

EMILIE GOEGAN

GREEN

SMOKE CURLED UP in front of my eyes and everything was clear. Through grey chemicals I saw us in perfect vision. Back when we were perfect, the day I was told I was perfect.

The haze rose and sprinkled into nothing, describing me precisely. Nothing. I am nothing. I have nothing but this plan. And I will do it.

I looked up to the window. The same window I would usually be looking out from. The world looked so differently from up there. Through my red raw eyes everything was heart shaped and coloured with desire.

My ghost is up there laughing at me. The stupid fucking bitch. I can't wait to giggle while she begs for mercy, and I won't stop, because I am dirt, covered in filth, stained with disease. But I have this plan and I will do it.

I fiddled with my coat zip but it wouldn't go any further; typical it happens on a bloody freezing day. Fucking winter is only good for one thing: hiding me. I only like living down here for that sole purpose. I look better in winter, layer upon layer I cover myself; my fat, my grotesque thick buttery coat that makes everyone nauseous.

I can't buy real shoes so I suffer in thongs, they don't even have my pants size in bloody Big W. And how they love to remind me, sometimes even before I enter the store, how people my size aren't meant to be here.

With every wobbly step my body reminded me how wrong I was for this world. With every exhausting ascent, strangers gawked in disgust before quickly looking away. You see, they knew if they'd stared much longer I'd smash their fucking faces in and use their blood as hand cream. I guess it's one advantage of having such "beastly hands".

I sucked back on my fag and counted to ten. No need to get angered here, there's just no point. So I draged back again and let new confidence swirl out

of my lips. I adjusted my weight from left to right and took one last look up at the window. As soon as I finish this smoke I'll do this. Because I have a plan. And I'm doing it.

Ripping through the last photograph, I felt the tattered remains fall all over me. This place was disgusting. All around me fragments of a cozy abode hung dangerously in different spots, in different parts, completely destroyed. I had made this place as filthy as me. God it felt great.

I tilted my head back until it touched the softer edge of the couch. As I relaxed I felt bits of god knows what tangle in my hair. I patted my chest until my fingers found the fags in my breast pocket. As I reached in I brushed the tip of my nipple, it was strangely erect and I liked it. The enticing thought of pleasure overcame my craving for nicotine as I gingerly stroked and played with it until I could feel my body tighten with enjoyment. I moved my hand from the pocket and slowly let it creep under my jacket. The sudden coldness of my hand to warm skin jolted me but didn't hinder my need. It had been so long since I'd touched myself in such a way. As I traced the bumps and lumps of my skin I was surprised at how relaxed I was and how sensational it felt to caress myself. For the moment I was completely beautiful—I didn't want to stop.

Lost in my thoughts I closed my eyes and let my free hand pick its way under the elastic of my trackies. I felt the tangle of mess left unmaintained for years twist around my fingers, as inch by inch I got closer. It was warm. So warm. I wanted to place my whole hand entirely over so it too could feel the warmth. I was amazed at how soft I was, as my finger sneaked around and around. I wriggled my body into a more comfortable position. I wanted more. Over and over I massaged. I felt an uncontrollable need to go faster, as I closed my eyes tighter.

I was sitting on the bed, back when we were perfect. I was shrieking with delight as she took photo after photo of me. "Stop it!" I would giggle only knowing she wouldn't stop. Her hair flew over her face as she jumped about the room in different places clicking away. Pausing for a moment, she pulled the camera away from her face and I saw her green eyes sparkle cheekily. "You're so beautiful, why are you so perfect?" It was a whisper with no reply, as I watched her bound up to the bed and push her frame on top of me.

I let out a soft moan and felt moisture run through my fingers and in between my thighs. I wasn't breathing. I didn't dare take a puff of air. As soon as I did I was back inside here surrounded by vengeful hate. I opened my eyes and drew my lungs to their full capacity. If life had only been this sweet, then I wouldn't

have had this plan. But I have it. And I'm going to do it.

'Damn it, I should have bought more!' Feeling the last drip of petrol drop and spread on the top of my head. It wasn't like I was an expert on this or anything but if I wasn't such a cheap bitch and just shoveled out a couple more bucks at the servo today, I wouldn't have had this problem.

Throwing the canister onto the ground I flicked my head back; smoothing my hair down to stop the petrol from running into my eyes. These fumes smelt so damn good, why I didn't just do this every weekend to get loose was beyond me. I found my lighter inside my jacket pocket and twirled it in my fingers. They were dribbling with petrol and reminded me of how moist I felt before.

I considered for a second to click the wheel right now, but the temptation subsided as quickly as it came. It would be happening too soon anyway as I walked across to the door's entrance and waited.

At 6.00 pm I heard keys jingle and turn—she was right on cue. As the door opened and hid me from view, I heard the gasp of her breath as I imagined her eyes shaking as they scanned the room. She took one step forward and that's all I needed. She saw me, her green eyes bright and wide. I slammed the door shut behind her, clicked my lighter and let my heavy body hurl her towards the floor, pinning her underneath me. She started to scream but I didn't care. Because I had a plan, and I just did it.