

“Life”

Chapter 5

The conclusion

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“Oh my God you will not believe this!” Shouted Tanya.

“What’s that I’m in the shower,” shouted Destiny.

“We’re in the papers. This has got to be Kile’s work,” said Tanya “I cannot believe that scoundrel... he’s the most arrogant, self-centred..little pe-,”

Just then the door bell rang and Tanya, still red-faced and somewhat overcome with a little sweat in a skimpy dressing gown rushed to the door, somehow expecting Kile to be there. Yes, he was going to explain this. Of course. Yes and this time she wasn’t going to let him get away with this.

Opening the door she was greeted with flash bulbs and phosphorus. Somewhat dazed from this in the early morning, Destiny had taken her out for a celebratory drink at this flash cocktail bar in Soho. A sea of men clutching cameras, capturing her image into a prison of the lense.

“Her Tanya, you got Destiny in there with you?” Shouted one of the paparazzi whilst taking a little part of her again.

Flash, dark, flash, shutter, clip, clack, clock.

“Er ... yes.,” said Tanya.

“So where’s Kile then, does he know about you two?” Said another one.

“What? No we’re not doing that we just had a drink last night,” said Tanya.

“And what else, was the lesbo in there as well,” asked another paparazzi piranha.

“No, we, why you calling Aeofie a lesbo anyway, that’s not very nice!”

“So it’s true you are all in bed together!” Said another weaselly photographer.

“You’re like some concentration camp guards the lot of you,” shouted Tanya.

“Hey, I take offence to that, I’m a respected Daily Mail photographer.

“So what have you ever done that’s right then,” said a perplexed and ever more angry Tanya.

“I’ll have you know I photographed Diana’s arse in the nude. Takes a real professional to do that,” said a smug and totally serious photographer.

“Can I take a picture of your arse. I’ll make it worth it for you. Give you £300 for something like that,” asked another photographer.

“Look, who the fuck do you think I am,” said Tanya, “And £300? What are you trying to say?”

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And with that a red haze of a sunset of consciousness. She didn't remember much else but there were sirens later and one thing was sure the drasted photographers had gone. With Destiny coming out of the shower as Tanya lay down for a rest on the sofa.

"Hi Tan, did I miss anything, was some kind of noise out there?"

Tanya looked up and then collapsed into a hollow hangover daze.

Two Days Earlier:

"Hello, Daily Snail here," said a voice on the phone.

"Hi, I need to speak to someone, got a dishy story for you," said Aeofie.

"Yeah, tell me about it." Said the voice.

"Great news about that hot model, Destiny, a merchant banker and his bisexual girlfriend,"

"Okay, we can meet in 15 minutes. Want any money for this," said the voice.

"No revenge and discretion are all I desire," said Aeofie.

"Understood, Golder's Green in 15 minutes."

Aeofie was conscious of the problem, Kile hadn't taken the bait so she had to let out the story to get Kile. Somehow it all seemed sweet and soon she knew Tanya would come crying to her and be in her arms. She realised she might get into the paper, so she had been photoshopping pictures of herself all night until she got one of herself on a body she actually liked, which believe me is something that takes all night. She eventually settled for Kate Moss's body, somehow seeing an irony in it all.

Three Days later:

A doorbell rings at Aeofie's flat, she answers this. Tanya is there in tears. She bursts in crying, just like Aeofie had expected. Into her arms, soft arms. She was Tanya's mother for a moment. Somehow this was a moment to treasure. Even if this didn't work out, somehow to have Tanya for a moment in her arms made it all worthwhile.

"What's the matter hunnie?" Asked a wry Aeofie.

"Haven't you.. sob.. seen the .. squeally sob.. papers?" Said Tanya.

"No I haven't darling. What's happening?" Asked Aeofie.

"The papers seem to have it that I'm in bed with my best mate and Kile. At the same time.. and.." Said Tanya, still very fragile, still very weak.. still Aeofie's little baby.

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“Really, oh it must be that Kile up to his old tricks. You know he’s the worst kind of guy for you.”
Said Aeofie.

“I know, you’re always telling me that. He’s just gone too far now. I’m going to leave him. I’ve made up my mind,” said Tanya, somehow coming to find wings she never knew she had. Yet every bird begins life in a cage, whether nest or barred prison.

