

Love Story

by Jessie Campbell

You began to follow her because she intrigued you. She was full of elegant contradictions. She always told people what she thought, but she valued respect. She was a rebel, but she played by the rules. She was wildly emotional, but she schooled her face to enigmatic impassivity. She was quiet, funny... shy when you met her, outgoing among friends. She was smart, ambitious, obsessive. She was as tender as a butterfly, as tough as stone.

You curled your tail around her legs and ensnared her. You entwined the threads of your life around her, tied them to her. Your heart rejoiced with the knowledge that you had caught her, made her yours. Her edges met yours like the continents of Pangaea coming together for the first time in two hundred and fifty million years. Your world sang with rightness.

As time passed, though, you discovered her edges to be sharp. Her blunt nature became less engaging, more difficult to tolerate. She demanded too much respect, too much correctness. Her mood swings were baffling and unpredictable. Her silence seethed; her jokes fell flat. She held you back socially with her shyness and craziness. You feared she looked down on you because she was smart, ambitious, obsessive. You longed to rip off her butterfly wings and watch her scream in agony. You ached to carve the steel from her eyes.

Quietly at first, then with increasing rage, you began to cut the threads. You had forgotten why you were here. Your guttural yell shredded your throat as you pushed her off the cliff. You stood with your hands on your hips, your lips pursed grimly, and watched with satisfaction as she fell and fell and fell.

