

Apples

By A. C. Zito

“Please... please. I know that you don’t want me to have any, but I can’t help but feel the need to have it.”

“I have emotions here for you. But does that mean I want to give you emotions, Eve? No, you shouldn’t want emotions. They are just too much to handle.”

“I want a bite of what’s on that tree. I want a bite. Why is the gate locked? Why is the tree barricaded from the rest of the garden? Where’s the key? Where do I go to get one of those apples?”

“Don’t call them apples. It’s not actually fruit. It’s a tree full of different emotions. And yes some of the... what you call apples... are good to eat. But some of them are sour. Some of those apples will taste bitter. And once you’ve had a taste of the bitter, the bitter won’t ever go away. But then again, once you’ve had a taste of the sweet, the sweet won’t ever go away. They’re locked to keep you away from the bitter. But that also means I have to lock them away which inevitably keeps you from tasting the sweet. I’m sorry it works that way. I really am. For with the good comes the bad. There’s no in-between.”

“So be it,” said Eve. “But if I have to endure the bad to get to the good then that’s what I’ll do.”

“No, I’m shaking my head at this. What makes *you* the ambassador for everyone? What if Adam doesn’t want emotions? You can’t have emotions, and Adam not! How will you live in the garden together?”

“Then I will move away,” decided Eve.

“If you try to leave then Adam will follow. Don’t you want to be with Adam?”

“Part of me does and part of me doesn’t. Part of me, sometimes, wants to be Adam. Adam doesn’t have to contemplate on this tree that stands in front of me, locked up.”

“I’m sure Adam feels the same way, at times, too. And I’m sure Adam might try to be the one to choose who has emotions and who doesn’t. But history will never know. That is, if you or Adam or both chooses to have emotions.” Eve stayed silent, contemplating.

“I still believe you should open up the gate. But, instead of choosing all of them, how about I only choose a select few.”

“I shake my head at this, as well. They may all look different but that doesn’t give evidence of which one is better than the other. And besides, I don’t actually believe you will eat all of them. If you pluck one from the tree, you will have only enough time to pluck as many as you will be able to reach. For as soon as one is plucked, the tree will then begin to turn to ash. And I have already placed my

favorite emotions at the top of the tree, and I believe you won't be able to get but one or two of those if you play your cards right."

"But I thought you said I would receive all of them if I only pluck one?"

"Did I? Don't take my words but only with a grain of salt. When I said all I meant only the ones you will get your hands on before the clock runs out. Then, after they have been plucked, the ones you would unanimously choose, those will become all because the others will no longer exist, and it will be just you and your chosen apples." Eve thought about this for a second and then decided:

"I have a plan: I will get Adam to help me get *all* the apples down. Then we will have every apple and then all will be all and not some will be all."

"I still shake my head. There's still too many. You would need three to help, not two."

"Send me down an angel then; send me down Lubiticus Seracious Divonium."

"Why Lubiticus? I shake my head at this."

"Lubiticus will know which ones to get."

"I don't trust Lubiticus. I'd rather send Sagius Michollio."

"I don't trust you. You only want to send down Michollio to talk me out of it."

"You know the truth, Eve. And Sagius Michollio would have been able to do it, no less, too. But if I do send down Lubiticus, and you and Adam begin to work with Lubiticus to meet your taste bud needs to receive these emotions then I have no doubt in my mind that a time will come where Sagius Michollio will have to inevitably come down to replant the seed of the tree and you and Adam will never be given the choice ever again to be part of the garden. And I have no doubt in my mind that these emotions will act as a stimulant that you and Adam will forever crave until the end of time."

"Then it is agreed. I will call upon Adam to tell of the good news."

"It's too late; it's just you and me now." Eve looked over to see Lubiticus with all the apples in hand.

"But Adam..." Lubiticus led Eve out of the garden and towards mountains made of a hardened rock.

"Adam will stay in the garden. This is your garden now." Lubiticus said to Eve, motioning towards the weirdly-shaped rock mountains.

"But Adam..." Eve said again. Lubiticus hushed Eve, saying:

“Adam will no longer be called Adam, and you will no longer be called Eve. For now on you will be called *the human*, and Adam will be called *the animal*.” And then Lubiticus began shoving every single one of the apples into the human’s mouth. Or, at least, only the ones Lubiticus liked.