



## **Mementos**

Kadrey, Richard

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**Type(s):** Short Fiction, Science Fiction

**Source:** <http://www.infinitematrix.net/stories/shortshorts/kadrey48.html>

## About Kadrey:

Richard Kadrey is a novelist, freelance writer, and photographer based in San Francisco.

Kadrey's first novel, *Metrophage*, was published in hardcover in 1988 by Victor Gollancz Ltd., and went on to various other American and foreign printings in paperback. Mac Tonnies' *Cyberpunk/Postmodern Book Reviews* calls *Metrophage* "one of the quintessential 1980s cyberpunk novels," going on to describe "a gritty acid-trip through an ultraviolent L.A. where nothing is what it seems... . Alongside novels such as [William Gibson's] *Neuromancer* and Lewis Shiner's debut novel *Frontera*, *Metrophage* helped establish the cyberpunk aesthetic: relentless, paranoid and playfully cynical."

Kadrey's second novel, *Kamikaze L'Amour*, is described by the same source as "mesmerizing... a surreal (and distinctly Ballardian) account of synesthesia and mutant desire set in the jungle-choked ruins of L.A."

Kadrey's short story *Carbon Copy: Meet the First Human Clone* was filmed as *After Amy*.

The publisher website, Amazon booksellers, and other sources list a July 15, 2007 publication date for Kadrey's next book, *Butcher Bird: A Novel Of The Dominion* (Night Shade Books). Other works include collaborative graphic novels and over 50 published short stories.

His non-fiction books as a writer and/or editor include *The Catalog of Tomorrow* (Que/TechTV Publishing, 2002), *From Myst to Riven* (Hyperion, 1997), *The Covert Culture Sourcebook* and its sequel (St. Martin's Press, New York, 1993 and 1994); Kadrey also hosted a live interview show on Hotwired in the 1990s called *Covert Culture*. He was an editor at print magazines *Shift* and *Future Sex*, and at online magazines *Signum* and *Stim*. He has published articles about art, culture and technology in publications including *Wired*, *Omni*, *Mondo 2000*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, *SF Weekly*, *Ear*, *Artforum*, *ArtByte*, *Bookforum*, *World Art*, *Whole Earth Review*, *Reflex*, *Science Fiction Eye*, and *Interzone*.

Source: Wikipedia

## Also available on Feedbooks for Kadrey:

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- *Butcher Bird* (2005)
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She's going to leave me. I know this for a fact. She's too beautiful for me. Too witty, too at ease in the world and social situations. She knows wine. She speaks French. She can see a Versace dress in a magazine and knock off a copy for herself in a weekend. Her friends are as sparkling and jewel-like as she. I can't keep up. Each night we're together, I feel her growing tired of my solidity. My lead-footed drabness.

"It's Bernice's birthday this weekend," she says. "There's going to be a big party at Jimmy's warehouse."

"Sounds great," I say.

She smiles, and says, "I'll pick up some wine." But I hear it as, "Liar."

I know she's already halfway out the door, but I can't lose her completely. I need something to remember her by. One night while she's asleep I take the extra sharp Japanese gardening knife I use for boning chicken and carefully remove one of her kidneys. She's a ridiculously healthy creature and will never miss it.

I wrap the kidney lovingly in colored tissue paper and store it with a sachet in the back of the refrigerator. I close up the incision using one of her sewing needles and some dental floss. She's a pale girl and will never notice the white floss against her skin. In the morning, a little guilty, I get up early and make us a big breakfast.

Over the next few couple of weeks, I take more mementos. Fingernail clippings. That sensitive spot at the base of her spine. Her spleen. A birthmark shaped like Martin Sheen.

And then she's gone. There's no last fight. No final confrontation or brouhaha, just a quiet acceptance by both of us that this is it. There's some quick packing. An awkward hug. A mention that she'd come back for the rest of her stuff in a few days, and she's gone.

Shattered, I sit down at the computer to email to my brother about what's happened. When I try to hit the space bar, one of my thumbs is missing. And I can't remember how to spell "Matthew." I scratch my head and can feel an incision all the way around my scalp, just at the hairline.

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