

*Derick Dupré's work has been featured in publications including NOON, New York Tyrant, Fanzine, The Rupture, and Hobart. He lives in southern Arizona.*

# **Rosewood. Certified. Sustainable.**

*by Derick Dupré*

What'll it be.  
What do you have.  
Early Romantic. Some cookery. Fiction.  
What kind of cookery.  
Appears to be Provençal.  
Too rich.  
Yes.  
How Early Romantic.  
We have Blake's childhood diary.  
Too innocent.  
Of course.  
I'll take the fiction then.  
Excellent choice. You won't regret it.  
What's it about.  
What is it ever about.  
The eternal irrefutable.  
Correct. But not this one.  
Then what is it.  
You'll first have to make the purchase.  
I can't thumb through first.  
Not with this one.  
Can I get a gist.  
It favors comedy, then takes a sharp turn.  
In which direction.  
You'll first have to make the purchase.  
What if I don't like what it's about.  
It's sold as is.  
Remember Magnuson-Moss.  
I remember Magnuson-Moss.  
Well.  
This fiction is unwarranted.  
Fuck.  
You could say that.  
I can and will. Fuck.  
Will you take the fiction then, stranger.  
How much.  
How about a trade.  
A trade.  
What do you have.  
I have money, for goods.  
Money's no good. What else.  
This coat. It's lined with fleece.  
I'm vegan. What else.  
These boots. They're - oh.  
I can see what they are. What else.

I don't have much of value.  
Empty your pockets.  
What.  
Show me what's in your pockets and we'll decide  
what's valuable.  
I have a phone, and.  
I have a phone too.  
An inhaler.  
That too.  
A peridot amulet I got in Brazil, I think, from a  
father-daughter jeweler duo.  
Worthless.  
A knife.  
I'm listening.  
French steel.  
What kind of handle. I am vegan.  
It's not bone. It's precious wood.  
Which wood.  
Rosewood. Certified. Sustainable.  
Let me examine it.  
Let me "examine" the fiction.  
Fair enough.  
Thanks.  
This knife is precious.  
So's the book.  
Thanks.  
I still don't know what it's about.  
You will. Now give me your coat.  
What.  
Give me your coat.  
Why.  
Because now I have the knife. Take it off.  
I thought you were vegan.  
I'm not. Give me your boots, too. Calfskin?  
Calfskin.  
Do you want the fiction then.  
I still do. I just don't think it's a fair exchange.  
I'm letting you keep the amulet from the father-  
daughter jeweler duo. And the money.  
I think for all this I should get the Blake and the  
Provençal.  
Should I remind you who's holding the knife.  
It's you.  
It's me.  
So no Blake.

And no Provençal. Just the fiction.  
Just the fiction for a coat, some boots, and a  
precious knife.  
You get to keep on living, as well, don't forget.  
Is that what it's about.  
That goes without saying.  
You said before that, maybe, that wasn't what it  
was about.  
What did I say.  
You said yes, but not this one.  
Suggesting that this one is different.  
Yes.  
That what this one is about is outside the order of  
the universe or the laws of nature.  
I wouldn't go that far.  
But you haven't read it, how would you know.  
Have you.  
Does it matter if I have or not. You're the target  
market.  
I'm the target of a robbery at knifepoint.  
How could you know until you've finished it.  
How could you rob someone of their outerwear  
when it's freezing outside.  
Inside too.  
I noticed. That's why I kept the coat on.  
I think I'll put it on now.  
Go ahead.  
Fits nice.  
It does. But if you're going to forcibly take my  
boots, can you at least trade me yours.  
I can't. These are my work boots. And then I'd be  
out a pair. I also run an outlet for precious  
boots.  
Jesus christ.  
You knew what was going to happen when you  
came in.  
To a fucking bookstore.  
That's what it's all about.  
The book's about a crooked bookstore?  
No. But perhaps what you endured today will  
shed some light on what it's about.  
I'm fucking freezing.  
You better get going, then, and quick.  
Thanks for the book.  
Thank you. Come back anytime.