

Fiction  
The Unbinding  
By Walter Kirn  
Installment 25

[\[kentselkirk@gmail.com\]](mailto:kentselkirk@gmail.com)

Dear "Kent,"

I am all for “reinventing” oneself, but I am almost certain you are, or were, the earnest narcissist I spent a wearying evening with a year or so back. Am I right in thinking I know you? Does a little French place in the East Village after the gory Korean film at the Sunshine help?

I pride myself on being a game gal. But your colleagues and admirers should know that you are not always the aboveboard fellow you would have us believe. You did tell me—though not until the tarte tatin had come—that you were still very much involved with your ex. Remember what you asked me after telling me that? Remember you said, "What does that have to do with us?" I remember that I told you I would not see you again, that this hurt me, and I remember you told me not to be hurt. Remember that I then posed a multiple-choice question? I believe I said, "Kent Selkirk: A woman comes to see you in your apartment and says she is freezing. You—a) get her a warm sweater from your closet, b) turn up the thermostat, c) build a toasty fire in the fireplace, or d) tell her not to be cold."

OK, maybe you are Kent, not "Kent." But in the spirit of due diligence I feel I had to send this e-mail.

Yours,  
Amy Hempel

[\[kentselkirk@gmail.com\]](mailto:kentselkirk@gmail.com)

Hey Blake. Is this you? I was looking through old camp pictures the other day and I started to wonder how you were doing. It's been forever. By the way this is Logan, Scout Camp 1994, I know you will remember me if this is actually you. Two words for you: Team Biatchica, remember? and all the scout leaders thought it was an Italian word, HAHA! And the cow dung we put in Elias and David's tent? Do you remember all that crazy stuff we did at camp?

Anyway, I found what I thought was you on mystory.com, at first I wasn't sure because the name said Kent, but once I got to the paintball stuff I knew it had to be you. I've been reading along with your exploits, are you OK? What's all this talk about magnetism and celebrities? You really have finally taken the plunge, haven't you. You went nutso on us.

haha! Sounds like you are up to some crazy stuff again. Unfortunately your mystory profile was changed to “private” the other day and I couldn't access it. Luckily I found you again on the porch and pictures this time. You look a little different but mostly the same ol' Blake.

Holler at me if this is you, I miss those talks we had when you visited me in D.C. Hit me up when you get a chance.

Logan

P.S. If you check out [my porch account](#) you'll see a picture of us when we visited the White House. I really do look like a young Drew Carey, don't I?!

[\[kentselkirk@gmail.com\]](mailto:kentselkirk@gmail.com)

Kent,

This is the last email I'll be writing you. I thought we were friends and I have given you so many chances to apologize for your actions. What you did to me was unacceptable and I tried to give you a chance to apologize. You never did. Then the way you treated my sister is just unforgivable. Still I gave you a chance to explain yourself and apologize once again. The only response I ever got was that fucking voicemail from when you called me drunk and started yelling and cursing at me. So now our friendship is over. I don't know how we became friends in college, you were an insecure asshole even back then. I should have known. Please don't call, write, or attempt to contact me ever again.

Brandon

P.S. If I ever hear about you trying to talk to my sister again you'll need more than that stupid paintball gun to protect yourself.

[\[kentselkirk@gmail.com\]](mailto:kentselkirk@gmail.com)



Hey There “Active Angel,”

It's Sarah Flick from Wisconsin. Remember me?

How could you? We spoke, but you never saw my face. I'm a nurse and a kidnapping victim. That ring a bell? My crankhead ex-boyfriend drugged me, duct-taped me and drove me to California a couple of months ago—and you, I found out with a teensy bit of research (thanks to MyStory.com), were the operator who sent the cops who finally put Marcus (my ex) in the high-security lockup where he belongs (and which he'd just been released from when I started e-mailing him, which was a MAJOR mistake, I realized later).

I never forget a favor. Write me back, Kent. Maybe we could meet up “in the flesh” someday.

I just hope this isn't another HUGE mistake!

Sarah Flick

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