

**“The Rock Writer”**

My name is Danielle Zeno. I'm living in Manhattan in New York city. It's winter. I'm cold and currently writing an article once again for my old magazine I worked for. Can you take a guess? No? Rolling Stone magazine. That's right, people. Rolling stone. Yep. I have a lot to get off my chest. A lot. Importantly, today a legend passed away. Not only was he one of the biggest rock stars of the 80's but no one knew, he was my husband. Now I'm forcing myself to write this as I cry for the death of my husband. His name was Jaine Rose. Lead singer of the band Morbid chain. One of the biggest rock bands of the 80's. He passed today on December, 11th, 2001. My love, my heart.

Now here's a few things you should know about me. I wrote for Rolling Stone magazine from 1982-1996. I got the job because instead of partying throughout college I actually worked and interned. I wrote like a champ and kicked ass like a man. I could rock heels bigger than motley crue and run faster than Pam Anderson on Baywatch. I was the shit. Heck, I still am. I guess we can call this article “The Rock Writer” . I worked and interviewed the hottest bands. I was the biggest and best writer of the 80's and you can correct me if you think that's wrong. I used to hangout in studios with Kurt Cobain and Bon Jovi. Jealous yet?

The greatest thing about this job was meeting “Morbid Chain” in 1983 after a Queen show, for whom they were opening for. I fell in love with Jaine days after this, Interviewing just him, seeing his bandmates thought sitting down to talk wasn't “Punk Rock” enough. However, for that I am glad. Spending a week with one of the biggest Rockers of that year was how I came to marry the man.

Where should I begin, I guess the night I met him. Right?

1983- Queen Show- New York City, New York.

Now this would be my fourteenth interview with Rolling Stone Magazine. I grew up in New York City. Lower East Side. Right by Delancey. Backstage, getting a nice ride in a limo, enjoying the ride through NYC. Yeah, I get rides from Limo's. New York City was crazy in the eighties. God I love New York. I can just picture everyone walking out of a hot car gazing up at the bright lights and tall buildings. This is one of the interviews that got me where I am today. Fred was a nice man. Handsome, for a weirdly looking englishman. He was very tall, very hair like a man in my book, should be. Handsome, sweet and I don't know how this was a secret for so long. He was clearly uninterested in me and any female. I could see it. Now the interview with the band usually begins before the show. Try getting a rockstar to sit down and actually take five minutes to talk. Not going to happen, clearly they're interested in sex and partying. Though, everyone pretty much is.

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I walk off the stage, walk towards the back of the curtain and there he is. I stop, staring at Queen as they walk away towards the dressing room. There he is. A tall, thin, tattooed, brunette. His hair is almost crimped being so wild, he looks like a messy Bon Jovi. He's so handsome. His grin brightens the room, his band surrounds him. Looks like they are talking to an interviewer. Now I know this may sound incredibly false. However, in a very big way. I felt something when I looked at that man. I didn't know what it was back then as I do now. It was love. It was always love.

When I make my way towards him, he turns. Looking at me, he smiles. I walk over to my teammate, my coworker Harris Maxwell. He was the interviewer talking to the Rockstars.

"You see that band baby? The guys I was talking to, right before your hot fishnet ass in that hot pink, leather dress walked in. You look fucking great by the way, really." He spins me around.

"Oh Harris if you weren't an asshole or married. I would marry you. Look, I'm pretty sure those are the guys I'm supposed to interview soon." I told my coworker.

"Of course. What the hell else would we be talking about? Between you and me, that guy is going to be a real jerk off. A real hot rod, a real lady killer. You watch. I'm surprised you haven't fallen in love with any of those jerkoffs yet. Smart little lady." He smiles, leaving me.

I watch from a distance the Rockstars enjoying themselves. They talk to other musicians and I can see the passion in his eyes. Morbid chain. Terrible band name. However, in his eyes I could see the passion. In the band's eyes that is.

I walk over to the band. Now this band consists of five men. Five piece bands are usually a bad luck sign for a future breakup. In my personal view. There's Roderick, Charlie, Mac, Linus and last and most important, Jaine. My sweet angel. I remember that face, looking back at me like he was the first man I have ever seen. I was so infatuated with him.

