



MEDIUM DEAD

BY JAY CREEPY

I THE STRUCTURE OF THOUGHTS AS BRICKS IN A CHILD'S MIND

Welcome into my life story and allow me to introduce myself like some kind of flashy fairground sort of thing. My name's Melissa Alyssa Walker and if these words are reaching you I am totally dead. Yeah, maybe you know that, you've figured I'm the splattered broken corpse down below on the paving stones.

It's dramatic to say it that way I suppose, I feel as if I'm in a film. I totally adore movies. It was a film which gave me my second lead in life towards the work I devoted myself to. Let me just say this, I'm dead and I knew I'd die sooner rather than later. I wouldn't be a crushed up old woman nodding to a TV or hoping the younger person in the room remembers to change me. I lived my life my way and died better than if I had carried on living knowing what was coming, trust me on that!

Or you know, what if I've survived the fall. All this could be evidence and I'm in a coma or dribbling on a bib. That'd be a joy wouldn't it?

Firstly, let me go into who I am – or was. It appears by my looks I'm Malaysian born, either both my parents or my Mum or my Dad were. See, I don't know how it worked because I was adopted and raised by two very English folks and they were my true parents. I'm very United Kingdom, fly a Union Jack from my bedroom kind of thing. There's no red Indians in the UK, or blue Eskimos, but there's me! Five foot two inches, very long jet black hair and traditional eastern features.

Throughout the late '70s and most of the eighties, my Dad worked on a trawler, or several. From time to time, I was given the treat of popping along to watch the men work savagely against brutal heavy nets of fish, plus other creatures below. I'd sit quietly and observe, content.

I would have been around eight years old when we neared a city called Hull. Dad used to tell me; “All cities have a character and very proud people living there.” So there I was, chewing on my goody bar and my childlike head attempted to make sense of the huge object in the net.

“Oh my fuckin' God!” yelled Alan, a close friend of the family. The thing in the net rolled free and struck the moist wooden deck with a hand clapping splattering noise. Eels, stagnant putrid

water and blackened gore seemed to explode in either direction. A rancid smell followed close by and really got up our noses.

We couldn't tell if this thing had been a man or woman, the torso was grey and bloated. I couldn't see its face, however two men before its features gagged. I finished my chocolate bar and straightened, I had to move closer. Something really puzzled me. Why was it moving? What was causing its arms to writhe about? I mean, I understood it was dead, but, other than Lord Jesus, life shouldn't return once the carcass is broken or finished with. I was too young at the time to get the fact that all the activity inside the bulbous slime coated body from the ocean life had its own form of re-animation.

A misty light rain began to come down. Alan saw me. Wiping his bile coated mouth, he yelled: "Oye! Melissa, get away!"

I ignored him. He approached me. "You shouldn't be here...." touching my arm.

"Get off!" I slapped his hand away and my eyes blazed at him. Alan stared over at my Father and the others who were busy trying to salvage the fish, and do something with the corpse and its offspring all over the deck.

Alan led me quietly into a room below. He pulled my shorts down, then my knickers and spanked me. It hurt like hell. "And I will tell your Dad who will probably give you the same treatment!" he snarled afterwards. It was only years later I realised by his panting and such things the leather faced old man enjoyed the lesson he gave me that day.

Pulling my pants up, sobbing, I decided against telling my Father in case I was punished some more. The animation of the deceased person plagued my youthful brain. Dead *is* dead! Some days later, Dad sat with me and explained how the man in his twenties had decided to end his own life.

The waters had washed him far from where he had jumped, like Mermaids had come to take him away to where he needed to be. This made me smile.

As with horrors and bad things witnessed in such early years, this stayed with me. In dreams and general recall. Not as terrifying visions, but as memories which needed an answer. I needed an answer. How could something which is dead start to move? At the age of ten, or eleven, I thought about Jesus and, unless he really had been drugged whilst hanging nailed to that cross, and removed from his place of rest to live a long and uneventful life, then surely maggots had caused people to think he was moving?

Then weigh up how much a maggot ridden carcass could move about? It wouldn't dance or get up? Besides, maggots only caused ripples didn't they? I, Melissa Walker, decided I was a bloody idiot and I had to re-think the whole damn mess which obsessed me.

Late one night, Mum allowed me to stay up and watch a film on TV, curled up beside her under a blanket. I guess she thought I'd fall asleep after ten or twenty minutes. It was an adaptation of Frankenstein, and my future hero, my idol, worked and toiled against all the odds because he believed truly in his vision. He had therapy in his work! *Ahh*, Peter Cushing, you weaved your ways into the heart of a young girl and I one hundred percent soaked in every moment of that movie. Poor Mum, so much for an early night. Little did she know I had only a week or two before, borrowed the original book from the school library and it made me comprehend that something lay hidden beneath all this which guided me ever onwards. An idea floated by me, I reached out and grasped it hard. Never letting it go!

Speaking of school. Yeah, well, that was another story altogether. I was never bullied because of my colour which was a blessing in itself, I suppose, a distraction I didn't need. Seniors were the productive years for me. I remained a pure uncut buffoon when confronted by most subjects, aside from Mathematics and science. How predictable eh? You couldn't write a script like it! Endless detentions via English and Geography, as for P.E. or whatever, you'd find me skulking around the science blocks. *Ppppfftt*, I had no time for anything which didn't slot into the puzzle I was slaving to master.

Let's talk about friends then. Friends are something we all need, yeah? No, not really. Certainly not

girls. All pathetic, bitchy, ego, rubbing each other with their fashions and music and their tips to masturbate. I did try a tip or two, but found myself checking my watch due to a prior arrangement to delve into some ancient texts about long dead religions. Science killed religions, oh yes, true I cannot deny that, but perhaps due to my family roots, something about religion drew me into the web. I dunno, the key seemed to be the soul. Facing the stone cold facts, a machine needed a driver once it was repaired.

The girls were repulsed, apart from a couple of them, by my love of horror and zombies. Come on, this was years before vampires and other nobheads became romantic! To be fair, out of morbid curiosity, some attempted to read the magazines I brought into school. The results of these sessions were comments like: “*Uuuuh*, Melissa, you're weird. *Uhhhhh*.” And? I'm weird? Tell me what's weird and normal. Please do, 'cause I find it weird putting make-up on. Is it paranoia that you're not as gorgeous as you have everybody think? Do the sluts cry at night looking in their bedroom mirror? To hell with them and their routines and their shopping.

I preferred the outcasts, the geeks. The lasses who would rather study twenty four and seven. Okay, they didn't really get who I was, but at least they were devoted to what mattered to themselves and not everybody else.

