

Kindness

by XXXX

Two days ago, a friend of mine and I met at my house. She was a nurse, and could only visit my house very late at night when her shift ended. We don't meet often because she is very busy saving lives and generally being a more useful human being in society than myself. It is a very time consuming thing, being useful. We had chamomile in our dining room. She was still wearing her uniform. She was very pretty in it. My shirt was all torn at the collar, and she said it made me look as if I had gotten into a fight. I've never fought for anything with anyone in my life.

She said: "I don't feel very well because of," she looked down at her tea, took a sip, and then looked at me. "You know."

"You know" is a codeword for the guy who fucked her and then left. He reportedly fucked her like an animal, her legs up and everything, and after it all, he got dressed, and while You Know put on his belt he said, "I'll text you." She was still naked when he left the apartment. He never got back to her. They've known each other for maybe a week, and hooked up after flirting on Facebook.

"You're a moron," I said. "You deserve to suffer. If you have one brain cell more than I suspect, you won't do what you did again. That's all you can do."

She said: "I want to see if it will work between us."

"I hope to God, I hope to Jesus fucking Christ and the fucking Virgin Mary that when you say 'us' you mean you and me and not you and him," I said. "I mean I don't like pussy but you seriously cannot be that stupid."

I've seen You Know at the McDonalds' near our school a few weeks ago. He was with another girl. I've never told her. You Know didn't look too bad, and I knew why she did what she did. I think I would have done it, too, if I were as pretty as her, but few of us are as pretty as her.

She looked at me with eyes that betrayed a soul within. "I don't know what to do." Tears were beginning to surface. "I can't stop

thinking about him. I know we only knew each other for a few days, but he was so kind, and no one's loved me like that before."

"Let's get one thing straight," I said. "He never loved you. He didn't love you when you screwed, and he didn't love you after that. He probably watched tv after fucking you, ate some chips, rubbed one out while watching porn, and forgot your name."

She wiped her eyes, though there didn't seem to be any tears. I don't know why people see me for these things. I really don't. Whenever I have problems, I try to run from myself, but I was unfortunate enough to be me and therefore cannot run fast enough. I will always catch up. I wanted her to be happy. I only wanted her to be happy. She deserved more than anyone to be happy.

We sat in silence for a few minutes. Then, she cried. I watched her as she cried. It was as if I wasn't there. I knew somehow I shouldn't be there. After a while, she stopped sobbing.

"Be strong," I said. I reached for her hand. I don't like touching other humans. I never know where they've been. Humans do disgusting things. Humans do disgusting things to each other. I made an exception. "Don't run around rushing it, doing it with whoever. I mean you deserve someone who will really love you. You're more than just for fucking. You make people happy. Please."

"I can't stand waiting," she said.

"Please." I gripped her hand.

She did one of those smiles that indicated gratitude and affection. I let go. We sat there until we finished our tea, and then I said: "If you don't go now someone will rape you in the streets. Get out of my house."

She gave me a hug before she left. I saw her car's headlights pass by our house. I put away both cups in the sink. I opened my laptop and checked my inbox. The boy I liked still hasn't replied to my email from across the world. I sat and waited. I can't stand waiting, either, but we can't all be pretty like her.