“You know if you needed to crash round here that would be okay,” said Aeofie.

“I don’t know, I just want to leave everywhere and everything, I’m going to move back to my grand father’s house.

“You mean.. no, you don’t need to go that far.. “ said Aeofie, now getting anxious, losing her cool to love. Wasn’t it kinda romantic.

“I don’t know but I’ve made my mind up. I’m going away for a long time and just going back to a simple life again away from the city and all it’s.. it’s,” said Tanya.

“No really, you mustn’t run away from things, you need to stay and work things out,” blurted out Aeofie.

“Really?” Said a more clear Tanya.

“Yes, really,” in a maternal voice.

“Maybe,” said Tanya.

“Yes, why not, so how about I help you get your stuff,” said Aeofie.

“Why would I need to get my stuff. You meant give Kile another chance,” said Tanya, “Didn’t you?”

“No, I mean, well, we can see how it goes,” stuttered a normally articulate Aeofie.

“Hey, I’ve never seen you stutter, you never seem to be off balance or ... hey, did you actually ... the papers said you were sleeping with Kile. Are you trying to get me an Kile to break up or something?”

Aeofie started to feel really guilty. Could she really do this to someone she loved. How could she? What had gotten into her? Why. She fell with her face into her hands.

“So.. so .. it’s true. You did let that story out. You want Kile for yourself. You .. you.. we were friends!” Said Tanya who then storms out. Tanya stopped at the street corner outside Aeofie’s flat, she looked up and saw a nightingale, flying. Everyone doesn’t understand, you don’t keep a nightingale locked up, it can’t sing, can’t sing, can’t sing. And then it dies. She made up her mind to free herself, a

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Keats nightingale. She phones Kile and leaves a message on his answerphone that she is leaving the country. Heathrow right now.

Aeofie felt dizzy, removed from the flat, removed from Britain, removed from this whole universe. Like more than the rug being pulled from under her, more than a pain for hunger so narrowly satiated by a small golden apple that became a ball of dust. She wished she could crumble. Yet then in the lapse of all that she saw a mirage, an apparition. A ghostly female figure appeared, beautiful and attractive.

"Am I going mad?" Said Aeofie.

"No, I'm here," said the ghost.

"So .. er.. you look like Sarah Michelle Gellar..is this some kind of postmodernist Cindarella or something?" Said Aeofie.

"Well you're sort of right. I'm here to help," said the ghost.

"So what do I do? All ears in mad crazy world here," said Aeofie.

"I know you've lost Tanya. That's a certainty. But have you thought how you could get revenge on Kile?"

"Really all ears here," said Aeofie.

"Simple, go to Kile, kill yourself in front of him, make a lot of noise and he'll be the one the police get," said the ghost.

"So it's simple as that is it," said Aeofie.

"You'll see this thing will just work out right," said the ghost as it disappeared.

Aeofie came to, knowing only one thing, revenge. And knowing another, love. She got a knife, and scribbled a letter for Tanya, hoping she would come back and read the explanation that Aeofie could not say. She wrote a poem, the healing:

"The Healing of a broken heart is one of the hardest things to do,
For the broken piece was the resting place , where you placed your faith into,
You put it there within your heart, as it was faith in someone else,
But the piece of heart you still have left,
Belongs to faith in your own true self,

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For this faith is the driving force of your spirit, your mind, your soul.

And holding on to faith in yourself will heal your heart and make you whole.

So forgive yourself for what's become, and forgive all others too,"

Kile's Office

"What are you doing, coming in here?" Shouted Kile.

"Do you expect something, do you want something, you bastard!" Shouted Aeofie.

"Look I'm not going to give you any money this time I'm prepared!" Said Kile, bellowing.

"Oh and I suppose you're making a recording of this conversation!" said Aeofie.

"Er..no," said Kile in a sheepish voice.

"Right, because I want you to hear this. Tanya found out about you and your story to the papers, and now she's leaving the country. But put in a call to the police. They'll be here in 5 minutes." Said Aeofie.

"What Tanya? And why the police," says Kile.

"Because I'm framing you for my murder," says Aeofie as she takes a gun out and shoots herself in the heart.

"Bugger," says Kile.

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