Zombies were awesome! Again, the spiritual side caught my interest far more. Voodoo or black magic. I liked the ones raised by a virus or radiation, but it seemed far more believable if an evil soul or a trapped damaged soul was inside. You see, is it more comforting to latch onto the notion that we have a soul whether it is made of electric currents in the brain or a God given eternal essence? Well I think it is, where else do we go? Decomposing in a box forever? *Piss off!*

Boys were closer to my way of thinking. They'd listen and could discuss what was right and wrong with my assumptions. One lad, Dean, all woolly hair and spots on his face, he told me if a soul could go back inside, how could you deal with the clotted blood? Transfusions or some kind of oil or lubricant to go into the arteries? Aha, as mad as it all sounded, it gave me a lot of extra twists and turns.

Boys brought into my life new horror genres like werewolves, and psychopaths, oh and rapists. They giggled when lending me video nasties. I knew why. Would Melissa blush? Naah, not bothered. Cool gore though.

I tried not to get too close to boys, a relationship would ruin a perfectly disciplined and starchy routine of a life. After school I studied, I ate, I studied, watched a movie, then bed. Weekends and holidays, unless my parents had plans for us all, I'd do the same minus school and rest now and then.

One morning, at around eleven o' clock, mid-term, big Brad, a meathead with long fat hair down his back, he had an idea that he could try me. I was twelve, he was a year or so older. "Oye, Mellie! Show me ya tits or I'll cave ya fuckin' head in you dirty chinky bitch!"

Whoever said romance was a dead thing? Such a bloody gentleman, old Brad was. He actually scored a first on the racism chart. I wouldn't mind but I had no chest, I was totally flat. What a dick. It's funny how loud a boy can scream when a girl kicks his nuts almost off and then pushes him to the ground. It's so cool his sobs and pleads as the girl jumps on him, punching his cheeks and busting his nose. By the time two teachers got to me, I was in the highly skilled moment of pushing my thumbs behind his eyeballs as he gurgled on his own blood and vomit. Another few seconds I would have turned his eyes to look at his messed up self.

Dragged to the office and two phone calls, one to my parents, the second to the police, I made sure my wild blazing eyes met enough kids who gasped in that playground, their silence, my encore.

"That is what any cunt gets who fucks with me!" said through a face masked by Brad's blood oozing down my clothes.

Had it not been for a few friends who claimed Brad had attacked me first, I would have been expelled. As it turned out, I had to see a psychiatric nurse who was paid silly money to listen to any shit I could dream up. I didn't want this woman in her neat skirt and tiny rimmed glasses even getting a taste of my personal realm. My gates are locked, missus.

Don't get me wrong, I wasn't a heartless bitch. I loved my gang but only to a certain degree. I

hadn't the energy, I reckon, to entertain timid chat up lines or nervous lads asking for dates. No, soz, now sod off!

The intense maze, the labyrinth of the human body truly was my lover. We had such a complex invention at our hands and so many abused it. I remember one night, coming home from school, I'd stayed back late on another detention, darkness was enveloping the streets and a geeza staggered out of a garden zipping his pants up. He noticed me.

“aye, love, you got any change?”

I paused. At first amused by his blatant foolish gestures. “No, can't help you, mate.”

“Look, I know you're just a kid, but y' gotta understand, I'm hungry.”

The smell of alcohol was akin to a heavy sheet thrown over my head. “Friggin' hell, mate, back off will you?” I decided to walk on.

This deranged guy looked around like Alan had done all those years ago, and he then followed me. He coughed up a ball of mucus and spat it to the side. “Get out 'n' walk, wanker. Oye, girl, I jus' need a coin or two. No money, I got kids!”

I stopped in my tracks. I remember my anger building up. How dare he screw up his vehicle? What a prat! He was born with a perfectly forming machine which didn't grow bigger to have this abuse emptied into it every day. Truthfully, I have no idea where this inhuman strength comes from, I'm like She-Hulk I guess, but he hadn't a chance, I grabbed half a brick I spotted on the lawn beside me and spun on my heel. Crack, heavy duty into his mush. Teeth splintering into broken gravestone shards. He made a collective of noises which were just that - noises, as his tongue lolled out and he knelt down cradling his jaw. I discarded the weapon and figured I'd best run like hell because he certainly wasn't being very civil and quiet to the neighbourhood.

That's how I felt about ruining a perfect and very useful contraption. If I could get hold of each and every drug user and drinker, I'd... dunno what I'd do.

I know what I did to Alan though. Talk about character building me as a maniac. Well, I was fifteen and in my mind I sometimes went back to what he did on the boat. Transpires he must have

kept his memory wank-bank on it. Alan, now older, who visited less and less, only realised how much I had grown in brief glimpses as I passed by to get a drink before trekking back up the stairs to my room. He must have planned it very quickly due to the flaws in the execution. Late one evening as he left the house, he thought it'd be clever to plant a packet of cigs deep in my coat pocket.

There I am, off to school and he's behind me. I find the cigs and pull them out. He took a photo of me holding them. Naughty Melissa.

The next day he showed me the photographic damning evidence. "I don't think I need to show your Mum and Dad, Melissa," Alan with his soiled dish cloth face began to pant the way I heard him those years ago.

"Why, Alan?" I played along, acting coy, eyes averted to the pavement. I mean, really? He didn't think showing them pictures he'd taken of me just out of the blue whilst on a day I chose to wear a short skirt wouldn't be damning to him? I guess he hoped I would be mortified enough and unable to think straight.

"I think I should punish you myself."

"But, Alan," I nervously and sweetly protested, "That's wrong.... But, if you promise not to tell." I looked up into his eyes. They were wide and his cracked lips were moist.

He controlled himself, reeling in his urges. "Come to my flat tonight," he noticed the short skirt I wore again. "Keep that on."

Throughout that day, I had to think hard and fast on my feet. I needed to scare him for what he planned to do to me, and for what he did to me before. The vile bastard! I spoke to Ian, a wannabee skinhead who liked to twag school and sit on a bench outside the rear gates. Ian obtained a blade for me with no wish of a favour return. He liked my lust for violence.

Walking upstairs into Alan's crushed and tiny flat, I quickly took in the surroundings. Just in case it went wrong, kitchen door had a bolt on, so did the bathroom. I could see an ornamental Japanese sword on his fireplace.

Positioned in front of his nanna style flowery sofa was a glass coffee table. On top rested a folded leather belt, and a slipper. Oh, so that was his plans, eh? I wondered if he had managed to live his fantasies on underage girls beforehand. He didn't seem the kind of man who could though. Too nervous and jittery. But you never know. If a woman over eighteen fancied popping by for such treatment, fair enough, but I was fifteen.

“Take your clothes off, please, Melissa.” that fucking panting again. Get control of yourself, Alan, you'll cum in your pants any moment, you tool!

“All of them?” I looked at him with big eyes, making out I was about to cry. “Even my bra and panties?” I bent over to untie my shoes, making sure he could get a good look under my skirt.