"Hi names Danielle Zeno, I'll be interviewing you guys soon enough. Tonight if you'd let me. I'm from Rolling Stone magazine."

As I try to shake their hands, they look at me. They stare at my body and gaze at my face.

"You sure you're not a groupie?" Mac asks.

I roll my eyes. "No. I'm a fucking rock writer, you cunt!" yeah, that's right. I yelled. I did that. So here we are, doing this. The "Tough Guy" routine. Guess what. I always win.

No matter how much men hate us women. The Eighties was the biggest era for male hating suckers. Tell me no difference. Us girls, especially the "Groupie's" knew how to be at the

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top of the charts. On the cover of magazines, and dating the hottest Rock Stars and Movie stars in the Eighties. Call us what you want, but women fucking rock.

Now, the reason why men, especially bands in this era, loved women so much. Is because we worked for magazines. Me manly, for Rolling Stone magazine. Face it. Every artist in the world wants to be on the cover of Rolling Stone magazine. That's that.

Now as I make my way to the back, to the opening act dressing room. The men seem uninterested in this interview. Hopping around and enjoying the experience of playing in a big venue, for a really big band. They're excited. Blind to how big being on the cover of Rolling Stone magazine could make you. Trust me. If you were a band in the ninety eighties, being on the cover of Rolling Stone magazine is where you want to be. So everyone kissed my ass, even if they despised my ass.

I shook everyone's hands before we entered the room. When I shook Janie's there was no big feeling of any kind. I hadn't fallen in love with him yet. Even if the thought or if I mentioned that I did. No, it hasn't hit me yet.

I sit in the room. Beer cans, ripped magazines, broken chairs, names of girls and their numbers smudged with lipstick on the mirror. A mess, a real mess. Like they partied before the concert started. Disgusting. Typical boys. Worse than the Beastie Boys and their partied out dressing rooms.

"Wow, looks like you guys partied before the actual party started huh?" I blurt out, like my usual smart ass self always does.

"I mean. The party started when you came back here with us beautiful." Charlie, the nasty one of the band, though they're all nasty.

He disgustingly says to me, trying to rub my thigh in the process.

I smack his hand off, turn to the door and open it. Standing with it closed- shut I turn to the band angrily.

"You know what? Fuck you assholes. You really think you're going to be on the cover of Rolling Stone magazine. You will not make it far if you keep up this school boy behavior. I am a professional writer and I would've given you men a six page spread, photos on each page, a poster on the back side. The best, a cover on the front of next month's issue of Rolling Stone magazine. Now, you know what? You can kiss it all goodbye. You're unprofessional. All of you. I've worked so far in my short career with many famous artists. When it was time to party. They partied. When it was time to work. They worked. I hope you boys smarten up. Shit like this could really ruin your careers. Cause it would really be a shame to see you talented fella's go to waste. Call me when you guys get serious. Or Don't." I walk my ass out that room, down the hall.

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Not looking back.

"Wait!" Someone yells. There he is, that tall man who is my future husband. Jaine. His out of breath ass stops me, turning me to face him and takes a deep breath.

"What the hell do you want?" I ask rudely.

"The chance to be on the cover of Rolling Stone magazine. You've seen what we can do and who we've already opened up for! You know we're good for it!" He shouts.

"Yeah and why should I give you that chance when you all disrespected me and saw me as nothing but legs and a pussy?" I ask.

Smart ass. Told you.

"We're sorry. The boys don't know how to say it and because I didn't really bug you. Now did I?" He asks.

I give him a "no" knod with my head.

"Yeah, I want to hear them say it. Then how about this. You boys tend to focus easier on your own than in the pact. I'll interview you. If I feel like it, I'll ask them each a question or two. That's how it goes. Especially after you disrespect me. Here's my card. You call me on a day off. Oh, I only work in New York City. so if you're not around there. Don't bother." I walk away.

I can hear him silently jumping in joy to himself and whispering "yes! Yes! Yes!" and it was nice.

Two days later

Morning, Dunkin Donuts.

