

Discount Emotion

“Do you ever feel as if you’re too happy? Feel like you’re never the victim? Maybe you want to be the one crying with makeup running down your eyes, gaining the attention of the cute boy beside you. Or maybe you want anger pulsating through your body. You want your hair torn out of your skull, glass smashed against the wall, and the thirst of blood in your mouth. Could you by chance have the desire to change your emotion?”

A peddler was preaching about his product while towering above a growing crowd in front of his make-shift shop. He walked back and forth on a stage that he had rolled out from under the caravan that his shop was made from. Placing one hand in the pocket of his tailored red velvet jacket, he waved the other hand showcasing his products that sat on display shelves inside his caravan -shop.

“Want to have lust for your disgusting, fattened wife? Or need to feel the overindulgence of food? Just want to be a lazy bum? If you said yes to any of those questions, then I have the solution for you,” the peddler grinned out to his crowd.

Murmurs rushed through the crowd as people shifted their weight, waiting to hear what else the man had to sell. Anthony was a part of the crowd. He had been walking back and forth through the market, trailing behind his perfectionist of a sister with her mundane errands until he saw the unusual site of the peddler and his self-crafted potion store. Wandering off from his sister, who was busy haggling for the lowest price of spices, Anthony joined the crowd to watch in on the site of this tall, potbellied man’s performance.

Wanting to pique the interest of the crowd even more, the peddler showed his yellowed, chipped smile to the crowd as an idea enlightened his mind. He offered a hand to a young girl who stood close to the edge of his stage. The girl glared at the peddler’s hand, cracks of dirt and

flacking skin were waiting for her peril of a hand. Not wanting to disappoint the crowd that now had all eyes on her, she accepted the hand and stepped up to the stage.

After presenting the young woman to the crowd, the peddler leaned his crooked nose to her blushing face and breathed out to her, “How would you like to feel today darling?”

The girl blinked. “Um, I don’t really know.”

“Come now dear girl, a beautiful young thing like you must have some desire?”

“Oh no, I’m quite content with my life haha.”

“Please, please don’t be so content. With a face like yours, you could have any man wrapped around your finger.”

“Thank you but really I’m just fine...”

“Nonsense girl, you’re too modest. Have some pride,” the peddler grinned as he handed her a small bottle of sparkling amethyst liquid with a small gilded tag dangling round the bottle’s neck.

“This one is on the house,” the peddler said as he coaxed the girl to drink the solution. “Make sure to drink it all up.”

The girl glanced at the crowd’s curious faces. Obligated to drink the potion, she popped the cork from the bottle and smelled the solution. Lavender pillowed up to her nose and put a smile on her face. Inspired by the sweet smell, the girl took the solution sip by sip. A smooth and cool liquid glided down her throat as she licked her lips of the last bit of liquid.

Anthony stepped closer to the stage, so engaged in the performance like the rest of the crowd; he wanted to see if there was any change to the girl. The girl seemed the same though. Disappointed, the audience released a collective sigh.

“Now my lovely girl, you’ll need to rest your head for the night in order to feel the effects of the potion in the morning. Be on your all of you, for tomorrow morning I want you all to take notice of our dear girl’s attitude,” yelled the peddler to his crowd.

The crowd departed and gossiped about if the potion would work on the girl who was now on her way home after feeling weak and drowsy. Anthony shuffled through the crowd, finding his sister paying a few cents for yard of fabric.

“There you are, I thought you had run off. I got all the errands done without your help.”

“Did you see that peddler over there Abby? Did you see what he’s selling?”

“If it’s not on my shopping list then I don’t care. And besides, we need to go home to get the rest of the chores done and start dinner.” Abby started off home, snapping a finger at Anthony, insisting he follow her.

Anthony followed her order, but glanced back at the peddler. He was smoothing out his thin hair and adjusted his suit while he waving the crowd good night. Pleased with the day’s performance, the peddler lifted and hid his stage away inside his caravan, cased up his potion bottles for safety, and locked up the windows and doors of the caravan-shop. Taking in the declining sun, he took out a greened bottle from his jacket pocket and chugged a good portion of the drink down. Glancing about the market, the peddler made eye contact with Anthony. Baring his yellow teeth to him, the peddler raised his green glass in fair well.

That night at dinner Abby announced to the table that she got some of the lowest prices on food and goods at the market yet this year.

“Oh and I swept the floors, cleaned the counters, and did the laundry today,” smirked Abby from across the table to Anthony.

