

No Regrets

By Alexei Edwards

As I look up at the cold, colourless ceiling, with patterns and shapes that are drawn from my own rather dreary imagination, I wonder whether I actually hold any regrets. I don't mean generally; I am of course being more specific, referring to a particular event, or rather a series of events that in due course you will be privy to and can decide for yourself as to whether I should hold any forbearance for my actions.

My behaviour was met with unprecedented and unanimous ignominy but I still maintain that what I did was correct and true to my own hymn sheet.

I did not deviate once from what my instincts instructed me to do and I shall never do that until the day that I die for I believe that is duplicity that cannot be forgiven, and will not be forgotten.

This significant episode in my life began on an average working day. I had been working at a job for around 6 months. I'm not going to describe the particular details of the job because they are so fucking boring it will be nothing but soporific for you poor, poor reader. To abbreviate, I will say that it is an office job.

I had my own personal desk, my own personal extension number, pot plant- you get the idea. I was part of a fucking system that would chew me up and spit me out the second my presence became superfluous but I couldn't give a flying fuck because I was using them just as much as they were.

Anyway, I don't want to take such a self-righteous stance because that kind of behaviour puts a bad taste in my mouth, so please excuse me, it was a verbal paroxysm and I will try not to let it happen again!

In short, I hated this fucking job. I stayed with it because the money wasn't too bad and I couldn't be bothered to find something new. I guess I had fallen foul of the universal human flaw of habit! It's a real fucking crux when you get involved in something, whether it's a job or whatever, and even if it proves to be destructive to your overall paradigm, habit and apathy dictates whether you can be bothered to escape that fucking existence. Anyway, I digress and I fear I may bore the (just-about) living fuck out of you.

My peers however never noticed my bitterness and propensity for polemic because I used to disguise this part of myself. Most of my colleagues knew me to be quite amiable, not exactly approachable but by no means reproachable. I was known to be good at my job and if I were set a task, I would complete it to the standard required. I suppose if I was to receive an appraisal or something to that effect I would be labeled competent. You would not get any more or any less, just what was expected. That in my book is

what you should do if you're involved in work that doesn't exactly rouse your being but is merely a means to an end.

In my case, the end was the paycheque at the end of the month.

The first two weeks of my office job flew by. It was full of introductory nonsense; here's who you're going to be working with, canteen, toilet, vending machine, fire exit, blah blah, blah. I must admit, contrary to my tone, I didn't actually mind it. I love getting paid to do basically nothing.

Once I started actually working in the office, I felt quite content as I was left to my own devices and there was rarely any interruption from my colleagues.

A young girl sat close to me; Jane was her name. I quite liked her as she was cheerful and easy going. It takes a lot for me to like someone and this woman exuded something that was not present in most people. This was not an act of diplomacy on her part and I think there was an honesty about her that was rare in any office environment; no, scratch that, any fucking environment!

We didn't really speak very much and when we did, the conversation was surface level but it was enough for me to see that she had a good heart. It makes me smile to think of her! She took care of herself physically and she always gave off a sweet floral odour. If I really concentrate, I can still smell it now. Jane truly was the light in my darkness.

My darkness was exposed by another who I was unfortunate enough to share the office with and he changed everything for me. There was no introduction and to this day I cannot recollect a moment when I actually spoke to him, but there was something about him that riled me. I can't quite place my reasoning for this seemingly innate burden of hate that I carried around with me but it existed and I could not ignore it. Sometimes you meet someone and for absolutely no particular reason, you hate them. Some might say that the reason I have such a profound dislike for this particular person is because he is a mirror to the facets of my personality that I despise in myself. I say bollocks to that; the guy was an absolute cunt, plain and simple!

The name of this sack of bile was Graham. He sat on a desk to the left of me and spoke with an air of self-importance and pretention that I despised.

Once I'd noticed this heap that sat almost in my eye line, I began to observe him and could not stop. This was done surreptitiously and not in a perverted way but just to see whether my instincts were instructing me correctly. There was something magnetic in my hatred for this person. It may appear bizarre that I hated him and I searched for a greater purpose and more information to despise this man

with but I just needed it like a bulimic needs to puke. There was no specific incident I could cite that justified my sheer derision for this man but it was an inkling that I just simply trusted. The more I observed, the more I saw that within the idiosyncrasies of his behaviour, he was a man who was simply filling up a space, a space that could be filled by someone of a greater stature; a corpse perhaps.

I observed the way he ate; literally shoveling food in to his mouth. It seemed that as soon as he began to eat, he wanted to finish and subsequently, he launched the food into his mouth without giving himself the opportunity to chew what was previously put in there. It was absolutely disgusting! I couldn't stand the way he would ask to borrow something and at the same time gesture to take it as if he presumed the person would automatically say yes. When I began to explore the minutiae of this man's behaviour, I knew this would lead me in to a maelstrom of hatred that would begin to spiral out of control, and I was absolutely right. I could not however control myself. A healthy man would turn away at this point and direct his consciousness into more positive and worthwhile pursuits. I am a sick man, and thus had a rather peculiar desire to feed this hatred more until I was completely possessed by it, like some kind of sadistic sustenance.

