold. He could feel his back and legs and palms, all the parts pressed against the stone, numbing themselves, could feel his nerves turning to thousands of pinpricks. But he could also feel, for the first time in months, his mind coming alert, could feel, for the first time in years, the **giddy thrill** of being able to make a decision, however poor or ill-conceived or unlikely. Suddenly, the pinpricks felt like not a punishment but a celebration, like hundreds of miniature fireworks exploding within him and for him, as if his body were reminding him of who he was and of what he still owned: himself. (538p.)
281. He hadn't felt at his best on that trip, although at least he was mobile. In the months before, he had been feeling weaker, but not in any truly specifiable way, not in any way that seemed to suggest some greater problem. He simply lost energy faster; he was achey instead of sore, a dull, constant thud of pain that **followed him into sleep** and was there to greet him when he woke. It was the difference, he told Andy, between a month speckled by thundershowers and a month in which it rained daily: not heavily but ceaselessly, a kind of dreary, enervating discomfort. In October, he'd had to use his wheelchair every day, which had been the most consecutive days he had ever been dependent on it. In November, although he had been well enough to make Thanksgiving dinner at Harold's, he had been in too much pain to actually sit at the table to eat it, and he had spent the evening in his bedroom, lying as still as he could, semi-aware of Harold and Willem and Julia coming in to check on him, semi-aware of his apologizing for ruining the holiday for them, semi-aware of the muted conversation among the three of them and Laurence and Gillian, James and Carey, that he half heard coming from the dining room. (574-575p.)
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283. For a while they simply stood, both of them smiling, watching the dancers heave and blur before them. He was tired, he was in pain, but it didn't matter; his tiredness felt like something sweet and warm, **his pain was familiar** and expected, and in those moments he was aware that he was capable of joyfulness, that life was honeyed. Then the music turned, grew dreamy and slow, and Harold yelled that he was going to reclaim Julia from Willem's clutches. (582p.)
284. He had looked at Jude, then, and had felt that same sensation he sometimes did when he thought, really thought of Jude and what his life had been: a sadness, he might have called it, but it wasn't a **pitying sadness**; it was a larger sadness, one that seemed to encompass all the poor striving people, the billions he didn't know, all living their lives, a sadness that mingled with a wonder and awe at how hard humans everywhere tried to live, even when their days were so very difficult, even when their circumstances were so wretched. Life is so sad, he would think in those moments. It's so sad, and yet we all do it. We all cling to it; we all search for something to give us solace. (621p.)
285. That night, before bed, he goes first to Willem's side of the closet, which he still has not emptied. Here are Willem's shirts on their hangers, and his sweaters on their shelves, and his shoes lined up beneath. He takes down the shirt he needs, a burgundy plaid woven through with threads of yellow, which Willem used to wear around the house in the springtime, and shrugs it on over his head. But instead of putting his arms through its sleeves, he ties the sleeves in front of him, which makes the shirt look like a straitjacket, but which he can pretend—if he concentrates—are Willem's arms in an embrace around him. He climbs into bed. This **ritual embarrasses** and shames him, but he only does it when he really needs it, and tonight he really needs it. (633p.)
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287. But he doesn't do this, of course, just looks up at last and sees JB smiling at him, sadly. "The title card's been mounted already," JB says, and he goes slowly to the wall behind the painting and sees its title—*Willem Listening to Jude Tell a Story, Greene Street*—and he feels **his breath abandon him**; it feels as if his heart is made of something oozing and cold, like ground meat, and it is being squeezed inside a fist so that chunks of it are falling, plopping to the ground near his feet. (679p.)

The source domain of FOOD

288. In the cab, he finds he really is tired, and he leans his forehead against the greased window and closes his eyes. By the time he reaches home, he feels as leaden as a corpse, and in the apartment, he starts taking off his clothes—shoes, sweater, shirt, undershirt, pants—as soon as he’s locked the door behind him, leaving them littering the floor in a trail as he makes his way to the bathroom. His hands tremor as he unsticks the bag from beneath the sink, and although he hadn’t thought he’d need to cut himself that night—nothing that day or early evening had indicated he might—he is almost **ravenous** for it now. He has long ago run out of blank skin on his forearms, and he now recuts over old cuts, using the edge of the razor to saw through the tough, webby scar tissue: when the new cuts heal, they do so in warty furrows, and he is disgusted and dismayed and fascinated all at once by how severely he has deformed himself. Lately he has begun using the cream that Andy gave him for his back on his arms, and he thinks it helps, a bit: the skin feels looser, the scars a little softer and more supple. (301-302p.)
289. Things were getting worse; he knew it and didn’t know how to make it better. It was eight months after the incident, and every day he thought about it more, not less. He felt sometimes as if his months with Caleb were a pack of hyenas, and every day they chased him, and every day he spent all his energy running from them, trying to escape **being devoured by their snapping, foaming jaws**. (384p.)
290. **The hyenas** returned, more numerous and **famished** than before, more vigilant in their hunt. And then everything else returned as well: years and years and years of memories he had thought he had controlled and defanged, all crowding him once again, yelping and leaping before his face, unignorable in their sounds, indefatigable in their clamor for his attention. He woke gasping for air: he woke with the names of people he had sworn he would never think of again on his tongue. (389p.)
291. But this pain is a pain he has not felt in decades, and he screams and screams. Voices, faces, scraps of memories, odd associations whirl through his mind: the smell of smoking olive oil leads him to a memory of a meal of roasted *funghi* he and Willem had had in Perugia, which leads him to a Tintoretto exhibit that he and Malcolm had seen in their twenties at the Frick, which leads him to a boy in the home everyone called Frick, but he never knew why, as the boy’s name was Jed, which leads him to the nights in the barn, which leads him to a bale of hay in an empty, fog-smeared meadow outside Sonoma against which he and Brother Luke had once had sex, which leads him to, and to, and to, and to, and to. He smells burning meat, and he breaks out of his trance and looks wildly at the stove, as if he has left something there, **a slab of steak seething to itself in a pan**, but there is nothing, and he realizes he is smelling himself, his own arm cooking beneath him, and this makes him turn on the faucet at last and the water splashing against the burn, the oily smoke rising from it, makes him scream again. And then he is reaching, again wildly, with his right arm, his left still lying useless in the sink, an amputation in a kidney-shaped metal bowl, and he is grabbing the container of sea salt from the cupboard above the stove, and he is sobbing, rubbing a handful of the sharp-edged crystals into the burn, which reactivates the pain into something whiter than white, and it is as if he is staring into the sun and he is blinded. (510p.)
292. When he wakes, he is on the floor, his head against the cupboard beneath the sink. His limbs are jerking; he is feverish, but he is cold, and he presses himself against the cupboard as if it is something soft, **as if it will consume him**. Behind his closed eyelids he sees the hyenas, licking their snouts as if they have literally fed upon him. *Happy?* he asks them. *Are you happy?* They cannot answer, of course, but they are dazed and satiated; he can see their vigilance waning, their large eyes shutting contentedly. (510p.)
293. The next day he has a fever. It takes him an hour to get from the kitchen to his bed; his feet are too sore, and he cannot pull himself on his arms. He doesn’t sleep so much as move in and out of consciousness, the pain sloshing through him like a tide, sometimes

