

Good Night

Some people need a drink to enjoy themselves, others need a hit. Me? I just need a good night.

It's the same every afternoon. I rise at 3, wash the last night away and grab some grub. I open my cupboard to an army of red shirts and dark jeans pick up what I need from the side. Wait. Watch the clock. Tick. Tock.

I walk across town, I can't afford the bus. I'm too keyed up anyway. Some would say I should be used to this by now. Being used to it would somehow spoil the fun. I catch sight of myself in a shop window – I like how I stand out in red against the grey. It's kind of symbolic – me being different to the expected.

I walk past the bouncers; take a deep breath, fags and alcohol swarm my nose. Stupid people. Their thrills will kill them one day. There she is. I see her now. She's the one tonight- I won't bother asking her name. Beautiful but youthful, too youthful, seventeen at the oldest. Shame- I blame the parents. All these girls know men are after one thing, but there we go again with me being "different". More waiting. Hasn't she got school tomorrow? Finally, her friends leave, she gives me that look, she likes me. I go over, taking a bottle with me, she takes it, too drunk to even ask what it is. This is so easy it's almost boring. So easy that she signs herself away - suggesting she comes back to mine. Well, it's rude to refuse isn't it? However, being that drunk, she won't make it very far. Oh well, beggars can't be choosers. We leave, she's clinging on my arm, I take a sharp left down an alley way, she doesn't seem bothered. This is where I say goodnight.

I push her to the ground easily – she could barely walk anyway. One slash to the throat is all it takes. She bled more than the others did. Goodnight, sleep tight.

I've had a fix now. Yeah, it was a good night.

By Sapphire Rees and Juliet Hyde 10Z