Anthrax

by Sophia Green

Bending over the toilet retching the contents of her stomach for a good fifteen minutes, she starts to feel lighter and lighter, the ultraviolet light comes to her in small increments. The black eye-like sore on her arm a testament to the pastime of an ex-boyfriend who hated her Jewish ethnicity. When she finished puking, she put the toilet seat down and sat on it, her head leaning on the window ledge next to her. Exhausted, weak from the struggle against the personal gift of terrorism delivered by her ex-boyfriend, she died for a few minutes. A telephone call awoke her from death's slumber four hours later. Upon awakening, she recalled the dust cloud her ex released in her apartment, and the sinister grin on the ex's face as he rubbed tainted ointment into a scratch on her arm. The scratch became a silver dollar sized onyx scab on her arm. Incensed by their break up several years ago, he guessed that anthrax was a good way that she'd never date again.

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