

The Wrong Turn – Cory Gourley

Her screams are still haunting me.

Her cherry dress is lying sporadically across the back seat of my Mini Cooper. Her Body is in the Boot. Like an explosion, I blew, I screamed, roared like a lost kitten in the suburbs. Each tick of the indicator, sets off another palpitation. She was the devil! The pounding rain punched my windscreen, it was like a Fight between Sugar Ray-Leonard and Muhammad Ali. I was the boxing ring.

My eyes travelled between the two signs, the common, the hospital. Which one should I choose? I was alone. She did this. She was the one having the affair, lying to me month after month. Fiercely, I cried like a lion, losing one of its prey. I was not the predator. I am an angel.

I love her, I loved her.

The beeps of drivers behind me leave my head spinning, the smells of burning exhausts reach right down the back of my throat, they strangle my taste buds. Suffocating, I must decide, I have no choice. Left to the common, right to the hospital.

I choose left.

I arrive. My brittle hands can hardly raise the boot of my car. I see her. My heart sinks. I place her lifeless, limp, lonely body, wrapped in cheap plastic, into my arms. Like a baby, I carried her, her screams are still haunting. It was her fault, she had the affair, she stole me of my money, my dignity, my pride. She hit me, the blood-splattered grazes are sleeping on my neck, the blazing words of torture are swirling around in my head. She hit me.

I love her, I loved her.

My legs were straining like never before. Each step I took, my knee edged towards the earthy pit a little more. The rain had stopped. The Baltic gushes left my spine numb; I couldn't walk much further. I stopped. My knees crash landed amongst the mud and the sticks and stones; they very nearly did break my bones. The trees cried for her; they must keep their mouths shut!

I love her, I loved her.

Crashing, the cars shone their torches through my Diamante holes ... it burned. The tears rolled down my childish features, the tears were playing dot-to-dot with my freckles. She was so lifeless. Her screams are still haunting me. Each dollop of soil lay across her body, just as I used to. She hit me. It was self-defense. The silence captured my emptiness. It was in that moment, I looked down, each one of her dainty, pointy, jet-black acrylics pointed up, towards me. I fell back to my knees. It's time for the truth...

He loves me, I promise

My whole family, glared through my soul, they knew I was lying. Discombobulated, I slipped my elite, pristine, ridiculed figure through the tiny slit in my cherry dress. The white wine gripped the back of my nostrils. Hesitantly, my feet took one miniscule step at a time. Before I know it, I was there. His hand jerked and the glass of white was in my left hand. His smile unnerved me. He never smiled.

I knew he hated the dress. My lonely hind-legs stretched through to the kitchen, he followed me, like a bad smell. Each one of his sweaty palms were wrapped around my petit waist, as my fake and shattered visage, tried to crack a smile. I was broken but we had guests. The show must go on.

He loves me, I promise.

The mirror laughed back in my face. Each chartered wall of my house laughed at me. The guests were gone. The show was over. Creaking, the door slowly began to open, his shadow loomed over me, just as I was about to slip out of my Versace number, he tore it from my back. The rip tore through my spine, the one thing I had that was mine, was now lying on the floor, laughing at me.

I was standing, in my underwear, with no pride, he took that from me. I know he is convinced I am having an affair, but I am not. His hand began to raise, I pushed it back, I was not being beaten black and blue anymore. My neck was gripped by the back of his delicate fingertips. I was pushed onto the velvet sheets. He wouldn't let go. He was squeezing the life out of me. My pupils hit the top of my skull, like a marble bashing, crashing and thrashing against the kitchen floor. I was gone with the wind.

He loves me, I promise.

He cradled me like a baby in his arms, then he dropped me like a hot potato. My head bounced like a basketball, on the floor, down each step and into the boot of the car. Finally, I felt like I was free. The motion of the car and the pounding of the rain kept my dozing in and out of sleep. I was still breathing. The beeping of the cars behind me, made me question my sanity, where am I? Did that just happen?

The boot opened. The sweet smell of cologne, suffocated me, more than he just did. He continued to cradle me through the woods, I begin to stoop, further and further to the ditch. Suddenly, I was dropped from what felt like thin air. He began to bury me. I knew this was my moment. I started to move.

Erratically, his soul left his body and shivers travelled down mine. His hand has never jerked so fast before, within a split second the shovel that had smothered me in dirt and sticks, was lurking over me, it smashed my skull to pieces. I made the wrong turn in my life; I should have left while I still had the chance.

He Loves me, I Promise!