

Evie's Story

By Lo-Arna Collins

I still remember that night like it had only just happened. The details in my mind are so precise, so vivid it's hard to believe it was so many years ago. The memory has taken on a dream like quality and although it is a memory that is sharp and fresh to my mind, I am having a hard time convincing myself it was in fact, real.

I remember it was a big storm, huge and I was stuck out in it. I'd lost track of time shopping and knew I might have worried my family so hurried to the elevator to go back down to the ground floor and hopefully get the bus home. The elevator was quiet and after going down one floor, a young man got in. His smell hit me first, a grown up smelling aftershave, his stance and confidence hit me second. His easy, lazy smile, the friendly glint in his eye. He pushed the button and jammed his hands in his pockets.

The next thing I remember is nothing, total blackness. Neither of us spoke for a moment and I felt disoriented, it wasn't until his swore quietly I realised the elevator had stopped. There was a rustling sound and then a tiny light lit up the elevator space, he had lit his lighter. I remember looking at the little wrinkles on his thumbs and calloused fingers.

"I'm Evan." He said easily.

We talked for hours about our lives; I told him of my brother fighting in the conflict in Afghanistan, how overbearing and protective my mother had become as a result, and Dad burying himself in work. He told me about his life and how it bored him so, how he ached for something more.

When the lights came back on, our time was over and with a smile and a handshake we went back to our separate lives.

And yet, something about that night always stayed with me. It wasn't until many years later, after I had collected both a husband and a child that I saw him again. Looking every bit the hopeless frumpy housewife in my stained, ripped, unflattering and oversized sweats I couldn't face him- so I quickly put down the packet of laundry detergent I had been holding and rocketed out of there as fast as humanly possible.

Fate wasn't done with me yet, oh no. On a girl's night out with my best friend turned step mother, good old fate stepped in again. (I know, this just keeps getting better right? My dad running off with my best friend can you imagine! Think of my poor mother, she'd been letting Stella in the house since we were

5 and now Dad is married to her, yuck!)

Anyway, there he was, Evan; Sitting on a bar stool looking very relaxed and downright delicious. Colour immediately sprung to my cheeks and my heart raced. He must have sensed me looking because he looked up and right into my eyes. I gulped and turned away but I could still feel his gaze burning my profile. Once Stella returned with our drinks I scurried off with a quick glance, he was wearing a 'don't I know you' expression which I chose to ignore.

It wasn't long before he found me however. And he pieced it together, he got us drinks and we talked- it was nice. What followed was a series of coffee catch ups and harmless movie dates but I wanted more, much more. Eventually it became an intense affair which blossomed into true love.

His called his girlfriend 'her' and said the relationship was life sucking. She certainly knows how to suck the life out of people, I suppose that is why I am lying in this damp grass right now, bleeding to death. I feel death approaching and I'm not scared. Evan's girlfriend executed her revenge on me. Her sweet revenge she called it. I just hoped she wouldn't hurt him.

The events that led me to this situation, I cannot regret and so I spend my final moments remembering every part of Evan, his voice, his smile, his eyes, and his smooth musky smelling skin. I think of my child too and how I will never see her grow into the woman she should be. As I take my final shaky breath I hear her mutter bitterly "Mum, I hope it was worth it, bitch."

It was.

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