Dear iTunes [1]

January 22, 2015 Flash Nonfiction [2]

Flash Nonfiction by Rachel Furey

The Customer Service Letter I Wish I'd Sent



Dear iTunes:

Your security questions make me feel insecure. *What was the first car you owned?* I am 28 years old and have never

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owned a car. I've owned nearly every kind of self-powered transportation—bikes, snowshoes, cross-country skis—though, regrettably, never a pogo stick. And never a car. I once owned two small remote-control cars: one holding Mario, the other Luigi. I loved driving them into walls. I did that until Luigi's battery died and the head fell off of Mario. I write *decapitated Mario in remote-control car* as my answer. But I don't feel very secure about it.

The next question is not an improvement. *In what city were you first kissed?* I have never been kissed, unless you count family—but you and I both know that question is not referring to family. I write *Kona, Hawaii.* This is a city in my future, when I finally compete in the Ironman, so why not throw in a kiss afterward? Or, after the race, would I be too tired to get it right? I didn't ever feel insecure about the kissing thing until you asked.

What was the first concert you attended? Here, I feel more comfortable playing with definitions, because I sure as hell have never been to one of those people-packed, ear-plugs-required concerts. That is why I buy your music and play it as quietly as I like. I write *space symphony*. The one my parents took me to as a child—a slideshow of the planets scrolling across a screen while the Syracuse symphony played and I kicked my feet against the chair of the person sitting in front of me.

It's not like my life is boring.

Now, I suggest questions that better acknowledge the full range of human experience. Consider these alternatives:

How old were you the first time you threw up on the school bus? You might not admit it, but it has happened to you. I was eight the first time, the liquid rolling down my snow pants before hitting the floor. I saved my gloves, holding my arms out to my sides like wings.

What city were you in when you first tried to go up a down escalator? You really ought to try it; it teaches you about your center of gravity in a way kisses and concerts can't. My first was at the airport in Cincinnati. My mom did it, too—much better than I did. She was laughing a little too hard by the time I got to the top. (Advice: Pick a shorter escalator than I did.)

Which superhero would you marry if you could? I have a great answer for this—very specific. I would marry Spider-Man, but only the Tobey Maguire Spider-Man. I want someone whose superpowers would include transportation (sparing me from purchasing a car) but also an ordinary hero with bright eyes and a genuine smile. He's had a lot of practice at kissing. I know the kissing is very important to you. Not sure about the ordinary part.

Sincerely,

Never-Been-Kissed

Art Information

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Rachel Furey completed her MFA at Southern Illinois University and her doctorate at Texas Tech University. She now teaches at Lincoln University in Jefferson City, Missouri. Her work has appeared in *Crab Orchard Review, Sycamore Review, Hunger Mountain, Women's Basketball Magazine*, *Chautauqua,* and elsewhere.

In TW's "All Flash" issue, we've asked flash nonfiction contributors to address what makes their literary pieces nonfiction. Here's Rachel's response:

Why is this flash piece nonfiction?

> I first drafted this letter when setting up my iTunes account in 2012. The first three questions were some of the actual options given for security questions at the time. The last three I imagined—and no, I never sent the letter, but maybe I should now.

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