- receding enough to let him wake, sometimes **consuming** him beneath a grayed, filthy wave. (510-511p.)
294. “Are you going to tell me how you got a third-degree burn in such a perfect circle?” Andy asks him at last, and he ignores Andy’s chilly sarcasm, and instead recites to him his prepared story: the plantains, the grease fire. Then there is another silence, this one different in a way he cannot explain but does not like. And then Andy says, very quietly, “You’re lying, Jude.” “What do you mean?” he asks, his throat suddenly dry despite the orange juice he has been drinking. “You’re lying,” Andy repeats, still in that same quiet voice, and he slides off the examining table, the bottle of juice slipping from his grasp and shattering on the floor, and moves for the door. “Stop,” Andy says, and he is cold, and furious. “Jude, you fucking tell me now. *What did you do?*” “I told you,” he says, “I told you.” “No,” Andy says. “You tell me what you did, Jude. You say the words. *Say them.* I want to hear you say them.” “*I told you,*” he shouts, and he feels so terrible, his brain thumping against his skull, his feet thrust full of smoldering iron ingots, his arm with its **simmering cauldron** burned into it. “Let me go, Andy. *Let me go.*” “No,” Andy says, and he too is shouting. “Jude, you—you—” He stops, and he stops as well, and they both wait to hear what Andy will say. “You’re sick, Jude,” he says, in a low, frantic voice. “You’re crazy. This is crazy behavior. This is behavior that could and should get you locked away for years. You’re sick, you’re sick and you’re crazy and you need help.” “Don’t you *dare* call me crazy,” he yells, “don’t you *dare*. I’m not, *I’m not.*” But Andy ignores him. “Willem gets back on Friday, right?” he asks, although he knows the answer already. “You have one week from tonight to tell him, Jude. One week. And after that, I’m telling him myself.” “You can’t *legally* do that, Andy,” he shouts, and everything spins before him. “I’ll sue you for so much that you won’t even—” (511-512p.)
295. The day after they returned to Greene Street he couldn’t lift himself out of bed. He was in such distress that his body seemed to be one long exposed nerve, frayed at either end; he had the sense that if he were to be touched with a drop of water, **his entire being would sizzle** and hiss in response. He was rarely so exhausted, so sore that he couldn’t even sit up, and he could tell that Willem— around whom he made a particular effort, so he wouldn’t worry—was alarmed, and he had to plead with him not to call Andy. “All right,” Willem had said, reluctantly, “but if you’re not better by tomorrow, I’m calling him.” He nodded, and Willem sighed. “Dammit, Jude,” he said, “I *knew* we shouldn’t’ve gone.” But the next day, he was better: better enough to get out of bed, at least. He couldn’t walk; all day, his legs and feet and back felt as if they were being driven through with iron bolts, but he made himself smile and talk and move about, though when Willem left the room or turned away from him, he could feel his face drooping with fatigue. (575-576p.)
296. For a while they simply stood, both of them smiling, watching the dancers heave and blur before them. He was tired, he was in pain, but it didn’t matter; his **tiredness felt like something sweet** and warm, his pain was familiar and expected, and in those moments he was aware that he was capable of joyfulness, that life was honeyed. Then the music turned, grew dreamy and slow, and Harold yelled that he was going to reclaim Julia from Willem’s clutches. (582p.)
297. In those first months, there were practicalities, which gave him something to do, which gave his days anger, which in turn gave them shape. He sued the car manufacturer, the

seat-belt manufacturer, the air-bag manufacturer, the rental-car company. He sued the truck driver, the company the driver worked for. The driver, he heard through the driver's lawyer, had a chronically ill child; a lawsuit would ruin the family. But he didn't care. Once he would have; not now. He felt **raw** and merciless. Let him be destroyed, he thought. Let him be ruined. Let him feel what I feel. Let him lose everything, the only things, that matter. He wanted to siphon every dollar from all of them, all the companies, all the people working for them. He wanted to leave them hopeless. He wanted to leave them empty. He wanted them to live in squalor. He wanted them to feel lost in their own lives. (639p.)

298. "I know, Andy," he said. "And I appreciate it; I do. I've been behaving badly, and I took it out on you." But he knows now that he has to be careful: he has **tasted anger**, and he knows he has to control it. He can feel it, waiting to burst from his mouth in a swarm of stinging black flies. Where has this rage been hiding? he wonders. How can he make it disappear? Lately his dreams have been of violence, of terrible things befalling the people he hates, the people he loves: he sees Brother Luke being stuffed into a sack full of squealing, starved rats; he sees JB's head being slammed against a wall, his brain splashing out in a gray slurry. In the dreams he is always there, dispassionate and watchful, and after witnessing their destruction, he turns and walks away. He wakes with his nose bleeding the way it had when he was a child and was suppressing a tantrum, with his hands shaking, with his face contorted into a snarl. (684p.)
299. "Jude, Jude," he mocks him, squawking his own name back to Harold like a jay. "Jude, Jude." He is so angry, so furious: there is no word for what he is. **Hatred sizzles** through his veins. Harold wants him to live, and now Harold is getting his wish. Now Harold is seeing him as he is. (697p.)

