

I sat for a few moments watching the spidery pattern spread across the glass in scarlet strands. It hypnotised me, and I became lost in a muted, slow motion blur until the grumble of the frustrated passengers on board mixed with the screams of those on the platform. The whole station began to reek with anger, sadness, terror, and confusion. Some people reacted as if death is contagious, and ran to be far from it. They don't realise we all have it. And I didn't realise I could do it. Kill. It scared me - well He scared me. His blurred face. His guts. I've imagined it happening just the way it did - daydreamed about it I suppose. Did that mean I made it happen I wonder? I like to think that sometimes. That it was my fault. It's easier to be in control than someone things happen to. Things had happened so much til they lost all meaning, and didn't even feel like happenings, but background stuff instead - like the music in a restaurant that you don't even notice is there and can't make out what it is. I want to hit people when they tell me I mustn't blame myself. As if they want to take away the only definite thing I've done. The thing that made a noise, that changed people, that made a difference. And I did that. And it did change everything. No one has been the same to me since. I have been hugged, touched, and noticed, listened to, tip-toed around, and whispered about. And Forgiven. Not for this. No one's blaming me for this. But forgiven for things from long ago. I don't understand why, but maybe they like feeling sorry for me. And everyone wants to know so much about it. How did I feel? What did I see? Did I know straight away? What sound was there? So I tell them - excited, blood, yes, thud. And yet they want more... "Excited you say?", "Yes, Excited" I say. It - He - made me jump, and adrenalin zipped through my veins. I couldn't help it. And you wanted to know. So I've told you.