



# Talk like you

## Kurtis Taylor journal

05/19/21

This day I'm starting to write this journal, there have been some strange things going on and my mind is playing me tricks. I'll start by writing down the most relevant things I remember from last week and the most important events starting tomorrow.

### Days before:

05/10/21

From what I can remember I arrived at work as usual, everything seemed to be a normal day. I found in the parking lot a new face, he was a new janitor. Mexican from what I could tell, brown skin, big belly, moustache... he kinda reminded me of super Mario. The day moved forward calmly, I think there was nothing more relevant to report.

05/11/21

This day I learned that the name of the janitor is Enrique, I think it's written like that, I'm not sure, it is difficult to pronounce it without the man mocking of it. He seemed to be a more hardworking man than the last we had, I came to find him often carrying bags, sweeping, cleaning... He was kind of lonely, he talked to himself a lot in Spanish, and I thought that was kind of weird.

05/12/21

That day we met when I was leaving the bathroom, I wanted to greet him effusively with a festive "Que pasa amigo?" but he only gave me a desperation look and then he went away muttering something in his language, I only understood that he called me gringo, I started to feel certain annoyance about him...

05/13/21

I continued to meet him frequently babbling a lot in Spanish, I felt a little irritated about that. I remember me imitating him to amuse a couple of colleagues: I crooked my position to look shorter, grabbed Amy's purse and pretended it to be a garbage bag I was carrying while dropping bunch of random Spanish words in a grumpy mood: "gringos, si, si, taco, burrito"... A few laughed, a few left the room uncomfortable. I saw Enrique out of the corner of my eye, noticed his bad gesture and heard a "gringo pendejo" as he walked away.

05/14/21

From this day on I stopped meeting the janitor, I guess that he left his job on this place after watching my display of appreciation, "qué lástima", I thought and I surprised myself by formulating this in a language I did not know, maybe I heard it from him...

05/15/21

The weekend arrived, it was quiet, nothing to report except a certain uneasiness that invaded me for no reason at certain times.

05/17/21

I woke up after a restless night's sleep, something bothered me but I didn't know what, guilt maybe... I took my shower in the morning and after I approached to the mirror, looked at my face, I did not feel like shaving that day. I went downstairs, had my breakfast and went to work. I got in the car, on the road a car ran through me out of nowhere, we almost crashed, I got angry and furious so I yelled at the other driver: "¡Hijo de la chingada!", I still noticed it then, I spoke again in a language I didn't understand and I didn't even know what I said, I just had the urge to do it, I felt a bit strange. The rest of the day went as usual, but every once in a while I thought about what I had shouted.

05/18/21

My routine was similar to the day before, I watched my face in the mirror and the shadow of a blond moustache began to appear, I did not feel like shaving it. I went back to work, this time without any surprises along the way. I spent much of the morning talking about budget issues with Amy, and there it happened again but I didn't notice it, she looked at me in a strange and a bit funny way and then she asked me why I was speaking Spanish. I didn't know what to say, but I was scared I didn't realize about it...

**Continues:**

05/20/21

I look myself in the mirror, my mustache keeps growing blond and thick. However I am beginning to notice that my skin looks a little strange, my cheeks looks a bit darker. When I tried to put on my pants in the morning it felt a little tight. Am I gaining weight? "Carajo" that was the first thing that popped into my head. At work everyone noticed my moustache and made me notice a couple of times that I was speaking to them in Spanish, I felt confused most of the day.

05/21/21

This morning I was taking my shower when I realized something curious, a piece of darker skin started to grow on the tip of my penis, I inspected it, it didn't hurt or anything, I feared it was an infection but I haven't had sexual encounters in a long time, It did not

cover the glans completely and it felt a little elastic, as if I had circumcision done wrong and they left a piece of skin, I decided not to give it importance. As I came out of the shower I looked at my face in the mirror as usual, my thick moustache seemed to darken as it was happening with the rest of my skin, my cheeks were showing a little bulky, apparently I was gaining weight, I could confirm that moments later when I couldn't button my pants, I hadn't noticed that my belly had grown a couple of inches. "Me lleva la chingada, ¿qué está pasando?" I could think and I went out a little early to buy some new clothes.

05/26/21

What happened in these days was too intense I couldn't give myself the time to write it down. At work they haven't let me in for two days now, they say I don't look like Mr. Taylor and I just have to admit it for myself: I have gained a lot of weight, my chest and belly hang already from the fat that I have accumulated, in the shower I have noticed that I have lost a lot of hair, I am becoming bald; Ironically in my body it looks like a rug began to grow, I am covered by a thick bush accentuated in the chest and between my legs, and although I have grown wide I have also been losing height every day that passes, I do not recognize myself neither, my skin becomes darker and darker too. The worst of these days was yesterday, I couldn't write in my journal even if I wanted to 'cause I forgot my English... my words and thoughts were in Spanish, I found myself surprisingly speaking the language but I couldn't understand myself. Yesterday I didn't want to leave home, my mind is a mess and it grows at every moment. I don't recognize myself and I don't know what will happen tomorrow...

05/28/21

I get up early, I think I'm just used to do it this way but I'm still a little confused. On my nightstand there's a notebook, I've been taking it every day and I write down what comes to mind when I wake up. I read the first pages, they look like dreams, nightmares rather... they must be that because I don't remember doing much of what I wrote down there, most of those notes are in English and I find it more and more difficult to read and write.

I take my bath, I wash my fat and hairy body, the soap foam makes a fun contrast with my dark skin, I put some shampoo on my hands and give a massage cleaning my bald head, I carefully wash my penis lowering the foreskin completely, this part of the bath makes me feel funny it feels like I've never done it before; I caress a little my glans it feels very sensitive, I pull up and down the skin, slowly, a few transparent drops of precum got lost in the water of the shower.

I go out and look in the mirror, trim my thick black moustache a bit and get dressed. It's still very strange to me that I only have a change of clothes of my size, the wardrobe is full of shirts, pants... clothes for someone taller than me and much thinner. Today I wasn't sure what to do next, I got in my car and drove for a few minutes, I decided to take a familiar route that took me to some office building, they greeted me as I entered the parking lot, "Welcome back senior Enrique, we've been missing you". I think that's what

he called me, I didn't know what to do inside, they took me to the cleaning room, I think I'm the janitor, the work was heavy, as if I had never done it before, I think it's a matter of getting used to, I feel like I'm starting to get comfortable.

## **Última entrada**

06/11/21

Hace días que dejé de necesitar escribir en este diario, hago mi última anotación como cierre. Me llamo Enrique y soy conserje, soy mexicano pero en realidad no recuerdo mucho a mi familia, siento que he vivido toda mi vida aquí, me agrada mi empleo, la gente ha sido amable y me tratan bien<sup>1</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> Days ago I stopped with the needing of writing this journal, I make this last note as closure. My name is Enrique and I am a janitor, I'm Mexican but I don't really remember my family at all, I feel like I've lived all my life here in the US, I like my job and the people here have been very kind with me.