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300. As soon as he sat, he experienced that familiar dizziness, that stomach-lifting nausea, and he bent over and waited until the cement became cement again and he would be able to stand. He felt in those minutes his body's **treason**, how sometimes the central, tedious struggle in his life was his unwillingness to accept that he would be betrayed by it again and again, that he could expect nothing from it and yet had to keep maintaining it. (141p.)
301. As soon as he sat, he experienced that familiar dizziness, that stomach-lifting nausea, and he bent over and waited until the cement became cement again and he would be able to stand. He felt in those minutes his body's treason, how sometimes the central, **tedious struggle** in his life was his unwillingness to accept that he would be betrayed by it again and again, that he could expect nothing from it and yet had to keep maintaining it. (141p.)
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303. He had no tricks, he had no skills, he couldn't charm. When he had arrived at the home, he had been so frozen that they had left him behind the previous November, and a year later, he wasn't sure that he was any better. He thought less and less frequently of Brother Luke, it was true, but his days outside the classroom smeared into one; most of the time he felt he was floating, trying to pretend that he didn't occupy his own life, wishing he was invisible, wanting only to go unnoticed. Things happened to him and he didn't **fight back** the way he once would have; sometimes when he was being hurt, the

- part of him that was still conscious wondered what the brothers would think of him now: gone were his rages, his tantrums, his struggling. (188p.)
304. I put my hand on his shoulder, which jumped, but I held on. Beneath my palm I could feel his muscles tense, could feel that shiver running through him. “It’s okay,” I told him. “You don’t have anything to be ashamed of,” I said. “It’s not your fault, Jude, do you understand me?” But he was pretending to be asleep, though I could still feel that vibration, **everything in his body alert** and alarmed. (366p.)
305. I put my hand on his shoulder, which jumped, but I held on. Beneath my palm I could feel his muscles tense, could feel that shiver running through him. “It’s okay,” I told him. “You don’t have anything to be ashamed of,” I said. “It’s not your fault, Jude, do you understand me?” But he was pretending to be asleep, though I could still feel that vibration, **everything in his body alert** and **alarmed**. (366p.)
306. He and Willem left early, and that evening he cut himself for the second time since he was released from the hospital. This was another thing the drugs had dampened: his need to cut, to feel that **bright, startling slap of pain**. The first time he did it, he was shocked by how much it hurt, and had actually wondered why he had been doing this to himself for so long—what had he been thinking? But then he felt everything within him slow, felt himself relax, felt his memories dim, and had remembered how it helped him, remembered why he had begun doing it at all. The scars from his attempt were three vertical lines on both arms, from the base of his palm to just below the inside of his elbow, and they hadn’t healed well; it looked as if he had shoved pencils just beneath the skin. They had a strange, pearly shine, almost as if the skin had been burned, and now he made a fist, watching them tighten in response. (414p.)
307. He and Willem left early, and that evening he cut himself for the second time since he was released from the hospital. This was another thing the drugs had dampened: his need to cut, to feel that bright, **startling slap of pain**. The first time he did it, he was shocked by how much it hurt, and had actually wondered why he had been doing this to himself for so long—what had he been thinking? But then he felt everything within him slow, felt himself relax, felt his memories dim, and had remembered how it helped him, remembered why he had begun doing it at all. The scars from his attempt were three vertical lines on both arms, from the base of his palm to just below the inside of his elbow, and they hadn’t healed well; it looked as if he had shoved pencils just beneath the skin. They had a strange, pearly shine, almost as if the skin had been burned, and now he made a fist, watching them tighten in response. (414p.)
308. So he fought **past his feelings of shame**; he concentrated on Willem. (485p.)
309. A small memory he could contain, but as the days go by and he waits for Willem, he recognizes that this is a long eel of a memory, slippery and uncatchable, and it whipsaws its way through him, its tail slapping against his organs so that he feels the memory as something alive and wounding, feels its **meaty, powerful smack** against his intestines, his heart, his lungs. Sometimes they were like this, and these were the hardest to lasso and corral, and with every day it seems to grow inside him, until he feels himself stuffed not with blood and muscle and water and bone but with the memory itself, expanding balloon-like to inflate his very fingertips. After Caleb, he had realized that there were some memories he was simply not going to be able to control, and so his only recourse was to wait until they had tired themselves out, until they swam back into the dark of his subconscious and left him alone again. (504p.)

The source domain of CLEANLINESS

310. He **felt so ceaselessly dirty**, so soiled, as if inside he was a rotten building, like the condemned church he had been taken to see in one of his rare trips outside the monastery: the beams speckled with mold, the rafters splintered and holey with nests of

- termites, the triangles of white sky showing immodestly through the ruined rooftop. (150p.)
311. He felt so ceaselessly dirty, so **soiled**, as if inside he was a rotten building, like the condemned church he had been taken to see in one of his rare trips outside the monastery: the beams speckled with mold, the rafters splintered and holey with nests of termites, the triangles of white sky showing immodestly through the ruined rooftop. (150p.)
312. “Oh,” he says. “Right. I understand.” He feels a profound shame, as if he has just asked for **something filthy** and illicit. (328p.)
313. And then, at some point, it was no longer an experiment [thinking about the suicide]. He couldn’t remember how he had decided, but after he had, he felt lighter, freer, less tormented. The hyenas were still chasing him, but now he could see, very far in the distance, a house with an open door, and he knew that once he had reached that house, he would be safe, and everything that pursued him would fall away. They didn’t like it, of course – they could see the door as well, they knew he was about to elude them – and every day the hunt got worse, the army of things chasing him stronger and louder and more insistent. His brain was vomiting memories, they were flooding everything else – he thought of people and sensations and incidents he hadn’t thought in years. Tastes appeared on his tongue as if by alchemy; he smelled fragrances he hadn’t smelled in decades. His system was compromised; he would drown in his memories; he had to do something. He had tried – all his life, he had tried. He had tried to be someone different, he had tried to be someone better, he had tried to **make himself clean**. But it hadn’t worked. Once he had decided, he was fascinated by his own hopefulness, by now he could have saved himself years of sorrow by just ending it – he could have been his own savior. No law said he had to keep on living; his life was still his own to do with what he pleased. How had he not realized this in all these years? The choice now seemed obvious; the only question was why it had taken him so long. (391p.)
314. When he did it, it was as if he was **draining away the poison**, the **filth**, the rage inside him. It was as if his old dream of leeches had come to life and had the same effect, the effect he had always hoped it would. He wished he was made of metal, of plastic: something that could be hosed down and scrubbed clean. He had a vision of himself being pumped full of water and detergent and bleach and then blasted dry, everything inside him made hygienic again. (419p.)
315. And then he knew for certain that what he had been doing was wrong, and he felt so ashamed, so **dirty** that he had wanted to die. (422p.)
316. “I can’t not,” he said, after a long silence. *You don’t want to see me without it*, he wanted to tell Willem, as well as: *I don’t know how I’d make my way through life without it*. But he didn’t. He was never able to explain to Willem what the cutting did for him in a way he’d understand: how it was a form of punishment and also of **cleansing**, how it allowed him to drain everything toxic and spoiled from himself, how it kept him from being irrationally angry at others, at everyone, how it kept him from shouting, from violence, how it made him feel like his body, his life, was truly his and no one else’s. Certainly he could never have sex without it. Sometimes he wondered: If Brother Luke hadn’t given it to him as a solution, who would he have become? Someone who hurt other people, he thought; someone who tried to make everyone feel as terrible as he did; someone even worse than the person he was. (490p.)