Whether he closed the gap between us to grab me or collect one of the implements off the coffee table, I had no way of knowing, but I grabbed my chance and was on him in seconds. We crashed through the glass table. Luckily he took the sheer force and the collision of the fall. “Bastard! Dirty paedophile!” I produced my knife and sliced his chest, gouging a deep ridge from one nipple across around two or three inches.

The injury he had collected as he hit the table had dazed him, his strength was non-existent. Alan was absolutely bloody terrified as he recorded the hatred on my face.

“Oh God, no! Melissa!”

“Shut it, you dirty prick! What was you planning to do after using your belt and slipper, eh? Gonna make me suck your fuckin' old dried up dick? Make me fuckin' pose for you? Or was you gonna shove it in me? Any of the above, Alan?”

“You're like a daughter to me, Melissa!”

“Okay, okay, Alan. So, yeah, I get that's why you wanted me naked a moment ago. You filthy paedo bastard! I should cut you up now!”

Alan broke down into a river of tears. He heaved with sobs. I'd done my work, I'd cleared my memories of what he'd done. I couldn't care less if he ever tried or had tried with other girls. I knew I was pure. Standing up, I stood above his head, so he could see way up my skirt as I toyed the

blade in my fingers aiming downwards.

“Just *fuck* off!” he snarled between violent coughs and sobbing.

I stepped back and grinned. He was gaining his confidence. I had best get out before he found a way to fight back. I didn't fancy killing him, or cutting him too deeply.

Strangely enough, Alan didn't come around to our house much after that. Ha ha ha. Incidentally, about seven months later his dish cloth mug and freaky dyed hair appeared in the newspaper, or rather full frontal. It transpired he had been selling weed for a while from his flat. He was something of an icon with the youths. He was always laid back with the girls, literally, if they couldn't pay. After a session he'd take photographs and this was his undoing.

Mum and Dad were gob smacked, baulking at the thought of such a fiend being near their precious daughter. They asked me questions, but I stated plain and simple that he'd never done or said a thing to me, other than some weird glances once in a while. By then, Dad had a lot of money, he had moved from the ships into owning retail outlets across the city. He had a few fingers in the indoor fruit markets. My lovely Dad, never dodgy, just a very brilliant business man. Anyway, he decided to slip X amount of cash to the family of a bloke who happened to be in the same prison as Alan once the dirty shit had been sent down. He must have spread his wings, my Dad, to find the right person, because Alan was banged up many miles away.

One lesson I took away from that was I could use my sexuality to my advantage. I suckered that idiot into my trap and away from his own by being a simpering doe-eyed cabbage.

Afterwards, my family moved to Hull. The irony certainly wasn't lost on me. Dad used his money well to purchase a few run down properties and hire a cheap cowboy firm to do what they could. He let out six houses, two of which were bedsits, situated around the area in the city which the students required accommodation. For a day job, he and my Mum cashed cheques and opened a small but satisfying pawn brokers on the outskirts of the busy town centre.

I found myself missing my gang. I chose to lose my virginity twice over as I left. Thing is, it meant and became nothing to me. I'm not doubting I felt what I should have felt, but, such as other things,

it was time lost when I should have been working.

The central library aided me in my quests, and the World Wide Web was just starting to grow from a small collective to a larger community. Dad bought us a computer where I sometimes perched myself, lost in the wonders which opened before my eyes. At the age of sixteen, Melissa Walker went one step further, and she began experimenting.

2 THE MEDIUM BRINGS A NEW HOPE

Mice and rats, caught in a cemetery which was situated near our home. I was so very patient, waiting and listening as I hunted. If I felt bored I'd simply buy mice from a reptile store miles away after a bus journey. Alas for the wild mice, this was rare because I loved the thrill of the hunt.

Tell you what, on a side note, I was actually scared one time in that huge desolate and shadowed place. There I was, waiting and eating a sandwich as motionless as I could be. The wind blew across the bushes and the gnarled trees. I heard a dog scampering a few yards away and sighed, getting ready to gather my box trap. Then I froze, unable to comprehend who or what the fuck it was that dived from one shrub to another. It looked like a small and battered man, but its face! The smallest of a second I had its features imprinted on my mind. Huge sugar puff teeth, and yellowed orbs that pulsed my direction. Fuck that, I backed off from the site and made my way nervously onto the streets. I was exhausted due to my work load, I know that now, so maybe it was a trick. A dog? Overgrown squirrel? Unfortunately for my routines and packed up existence, I couldn't venture late into that place ever again.

I chose to buy mice or wander the woods in the sticks, trying my best to learn the area and the patterns of the creatures.

For all the good it did! Adrenalin, electric shocks (mild shocks mind you, I didn't have the

equipment to create the monolith charges used in the old Universal movies) I used needles I discovered discarded in the streets and empty buildings. Two things Hull wasn't short of, drug users and empty edifices. Pulped bone marrow, crushed brains, I tried anything I could. I was a basic novice, truth be told. Cells broke down so fast, the soul was gone. That's if mice and rats had souls. They say we do, cats and dogs may have. Is that because they are so close to our radiant auras? Could I shackle a sheep in my bedroom and hope I catch its soul? Cannot imagine sheep and cows to have a spirit. That left bringing domestic animals to my place of experimentation.

It takes five or more minutes for cell structures to lose that which I needed to hold dear. What's the point in re-animating a damaged person?

My folks started to ask questions as I became more obsessive whilst at sixth form college. My grades were faltering. I went to college, came home, ate then locked myself in my room until I could find the time to pull myself away and sleep, usually around 2 or 3 AM. They only spotted me silently breezing into the bathroom or pacing the landing genuinely pulling my hair. On some occasions I would be sat at the computer screen squinting through my recently acquired spectacles.

Melissa, why don't you have friends? What do you do? Tactful approaches to my education and the smell of a sweating radically busy young girl. I forced myself to bathe once a week if time allowed me to. "Melissa, why are you so angry?"

"Because I'm a bloody teenager, Mum! Hi, here I am!"

Not exactly true. I was lost and wandering a maze I couldn't get out of. I was lost and wandering this maze seeking a door, with a key nearby. But for all the keys I tried, my basic setup in my cramped bedroom simply didn't give me the answer and sanctuary I hoped for. As you can imagine, depression took its toll on me frequently. I became almost suicidal when my time of the month popped up to remind me I'm just a fragile woman. Fuck that! Fuck you, nature! I had a great way to overcome the cramping pains and the restless attitude. I took a lovely sterile scalpel which I'd stolen, along with many other things, from college, and cut into my legs. *Ahhhh*, the pain woke me up, it elevated me from my mortal coil. Never too deep, only enough to send that adrenalin rush!