I'm leaving Dunkin, my morning glaze and nice, tall, hot coffee. Nothing like Dunkin. I walk on up to my gorgeous, Astor Place apartment. I pet my cat, Iggy and kiss her.

There is a ring on my phone. I answer it, undressing by starting off with taking my heels off. Massage my black, stocking feet.

"Daphne speaking, how can I help you?" I answer.

"It's Jaine. How about that interview? Meet me today right now if you're able to?" He asks.

"Sure. I'll see you in a few? Maybe an hour if you can. Despite our crappy New York city subway systems on a fucking Sunday morning." I angrily admit.

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"I'm around Central Park right now, That's close to a lot of subways in Manhattan. I'm guessing a Rolling stone girl's gotta have money. You have to live in Manhattan. Don't ya? Got a place in mind? Or should I choose? Where are you at?" Jaine lets out a small chuckle.

"Where should we meet because I'm in Astor Place, Manhattan that is. Close to union square. Anywhere better?" I let him know.

I like to make myself clear!

"Sure. There's a park in the middle of union. Meet me there?" He asks me politely.

I don't know why, but I'm comfortable, on my electric blue sofa, holding my ankle, smiling. Something about that moment, his voice, some words and that morning just made me smile. It was him. Just his voice. His voice, my Jaine.

I hated Union Square. The sellers with their cheaply made shit and the muggers and all. The tourists oh the fucking tourists so annoying as always.

Kind of wish I would've thought that over a bit more honestly.

So the day of...

I am dressed in a crimson, vinyl dress. Nice, tight, fuckable. I wanted him to look at me. To look at my chest and the crack of my breasts and fall in love with me. I wanted him to like me. Something about him, his voice made me want him badly.

We talked more and our plan was to meet at a coffee shop nearby. So we did. A man walks in and all eyes turn to him. A man walks in and all faces flush instantly. Man walks in and my eyes stop. My heart races and I smile. Jaine is tall, handsome and young. Every woman's dream. He is so handsome. It's not just that he's a rockstar. He's special. Something about him makes me smile. He walks directly towards me and the two security guards stay far behind him. I stand, we shake each other's hands.

We sat. "Thanks for coming by. I know it's so public, it can be a pain. Sorry." I say, smoking a cigarette.

He touches my hand again and I don't know why. He just did. I liked it. A lot. "You seem already like you're different from what the papers make you out to be. You know that? I don't know how I was going to interview your other band mates. They don't listen. Pussy, money and fame are the only things on their mind 24/7. They're disgusting. Rockstars.

Waiting at this cafe, I lit a joint. Oh come on, I know it isn't the 60's but it sure as hell is the 80's. The shit.

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"Look. you're a journalist and smoking marijuana? With all the leather, drugs and hair spray. You sure you're not the rockstar here?" Jaine laughs.

"Honey, I'm a rock journalist who indulges in the music of punk rock and heavy metal. Don't you? And look if that makes me some kind of rocker. Then so be it. I am happy and successful in this small amount of Rolling Stone junkie kind of career I have." I admit.

I straighten my back and die out the joint right before an employee from the cafe walks over to me.

"I'm sorry ma'am but you can't smoke here." the cafe worker tells me.

"Well, I just finished." I let her know, grabbing my purse, standing up and throwing a 20 on the table." I stand up and nod "come on. Let's go." To Jaine. He follows.

"Let's skip this walk around the city and talk shit and go back to my apartment and do the interview there." I demand.

No. I wasn't interested in having sex with him. Though I would like that, but no.

He laughs, grins widely. I cringe.

"Well you certainly are quick Danielle." He laughs.

"I didn't invite you to my house to get laid. I'm inviting you over to do the interview in peace. Now do you want to be on the cover of Rolling Stone or do you want to just end this interview and go home?" I ask. I'm a professional and very serious.

He smiles. I am jilted by this because it's pretty much unexpected and to be completely honest it sounds like I want to take him to my house to try to sleep with him. Even though I had a fondness for him, It hit me that this feeling could be so much more.

"Sure." He agrees.