The source domain of VISIBILITY

317. He had no tricks, he had no skills, he couldn’t charm. When he had arrived at the home, he had been so frozen that they had left him behind the previous November, and a year later, he wasn’t sure that he was any better. He thought less and less frequently of Brother Luke, it was true, but his days outside the classroom smeared into one; most of

- the time he felt he was floating, trying to pretend that he didn't occupy his own life, **wishing he was invisible**, wanting only to go unnoticed. Things happened to him and he didn't fight back the way he once would have; sometimes when he was being hurt, the part of him that was still conscious wondered what the brothers would think of him now: gone were his rages, his tantrums, his struggling. (188p.)
318. In that moment **he feels** not angry but **exposed**: not just to Richard but to Willem. He tries to hide as much as he can from Willem, not because he doesn't trust him but because he doesn't want Willem to see him as less of a person, as someone who has to be looked after and helped. He wants Willem, wants them all, to think of him as someone reliable and hardy, someone they can come to with their problems, instead of him always having to turn to them. He is embarrassed, thinking of the conversations that have been had about him— between Willem and Andy, and between Willem and Harold (which he is certain happens more often than he fears), and now between Willem and Richard—and saddened as well that Willem is spending so much time worrying about him, that he is having to think of him the way he would have had to think of Hemming, had Hemming lived: as someone who needed care, as someone who needed decisions made for him. He sees the image of himself as an old man again: Is it possible it is also Willem's vision, that the two of them share the same fear, that his ending seems as inevitable to Willem as it does to himself? (248p.)
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320. He begins to panic, then, and struggle, but Caleb presses one arm against the back of his neck, which paralyzes him, and he is unable to move; **he can feel himself become exposed to the air** piece by piece—his back, his arms, the backs of his legs—and when everything's been removed, Caleb yanks him to his feet again and pushes him away, but he falls, and lands on his back. (337p.)
321. He stands; **he has never felt more naked**, more exposed in his life. When he was a child, and things were happening to him, he used to be able to leave his body, to go somewhere else. He would pretend he was something inanimate—a curtain rod, a ceiling fan—a dispassionate, unfeeling witness to the scene occurring beneath him. He would watch himself and feel nothing: not pity, not anger, nothing. But now, although he tries, he finds he cannot remove himself. (337-338p.)
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323. He kept his eyes shut the entire time, but when he felt Willem place his palm on his back, just between his shoulder blades, he began to cry, savagely, the kind of bitter,

angry weeping he hadn't done in years, tucking into himself with shame. He kept remembering the night with Caleb, the last time he had been so **exposed**, the last time he had cried this hard, and he knew that Willem would only understand part of the reason he was so upset, that he didn't know that the shame of this very moment—of being naked, of being at another's mercy—was almost as great as his shame for what he had revealed. He heard, more from the tone than the words themselves, that Willem was being kind to him, that he was dismayed and was trying to make him feel better, but he was so distraught that he couldn't even comprehend what Willem was saying. He tried to get out of the bed so he could go to the bathroom and cut himself, but Willem caught him and held him so tightly that he couldn't move, and eventually he somehow calmed himself. (456p.)

The source domain of WAR

324. His silence had begun as something **protective**, but over the years it has transformed into something near oppressive, something that manages him rather than the other way around. Now he cannot find a way out of it, even when he wants to. He imagines he is floating in a small bubble of water, encased on all sides by walls and ceilings and floors of ice, all many feet thick. He knows there is a way out, but he is unequipped; he has no tools to begin his work, and his hands scrabble uselessly against the ice's slick. He had thought that by not saying who he was, he was making himself more palatable, less strange. But now, what he doesn't say makes him stranger, an object of pity and even suspicion. (299p.)
325. He counted the seconds until he was certain Caleb must have passed, and then looked cautiously out toward the sidewalk and saw that it hadn't been Caleb at all, just another tall, dark-haired man, but not Caleb, and he had exhaled, **feeling defeated** and stupid and relieved all at once. (385p.)
326. Sometimes, often, he cursed himself, and how limited he was, but at other times, he was kinder: he recognized how much his **mind had protected his body**, how it had shut down his sexual drive in order to shelter him, how it had calcified every part of him that had caused him such pain. But usually, he knew he was wrong. He knew his resentment of Willem was wrong. He knew his impatience with Willem's affection for foreplay—that long, embarrassing period of throat-clearing that preceded every interaction, the small physical gestures of intimacy that he knew were Willem's way of experimenting with the depths of his own ability for arousal—was wrong. (484-485p.)
327. He would watch these films and **feel defeated**. (486p.)
328. And then one night, less than a month before Willem is due to come home for good, he wakes and believes he is in the trailer of a massive semitruck, and that the bed beneath him is a dirtied blue quilt folded in half, and that his every bone is being jounced as the truck trundles its way down the highway. Oh no, he thinks, oh no, and he gets up and hurries to the piano and begins playing as many Bach partitas as he can remember, out of sequence and too loud and too fast. He is reminded of a fable Brother Luke had once told him during one of their piano lessons of an old woman in a house who played her lute faster and faster so the imps outside her door would dance themselves into a sludge. Brother Luke had told him this story to illustrate a point—he needed to pick up his tempo—but he had always liked the image, and sometimes, when he feels a memory encroaching, just a single one, easy to control and dismiss, he sings or plays until it goes away, the music **a shield** between him and it. (502p.)
329. That night he cut himself wildly, uncontrollably, and when he was shaking too badly to continue, he waited, and cleaned the floor, and drank some juice to give himself energy, and then started again. After three rounds of this he crept to the corner of the shower stall and wept, folding his arms over his head, making his hair tacky with blood, and that night he slept there, covered with a towel instead of a blanket. He had done this

