

The view from the window

I look up at the bright blue sky with the odd fluff of white cloud skidding across my view. It's all I can see from my bench bed, my only link with the outside world, a world I will never see again, a world I never want to see again.

Why did I do it? Oh God, what have I done? Mum? Mum, I want you. My tears mingle with the snot running freely down my face. I'm broken, never to be fixed, living a life of hell. Just like Gina and him. But they will never, ever be fixed.

I went with love and anger in my heart. Why did I go there yesterday ? I'd been brooding all day about why Gina had left me to move in with him. How could she? We had met at school when we were both 16, we were just meant to be together - I thought we were a forever item.

When she went away for a few days to her sister's graduation I'd had a bad day at work and I woke up in the night and wanted to tell her about it. I turned and put my arm out to reach out to her ... and she wasn't there. I was shocked and desolated at how much her not being there affected me. I texted her straight away and told her I loved and missed her and she texted back 'shut up and let me sleep, do you know what time it is?' But I could tell it was texted in a soft, loving way and I couldn't wait for the next day for her to come home to me again.

I went and bought her a ring first thing in the morning. I bought a picnic rug and a picnic basket and when I picked her up from the station I took her to our special place. It was a perfect day, the sun was shining, just like it is now, there were wild flowers and insects buzzing and I told her I loved her more than life itself and I wanted her to be my wife. The look on her face as she said yes will be forever etched in my mind - well I thought it would be, but I have a different image etched in my mind now.

We started making wedding plans - it would have to wait for a couple of years, but we were both so excited and our mums started talking about wedding outfits and such. But as time wore on she became more and more distant, 'they've increased my hours and I'm just so tired' was what she kept

telling me. 'No, I'm too tired.' became her response when I wanted to make love to her. I always made love to her, never just had sex. And then I came home from work 4 weeks ago and she was gone. No note, no nothing to explain, she had just disappeared and taken Lexi our rescue pup with her.

The sun has shifted in my sight line and I can see the rays playing with the dust as they stream through the window. The last image of Gina comes back to flood my eyes again.

Why did I go round? It had taken a bit of doing, but I'd finally found out where Gina and *he* had gone. At first I was going to go round and drag her back home, caveman style I suppose, but common sense prevailed and I finally made up my mind to be civil and just go and ask her why. It was the why bit that got me because I thought we were happy and in love and planning our wedding. I also wanted to see Lexi and maybe ask if she could come home with me if I couldn't change Gina's mind.

I knocked at the front door and she shouted a cheery 'Hang on I'm coming.'" and there she was. Her golden, wavy hair scrunched up into a bun thing, her pale blue, cropped top showing her tanned, perfect body; her tight, white shorts showed a faint v at the front. Her face changed from the cheery smile to a look of horror and fear. Why was she scared of me? I didn't intend to hurt her, just talk. She tried to shut the front door on me, but I pushed past her and went down the hall and through to the kitchen at the back. I just stood and looked out of the window trying to calm myself, my back to the kitchen. I saw Lexi chasing her tail in the garden. The trees in the woods at the back of the garden swayed and created dappled shade across the lawn even this late in the day. It was all so normal and totally at odds with the turmoil I was experiencing. This was a mistake, I turned to leave.

She stood behind me in the doorway and sneered at me, her earlier fear replaced by a mocking bravado, but I could see she was nervous. The sneer took me back to being a small child in the playground surrounded by the bigger boys, all sneering and taunting me for being a weed and kicking out at me and punching me. What had turned my beautiful Gina into this sneering bitch? My breath came more quickly and I could feel the anger that I had been determined to suppress rising in my chest.

“Why Gina?” I asked.

“Because you are such a weak nobody and I wanted a real man. A man who is twice the man that you will ever be. A man who will be home shortly to make proper love to me and make me feel like a woman, not just a play thing.”

The knife that was on the kitchen top found its way into my hand and then ... nothing, until I looked down and saw Gina lying in a pool of blood, slash marks across her perfect body, her eyes wide open. I couldn't bear to see her looking at me so I turned her head to the wall and just stared at what a moment of madness had done.

I heard Lexi whimpering in the garden to be let in. I heard HIM open the front door shouting for Gina asking if they had time for a quickie before dinner. I panicked. I stood behind the kitchen door and he didn't know what had hit him. My first thought had been to knock him out and run, but seeing this good looking, strong man lying unconscious on the floor beside Gina reawakened the anger in me and this time I knew what I was doing and just stabbed and stabbed and stabbed. The floor was sticky with their mingled blood so I went to the door and took my shoes off and went into the garden. I was in shock. What had I done? I had destroyed the one thing in my life that I valued more than life itself. I had taken her life. I sat down and started to cry, Lexi came with her tail wagging and sat beside me leaning her body against mine and licked the tears.

I stayed there all night with Lexi curled up beside me. I woke with the dawn and the awakening realisation of what I'd done hit the pit of my stomach like a stone. My panic of yesterday was gone, but I desperately wanted my Mum, so I rang her. I don't remember our conversation, but I ended up hysterical again. She calmly told me to stay where I was and she would come to me. I stayed in the garden with Lexi and my thoughts ... and then I heard the sirens, then car doors slamming and voices. Then footsteps as two policemen came round the back of the house. They were startled to see me sitting with my dog and approached carefully. “Now then son,” said the older of the two policeman, “What's all this about your girlfriend?”

“I killed her and her new man.” There, I’d said it as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

So now I’m sitting in a cell, looking at the changing sky through the small window at the top of the wall. Huge, black thunderclouds are gathering. I’m broken and nothing can fix me. I now have an air of calm acceptance on the outside at least.

The cell door opens and the kindly copper from before says, “Come on lad we’ve got some more questions about what happened yesterday.”

I get up and look down. Why are my feet covered in these funny slipper things; and why have I got a paper suit on?

“ No questions. I did it. I killed my Gina and HIM. I don’t want to relive it again.” I have relived it over and over and over, ever since I woke up this morning.

“Sorry mate, it’s the rules.” he said kindly. How can he be kind to such a monster?

“I just want my Gina back, and my Mum and Lexi.” “That’s not possible, but if it’s any comfort Lexi has gone to your Mum.”

And he lead me away to make me relive what I’d done - just like groundhog day.