

Excerpt from “Fatality”

by Riana Simonyan

She was right. With her, things were different. I never enjoyed talking. But when it was her— who was listening—I didn't want to shut up. I wanted to talk, tell, complain and scream it all out. And I enjoyed it when she was screaming. I never wanted to stop exploring her, I couldn't take my eyes off her. The moon became the eternal witness to our smiles.

“My house burnt down. It was an accident. My parents were ... um, in their room and I was making breakfast. My hamster gnawed the wire of the toaster. I didn't notice. I plugged it in. Then I crumpled the napkin and targeted the small trash can that was next to the toaster. I missed it. And the napkin blazed, the flame devoured the wooden furniture in seconds. The stove was on, it exploded. The fire alarm turned on, and fuck that noise it was making. It was unbearable. I wanted to cut off my ears. I grabbed my backpack and a jacket then I stormed to their bedroom and started breaking the door with my fists. Then my mom yelped *Honey, run. We will get some clothes on and come right outside.* I ran to the skirting, opened it. That's where they were hiding their money. I took it. Quite a thick bundle. Then I was just standing in the middle of the living room. Just standing there. I saw Chewy, my hamster on the counter. Fried. Then I shouted I have the money, just get the fuck out of there. My father screamed *Good job. Run!* I ran. I was jumping off the stairs. To be honest I have no idea why I was trying so hard to keep my ass alive,” she chuckled. “So, I got out to the street and just when I turned back, tilted my head up to look to the window, the whole fuckin building blew to the air. The bang threw me on the pavement, I was sitting there stoned. I couldn't move and I couldn't make any noise, it started ringing in my ears.

I couldn't think of anything else but my fried parents lying on each other in the ruins. When I heard the sirens approaching, my legs suddenly woke up and I ran as fast as I could. The end.”

I didn't want to say anything. I just wanted to hug her. Hold her somehow.

“Fuck.” She looked at me. A tear rolled down her cheek. “Thank you.” I nodded and smiled in response. “They don't even have a grave.” Another tear rolled and, in the moonlight, I saw the sorrow that took her captive. Sorrow was enhancing her beauty. She was trying to hide her eyes, but when I took her hand they surfed in mine. I think I felt scars.

“Fuck you, you made me cry. I don't cry in front of anyone.” Rubbing her eyes she cracked a smile. “I never told this to anyone. Promise me, we will never see each other in the daylight.” Now our eyes were tied. She held on to my hand tighter. Warmth sneaked into my body.

“Yea, you know what?” I smiled. “I like that. We will never see each other in the daylight.” She dropped my hand and cupped my face with her palms. We chuckled again. She grabbed my arms and then pressed her chest closer to mine. Our hearts tied together. I did feel her scars. She leaned her head on my shoulder. The moths were storming in my stomach. I felt her tears, and her smile on my skin.

I held her scars and her chuckle in my heart.

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