

The Fictional Life of Fictional Jenny

By. MJB

Prelude

My dear readers:

Once again, I have a pointless story for you.

Once again I will write in the third person,
and we will all agree to pretend it's *not* about my life.

You must agree to these conditions before proceeding,
so you don't end up pissed off like Donovan
(who didn't care for Jenny's poems about him).

Ready?

Good.

There was once a girl.

She was a fictional girl, whom I bear no relation to (obviously).

Let's call her Jenny.

Sonata

Jenny's first real boyfriend was a boy named Evan.

She called him an abuser for years,
until she understood him better.

16 year old high school sweethearts
don't know how to deal with a hard home life
and a heart break,
or even a love that large
to begin with.

She carried around his memory for years
before she let him go.

She forgot somewhere through it all
that he wasn't a monster under her bed.

He was just a broken boy she used to love
very much.

Rondo

Jenny's latest ex-boyfriend was a man named Donovan.
Donovan was...
a self-absorbed, yet *fictional* boy,
who cared more about his hair than about Jenny,
and slept through every alarm (to ensure he always left her waiting).

Donovan calls Jenny crazy, now.
Jenny used to be relatively normal (until she dated Donovan).

Donovan will be in her head from now on,
nagging at the back of her mind.
For that reason, It's crucial to understand
that he's still very much in this story
(though I won't mention him again).

Jenny's hobbies include:
Needle work,
playing the piano,
texting her college roommate,
singing Taylor Swift in her car,
and wandering around the world,
hoping that one day
someone will have the heart
to love a girl who's been driven crazy.

Scherzo

Jenny texts her college roommate (Tenny) nearly every day of the summer.

Jenny and Tenny are exactly the same
(in the sense that they are exactly opposites).

Tenny likes to paint, and Jenny likes to write.

Tenny likes cars with boosted bass, and Jenny likes old records.

Tenny likes parties with strangers under cool glowing moons,
and Jenny likes long naps by open windows in the springtime.

But most importantly:
Tenny loves Jenny, and Jenny loves Tenny.

Together,
they make terrible cocktails,
and laugh at terrible jokes,
and tell terrible stories,
and have a terribly grand time.

And Jenny tells Tenny when she's being a bitch.
And Tenny tells Jenny when she's being a dumbass.

"Absolutely wonderful," Jenny would say.

"Good shit," Tenny would say.

but they'd each smile,
and tell you a terrible story about the other.

Minuet

Jenny is friends with a (fictional) boy
named Alan.

Alan drove a truck that was falling apart,
and had those shiny kind of eyes that always looked just a little sad.
He had a heart the size of Pennsylvania,
and it wasn't even the biggest thing about him.

*Don't discredit me as a writer, I beg.
That's a line Shakespeare would be proud of.*

Fortunately for Jenny-
that Cowboy Cassanova
had a *thing* for crazy girls.

Jenny showed Alan he was worthy of love.
Alan showed Jenny she was worthy of happiness.

Unfortunately,
Jenny Couldn't convince *him* he was worthy of happiness,
and Alan couldn't convince *her* she was worthy of love.

Now Alan thinks he's better off alone,
(though his beer refuses to leave goodnight kisses on his neck),
and Jenny thinks *she's* better off alone,
(though she's routinely disappointed that her vibrator is a poor conversationalist).

Oh, well.
At least they're still the grandest friends.
Jenny seldom got a happy ending with her gentlemen,
so a friendship was a much needed change of pace.

D.C. al Fine

Evan called Jenny a few nights ago
to tell her he still loved her.

For a moment,
A future with Evan flashed before her eyes.
A future where they fixed the past.
A future where they had three beautiful children.
A future where she ran her fingers through his soft hair every day.

She pondered this idea for a moment.
Then, she thought about boys.

She thought about how after all this time, she still knew what Evan smelled like.
She still knew Donovan's drive-thru order,
and she still couldn't bring herself to listen to his favorite singer.
She still knew Alan's favorite movies, and TV shows, and drinks.

Then, another future flashed before her eyes.
A future where she knew all those things about herself.

This moment would not decide her future.
She would.

Fine

The fictional life of fictional Jenny
still continues to this day.

The legend goes that somewhere in the world,
Jenny is writing poems about boys,
and going on adventures with girls,
and working a silly little retail job that she enjoys quite a bit.

Somewhere out there in the fictional world,
our fictional Jenny is happy.