

THE IMPE **CC** ABLE

(((CONSPIRACY)))

AGAINST

THE

<<<Insane>>>

W**O**MAN ooo

(LEAVE ME ALONE, OK?)

By

Modupe Ladele

Senior Editor CHARLES writes...For reasons we can't explain, we lost the original submission file sent to us by Modupe Ladele and we can't find the contact info in our email. Which is too bad because we'd like the author to know the story was accepted for publication. So that's why there is no 'Author's Note' and no Bio. If you are reading this Modupe, please contact us. And while I have the floor, let me remind you all that this is second language fiction; the grammar isn't always perfect and both word choice and sentence structure can be eccentric---we don't change or correct any of it—instead, we see it as part of the reading experience, a challenging

and enriching one at that. It's 'HOTS' in action. What can't be corrected is the heart and soul of the narrative and that's what hooked us and why you're about to read it. CP

WHY I LIKE IT:*Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes... The other day I was at work, pretending to manage the restaurant that I work at. One of my servers came up and told me that there was an unfolding incident outside of which I needed to go and take care of immediately. There was a man outside within one foot of a threesome of women having dinner both quoting bible verses and calling them hoes, at the same time, for them not wanting anything to do with him. I asked him to leave as the cops were already being called. He proceeded to pace back and forth on the outside of our locked gates until the police came and took him away.*

Where to?

I don't know. Hopefully somewhere that was able to help as opposed to a lock and a cage until his time is up and he could go back to being his grand ol' self.

And yet, there was no conspiracy against him apart from the one that he had created in his own head. There was no conspiracy from the outside looking in – just people wanting to make sure that they were safe in the face of a man who was clearly going through some shit and taking it out on everyone.

Bringing me to my point.

In Modupe Ladele's, "The Impeccable Conspiracy Against the Insane Woman," there is most certainly a world in which the world is out to get what they define as an insane woman. Whether she is insane or not doesn't matter. Whether she is a good mom or not doesn't matter. Whether she is a human or not doesn't matter. They are out to get her whether she needs to be gotten or not.

In a world where they repealed Roe v. Wade, in a world where women still make less than men for doing the same job, in a world where the autonomy of sex is allowed to be controlled by others, the definition and measurement of insanity seems a particularly terrifying thought, and Ladele's tale is merely the tip of the iceberg for what the inhumane get to classify as human.

This is a story of foreboding and agency, of warning and autonomy, of terror and equality, of class and the definition of second-class, a tale of rights.

I believe you should read this piece. If you don't like what happens in it, good.

Fucking go out there and fight for some rights.

Reading is just the start.

Act.

Enjoy.

QUALITY QUOTABLE (for the love of language...)

The adult female dragged the rope from under the car and picked it up, the mechanics began to move closer to the woman, the food vendor engaged her more so as to distract her, the children got their cue to move away from her, the internet addicts were contemplating whether or not to record what was about to happen and my friend was reminding me about the time of Noah when Noah was talking about the flood and nobody believed him, they must have thought he was mad.

The Impeccable Conspiracy Against The Insane Woman

I have heard of conspiracies, I have heard of the one percent of the one percent, I have heard of the people controlling us without us knowing, and I have seen unspeakable conspiracies on the dark web, but before now I was never directly involved in a conspiracy. So here we go.

I went along with a close friend of mine to drop his sister at her place of work. The hospital; where she works as a nurse, and on our way back we decided to visit the mechanic's place to check out something that was wrong with the car.

Since I have been deliberately trying to observe instead of living in my own head, I figured I would put a little more effort into trying to observe my surroundings.

What did I observe you might wonder, I observed the food vendor, she gave my friends their food and requested for the drink I asked for to be gotten since I didn't want to eat.

She had the ability to control situations even while she was busy with something else, she was also a great listener.

I noticed the child who was sent on an errand to get my drink across the road, she wasn't fast in getting the drink, she wasn't slow in getting the drink, she brought the drink at a time one could only refer to as a perfect time. I drank my carbonated drink as fast as I could so that I could go sit with the mechanics.

I observed the woman sitting there eating, she engaged the food seller and they were smiling as they made conversation, she made the kid she sent for her own cold carbonated drink blush. she had this vibe that was found in politicians who even without something to offer would most likely be voted in. There was something about her and her ability to engage in great conversations with people.

I noticed my friend, he was scrolling through TikTok, while eating his food slowly, he was concentrated on that social media app like someone who has had enough of the real world.

I noticed his elder brother, he wasn't rushing while eating yet he finished his food quickly, he rushed his drink while walking to where the mechanics were.

I noticed the child eating very decently.

I noticed the other woman eating, giving very little reply to people trying to engage her in a conversation, she wasn't settled, she was just having her meal and trying to enjoy it, fast enough to leave there and slow enough to enjoy it.

I noticed each of the mechanics, those that were working and those that were resting. Everyone having a normal day not knowing that one of us was going to be conspired against and the rest of us were going to join in this impeccable conspiracy.

A car arrives at a faster than decent speed, their arrival caused a disequilibrium only the attentive ones could have picked.

Three people came down from the car one adult male with anger and frustration in his eyes, one adult female with wit and frustration in her eyes, and one young female, a child with concern, sadness, and frustration in her eyes.

The adult male came to meet every one of us that he needs our help with capturing one of the women sitting where we were once sitting because she is medically ill and needs to be given her injection.