So we ride the subway together, oddly close and as we're glued together in the train cart, he gets closer to me. One stop before ours, to my apartment. He protects me from the tourists and rude people who act like they don't see you standing there. Jerks.

He holds my waist, pulling me closer into him. "Thanks." I whisper. He lets out a grin and lets go of me.

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Once we're out the train, we hardly speak to each other. When we do it's about the neighborhood and how no one recognizes him in the area. It's a good thing I live in an upscale area where most of the residents are in their late forties and over.

Finally home, we're enjoying iced tea and cookies, laughing in the kitchen. We listen to soft rock on the radio and laugh at stories he's telling me. From touring with Bon Jovi to clashing with Bryan Adams. The list goes on. I told him about the tough journey I had to face. The courageous path of never ending men haters and public harassment as a woman in the field.

"So how did you do it? Overcome it all? Another thing too. What made you want to write for the magazine?" He asks. He's interested.

"Well, you walk high with your stilettos and ignore the bullshit. Eventually, you usually do. It's not so hard and it's not so easy. But you learn how to do it. Then it all sort of works itself out. As for Rolling Stone." I pause and light a cigarette.

"As for that. Well I loved the music. Love writing. Applied and sent in my underground magazine articles and my freelance writing work. Got the job. Of course after applying for the seventeenth time. If I was a man with that resume and work. I would've applied once and got the job. There was nothing I could do but keep trying. Hence, now I work for Rolling Stone magazine." I chuckle.

He steals my cigarette and takes a drag. "Good shit. I didn't want to sing. I wanted to be a horse trainer. Move somewhere, hot, far and empty and train beautiful, peaceful animals to carry pathetic humans on their backs." He laughs.

I joined in. "So what was your dream job if not this Jaine?" I seriously ask him.

For a moment he pauses and looks me directly in the eye.

"I wanted this. I wanted nothing but for my voice to be heard and to let it all out. Sing songs I wrote and make people inspired to do anything they want when they hear a song written by me." He grins.

"Wonderful. True songwriter." I admit.

I burn out the cigarette and stand up to stretch my legs. "Hate to say it. But you've been here for three hours and a couple of minutes. We have over fifty six questions and answers. You spilled the beans about who you like, dislike and the music. Behind the band and in front of the band. All that hot stuff. So. I would say. We're finally finished and I thank you for your time Mr. Jaine." I reach out to shake his hand.

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He reaches for my hand, instead of shaking it. He kisses it gently.

"Oh. you ladies man. Trying to get me to fall in love?" I joke.

"Why? Is it working?" He asks. Seriously.

"Well, thank you. I do appreciate this. See you on next month's cover. Of course They'll send out the photographers and dates for the shoots. Good luck. See you then. Course that's next week. So see you next week." My attempt to get him to leave the apartment.

However, it seems like he doesn't want to.

"Pen and paper?" he looks around asking.

I point to the living room table. "There."

He walks over to it and starts writing down something.

"You know. I would really like to see a lot more of you." He admits.  
Leaving the pen and pad alone.

"Well, I don't know about that, Jaïne." I told him.

"Professionally then? I could use a true human being to talk to." He tells me.

"Then sure. So could I if we're being honest here." I smile.

He nods his head and kisses my hand once more. "You take care now." he shouts,  
He leaves my apartment.

I run over to the notepad in the living room and his number is on it. Along with a heart and his name.

I jump onto the couch and start laughing. When in fact, I'm happy. I just got a man's number that half of the female race wants right now. This is something I can't tell anyone.

Two weeks later

As I am finishing up the article and not to mention I didn't go to the photo shoot for the band. Jaïne left a message on my voicemail box. "Hi, It's me. Jaïne. Really sad to see you didn't attend the photoshoot. Let me know if you'll be at the release party for us. For the album dropping."



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Of course I ignored him. I didn't call him back.

One week later. My birthday. I didn't think anyone knew about this.

So the girls from Rolling Stone and myself seem to be the only women in the lunchroom right now. There's me, Eileen, Judith, Carolina and Marilyn. Much older than I am and it's really sad that the amount of women working here is less than ten. Very terrible.

