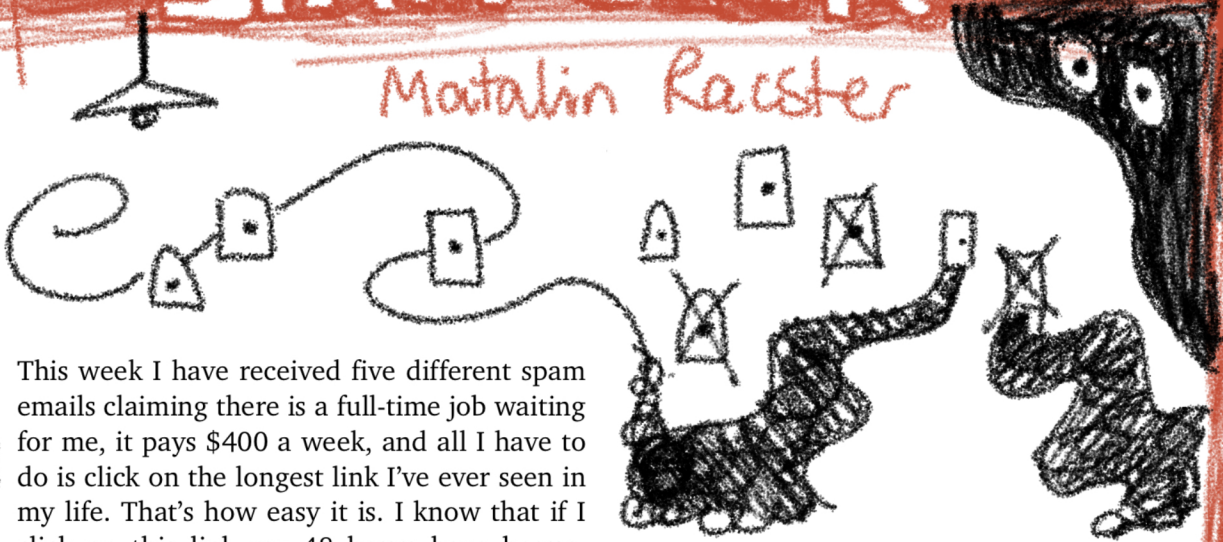


# SPAM LINK

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This week I have received five different spam emails claiming there is a full-time job waiting for me, it pays \$400 a week, and all I have to do is click on the longest link I've ever seen in my life. That's how easy it is. I know that if I click on this link my 48 hours have begun, and I only have two sunsets to live before I am tracked down by something unknowable. The week before that, I received eight different spam text messages claiming my Amazon account was going to delete itself if I didn't take action fast by clicking on, at the time, the longest link I'd ever seen in my life. These raised some alarms in me, mostly because I have never had an Amazon account, and I was wondering how my non-existent Amazon account was going to create a situation where it no longer existed. The child has not even been conceived yet—how will it die?

I started to ponder something after deleting all of the spam in my folders, and my inboxes, and throwing away a bunch of mail addressed to someone who no longer lives in my house: What kind of legacy do we leave behind when we die, and how many times am I going to have my identity stolen when I am old and confused and there is something even more complicated than the metaverse that I have to log into in order to access my personal documents? My grandparents learned how to use their computers, eventually, but I can remember teaching them how to open an email 12 years ago; and I can remember getting frustrated because opening an email is so easy, and so obvious, and I need to get back to Doodle Jump because this is the only thing I have going for me right now at all.

Do we all turn into Facebook moms? Am I going to start posting about how kids these days don't even drink out of the hose anymore? Am I going to die by the paws of the latest evil robot dog, and in my final breath, am I going to click on the future equivalent of a spam text link because, in my vulnerable state, I have forgotten how the world has changed?

Sometimes I have this dream where I am in a maze and there are two doors with two dogs, and somehow I know that one can only lie and one can only tell the truth. I forget the clever question you're supposed to ask, and in a panic, I just ask "how do I get out of this place?" and they both open their mouths to speak. They don't say any words, but something happens, and I can tell one of them is fake just because I can. On the way out of the maze, I feel lucky, because I could just tell! Then I feel sad. There is another maze on the path I am taking, and I know somehow that by the time I get to the end, everything will be different. The world will have aged and I will be stuck in the body, in the mind, in the soul of the person who got through the first maze, and I will have no idea how to open the doors at the end of this one.

Maybe we have to change to make it. Maybe we don't. Either way, I wish I had less spam emails in my inbox.