sometimes when he was a child and had **felt like he was exploding**, separating from himself like a dying star, and would feel the need to tuck himself into the smallest space he could find so his very bones would stay knit together. (658p.)

330. And then he winced—I wasn't sure why—and looked away. "No," he said. "I don't think I would be. It was a controversial decision anyway, as I understand it. Besides," he began, and then stopped. Somehow we had stopped walking as well, as if speech and movement were oppositional activities, and we stood there in the cold for a while. "Besides," he continued, "I thought I'd leave the firm in a year or so." He looked at me, as if to see how I was reacting, and then looked up, at the sky. "I thought maybe I'd travel," he said, but his voice was hollow and joyless, as if he were being **conscripted into a faraway** life he didn't much want. "I could go away," he said, almost to himself. "There are places I should see." (715p.)

The source domain of ENTERTAINMENT

331. He is astonished, still, by the speed and thoroughness with which Caleb insinuated himself into his life. It was like **something out of a fairy** tale: a woman living on the edge of a dark forest hears a knock and opens the door of her cottage. And although it is just for a moment, and although she sees no one, in those seconds, dozens of demons and wraiths have slipped past her and into her house, and she will never be able to rid herself of them, ever. Sometimes this was how it felt. Was this the way it was for other people? He doesn't know; he is too afraid to ask. (321p.)
332. "I just feel like I'm going to be this **series of nasty surprises** for you," he said at last, and Willem shook his head. "Surprises, maybe," he said. (457p.)
333. He thought of it as a slight parting of worlds, in which something buried wisped up from the loamy, turned earth and hovered before him, waiting for him to recognize it and claim it as his own. Their very reappearance was defiant: *Here we are*, they seemed to say to him. *Did you really think we would let you abandon us? Did you really think we wouldn't come back?* Eventually, he was also made to recognize how much he had **edited—edited and reconfigured, refashioned into something easier to accept**—from even the past few years: the film he had seen his junior year of two detectives coming to tell a student at college that the man who had hurt him had died in prison hadn't been a film at all—it had been his life, and he had been the student, and he had stood there in the Quad outside of Hood, and the two detectives were the people who had found him and arrested Dr. Traylor in the field that night, and they had taken him to the hospital and had made sure Dr. Traylor had gone to prison, and they had come to find him to tell him in person that he had nothing to fear again. "Pretty fancy stuff," one of the detectives had said, looking around him at the beautiful campus, at its old brick buildings where you could go and be absolutely safe. "We're proud of you, Jude." But he had fuzzed this memory, he had changed it to the detective simply saying "We're proud of you," and had left off his name, just as he had left out the panic he now remembered he had vividly felt despite their news, the dread that later someone would ask him who those people were that he had been talking to, the almost nauseous wrongness of his past life intruding so physically on his present. (503-504p.)
334. He feels he has become **a spectacle to himself**, with all the beings who inhabit him—the ferret-like creature; the hyenas; the voices—watching to see what he will do, so they can judge him and scoff at him and tell him he's wrong. (514p.)
335. As he lay there, he tried to decide what he could do next. Rodger would wait for him and then, when he didn't appear, they would eventually look for him. But if he could last here for the night, if he could wait until everything was silent around him, then he could escape. This was as far as he could think, although he was cognizant enough to realize that his chances were poor: he had no food, no money, and although it was only five in the afternoon, it was already very cold. He could feel his back and legs and palms,

all the parts pressed against the stone, numbing themselves, could feel his nerves turning to thousands of pinpricks. But he could also feel, for the first time in months, his mind coming alert, could feel, for the first time in years, the giddy thrill of being able to make a decision, however poor or ill-conceived or unlikely. Suddenly, the pinpricks felt like not a punishment but a celebration, **like hundreds of miniature fireworks exploding** within him and for him, as if his body were reminding him of who he was and of what he still owned: himself. (538p.)

336. He turns his head to the side and the ground beneath him shifts, dangerously, and he vomits, coughing up everything he has eaten that day, feels it slide off of his lips and drool down his cheek. Then he feels a bit better, and he leans his head against the tree again. He is reminded of his time in the forest when he was running away from the home, how he had hoped the trees might protect him, and now he hopes for it again. He takes his hand out of his pocket, feels for his cane, and squeezes it as hard as he can. Behind his eyelids, **bright spangled drops of light burst into confetti**, and then **blink out into oily smears**. He concentrates on the sound of his breath, and on his legs, which he imagines as large lumpen shards of wood into which have been drilled dozens of long metal screws, each as thick as a thumb. He pictures the screws being drawn out in reverse, each one rotating slowly out of him and landing with a ringing clang on a cement floor. He vomits again. He is so cold. He can feel himself begin to spasm. (595p.)