Suddenly Judith stands up, the girls are giggling. Marilyn starts placing party hats on all of our heads. Carolina is shutting off the lights and moving the table from the center. Eileen pulls out a boombox from the counter and starts playing Shawn Michaels theme song. Yes, the heartbreak kid. I am just sitting in amusement.

Suddenly I see a few pairs of feet walking around the next room over, looks like a couple of security guards and suddenly a shawn michaels look alike comes in and starts stripping for me. On me. Not the night I was hoping for, but it worked out perfectly. Fake Shawn Michaels stripper. Check. You know what is so funny about all this? I hardly know these women and yet, they're all so sweet to me. When you're a woman in this field. You're automatically together.

Of course, me and the ladies enjoy every moment and laugh all night.

Photo session.

The next day.

It's seven in the morning and myself, along with half of the team from Rolling Stone are watching Jaine and the men take photos for the cover of next month's magazine. They spent the first hour of the morning taking individual and group photos for posters and pages of their article.

“Morning.” I smile at Jaine. Course, it was meant for just him. He smiles back as the photographer shouts “Hey stop those smirks we got bad boy photos, we need to end this shit so we can all go home!” He jokes.

Of course I don't want “this shit” to end. I like looking at Jaine. He likes looking at me. It's something everyone doesn't see. Who'd think a big time rockstar would fall in love. If you're thinking I am overdoing it. I'm not. Later on Jaine will tell me “I fell in love with you the moment you walked into that Rolling Stone photo shoot with that blue, leather outfit on.” Of course he's talking about my strapless, bell bottomed blue leather look. My black hair teased and spiked. Over dramatic makeup and big, disco-like boots. I was smoking. It was 1983. I was young and I thought I looked so hot. I did, for that time of course.

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I smile at him from a distance and make my way to Gregory, my boss. “Hey Girly, looking nice. You look like a fucking rockstar. Lita ford or some shit. How’s it going anyway?”

He was a big fat asshole, who was always blunt. Honesty was his way of looking out for you. So in a good way, he was a good guy.

“I’m alright. Just a little tired is all. I really am glad I was able to finish this piece. This article is going to blow them up bigger than jupiter. They’ve already got the entire world on them. Just imagine what the cover of Rolling Stone is going to do for them?” I told him.

I walk away, watching from a distance. The entire room cheered the band on. They deserve to be celebrated. In no way does their music offend anyone. They work hard for this.

Through the cheering crowd of people, Jaine, smiling, made his way towards me. He was so happy. Grin the size of Jupiter and yet, he was walking over to me.

“Hello, you never called.” he jokes.

“Sorry. Busy.” I lied. He knows it too.

“I know that’s a lie. Who cares? I like you so much for some reason. I guess I’ll have to keep trying huh?” He isn’t bluffing.

I let him exit, I watch as he walks away, into the dressing rooms. I quickly follow him. I guess in that moment it hit me that this could be the last chance I had of ever seeing someone who seems to really like me. Someone I am attracted to. Someone I like. I know it.

“Hey!” I shout at him. I lock the dressing room door behind me. I walk slowly over to him and smile. I try not to stand too close to him, however, he pulls me close to him.

“Can I kiss you?” he asks.

I nod to a “yes” gesture. He does. We share one soft kiss. It felt pretty and it felt good. I fell in love.

“Wow.” I let out.

“Bad wow or a good?” He questions curiously.

“A good wow. Never kissed a rock god.” I laugh.

“What changed your mind?” He asks.

“You did.”

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"Me?" He's shocked.

"I saw you walk away after you tried hitting on me again and it hit me that you may not ever come around again. I have feelings for you and everytime I hear, see or talk to you I go crazy! I get this twist in my stomach and I love it. If I would have let you walk into this dressing room it would have been the last time I ever see you in person." I admit.

Swallowing my spit, gripping my sweaty hands tightly and locking eyes with Jaine. I am flushed.

"I am glad you walked into this dressing room then baby." He grabs my face gently, rubbing his hand on my cheek and kisses me again.

There's a knock on the door, interrupting us. We let go of each other, slowly and in a way where it wouldn't end so quickly.

It's one of the band mates, he opens the door.

"oh , sorry."