I researched and poured over books by Aleister Crowley, King Solomon, Levi, anything which gave rise to a greater and hidden world where magic and wishes come true. I attempted to roam the astral planes as guided hoping destiny and solutions were on the other side of the curtains. My trouble and my curse is impatience. I gave in after around three tries.

Truth always raided its ugly accusing head to mine anyway. A bag of dead innards meant a point blank zero unless the control centre was directed by a driver. I'd have to wait until a solution found its way into my life.

Leaving home wasn't as traumatic as I expected. Dad handed me keys to a flat high about Britain in a block of flats. He didn't own this one, as he chuckled to me, he refused to have his daughter fester away in one of his crappy properties. He pulled a few favours off buddies in the local council. They hurriedly did the place out to a standard and lobbed my application to the front of the list. *MY* own abode. Lovely. Level twelve in an apartment block in a neighbourhood troubled by gangs of teenagers. No problems, I walked past them and they ignored me. Maybe down to my glaring bloodshot eyes and my furious expressions which somehow had etched their ways onto me. A mad Malaysian bitch. Or that funny looking slag who is fucking weird. One way or another, I was left alone. I locked my door securely and only ventured out when attending my part time job. Another solid my Dad had pulled out of the hat, bless him. Four hours, four days a week on the fruit and veg market. The brother of a pal from our old town had moved up to Hull a couple of years ago. I covered the busy hours late morning and early afternoon.

Bizarre and totally unpredictable for myself, I found myself sharing the banter and the daily gossip of an average customer's day. Whilst weighing and bagging their purchases I chit-chatted like the best of them and enjoyed it all. Normality, what everyday folks call normality, wasn't too bad of a thing and life was good.

I had a habit of pouring through the local newspaper on a daily basis. My reason for this came down to a lucky break in my mission. I chanced upon an auction for laboratory gear. How awesome

was that? The big question bounced in my head, as I sat eating lunch mid-afternoon, absently watching crowds drift by, how much money would I need to guarantee a solid bid and win? Far more than I had in my bank account, without a doubt. Yet my equipment had faults and was plain and simply primitive. I longed for more! I had to have more!

Explaining the reasons to my Dad didn't take as long as I originally envisioned. I had to tell a fib, that I was attending night classes and the equipment, though was probably way too beyond the amount I required, was better to have too much than too less. We agreed to a loan of two hundred quid, or as Dad called it, a "permanent lend." On the morning of the auction, in a dusty but homely old pub, nobody else but myself was interested and I collected for the starting bid of £30! Thirty quid for ten boxes jammed tightly with professional odds and sods – the explosion of happiness was akin to receiving a lifetime of presents all on one day.

I rang for a mini cab taxi. I paid the chubby black guy another fiver to help me unload and carry the new arrivals, and eventually, two elevator trips later, my flat wasn't a home any more – it was filled with unpacked goodies. Dishes, clamps, scalpels, tongs, beakers, droppers, two ovens, test-tubes (many broken), racks, three microscopes with all additions, and four coats. The coats were all fitted to a very large person with gangly gorilla arms so I knew I'd have to purchase some new ones. There were still three boxes sealed and put aside for another day.

My apartment underwent a facelift. The bed was cast aside in a skip which happened to be situated a street away. First the mattress and then the frame. I had to make do with the settee for a bed from now on. I had two folded tables which I set up alongside the one already erected. I cleared my old faithful loyal bits and pieces which had aided me thus far into a few boxes, concentrating on the new equipment first and foremost, maybe use my old gear as well.

That evening, I phoned Dad to let him know I had a lot of change for left over. I smiled and felt my heart flutter as he said (like I knew he would) that I could treat myself to something nice. I wasn't stupid though, the extra money was inserted into my account the very next day to stay put if ever needed. My original lab coat was battered and stained, but would have to do whilst I figured

out the to's and fro's of my improved setup, and an order placed for two spanking new ones.

So, that was a stroke of luck and destiny calling. The second time it happened, I browsed columns of adverts for upcoming events and there she was! A medium who was coming to town. For reasons known only to the future (for better or for very worse) my instincts latched my eyes onto this, and my mind was thinking about the human spirit. Would it be possible to push and shove a soul back in, if fast enough? Well, that's a brutal term, I knew it wouldn't be as crude and easy.

Plus the added stressful task of convincing this woman to join my crusade. There were three weeks left before she arrived, so I combed the internet at Mum and Dads, I searched out books and articles at the library, I had to build up a bigger picture and know exactly who I was about to deal with.

Overall I discovered a wonderful web of facts, but three were far more important than the grind of many others. Miss Belinda McCowan was proven genuine, despite a multitude of doubters, she happily faced many sour faced people who wished to sit with her for their score board of shooting down psychics and mediums. Belinda proved herself 80% of the time, though the red cheeked fools sometimes tried to twist facts and move goal posts, her supporters and the hundreds of clients backed her to the last breath.

Miss McGowan was a lesbian, currently minus a partner. Her previous ex was a thin dainty Japanese teenager who was barely legal. Aha, when I say fate and destiny is a wonderful thing, this is why!

Lastly, she drank heavily, and regularly. How more inviting could this woman be?

I bought a ticket on the night, armed with two cans of soft drink, then settled in for the entertainment. We were all in a men's social club, loaned out for such events. She sat on a ruby red stage and, though she had a microphone, due to the cosy closeness and size of the place we could all have heard her without it. Belinda always seemed to be on an uphill struggle to prove herself to the members of the audience who had travelled and were put in contact with their lost relative or friend. A song, a sentence, a place, things which meant so much privately to the individuals united. I

perched myself dead centre of the front row and willed her to see through the glaring lights above and direct her to see my pretty self.

Belinda, after about ten minutes of introductions and so forth did indeed see me, she stumbled momentarily, then continued. Professional, however she kept a vigil on me throughout. I smiled once or twice and flashed my eyes. Oh, I was interested in her. As with Alan, I had learnt how to use sex and to capture who I needed. If I had to fuck the middle aged bitch, then so be it. If she was kinky, I'd be whatever she wanted. If she just wanted a friend and companion, I'd be the best one she had ever had. Either way, she was mine the moment she saw me.

Later on, she was sat, rather tired, a gin beside her, signing a few self-published hardback books. I laid the cash out for one, and made idle chit chat. She wasn't interested in glamour or in one night stands, I could tell by the way she spoke. Belinda was tense, carefully choosing her words so not to look stupid in front of this young girl she fancied. Honestly speaking, close up, for a middle aged lady, she wasn't a bad looker. High cheekbones, a poked upwards small nose, full lips and very thick hair. Had she been heterosexual, there'd be a good few men of all ages surrounding her. I managed to touch her bony hand a second or two, and that was when our eyes truly and properly met. Belinda was staying in the city for two days, taking a breather before schedules took her down south.

