The Takers

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Hitler entered Paris the way my sister entered my room at night, sat astride me, squeezed me with her knees, held her thumbnails to the skin of my wrists and peed on me, knowing Mother would never believe my story. It was very silent, her dim face above me gleaming in the shadows, the dark gold smell of her urine spreading through the room, its heat boiling on my legs, my small pelvis wet. When the hissing stopped, when the hole had been scorched in my body, I lay crisp and charred with shame and felt her skin glitter in the air, her dark gold pleasure unfold as he stood over Napoleon’s tomb and murmured This is the finest moment of my life.