"Guess it didn't even fucking lock." I laugh.

"All that money Rolling Stone is giving us and they can't even get a fucking locked door?" Jaine smirks.

"Well, I have your number. You have my card. Here, in case you don't." I say, gently digging through my purse.

I pull out a business card and open his left hand, closing it with my hand. I kiss it and walk away.

"My girl." He whispers to himself.

I watch him watch me walk away. It was the greatest feeling of my life. He was the best thing to happen to me. Thinking about these memories makes me upset. Not because he's gone but because it would've been perfect to grow old with him. I'm not even in my mid forties and he's gone.

God, rolling stone, you better give me the cover photo for this article. Or at least make it Jaine. My angel.

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Now I guess this is where I got stunned. How could this big time rocker want me? Guess what, he did. I was nervous. The woman who barged into that rocker's dressing room was adrenaline rush Danielle. Yeah, I'm not usually that spontaneous.

Sitting, home and wondering if he's going to call. Or do I call?  
So I waited. Now it's not so nerve wrecking when you're writing this and already married to the guy. Your dream guy that is. However, each memory really makes me happy. You start to remember the good moments. The way you felt when you saw him. The butterflies in your stomach and the hairs that stick up on your arms. Your throat gets dry and you can't shut up.

I just had to stop. I'm writing this part of the article in our home bedroom. I was crying for the entire hour. I haven't slept on his side of the bed since. I haven't even touched the blankets. I left the bed as he did. Empty and messy. It's just horrible when someone who is always there, always holding you to sleep and kissing your neck and telling you how good you feel. All gone, instantly. Not there anymore, not going to be. His things all cluttered around the room. The pillows smell of him too. It hurts. The one person I was meant to spend every second of my time with is now gone, and he's not coming back. Somehow he's with me. Always, and especially since his things have always been and will always be my things. Though he is gone. He will remain in this world. My love.

Now our second date was a month later. We were both very busy, however we managed to play phone tag and he met me one night at the club. I was dressed like Lita Ford and looked hot. He was, of course, the only man in the room that my eyes saw. How handsome he was. He tapped me on the shoulder, interrupting my dancing to "Tell me" by white lion. I turned around and smiled. I walk over to him and smile. He grabs my face and gives me one, soft, kiss. A quick one. Just enough to tell me I'm his. I'm his.

"You look beautiful. I hope you know we're ten times better than white lion." He jokes. I hope so.

"Yeah, well do you have solid records out yet? No! I didn't think so. Maybe they'll win huh?" I laugh.

We hold each other by the bar and a photographer walks over to us.

"Can I take a photo of the world's greatest rockstar and his new squeeze?" He asks. He looks like an older, meth head version of Andy Warhol.

We let go of each other. Quickly too.

"Excuse me Jaine?" I told him. We weren't holding each other for the photo.

"I have to talk to you about something. Danielle, look, we have to talk. come."

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"Okay." I replied rudely.

We walk out the bar, exiting through the back doors. We stand in the lonely, cold, dark, alleyway.

"What the hell was that? Aren't we going to date? Or are we going to start dating soon? Whatever we're doing I don't know! Wait. What is it? Why do I feel like I know what you're going to say?" I run my fingers through my hair and sigh. I'm furious.

"I know you want to be out here and hold hands and be all over each other like other couples."

I quickly interrupted Jaine.

"I'm stopping you there. You don't want anyone to see us together?" I admit.

"Yes, but there's a great reason!" he shouts.

"Scared of people seeing us? Am I too successful? Is it pussy? You want all the hot, leather wearing pussy right? When it all comes down to it you're just a simple rockstar Jaine. You asshole! I don't need this shit! Like huh- what is it? You think people will talk or something?" I shout.

"I don't want people to think you're with me to gain more success or me with you for the same!" He shouts.

I am stunned, I sit still. I don't use words but nod my head. He knows I'm better.

"Really?" I ask. I cry a little.

"In a way that makes sense to you right? It's just I thought about it all night. I don't want our faces as a couple to be the only thing people see. In a way it'll ruin our careers. Do you understand?" He asks.

He holds me.