“You need a tourist’s guide of Hull,” I said, “If you need to rest up, stroll about, I can show you some good places to look around.”

A trusting lamb to the butcher, Belinda accepted my invite. She was mine for a night and hopefully a day afterwards.

“Do you like pubs or clubs? There's a few wine bars opening up round and about.”

We were in a cramped Fiat car, her slender long fingers gripping the wheel tight. “Don't mind clubs, but I've given up ciggies and drinks. That gin will probs be the only one I sup.”

My stomach lurched. A born again Belinda? Not now! “Really?”

“Yep,” she fumbled at her biker style leather jacket with over the top dramatics, “Ah, fuckin’ ‘ell, I’ve left my fags and booze at the pub!”

It took me an eternity to register that was her crap attempt at a show-stopping joke. I smiled merrily. “Looks like I’ll have to smack somebody’s bum cheeks later on!” I sounded like Alan. Jesus, that fella was a true cunt, he’d locked into my head for life.

“Okay,” Belinda grinned and laughed, for the first time the tenseness between her words had vanished. “So where are we going tonight?”

“Just follow my directions.” I observed how Belinda was a survivor, fighting against age. Her shoulder length red hair was the height of modern ‘young’ style, she couldn’t fight off a weight problem which enveloped her frame.

She obeyed my instructions and soon we were ascending the moist glistening marble steps. It all had to be so cliché, *pah!* I loathe predictable outcomes. However, I couldn’t say that all the films I had watched over the years didn’t finally pay off.

I remained sober whilst Belinda became a slave to the pull of alcohol. We chatted and laughed about everything and nothing. I wore a mask, a girl’s innocent mask which suckered her in.

“Not.... *errrrr*, ha..... Not many girls are... girls your age, I mean, are interested in..... me.” she staggered and slurred over the table.

She figured I was gay. Spot on. “How old do you feel?”

“I gotta be.... at.... least, seventeen.”

“Say no more, Belinda. Stay seventeen. Who cares about skin, bones and all that shit?”

“Yeah!” she screamed in delight. We both laughed heartily.

Soon afterwards we made our way along the streets. My clichéd plan unfolded more and more that I kept chuckling to myself how easy it all was. Belinda, forget your bed and breakfast, come to my place. Stay the night, I’ll make you breakfast. We left the car because I was apparently as sloshed as she was, neither of us road worthy. Belinda fell asleep in the elevator, I hauled her to my flat and

without ceremony dumped her on the settee. Waiting a few minutes, I paced backwards and forwards, listening to her rhythmical breathing. Then I headed to the kitchen and opened a storage drawer. Sliding on a pair of brown leather gloves bought from a charity shop just for this task, I crept down the passageway to the apartment at the rear of the floor. It belonged to a twat with a ponytail and a drug problem. I hated him and his stench. He smelt a majority of the times I passed him of unwashed arseholes banged together in a sack of rotten cabbages. What a waste of space!

Tapping firmly on his door I had to patiently hang around five minutes before I heard movement. My next course of action would have been to aim towards a woman who lived by herself the floor above.

“My friend's had an accident!” I spoke through the letter box, “I haven't got a phone. Might be too late. Can you come help?” I didn't ham up the quivering emotions in my voice, they were on point and correct.

“Huh? S' dat Melissa?”

“Yeah. C'mon, man, I dunno what I'm supposed to do. She's drunk too much.”

He unlatched the door and turned two keys. Quite a rarity, he smelt okay for a change. Must have had a bath. Nigel was a loner, an unwanted sty that sat in the way of everybody's vision and it needed to be removed. He hardly noticed the gloves, instead looking me up and down. Nigel wordlessly followed me back on his skeletal legs.

Another slightly lesser known fact about Miss McGowan, she had a violent temper and had two smudges on her otherwise clean record. Bad girl.

“Wake the *fuck* up!” I slapped her face a bit too hard, drawing a bead of crimson from her bottom lip.

“Owww,” Belinda stared at me all bewildered, “What?” she was obviously hurt by the smack and my lack of compassion.

Her expression transformed into one of mortal fear when confronted by the amount of blood on her clothes and the blanket. “Melissa? I... I....?”

“Bet you don't remember, eh? Bullshit!” I hauled her upright. Belinda complained about a severe hangover, I ignored this. “Get in the bathroom and get cleaned up! Fucking hell! Who are you really?”

She automatically did as she was told, looking around in a frenzy of terror. The blood, the kitchen knife, and the.....

“Melissa! Oh my God!” she pointed at the motionless splayed out figure across the room.

“Look, Belinda, just get cleaned up!” I hurried to get her something to settle her headache and obviously disturbed stomach. “Just keep your brain in gear, we'll deal with it!”

Belinda stripped from her gore patterned t-shirt. “What did I do?” she began to heave with extremely dry and weighted sobs.

I passed her a glass of water and tablets. “I think I remember that nobhead coming around uninvited about three in the morning. He kind of lost his rag, hit me in the stomach. No idea when or where you got the knife from.... I mean, it was in my kitchen, but I don't know when you got it.”

She drank and winced against the taste of the pills. “Self-defence. But I'm still fucked!”

I headed from the room to make some coffee and see if I had anything to settle her guts. I heard her crying whilst washing. She had succumbed to my domination. She had no choice, her thoughts were a jumble. As Belinda sat on the sofa, she looked at the corpse. “I'm sorry.”

“Too late for apologies,” I laughed cruelly and dryly. “I get defence and helping me, but you've killed him. Okay, so he's a dirty smack head, but he's still.... he was human.”

Silence fell for around four to five minutes as she sipped her coffee. I swigged mine down and clapped, making her jump. “I woke up two hours ago. Sat a while thinking. Yeah, Belinda, your life is a mess, but I have a plan.” Everything needed to move faster, I needed her to be lost in a maelstrom of activity before common sense interlaced the events and she decided to call the police.

I breathed slowly and methodically as if calming down my own panic. “Listen, I find the idea of

helping a murderess acid like, but, with my record I see a grim future for me.” She didn't fully grasp yet, babbling about hiding the evidence. “Oye, Belinda! Are we experts at this? Really? We leave one trace and it's worse! Calm down and will you listen to me?”

I locked my eyes with hers. “There doesn't have to be a murder,” I narrowed my lids and smiled. Even through all of this, her face gave away the lust she hid inside for me. “I have a way of bringing him back to life.”

3 GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

It's a fair comment to say she was hardly convinced. In her place I doubt I would have been, truth be told. However, after some time she steadied her nerves and listened. I knew it was far too late to bring him back, the body had broken down too far, the cells were unmanageable but this was still a way of catching her and placing her in the prison.

I really pressed the importance of her talents on the situation, and not once did she think to query the likelihood of a medium meeting Baroness Frankenstein and being in her debt.

