



“**W**hy are you doing this?” You manage to utter.
Her tears are dragging mascara down from her eyes, and she is trembling with every breath, sending shudders through the black lightning down her cheeks.

“I’m still dying here. I can feel it. Everything inside me is shutting down.”

“Then why come back here?”

The knife is still held out, pointed at your chest. “There’s nothing left for me to do... all I wanted was a place where I could mean something.”

You try to form more words, but the room is flickering, and you can’t even make out even how close Jill is to you.

“I.....” You feel like you’re drifting away. “Please... put down the knife.”

She is almost on top of you now.

You close your eyes, anticipating, bracing for the feeling of the knife through your flesh.

And then, with an anticlimactic, almost gentle whump, Jill collapses onto the kitchen floor.

The last of her life-force fades into nothingness. And strangely, as she passes from reality into the land of the dead, she looks almost happy - you could almost imagine that she is simply sleeping, dreaming of her favourite things.

Oriana is staggering into the room. At the sight of her approach, you feel an almost explosive return of clarity - and she too is crying. Were you crying? You didn’t notice.

Jill’s body is still beside you.

It doesn’t disappear into static, or fall apart into pieces of forgotten fantasy.

It just lies there. A dead body in the apartment.

Ori kneels beside you, and you hold each other, aghast.

“That’s the end of it all, isn’t it.” You don’t know whether she’s saying it to convince you or herself. But it doesn’t matter.

“Yes.” You reply, softly. “It is.”



Faces

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A	D	M
D		A
J	V	H

U	P	F
M		O
S	T	R

G	H	T
Q		C
T	S	E

U	R	E
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G	B	I
N		X
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D	G	I
A		M
K	L	P

A - Z: 8, 5, -8 -9, 4, 14 -1, -6, 3 -2, 3, -1 7, -16, -7 14, 0, -4