"I do. I understand. I don't want that either." I turned to him.

With silence, I place my hand on his soft, young face.

His facial hair growing back, pokes my fingers.

"I don't want our careers to be ruined. I know what you mean. You're going to explode once this issue comes out. You will. You are. When that happens we may not see each other as we are now. Things will change and you won't have time for me. When my article blows me up, I won't have much time for you. So I know, I know how this will look. Like you got me famous or either I

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got you famous. When we just met, we had our careers before we ever did too. So I get it. I don't like it.” I admit. Looking down.

“Well. I want this. So will it do?” he asks.

Lifting my chin up slightly, to face him.

“We will have to hide this.” I told him.

“Yes. Do you want this? I understand if you don't.” he tells me.

After a brief moment of silence I look up at Jaine and stare into his eyes.

“I want this. I want us.” I smile.

“I'm sorry.” He whispers.

We share a kiss, leaving the club that night. We go to my apartment, our walk to my house is nearly six blocks. Completely worth it. We talk.

“So do you always walk home?” he asks.

He holds my hand, rubbing his fingers on mine. I'm like a kid and it gives me butterflies. I smile.

“You want to come up right?” I ask him shy as a kid.

“What else could I possibly want?” he pulls me in and kisses me.

We walk upstairs, we hold hands and the entire time we're smiling at each other. My angel. We instantly begin kissing once we walk into the apartment.

We make our way to the bedroom, through the hallway of my home. He's gazing around at my records and movies, my posters and collection of hairspray in the bathroom. “Wow nice stuff. You got some pretty great things in here baby.” Jaine shouts.

“Thanks. Maybe I'll get a poster of you huh?” I joke.

We enter my bedroom, it's pink and girly. Me. he walks me in, holding my hand, he shuts the door.

“Come here baby.” he kisses me. I kiss him back.

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The first moments he laid his hands over my body I knew he was the one. I was shaky and closed my eyes mainly to hide the shakiness and stiffness of nervousness.

I was young and it's not like I'm elderly right now, I was young. I was so in love.

When he tossed me to my bed, undressing me, he kisses my body. I'm cold and shaking.

"Don't be nervous." He tells me.

"Okay." I whisper.

The way he touches me.

It's like I've never been touched before. I know in this exact moment that we're meant to be. He makes me feel like a fifteen year old girl all over again.

"You feel so good." were my last words of that hour right before we made love.

When I woke up, he was laying over me, his arm protecting me and spooning me. I could feel him throughout the night, pulling me to be close to him. My baby.

I wake him up.

"I can't believe I have this rockstar next to me." I laugh.

"I can't believe I have you next to me." he tells me softly. Sharing a gentle, soft, cold morning kiss.

The light scruff of his face brushing up against the side of his neck, his smile that makes me blush. I instantly realize he is who I want to wake up next to every morning.

This rockstar would soon be gone from my life. As I write this article I should have realized it would be more about him than myself. However, I feel like this is the story of my life, the place I was meant to be. This article is my goodbye to the magazine and to my husband the proper way. Though we hid our relationship for many years and you put him in magazines while his arms were around groupies. I thank you. Thank you for remembering him enough to give him his solo cover on Rolling Stone magazine and thankful because you allowed me to write this. You also let me choose the photo.

Now we spent the next couple of weeks meeting up at bars and diners. That way if anyone saw us together they'd simply think we were just recording an interview.

## **"Monozygotic" - Short stories by Alondra Medina**

Now the style had changed and it was the ninety eighties. I tried bleaching my raven hair to a platinum blonde. Yes, the Cherie Currie look.

One night, when we are making our way home. I snap a photo of him and print it out at work. Using the red room to process.

This photo would be mine and only mine. Jaine facing the opposite way and smiling, while his mid length hair blows in the wind. His hair scarf moving with his locks, the night sky as blue as the coral reef. He was happy. This would be the photo I have chosen for the cover of my final article. For Rolling Stone magazine. It will be the photo I never shared of you. The photo that everyone sees, has and keeps on their dusty shelf. They read it when they're waiting to go to an appointment. Or waiting for their loved one to finish up getting ready.