I know at this point that perhaps people would perceive me to be slightly obsessed and maybe there might be a legitimate case for that label however I do not care one fucking iota as I maintain that I did what I felt was right.

Jane unknowingly provided me with moments of solace when my anger would get a little too overwhelming, or when Graham was not in the office for whatever fucking reason.

With me being me, I only ever engaged Jane in the general daily niceties I could afford most people, with a few exceptions of course. She got the 'good morning' and the closing, 'have a good evening' which I am sure she appreciated. With most, I would elucidate these conventional and banal words but with her, my sentiments were genuine. I guess in retrospect, this deceptive behaviour is probably a contradiction to my 'be honest' philosophy but fuck it, you live and you learn eh.

I preferred to observe her when she thought no one was looking. There was a certain grace in her mannerisms and a benign mystique that I saw within her that would permeate my day with positive thoughts. I can't quite explain what it was, it was just a feeling and I simply don't have the language to articulate it.

There were times I really valued just working in such close proximity to this woman and unfortunately she will never know this but alas, that's just the way it goes sometimes. I could perhaps be

seen as some strange kind of social vampire, leeching off the serenity and inner peace that Jane seemed to radiate.

I guess what mainly changed my finely balanced emotional equilibrium was Jane's seemingly sudden decision to leave her role in the office for pastures new.

That's the kind of cliché people like to throw up isn't it! 'Pasture's new,' as if we have lost all sense of originality and the capacity to create our own little sayings. We have the broadest vocabulary of all and yet we get stuck within the confines of limited forms of response that seems to me to be the epitome of mediocrity.

Anyway, excuse my digression, I get overwhelmed by feelings of unsubstantiated rage and when they occur, they have to be purged. I know I was essentially criticising myself but I was merely trying to force a point.

Yes so, when Jane left, my equilibrium was destroyed and I had nothing to balance my hatred for Graham and so its intensity grew exponentially.

At first, I could picture Jane and it would bring me a form of solace but not in the same way as having her there physically. I was just clinging on to something false, something that was no longer there. Ibsen called it a ghost if my memory serves me correctly- fucking obvious if you ask me.

I took this to be a sign that I should now confront my feelings for Graham directly instead of distracting myself with these now petty matters. Jane had provided a meaningful and momentary distraction but that is all; a distraction.

It was a Monday and the cold sterile office light stared into my tired eyes, everything seemed generic and indistinct, lacking in any kind of character. This was an office, and it wasn't pretending to be anything else. There was nothing remotely pleasing to the eye about it and I absolutely hated it with every fibre in my body. I have an absolute derision for anything that has been plastered together with no thought or care, like Katie Price for example. I do realise that was joke that could have possibly been avoided and what I have to say can now be ridiculed a little owing to the mention of the plastic bandit's name but I could not give an aerodynamic fuck, she's a cunt and a topical cunt at that!

Graham stepped in to the office and without even having to look away from the computer, I sensed him arrive. I could hear him breathe; I isolated his footsteps from everyone else's and focussed specifically on his movements, like a wolf.

My thoughts completely closed down, I no longer played out these small vignettes of hatred in my

mind, and I simply came to terms with what I was feeling. This is a frame of mind that I will not forget and was the culmination of months of derision towards this man.

I stood up and moved towards him without directly looking at the target. I carried a scalpel in my hand and approached where he sat. Nothing else existed aside from Graham and me. This was a moment of pure exaltation. I stood over this oafish cunt of a man; cool, relaxed and in total control of my faculties. I then proceeded to stab him continuously, stabbing as hard as I could.

He died trying to slouch over me. Even in his death throes I absolutely hated this fucking human being. The blood that covered my usually immaculate white shirt annoyed me. This man was the personification of all the hate that lay within me. There was no courage in his death, he died with a small whimper; it was pathetic. Surprisingly enough, no one came to try and disarm me. I think secretly, everyone wanted him dead and I was the only one willing to carry it out. Instead people just cowered, probably in fear that I would continue this seeming random act of violence. After I had concluded that he was probably dead, I returned to my desk and stared in to the screensaver that now hypnotically swam across my screen. The police eventually came in and I went quietly. After all, I didn't have a problem with anyone other than Graham.

What do I have now to show for my act of truth and courage, a small indistinct room with bars across the windows. This space is a close relation to the fucking office I used to work in

I now lie within this cell and you know what, I have absolutely no fucking regrets and given the opportunity, I would do it again; quite happily in fact. I believe, as I have previously stated, that a man, or woman for that matter, should follow their instincts to the end. I saw no alternative than to remove this Graham from the world. It was just something I had to do and I implore those that have a similar inclination to act accordingly- this world is full of too many cunts!

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