The source domain of ANIMATE

337. And then one night, less than a month before Willem is due to come home for good, he wakes and believes he is in the trailer of a massive semitruck, and that the bed beneath him is a dirtied blue quilt folded in half, and that his every bone is being jounced as the truck trundles its way down the highway. Oh no, he thinks, oh no, and he gets up and hurries to the piano and begins playing as many Bach partitas as he can remember, out of sequence and too loud and too fast. He is reminded of a fable Brother Luke had once told him during one of their piano lessons of an old woman in a house who played her lute faster and faster so the imps outside her door would dance themselves into a sludge. Brother Luke had told him this story to illustrate a point—he needed to pick up his tempo—but he had always liked the image, and sometimes, when he feels a **memory encroaching**, just a single one, easy to control and dismiss, he sings or plays until it goes away, the music a shield between him and it. (502p.)
338. A small memory he could contain, but as the days go by and he waits for Willem, he recognizes that this is a long eel of a memory, slippery and uncatchable, and it whipsaws its way through him, its tail slapping against his organs so that he feels the memory as **something alive** and wounding, feels its meaty, powerful smack against his intestines, his heart, his lungs. Sometimes they were like this, and these were the hardest to lasso and corral, and with every day it seems to grow inside him, until he feels himself stuffed not with blood and muscle and water and bone but with the memory itself, expanding balloon-like to inflate his very fingertips. After Caleb, he had realized that there were some memories he was simply not going to be able to control, and so his only recourse was to wait until they had tired themselves out, until they swam back into the dark of his subconscious and left him alone again. (504p.)
339. A small memory he could contain, but as the days go by and he waits for Willem, he recognizes that this is a long eel of a memory, slippery and uncatchable, and it whipsaws its way through him, its tail slapping against his organs so that he feels the memory as **something alive** and **wounding**, feels its meaty, powerful smack against his intestines, his heart, his lungs. Sometimes they were like this, and these were the hardest to lasso and corral, and with every day it seems to grow inside him, until he feels himself stuffed not with blood and muscle and water and bone but with the memory itself, expanding

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340. “Are you going to tell me how you got a third-degree burn in such a perfect circle?” Andy asks him at last, and he ignores Andy’s chilly sarcasm, and instead recites to him his prepared story: the plantains, the grease fire. Then there is another silence, this one different in a way he cannot explain but does not like. And then Andy says, very quietly, “You’re lying, Jude.” “What do you mean?” he asks, his throat suddenly dry despite the orange juice he has been drinking. “You’re lying,” Andy repeats, still in that same quiet voice, and he slides off the examining table, the bottle of juice slipping from his grasp and shattering on the floor, and moves for the door. “Stop,” Andy says, and he is cold, and furious. “Jude, you fucking tell me now. *What did you do?*” “I told you,” he says, “I told you.” “No,” Andy says. “You tell me what you did, Jude. You say the words. *Say them.* I want to hear you say them.” “*I told you,*” he shouts, and he feels so terrible, his **brain thumping against his skull**, his feet thrust full of smoldering iron ingots, his arm with its simmering cauldron burned into it. “Let me go, Andy. *Let me go.*” “No,” Andy says, and he too is shouting. “Jude, you—you—” He stops, and he stops as well, and they both wait to hear what Andy will say. “You’re sick, Jude,” he says, in a low, frantic voice. “You’re crazy. This is crazy behavior. This is behavior that could and should get you locked away for years. You’re sick, you’re sick and you’re crazy and you need help.” “Don’t you *dare* call me crazy,” he yells, “don’t you *dare*. I’m not, *I’m not.*” But Andy ignores him. “Willem gets back on Friday, right?” he asks, although he knows the answer already. “You have one week from tonight to tell him, Jude. One week. And after that, I’m telling him myself.” “You can’t *legally* do that, Andy,” he shouts, and everything spins before him. “I’ll sue you for so much that you won’t even—” (511-512p.)

The source domain of COLOUR

341. But what Andy never understood about him was this: he was an optimist. Every month, every week, he chose to open his eyes, to live another day in the world. He did it when he was feeling so awful that sometimes the pain seemed to transport him to another state, one in which everything, even the past that he worked so hard to forget, **seemed to fade into a gray watercolor wash**. He did it when his memories crowded out all other thoughts, when it took real effort, real concentration, to tether himself to his current life, to keep himself from raging with despair and shame. He did it when he was so exhausted of trying, when being awake and alive demanded such energy that he had to lie in bed thinking of reasons to get up and try again, when it would be much easier to go to the bathroom and untape the plastic zipped bag containing his cotton pads and loose razors and alcohol wipes and bandages from its hiding place beneath the sink and simply surrender. Those were the very bad days. (143-144p.)
342. And Jude’s was **grayish**, but a silvery gray, a shade particular to gelatin prints that was proving very difficult to reproduce with acrylics, although for Jude’s he had thinned the colors considerably, trying to capture that shimmery light. Before he began, he had to first find a way to make gray seem bright, and clean, and it was frustrating, because all he wanted to do was paint, not fuss around with colors. (277p.)

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The source domain of CREATURE

345. One night, he peers into an old coffee can that has been left out on Richard's desk and sees that it is full of blades: small angled ones, large wedge-shaped ones, and plain rectangles of the sort he prefers. He dips his hand cautiously into the can, scoops up a loose fistful of the blades, watches them pour from his palm. He takes one of the rectangular blades and slips it into his pants pocket, but when he's finally ready to leave for the night—so exhausted that the floor tilts beneath him—he returns it gently to the can before he goes. In those hours he is awake and prowling through the building, he sometimes feels he is a **demon** who has disguised himself as a human, and only at night is it safe to shed the costume he must wear by daylight, and indulge his true nature. (496-497p.)
346. He feels he has become a **spectacle to himself**, with **all the beings who inhabit him**—the ferret-like creature; the hyenas; the voices—watching to see what he will do, so they can judge him and scoff at him and tell him he's wrong. (514p.)
347. He feels he has become a spectacle to himself, with all the beings who inhabit him—the ferret-like creature; the hyenas; **the voices**—watching to see what he will do, so they can judge him and scoff at him and tell him he's wrong. (514p.)
348. And now he is once again finding life more and more difficult, each day a little less possible than the last. In his every day stands a tree, black and dying, with a single branch jutting to its right, **a scarecrow's sole prosthetic**, and it is from this branch that he hangs. Above him a rain is always misting, which makes the branch slippery. But he clings to it, as tired as he is, because beneath him is a hole bored into the earth so deep that he cannot see where it ends. He is petrified to let go because he will fall into the hole, but eventually he knows he will, he knows he must: he is so tired. His grasp weakens a bit, just a little bit, with every week. (689p.)