“Thank you for doing all that today, but did you have any time to get your homework done,” asked their mother.

“Of course I did. I wouldn’t be your perfect star if I didn’t get everything done!”

“Star indeed, glad to have you around when your mother and I are out working all day. And even more glad to have you cooking us these great meals,” replied their father as he cut into the chicken.

“Glad to be of help!”

“*Glad to be of help,*” mocked Anthony in a low high pitched voice to himself as he stirred peas into his potatoes.

“What was that little brother,” eyed Abby.

“Nothing,” snapped Anthony, “Did you guys hear about the peddler who was selling some strange stuff at the market today?”

“What was he selling?” asked their mother.

“Small glass bottles of emotions. He said that drinking one of these potions would change you, make you sad or mad or even make you fall in love.”

“Sounds like nonsense, like a con man spinning tales in people’s minds,” cracked the father as he chewed his chicken.

“He had some girl in the crowd drink a potion to make her less modest about her beauty.”

“Less modest? Yeah because that’ll do her good.”

“Maybe she’ll feel better about herself then.”

“And what was so wrong with her to begin with? I say stay away from this peddler,” their father ordered.

Anthony went to the market the next day though. The peddler was out in his velvet suit, encouraging a crowd of believers of the effects of the potions. He was walking back and forth on the stage again. Flaunting his arms before his potions, and calling everyone to see the miracle of the girl he gave a potion to the day before.

“I’m selling my wares at discounted prices! One person at a time please. No rushing, no rushing. There’s a potion for every situation.”

Customers lined the edges of the peddler’s stage. Everyone had heard of the news of the girl from yesterday’s performance. Usually in her best Sunday dress, the girl instead went to church that day in a vibrant red dress that attracted the attention of every man nearby. She then went around the market area buying every skirt of dress in sight, letting her four new suitors carry her purchases behind her. Needless to say the crowd wanted their very own dose of the peddler’s potions.

“What was that ma’am, you want to feel anger over her husband’s weight loss while you fatten up? Take this here potion and simply gulp it down before bed.”

The portly woman left with a square bottle full of a thick red liquid.

“And you kind sir, you want to be able to stuff your face with your mother’s horrid eel soup next Tuesday. Take this potion of stomach an hour before your dinner.”

The well-mannered son walked out of the crowd, looking straight down at his feet, with a round medium sized glass bottle of pink swirling fluids.

“You want what old man? Did you say you want the priest to fall in love with the prostitute on 9th street? Well love has no boundaries I guess. Here’s a potion of blind love.”

The old snickering man strolled out of the crowd with a deep glowing maroon bottle.

Anthony watched from afar as people left the peddler's store with bottles clinking together. Neighbors, shopkeepers, spouses, and hermits alike joined the chaos of customers and left with their own brewed solutions. Anthony held back from approaching just yet.

The day was dwindling down and the crowd at the peddler's stall had dissolved away. Anthony still hung around the market area, arguing to himself whether or not to approach the stage. But the peddler was packing up his shop, folding his stage away and counting his earning of the day. Anthony pulled his mind from the potions and started to wonder home. But he took a final glance back to the peddler.

Presenting his stained teeth to Anthony, the peddler beckoned him over with one hand that was holding his greening bottle and the other present shelves of potions to Anthony. Anthony started to hold up a hand to wave away the peddler, but changed his mind. He walked over to the peddler's caravan and looked over the bottles.

Uneven shelves were nailed up on every wall inside the shop. Some were lined with soft cushioned velvet while others were cushioned by decades of dust. Bottles were shaped in simple circles or squares, another as a star, one looked like an eyeball, while another was a skull. The potions varied in color; from ones that were gilded, some scaled in greens, two dyed into black, and one had no color, just a few bubbles were visible in that bottle.

Anthony wanted to inspect them all, but the peddler took him by the shoulder and turned him around.

“And how would you like to feel today?” huffed the peddler into Anthony's face.

“Um I'm not sure, can I just browse?”

“Browse? Through a shop like mine? No.”

“What?”

“Dear boy no one just browses through a shop, customers always have something on their mind to buy.

“I don’t really know...”

“Do you know anger? Do you know sadness? Excitement? Love? Death?”

“Well yes but...”

“No of course you don’t know death since you’re very much alive, but if you wanted to get to know death, I could have that arranged with my very own potion.”

“No I don’t believe I want death, thanks. I just...”

“Not death? Then maybe you want boredom? No? Stress? Denial?”

