

Final Fantasy

by Emily Smith-Miller

String string stringy, her hair on Monday, like clockwork, almost unwashed, almost shiny with oil. She woke up to do whippets on the couch with tearing seams, sucking nitrous from a whipped cream dispenser. She only feels high for a moment, she drools on herself, then she wakes up, it's the best she can do on a Monday.

Putting the car in drive she adjusts her glasses and feels like a super hero, like a super spy, like a champion road rager punching the accelerator. She's a horrible driver. She wonders if her fantasy life is healthy, it is more interesting than her reality, it makes these days go by in a less painful way. Sometimes her dreams are too vivid, they beat out real life, and she only wants to sleep. Sometimes she believes that she is so much stronger, that she is a femme fatale, with switchblades and butterfly knives.

She scares people, with her intense looks, her dissecting looks. Even if she can't back up her tough talk the language is enough to make them shake. And when she's drunk, she is a maniac. That's where her reputation Wild Cat came from. They don't know it's just the result of watching those kung fu movies, or dreaming too hard, of fantasizing about tearing them apart.

The experiment continues. If she believes she's a bad ass, does it make it so? Will she eventually turn into the heroine she imagines? So far so good.

She hit him in the face with a brick, he was trying to rape her. He had his arms around her waist. He was pulling her. She used her super human instincts and picked up the stray rock, she held it in her hand, and when he had reached her she didn't think before splitting his face.

But today is Monday, they don't let you pummel in the office. She knows outside these walls she's hurt people, she's taken a beating, she's gone to the pavement with blood dripping in her eyes. Inside she types her reports. Inside she makes the calls. Outside she can be whoever she wants to be, it seems her imagination runs away with her.

She's starting to believe the world is the way her dreams are. This is dangerous, because one day she'll get called out, one day she won't have a brick. One day she's going to end up dead. That's what she tells herself when she feels the real rage pushing her to fight the dregs, when a man disparages a woman she jumps at him. One day she will jump at the wrong man, and he won't mind hitting a girl.

She pulls on the latex outfits she picks up from the sex shop where she works weekends. She plays their games at the bars, she takes them to the alley, they try to fuck her and she knocks them one in the balls, steals their wallet and they cry.

This is her life until there aren't anymore bastards left in the world who want to get inside her thighs. This is her Monday, where no one knows what she does outside the cubicle walls. One day she says to herself, I'll either grow up or I'll die at the hand of someone not worth the vaginal secretion that wells from a hot night of sex. One day. She picks up the phone and smiles for another dial, another day, another chance to be normal.