After what seemed like an eternity she united with me. I felt the pores of my flesh tingling. Impulses racing through my veins.

Now for part two. I stood above him, noticing the discolouration of his skin. “Belinda. I think he's been dead too long. Besides, there's nothing we can do here. This flat is too small.”

“Too small for what?” she pleaded. All her hopes were becoming dashed against the walls.

“I need space, a proper set up. Have a look in my bedroom, what's in there is just small.”

“Then what are we going to do with him?”

“I need to rent like an office space or an old farm. Rent it for a month.”

“Yeah, but the time, he'll be all decomposed won't he?”

Then my nose grew some more. “I've read up on old religions when they did this. They actually dug up old corpses and shoe horned the soul in. Apparently, it's like resetting a computer, takes the body back to a time before,” I placed a hand on her knee. “The cells and tissues repair themselves. Only trouble might be brain damage, plus I have to figure out how to pump blood through his arteries for days before the re-animation, like oiling a bike.”

I clicked my fingers. “Belinda, we need sheets to bandage him tight so the cells don't move around.” I almost laughed, steadying my childish giggles. Serious face!

This all totally baffled her, but my absolute bollocks gained her desperate support. So, using sheets from my bathroom cupboard, plus a couple of towels, cut into strips, we spent an hour team working the mummification of a loser.

We waited until nightfall, meanwhile we had collected her crappy Fiat and around 1am, we took him downstairs via the staircase – there was a camera in the elevator, but the two on the stairs were broken beyond the affordability so far of the council it seemed. Off we went to bury our dead. I knew many wastelands and overgrown woods so it was a case of take our pick.

Laid to rest as deep as possible using a spade and a trowel – I wasn't a gardener but I kept these, for 'you never know' reasons. Too many movies!

Seated together, against a tree, holding hands, exhausted and pouring with sweat, we were silent until Belinda whispered. “I don't spend hardly any of my royalties, you know. I've only recently started to self-publish,” she brushed her matted hair from her face, “I had a nice deal with a publishing house until a year ago.”

I knew all of this, but stayed dumb, listening.

“Have you any places in mind?” she asked.

I honestly didn't. It had been all so easy, I genuinely hadn't figured we'd get this far. Belinda turned and read my features. She smiled. “On my way up here, I passed a few rundown buildings. I mean,

do we need a farm or whatever? Out in the countryside, there's a mansion, I saw it. Not in the best of conditions, but if I can get it, we could have work done on one level. We could...." she paused, shaking, daring herself to go one step further, "Melissa, we could, *erm*, live there together."

It was time to shut the open book. I leaned over and surprised her with a long kiss. Belinda's face was flushed red, I could see in the moonlight. She stammered and I shushed her. "That was my way of saying yes to your offer. We could do the rest up another time. We could work together, maybe, if our friend is brain damaged, have him stay on to do the harder work."

My ideas flapped out everywhere in a rush. I bit my lip, realising I'd gone too far. Shit! However, Belinda nodded, then added. "If he isn't brain damaged, maybe he should be, that way we don't get into any trouble."

My word, she astonished me at times.

She astonished me far more when, days later she announced we had rented a place way out in the middle of nowhere. As Belinda reasoned with me, to which every word I dutifully nodded agreement, take too long to wait for anything else, so rather take lettings on a place, then work, and move onwards if we had to a later date.

We were to live in a farm which had closed years ago and had recently been renovated, aside from the barns and stores outside. To reach it, you had to venture off the main road which headed to a sleepy town with a seaside called Withernsea, take a drive for around five minutes and there it was. In one week we would be moving in. Belinda took us up there one morning and we explored. So many possible conclusions and ideas. The house was two storeys and had a large attic. Three bedrooms, a through lounge, spacious kitchen. Excellent.

On our property existed one and a half barns, being the second had suffered a fire some time in its history. Years later you could still smell the odour of suffering wood in the air if you got close enough. Barn number one reminded me of the Friday the 13th films and I laughed to myself as I stared upwards at its almighty size.

Some evenings I would travel up to the grounds and stroll, taking in the feel of the area, plus looking out for any passing folks. I had to keep in mind what we were doing wasn't for all tastes was it? Aside from a jogger who bounced past me at nine pm on the nose, and a random dog walker, this place was left alone.

So soon came our moving in day. We struggled together and made many trips in her car transporting my laboratory. I dare not trust anyone else. The van and hired workers took care of the rest from both our homes, arriving an hour between each other. Belinda now had two homes, her original practically stripped bare and taken to this place. I had always imagined a medium possessing old and antique furniture. However, this was far from the truth. She was a modern tech slut and owning a huge puffy leather sofa into which we both crashed down after the days adventures were over.

Later that night, we busied ourselves setting up the lab, using everything I couldn't use previously due to lack of space. It was a masterpiece, stunning and professional, aside from the damp walls which were a bit of a disappointment, the room was fantastic.

“So, now what?” she enquired.

I smiled at the whole array of equipment. “Now what? I put into practice a couple of tests, warm us up, so to speak, then we go raise our buddy from the dead.”

Belinda's face paled slightly and I caught onto this. “What you wanted wasn't it?” I alarmed her by snapping.

She paced across the dark creaky floorboards and chewed her thumb nail. “He'll be all bad now.”

“And...? Fuck me, woman, get a grip and get a life! He needs to get a life as well. Look, once he's up and walking around we can figure out what to do next. If he's brain-damaged – which under the circumstances really would be a blessing, we'll send him back home and let his mates or whoever deal with him,” I took a breath and glared at her. “They can figure out why he stinks. All likelihood his mind has gone because the brain putrefies over a matter of time. In fact, where he is he'll be all

gassed up and probably rammed full of fucking insects! So, we bring him back, send him off and he makes the newspapers!”

After my speech, I decided to pace as she had done. “It's only a minute problem anyway. Belinda, I need blood, blood matching his own, I need to pump it through him so when the spirit enters everything can at least function on a basic level. Reality check, I don't think it can be done!”

Backtracking, I thought aloud, “I need more time. Freeze him. How do I find out his blood type? Do I practice and rehearse of graveyard bodies? They're full of embalming fluid and have had their innards messed up.”

I wasn't working this. I had been hit by the moment reality jumps in your face and slaps you to see sense. This was doomed to failure so soon unless I had a fresh person to work on. Yes, I could pump the blood, basic, but easy enough. I could....

“*Oww!*” I cried, reeling from a punch to my stomach. Belinda had a curled upper lip like a dog and she was enraged.

I didn't fight back, as she beat me for about five minutes. She needed this release and I was her punch bag. She thrust punch after punch like a man, and as strong. By the two minute mark of her screams and curses, I was down on the dusty floor as she sat across me, balanced and smacking the hell out of my head and face. I could taste blood and my eyes were white hot coals.