"I love you baby." I whisper to the photo of Jaine, sitting on my writing desk.

Should I tell you about the first time we told each other that we love each other? Sure. That day, that specific hour I had realized my life wasn't just mine. It was ours. He was the person me and me, for him. I remember that moment. It's a memory that comes to me daily.

We were in the far back of a Madonna concert. He took me to see. New York and Madonna go together so well. She was in the middle of singing "open your heart" and I turn to him. "I love you." again. Second love you.

How about the moment I woke up to several phone calls all describing to me what had happened to my husband? His death was reported all over tv. It was the moment I knew how heartbreak felt. Only a few had known about our marriage. Now it's all your turn. They hated seeing me beside him. To you all, I was the writer with the tight dress trying to bed the big famous rocker. Turns out, we both knew where our hearts belonged. With each other. Work didn't matter, nothing mattered when I was in his arms. Being away from him for just a few days hurt. Forever? You wouldn't know the pain unless you're in love.

Now a few years have passed. Let's skip ahead to 2 years? Sounds good to me.

I'm sitting in my bedroom, things have changed. Clothing is still technically the same however, many things have changed. Your favorite cartoons have been canceled and toys are changing too. Now remember it is still the eighties. Wake up beside Jaine and he wakes up beside me. Currently he has blown up.

Oh wait I didn't tell you about the time I yelled at him during the magazine drop? That month was chaotic. I walked in and he had his hands around some groupie whore's waist. I walked over to him.

"Hi. so sorry to interrupt. Rolling stone magazine thanks you for many of your years accomplishments. As well as tonight right?" I walk away with a nasty, fake smirk.



## **"Monozygotic" - Short stories by Alondra Medina**

Asshole. I hated him in that moment.

So I go to the roof. I light a cigarette and look at Manhattan's beautiful view. Someone opens the roof door. It's clearly Jaine. Here we go.

"Look I don't know what you think she was. She's gone. Just a girl around my arm." he lies.

"I'm in the rockstar business. Try again, liar. Tryin to say she's just a part of the rocker costume? Sure." I chuckle.

"You can't be upset." he tries to calm me.

"And you can't do this shit to me! Just because you're this rockstar you think you have the right to do that to me! No way!" I shout. I turn to him, my eyes tearing. I can't shake this hurt feeling. So I walk away. I head back into the party.

Two days pass before I speak to him again. Hey, it ain't easy ignoring the fellow.

Then there he is. Within a blink of an eye he's watching me. He sits on my stoop. I walk over to him. I lean to him and he holds me.

"Promise me you won't hurt me again baby." and he holds me, loving me.

When he decided to marry me it was a secret. We went to the courthouse with his close family, my close family and band mates. It was small, quiet and wonderful. He and I went back to my apartment and we spent the remaining time of his life loving each other and working as we loved. My Jaine.

For the next many years we were together. However, no one knew. We hid this relationship to better ourselves and make sure no one would ruin our love or careers with their nasty words. Until the day he died. We never had any children together, we were as I said only interested in our careers. We spent an entire night deciding whether or not we wanted to. He did. I said I'd think about it in the distant future. Course, I wanted children, it's a female instinct in a way. When I lost him, I lost everything.

Now I sit here holding in my hand the issue of Rolling Stone where I made him famous. Covered in its plastic it's almost as new as when the issue was released.

## **“Monozygotic” - Short stories by Alondra Medina**

Today I will show the world. I tell you all. There was never really a reason to keep this so secret however, this was a good one. In the 80's as a woman it was hard to get a career moving. So we hid everything to be safe. Our careers meant the most and if it would've turned to just him and I. Then our careers end. That was how it was. Things have changed and the older we got the more people started seeing us together. It became something that was easy to work with.

After my lawyer my and I discuss the final decisions of his instruments, which sit inside a studio of our home. Looks like a guitar center room. I guess it was our happy place. I returned there. I get comfortable, relax my body and plug in his world famous guitar. I brush my fingers on the strings and smile. He's with me.

I started playing and singing skid rows- “remember yesterday” to myself. Jamming in my home, without my husband. In a way he's there. I know he is.