“No no no...”

“What is it then boy! Speak up! I guarantee I have the solution for you.”

Anthony back away from the peddler and stared at the bottles of liquids. Some shimmered tranquil seas while others spun around in tornadoes.

“What if it’s not for me?” pondered Anthony.

The peddler smiled without his teeth.

“Well then I have the solution to the problem. Just name it.”

“But what if I really don’t even know what the problem is exactly?”

“Not a problem still,” the peddler smirked at Anthony before he reached one of his long arms underneath one of the velvet cushions. From the hidden storage area, the peddler produced a small wooden box, carved with the inscription:

MO MORGE’S SAMPLE EMOTIONS

**7 SAMPLES, 7 EMOTIONS,
7 SOLUTIONS.**

DRINK SAMPLES ONE AT A TIME.

AT LEAST 24 HOURS IN BETWEEN EACH DOSE.

NO MIXING, DOPING, OR TAMPERING WITH SAMPLES

MO MORGE IS NOT LIABLE FOR ANY DAMAGE CAUSED.

TAMPERING WITH EMOTION SAMPLES COULD CAUSE:

HEADACHE, BACKACHE, COUGHING, NOSE BLEED, STROKE, BRUISING

SPINAL BLEED, PREGNANCY, LOSS OF A LEFT HAND, GROWTH OF ZITS ON FOREHEAD

STOMACH FLIPPING, DEATH, CURLING OF TOES, HOLES IN TONGUE AND

SNEEZING OR RUNNY NOSE.

“All at a discounted price of course. No refunds though,” Mo the peddler smiled at Anthony as he opened the box showing the 7 different samples. Each had their own different color, shape, smell, and emotion.

“Well, do I have a sale,” Mo said as he brought the box closer to Anthony’s face.

Anthony looked over the glass bottles again. All had small inscribed tags attached to their necks that gleamed the words: **MO MORGE’S MIRACLE EMOTIONS.**

“I’ll take it.”

Before arriving home, Anthony could already smell his sister’s cooking. Fully knowing the talking too he was about to get, he exhaled, tucked his newly purchased box of potions under his jacket, and stepped into his house. Abby was rushing about the kitchen preparing dinner. She hadn’t notice Anthony slip in, and so he snuck past her to his room down the hallway. But before he had the chance to walk into his room, he was caught.

“Do you know what I did today Anthony?”

Anthony sighed, he fully knew what she had done today.

“I’ve got no clue, what did you do today Abby?”

“Everything, all the chores, errands, cooking, cleaning, and even all my school work.”

“Good job.” Anthony went to enter his room until Abby caught up to him.

“Now what did you do today?”

“Well I...”

“Nothing you did nothing, like every other day!”

“So?”

“So, you’re a lazy bum. You should be here helping me, not wondering about the town.”

“But you don’t like it when I help.”

“That’s because you do everything wrong, if you just do it the right way,”

“Your way?”

“The right way, then I wouldn’t have to yell at you. Why don’t you finish cooking dinner while I straighten out the house before mom and dad get home.”

“Fine but don’t yell at me if it’s not up to your standard.”

Abby walked away to continue on her organizing, while Anthony tucked his box of potions away. But before returning to the kitchen, he got an idea. This was the perfect time to make use of Mo’s Miracles. He went back to the box and opened it. Reading the tags he saw potions entitled: *Imploding Ego*, *More than a Mouthful*, *Need of Greed*, *Just One of the Sloths*, *Don’t Hug Me or I’ll Cut You*, *Not the Green of a Green Thumb*, and *Crave that Va Va Voom*.

He took the *Just One of the Sloths* potion with him to the kitchen. After cooking and seasoning the beef, Anthony arranged the beef, corn, and potatoes on four plates. He then went to the plate that was set at Abby’s usually seat at the dinner table and cut a small slit into the beef. Opening the slit more with the knife, Anthony poured half the potion into it. A light sheening baby blue liquid slid into the beef, letting a musty poof flout into the air. Anthony swatted at the

poof, feeling like cobwebs were in his face. But looking back at the slit, he could see that the beef had soaked up all the liquid.

Anthony stood back and stared at the beef. Today he had walked around town, stared at random people in the market, saw some beautiful red dressed girl walk past him, kicked some rocks, sat at a bench, bought a box of sample emotions, cooked dinner, and gave his sister a dose something that smelled like decaying slugs. He was anxious to see what tomorrow would be like.