Belinda stood upright and moved to grab a swivel chair, she hoisted it above her head and snaked towards me. I could see it coming through my tears and hastily rolled in time for it to crash down where my head had been laid a split second ago.

“Okay, *okay!* Fuck! Please.... I've had enough! Sorry, *enough!*” I sobbed and choked.

It took her an eternity to get her breath back. “You... you what? You dumb fuckin' little girl!” she panted. “All this shit and for you.... for you to say that? *Piss off!*”

She then took it as her cue to exit the room. I laid motionless, listening to her footsteps. They headed downstairs and out of the building. Minutes later I didn't hear the car start up so assumed she was nearby calming down. I focused my remaining strength on getting to my feet. There was

blood speckled and splashed everywhere it seemed. I remained knelt against the nearest table for I think twenty minutes or so as I resisted the urge to vomit. I was in shock, my body was freezing and wishing to simply shut down.

More time passed after I sat upon the chair she had tried to kill me with and I broke down, tears over the pain, tears over the futile bullshit I was involved in. What could I do? I needed more time. Much more time. As I rocked back and forth, heaving with sobs, my ears detected the front door opening quietly. I hoped she had chilled out, I didn't fancy another beat down like that. I patiently listened, composing myself. God, my eyes were sore, deciding to swell up a bit. They'd likely be closed by the morning.

“What's that?” I mused, hearing a *bdum- bdum – ba – dum...* as Belinda approached. The lab door flew wide, I saw what she was dragging. “You're kidding me?”

“Yeah, it's a joke, a big illusion!” she bitterly laughed. “Meet Mr Jones, a local dog walker and post office clerk. Clerk, such an old fashioned term. Well, that's what he called himself before I choked him to death!”

His portly corpse was dragged before me and I finally vomited down myself. Belinda laughed again, this time with genuine glee. “Why don't you clean yourself up, dumb little girl, then you have a choice, eh. Ring the police and have us both fucked over, or, get your stupid head together and make Mr Jones dance!”

She lunged across and grabbed me, standing me erect. “I am not playing games here, Melissa! You pushed me! So, once he's back to life, we'll get the other cunt and sort him out, yeah?”

I nodded, fearful in my weakened state I'd be no match for her. “Yeah, *yeah.*”

Mr Jones was a right royal mess. She hadn't just strangled him, she had taken the last embers of her raging fires out on him as well. I wondered incidentally what had she done with his dog. Next I dutifully cleaned myself up, changed my clothes and tried to relax whilst Belinda passed me some painkillers and spoke about our plans. The idea was just the same, except with Mr. Jones he was fresh and ready to bounce.

“Belinda,” I said, “we haven't got the right equipment, and if we think about it, whilst we get any, there's nowhere to store him.”

She paused and considered my statement whilst prowling around the window sill. She mused and pondered some more, then grinned. “Fuck it, we only have to see life, any life, doesn't matter does it? Once we know it works we can advance at a later date, yes?”

My God, she was a dead cert like me and Baron Frankenstein. To hell with the buts, go for the dos! “Okay, so he breathes, starts choking or writhing in pain?”

Belinda smirked, “Then I kill him again, I stomp on him.”

It was akin to looking into the eyes of a goat. Belinda was without a soul, no spark of life illuminated from those sockets as she leered into my face. I realised I had fucked up and lost any chance whatsoever of cracking the secrets I hunted.

4 MEDIUM DEAD

I don't know if you, whoever you are, can understand a feeling of dread which creeps in knowing full well that time is running via an invisible egg timer? The dread gives way to a calming resigned sense really like a shrug of the shoulders.

Candles danced shadows over his mortified flesh. In a few hours or days, a brief burst of existence should careen a pathway throughout his body and give Belinda what she needed. Part of me really hoped this would not be the case, for I had decided I had to rid myself of this burden and begin again. I planned to knock her the fuck out, then work on a scene for a forensics team to have her shoulder all blame.

I know it was a fantasy world I lived in, but, hey, it gave me hope. Belinda may kill again sometime in the very close future. I *had* to stop this monster of my doing.

I smiled a moment as I held my breath and tested the joints for flexibility. Bruises of congealed

blood were apparent on his bare arms. My smile? What if it all worked minus the pumps and all the clinical matter-of-fact equipment I assumed? Hows about if his spirit did stick inside and, aside from a few minor niggles, everything ended well? Then what would she do?

“The passed love to be remembered by many on Earth. I wonder how he feels,” she pondered behind me, “We are giving him so much attention. The passed gain energy from memories. Bet you didn't know that an animal, if handed enough love and energy by a human whilst on this side, they have a certain strength once passed and link to the human source.”

“I didn't know.” I mono-toned my reply. At any other time I would have welcomed such a discussion. There was a time and a place. “He's ready, Belinda.”

She championed a laugh of glee. “Wow. Okay. Let's do this!”

I sank back into the shadows, I had to time this perfectly if I wished to follow through with it. She was silent, back to me, I guarded my breathing and movements. A grotesque chill seemed to befall the room. I wasn't sure if this was my imagination. Either way it was quite unwelcome and I suddenly realised I had no weapon, nothing to fulfil what I had to do.

She spoke his surname, over and over, inviting, almost seductive. Yeah, the room was definitely getting colder. Oh, God, this was really going to happen wasn't it? I could see knots of strain and concentration in her neck. The wind howled outside like a traffic island flow. How bloody stereotypical! Yes I *loathe* cliché!

“Aha, my Guardian has found you....” she tailed off. “Don't be afraid, don't worry, I will help you settle in....” Belinda's head turned to the side, eyes tightly shut. Her expression was a grimace.

The atmosphere thickened, syrup in the air. “Please... bring the Keeper... I'm not sure....” Making my move, I approached and drew back my fist tightly. Donkey punch, the only way. Be careful.

“Wait....” Belinda sounded afraid, “Not.....”

Did she know what I was doing? Shit! *Fuck* it, I hammered my fist upwards into the back of her nape and she crumpled to the ground, sending our specimen in a journey to the floor beside her.

Both torsos slapped solidly against the boards and I shivered violently.

I could actually murder her and bury them both in a recent grave. I might actually.... “No you don't,” I growled to myself and knelt beside her. “The plan is good.”

Uncontrollable madness selected me as I turned her. Dead eyes were slightly rolled back and her tongue comically lolled out. “How fiendish and cruel fate is.” I whispered. “Sorry, but you were off your head.”

So be it. At least I had time on my side. I changed into shorts and a t-shirt, knowing the hard work ahead of me. The room had vacated that deadly chill. The soul, the Guardian and the Keeper must have bugged off then.

Hmm, so, after a cuppa tea, I would work on the closest and still regularly used graveyard. I could take days if needed. Nothing must go wrong. I crouched beside Mr. Jones. I could guarantee nobody popped back into him. I sighed and straightened.