The feeling of unease set across all that was told until my friend's brother spoke up that, he saw

that same woman arguing with the doctor about her condition, I didn't have a doubt about it because that was the first thing he talked about after he dropped his sister and was about to drive to where we currently were. Particularly he said then "I just saw a woman argue with the doctor, she said her problems cannot be fixed by drugs because it is not physical, it is spiritual. The doctor didn't know what to do, he was looking frustrated".

Now, most people were already comfortable with capturing her, I mean the adult male did point to her daughter, yeah the one with concern, sadness, and frustration in her eyes, and the rest of us simply just observed.

The adult female took a rope out of the car, I mean it was like the rope used to restrain cattle while administering ivermectin and pour on to them. To better understand the type of rope, it was prepared in such a manner that when pulled it gets tighter.

I am sure you are starting to want to know which one of those normal-looking women was allegedly insane.

On another note, I think there is a place for suspense in non-fiction so let me give it a try.

Obviously not one of the men present was the insane one because it has already been established earlier that it was a woman, it wasn't any of the children either.

To narrow the gap, an insane woman didn't sell my friends food, we are getting somewhere now aren't we?

The question racing through your minds right now is that was it the woman I observed sitting there eating, that engaged the food seller and that made the kid she sent to buy her cold carbonated drink blush, that same woman who I said she had this vibe that was found in politicians who even without something to offer would probably be voted in or was it the woman I noticed eating, giving very little reply to people trying to engage her in a conversation?

Or am I much of a psychopath that didn't describe the woman that was conspired against or was she able to fit in so well that I didn't think she was worth observing?

Well I am not that much of a psychopath and I did observe her, it is one of those two women so take a wild guess.

I am sorry to break it to you but the woman who was trying not to engage in a conversation with people, the one who ate fast enough to leave yet slow enough to enjoy the meal, yeah that woman wasn't the one. It was the woman who had the ability to engage in great conversation with people.

I am sure you are starting to say to yourself "I knew" or "I knew she was the one" the truth is that no matter who I said was the one, you would think that deep down you knew who the person was, among them.

We have derailed a lot from the story with my "adding suspense to nonfiction experimentation" so back to it.

Here we are behaving as normal as we could like nothing was wrong like nothing was about to happen.

To imagine how fast things happened, the same woman eating was still eating and to imagine how concentrated the insane woman was, well alleged insane woman was, she did not notice the arrival of those three musketeers. When she did, she stood up all of a sudden, she called out the name of the adult male and called out the name of the adult female. The adult female tightened her fist while she was holding the rope, then the woman while walking towards them began to

narrate how she escaped from the “evil doctors”. She then talked about Jesus for a bit, she left where she was and came right in front of me and told me of that glorious day that Christ would come for us. chills ran through my bones, chills took the place of adrenaline in my body. I looked into her eyes like everything was okay then I nodded my head to show that I agreed, I shouted hallelujah but not loudly. I wasn’t pretending, I wasn’t mocking my way of life which is Christianity, I was simply acting on impulse.

She went around preaching about our Lord and saviour and when she was done, the adult male tried to manipulate her into getting into the car as she started to come, the adult female at the other side of the car dropped the rope and slowly pushed it under the car, after a while the woman stopped and said she preferred to walk home.

Everyone showed signs of exclamation, and the adult male reacted, “do you know how far that is?” He asked the woman, she said she doesn’t care.

Everybody went back to their world-class acting, the tension had reduced drastically but we all know that when that happens suddenly in a horror movie then something really bad is about to happen, when tension is reduced fast it is most likely the precursor of chaos.

The adult female dragged the rope from under the car and picked it up, the mechanics began to move closer to the woman, the food vendor engaged her more so as to distract her, the children got their cue to move away from her, the internet addicts were contemplating whether or not to record what was about to happen and my friend was reminding me about the time of Noah when Noah was talking about the flood and nobody believed him, they must have thought he was mad. “I am not going to be a part of this, I am not going to get involved,” he said, I replied immediately “whether you like it or not, we are a part of this, we might not have helped capture the woman but we knew what was going to happen we did not protest against it and when she came to us preaching we did like everything was going to be well” I don’t know why I said what exactly I said but none of us should get off that easy right?

The adult female passed the rope to the adult male, the adult male sneaked behind the woman and when he placed it on her, she removed it immediately and jumped off, as she was running she fell and stopped moving.

People gathered around her and tried to shake her but they got no response from her. Her daughter the little female started to cry, some people placed their hands on their heads, and when people lowered their guard she stood up and tried to run but the adult male as if he knew caught up to her almost immediately and struggled to tie her down. The intensity of the little female’s cry increased, and they started to tie her up, she was screaming, looking people directly in the eyes and asking them to help her, she called and cried for help from anyone that was around the surroundings.

I got up as fast as I could and went as far as I could because I saw something everyone couldn’t. I saw the vileness of humans. She might be sane, she might be insane, probably more insane than she was sane. What I saw was that she didn’t know what was going on, I mean I could enter a room and 12 random strangers there might have conspired against me. Whether or not it was a good cause, we all conspired against that woman in an impeccable fashion.

Reality dawned on me and it lead me to write a very short article titled “you against the world “

It was a peculiar yet very sad day to observe the affairs of men.