The source domain of VOID

349. He had never discussed it with Jude, but in the years to come, he would see him in all sorts of pain, big pains and little ones, would see him wince at small hurts and occasionally, when the discomfort was too profound, would see him vomit, or ploat to the ground, or simply **blank out** and become insensate, the way he was doing in their living room now. (20p.)
350. But it was so difficult—there were so many memories from those months that stabbed him that he was overwhelmed. He heard Caleb's voice saying things to him, he saw the expression on Caleb's face as he had stared at his unclothed body, he felt the **horrid blank airlessness** of his fall down the staircase, and he crunched himself into a knot and put his hands over his ears and closed his eyes. (381p.)
351. The day before, they had taken a shower together for the first time, and Jude had been so silent afterward, so deep inside one of his fugue states, his eyes so flat and **blank**, that Willem had been momentarily frightened. He hadn't wanted to do it, but Willem

had coerced him, and in the shower, Jude had been rigid and grim, and Willem had been able to tell from the set of Jude's mouth that he was enduring it, that he was waiting for it to be over. (474p.)

352. "I can't keep having this conversation," he says at last, his voice scraped and hoarse. "I can't, Harold. And you can't, either. I feel like all I do is disappoint you, and I'm sorry for that, I'm sorry for all of it. But I'm really trying. I'm doing the best I can. I'm sorry if it's not good enough." Harold tries to interject, but he talks over him. "This is who I am. This is it, Harold. I'm sorry I'm such a problem for you. I'm sorry I'm ruining your retirement. I'm sorry I'm not happier. I'm sorry I'm not over Willem. I'm sorry I have a job you don't respect. I'm sorry I'm such a **nothing of a person**." He no longer knows what he's saying; he no longer knows how he feels: he wants to cut himself, to disappear, to lie down and never get up again, to hurl himself into space. He hates himself; he pities himself; he hates himself for pitying himself. (673p.)

The source domain of LEGAL DOMAIN

353. He will experience that prickle, that shiver of disgust that afflicts him in both his happiest and his most wretched moments, the one that asks him who he thinks he is to inconvenience so many people, to think he has **the right to keep going** when even his own body tells him he should stop. (154p.)
354. "Oh," he says. "Right. I understand." He feels a profound shame, as if he has just asked for something filthy and **illicit**. (328p.)
355. He stands; he has never felt more naked, more exposed in his life. When he was a child, and things were happening to him, he used to be able to leave his body, to go somewhere else. He would pretend he was something inanimate—a curtain rod, a ceiling fan—a **dispassionate, unfeeling witness to the scene occurring beneath him**. He would watch himself and feel nothing: not pity, not anger, nothing. But now, although he tries, he finds he cannot remove himself. (337-338p.)

The source domain of LIQUID

356. He had felt **a flush of anger** and embarrassment. "Except it clearly is. If the management committee is saying something, Lucien, you have to tell me." (305p.)
357. The next day he has a fever. It takes him an hour to get from the kitchen to his bed; his feet are too sore, and he cannot pull himself on his arms. He doesn't sleep so much as move in and out of consciousness, the pain **sloshing through him** like a tide, sometimes receding enough to let him wake, sometimes consuming him beneath a grayed, filthy wave. (510-511p.)
358. But he doesn't do this, of course, just looks up at last and sees JB smiling at him, sadly. "The title card's been mounted already," JB says, and he goes slowly to the wall behind the painting and sees its title—*Willem Listening to Jude Tell a Story, Greene Street*—and he feels his breath abandon him; it feels as if **his heart is made of something oozing** and cold, like ground meat, and it is being squeezed inside a fist so that chunks of it are falling, plopping to the ground near his feet. (679p.)

The source domain of TOOL

359. His silence had begun as something protective, but over the years it has transformed into something near oppressive, something that manages him rather than the other way around. Now he cannot find a way out of it, even when he wants to. He imagines he is floating in a small bubble of water, encased on all sides by walls and ceilings and floors of ice, all many feet thick. He knows there is a way out, but he is **unequipped**; he has no tools to begin his work, and his hands scrabble uselessly against the ice's slick. He

had thought that by not saying who he was, he was making himself more palatable, less strange. But now, what he doesn't say makes him stranger, an object of pity and even suspicion. (299p.)

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The source domain of BODY

362. In the cab, he finds he really is tired, and he leans his forehead against the greased window and closes his eyes. By the time he reaches home, **he feels as leaden as a corpse**, and in the apartment, he starts taking off his clothes—shoes, sweater, shirt, undershirt, pants—as soon as he's locked the door behind him, leaving them littering the floor in a trail as he makes his way to the bathroom. His hands tremor as he unsticks the bag from beneath the sink, and although he hadn't thought he'd need to cut himself that night—nothing that day or early evening had indicated he might—he is almost ravenous for it now. He has long ago run out of blank skin on his forearms, and he now recuts over old cuts, using the edge of the razor to saw through the tough, webby scar tissue: when the new cuts heal, they do so in warty furrows, and he is disgusted and dismayed and fascinated all at once by how severely he has deformed himself. Lately he has begun using the cream that Andy gave him for his back on his arms, and he thinks it helps, a bit: the skin feels looser, the scars a little softer and more supple. (301-302p.)
363. The day after they returned to Greene Street he couldn't lift himself out of bed. He was in such distress that his body seemed to be **one long exposed nerve**, frayed at either end; he had the sense that if he were to be touched with a drop of water, his entire being would sizzle and hiss in response. He was rarely so exhausted, so sore that he couldn't even sit up, and he could tell that Willem—around whom he made a particular effort, so he wouldn't worry—was alarmed, and he had to plead with him not to call Andy. "All right," Willem had said, reluctantly, "but if you're not better by tomorrow, I'm calling him." He nodded, and Willem sighed. "Dammit, Jude," he said, "I *knew* we shouldn't've gone." But the next day, he was better: better enough to get out of bed, at least. He couldn't walk; all day, his legs and feet and back felt as if they were being driven through with iron bolts, but he made himself smile and talk and move about, though when Willem left the room or turned away from him, he could feel his face drooping with fatigue. (575-576p.)