The donkey punch to my head was way off the mark yet still had a stunning effect. I thrust forwards and smashed heavily into glass tubes and beakers. They smashed into a million jagged shards, some piercing my arms and legs. Whatever destroying force had emerged behind me grabbed me and shoved me bodily and breathlessly into the glass. Jaws of spikes pulled and yanked various parts of my body open. I was so dazed from the first attack my whole being was thankfully a limp and painless slab of meat. Oh, my, God, what if I was paralysed?

Hands gripped and groped my bare legs. I could feel they were Belinda's hands which mauled me, a finger slipped inside and wriggled. From behind, the heaviness of a person sat upon the small of my back and the hands reached under my t-shirt, cupping my breasts, twisting my nipples. I cried out. Belinda chuckled. She tugged at my breasts, parting them, throwing them around in her fingers.

“Now then, Melissa. Been a while.” she spun me in one powerful move so I was splayed out staring upwards into her face. Fingers locked into my hair whilst she thrust her tongue into my mouth, then up my cheek. *“I'm going to figure out a way to rape you. I like this challenge. Wow, you women are so much more sensual than us blokes.”*

“Piss off!” I gathered some movements and began to buck my torso upwards. Caught by a blink

of an eye moment she didn't expect, Belinda fell aside. I crawled backwards watching carefully the movements of my enemy. "You fuckin' try it, you dirty lesbian *filth!*"

"I've always wanted to eat your cunt out. I mean, not erotically, not nicely, all gentleman like, I mean chew your fucking lips and snort my nose right upwards."

I was slippery with my own blood. Some of it was dark, I feared I had artery sprays jetting which I hadn't discovered yet. "I'll chew your nose off first, you bitch!"

"Really thought you needed help, Melissa, that's why I followed you over. Yeah, I was a dickhead for thinking if I helped you, you'd like me."

Shit, no way. This time it was my own body which became colder and I stared at Belinda. "Nigel?" That little smack rat skull face bastard was inside my old friend.

"You used to look at me like I was a gimp, a piece of turd. Now look, you're all helpless, you chink slut. I'm going to have fun for a few hours before I proper start fucking you up!"

Nigel/Belinda surveyed the room. *"Must be something I can force up your nasty little snatch. Bitch, you murdered me, and you did this!"* he/she laughed. *"I can't complain 'cause I'm gonna live some awesome fantasies."*

Red hot agony exploded from below as my right leg was pounded upon by his/her foot. I lashed out my free leg and snared the large stomach. I re-doubled my efforts and repeated time and time again the motions until he/she dropped to the floor holding themselves.

Posed on all fours, I painfully exited the room. I felt like a snail, leaving a crimson trail of gore in my wake. Chances of hiding were impossible, I could be followed. I hoisted myself to my feet, head pulsing and throbbing and vomit splashed from my mouth and nostrils. Turning I slammed the door shut. Where could I go? I was hurt badly, my conscious self wished to fall asleep.

Throwing up bile, I almost cartwheeled my body to the seldom used attic stairs. Standard pull down cord which released the steps. Oh, but the time it would take to do so much I would be captured.

It all happened so quickly and by animal instinct it seems a blur remembering but as I debated this,

Nigel/Belinda charged like a juggernaut from the laboratory. I instinctively yanked a small shard of glass from my upper arm and practically hammered it into the swollen neck. Blood oozed down my hand and wrist, the agony of my own wounds crippled me and I lost my balance. In doing so, I somehow lost my grip on my assailant. Nigel/Belinda seemed to vanish from sight and I heard deafening crashes. On my knees I looked over the stairway. Tormented and rage fuelled eyes met my own. Slowly, he/she attempted to roll to one side but yelled in pain. My interest was caught by those eyes, how they were beginning to film over. The body was still dying. Soon, no telling how long, it might fail and I could escape.

By the time I was safely up and secure in the attic, the cord taken up with me, Nigel/Belinda was at the second to last step and snarling like a deranged animal. So far as I was now aware of the plans. After a few sessions of rape, I was to be beaten bloody (more bloody than I was) and skinned by the glass I had used on him/her. To which afterwards I would be raped again in my skinless “*snatch*” and “*dirty tight arsehole!*”

The flooring was rotten so I had to be careful. As a precaution I dragged some heavy furniture to the trapdoor entrance. Then I found some threadbare and damp smelling bedsheets to bound and tie the weeping gaps in my skin. The pain was unbelievable. Luckily I wasn't losing a fountain of dark blood.

“*I know how she does it. Could be so cool to bring you back to life and fuck you again.... in every hole.... you fucking slag.... you killed me!*” the voice seeped through the floor closer than before. I prayed the creature wasn't finding a way up to me. I doubted those claims, however, but it meant nothing in my present situation.

“Nigel, you're dying again..... You'll be.....dead again soon.” I panted between red hot waves of pain.

The laughter froze me. “*It's only my eyes, you sexy little fuck meat. Everything else is okay.... especially my horniness.*”

“Fuck off, I'll wait it out!”

“When you're too weak to move any more, then I'll come up and drag you down. Cunt!”

It was moments after this tirade of banter I discovered the paper and pencil I now write with. My mind was playing tricks as well, I swore I could hear breathing right under – I mean, inches away, from the trapdoor. Could my barricade withstand that monster?

I slept for over a day and part of a night. Waking up was no better than prior, except I didn't know what Nigel/Belinda had been doing. Most of my wounds were flaming sore coals, however, a majority had stopped bleeding. I knew by my makeshift bandages I would be overheating and sickened from infections sometime soon.

The sound of a scraping chair or table was heard below me and I stiffened. The attic offered no comfort as in a way to fight. How could I battle in my weakened condition anyhow? God, all I could smell was mould, blood and vomit. I was so thirsty and the pressure inside my skull made me believe my brain itself would simply cave in at any minute.

“Had a good sleep? I reckon you were asleep.”

“Oh, fuck!” I lurched across the attic to the entrance. He/she was pressing against it. The furniture had movements. “Please, no more!” I cried like a baby. I sobbed and cried for minutes on end. Once I had finished and was wiping my face, I heard him/her say, *“I had nearly finished myself off then. You women are so.... sensitive in your cunts! I was enjoying that.... Do it again....”*

“Go away! I'll fuck you up! I'll kill you again, Nigel!”

Silence for about thirty seconds, then he/she breathed ominously through the trapdoor: *“I'll find out in less than an hour I reckon.”*

No way could I win. It was over. And no way was I going to succumb to the promised series of sexual tortures he planned for me. I stared at the small attic window. Enough of a gap for me to squeeze through. Had to be.

My hero walked to the guillotine with his head held high in one of those old movies..... So would
I.... It was my turn.....