The source domain of CONTROL

364. He sat on the floor near the jar and rubbed one of the flowers' velvet heads between his fingers, and in that moment his **sadness was** so great, so **overpowering**, that he wanted to tear at himself, to rip the scar from the back of his hand, to shred himself into bits as he had done to Luke's flowers. (151p.)
365. His silence had begun as something protective, but over the years it has transformed into something near oppressive, something that **manages him rather than the other way around**. Now he cannot find a way out of it, even when he wants to. He imagines he is floating in a small bubble of water, encased on all sides by walls and ceilings and floors of ice, all many feet thick. He knows there is a way out, but he is unequipped; he has no tools to begin his work, and his hands scrabble uselessly against the ice's slick. He had thought that by not saying who he was, he was making himself more palatable, less strange. But now, what he doesn't say makes him stranger, an object of pity and even suspicion. (299p.)
366. But as much as he fears sex, he also wants to be touched, he wants to feel someone else's hands on him, although the thought of that too terrifies him. Sometimes he looks at his arms and is filled with a self-hatred so fiery that he can barely breathe: much of what his body has become has been **beyond his control**, but his arms have been all his doing, and he can only blame himself. (306p.)

The source domain of DEATH

367. He thought of it as a slight parting of worlds, in which something **buried wisped up from the loamy, turned earth and hovered before him**, waiting for him to recognize it and claim it as his own. Their very reappearance was defiant: *Here we are*, they seemed to say to him. *Did you really think we would let you abandon us? Did you really think we wouldn't come back?* Eventually, he was also made to recognize how much he had edited—edited and reconfigured, refashioned into something easier to accept—from even the past few years: the film he had seen his junior year of two detectives coming to tell a student at college that the man who had hurt him had died in prison hadn't been a film at all—it had been his life, and he had been the student, and he had stood there in the Quad outside of Hood, and the two detectives were the people who had found him and arrested Dr. Traylor in the field that night, and they had taken him to the hospital and had made sure Dr. Traylor had gone to prison, and they had come to find him to tell him in person that he had nothing to fear again. "Pretty fancy stuff," one of the detectives had said, looking around him at the beautiful campus, at its old brick buildings where you could go and be absolutely safe. "We're proud of you, Jude." But he had fuzzed this memory, he had changed it to the detective simply saying "We're proud of you," and had left off his name, just as he had left out the panic he now remembered he had vividly felt despite their news, the dread that later someone would ask him who those people were that he had been talking to, the almost nauseous wrongness of his past life intruding so physically on his present. (503-504p.)
368. *Let me get better*, he asks. *Let me get better or let me end it*. He feels that he is in a cold cement room, from which prong several exits, and one by one, he is shutting the doors, closing himself in the room, eliminating his chances for escape. But why is he doing this? Why is he trapping himself in this place he hates and fears when there are other places he could go? This, he thinks, is his punishment for depending on others: one by one, they will leave him, and he will be alone again, and this time it will be worse because he will remember it had once been better. He has the sense, once again, that his life is moving backward, that it is becoming smaller and smaller, the cement box shrinking around him until he is left with a space so cramped that he must fold himself

into a crouch, because if he lies down, the ceiling will lower itself upon him and he **will be smothered**. (674p.)

The source domain of LAND

369. But then it is two weeks before Willem is to come home, and just as the memory is fading, checking out of him until the next time it comes to visit, the hyenas return. Or perhaps return is the wrong word, because once Caleb introduced them into his life, they have never left. Now, however, they don't chase him, because they know they don't need to: his life is a **vast savanna**, and he is surrounded by them. They lie splayed in the yellow grass, drape themselves lazily over the baobab trees' low branches that spread from their trunks like tentacles, and stare at him with their keen yellow eyes. They are always there, and after he and Willem began having sex, they multiplied, and on bad days, or on days when he was particularly dreading it, they multiply further. On those days, he can feel their whiskers twitch as he moves slowly through their territory, he can feel their careless derision: he knows he is theirs, and they know it, too. (505p.)
370. And now he is once again finding life more and more difficult, each day a little less possible than the last. In his every day stands a tree, black and dying, with a single branch jutting to its right, a scarecrow's sole prosthetic, and it is from this branch that he hangs. Above him a rain is always misting, which makes the branch slippery. But he clings to it, as tired as he is, because **beneath him is a hole bored into the earth so deep that he cannot see where it ends**. He is petrified to let go because he will **fall into the hole**, but eventually he knows he will, he knows he must: he is so tired. His grasp weakens a bit, just a little bit, with every week. (689p.)

The source domain of MATHEMATICS

371. He may be respected; in court, he may even be feared. But fundamentally, he is the same person, a person who inspires disgust, a person meant to be hated. And in that microsecond that he finds himself suspended in the air, between the ecstasy of being aloft and the anticipation of his landing, which he knows will be terrible, he knows that **x will always equal x** , no matter what he does, or how many years he moves away from the monastery, from Brother Luke, no matter how much he earns or how hard he tries to forget. (340p.)

The source domain of RELIGION

372. And then, at some point, it was no longer an experiment [thinking about the suicide]. He couldn't remember how he had decided, but after he had, he felt lighter, freer, less tormented. The hyenas were still chasing him, but now he could see, very far in the distance, a house with an open door, and he knew that once he had reached that house, he would be safe, and everything that pursued him would fall away. They didn't like it, of course – they could see the door as well, they knew he was about to elude them – and every day the hunt got worse, the army of things chasing him stronger and louder and more insistent. His brain was vomiting memories, they were flooding everything else – he thought of people and sensations and incidents he hadn't thought in years. Tastes appeared on his tongue as if by alchemy; he smelled fragrances he hadn't smelled in decades. His system was compromised; he would drown in his memories; he had to do something. He had tried – all his life, he had tried. He had tried to be someone different, he had tried to be someone better, he had tried to make himself clean. But it hadn't worked. Once he had decided, he was fascinated by his own hopefulness, by now he could have saved himself years of sorrow by just ending it – he could have been his own **savior**. No law said he had to keep on living; his life was still his own to do with what

he pleased. How had he not realized this in all these years? The choice now seemed obvious; the only question was why it had taken him so long. (391p.)