\_\_\_\_ unceremoniously chucked her beer bottle into the air. It shattered against a lamppost, the shards killing 11 members of the fly colony that had long festered in front of its light. 2 deaths have yet to be reported to their families.

I put my own flask down on the asphalt and wiped my mouth.

“When you're done...” I breathed “...taking your angst out on inanimate objects...I would like you to come up with an excuse...”

She was striding up and down, huffing and muttering to herself, looking like the devil was whispering in her left ear.

I cleared my throat;

“I-"

“You want me to lie?”, she stopped and looked towards me.

“No, I want you to come up with an excuse. Now that's quite different you see beca-"

“What kind of excuse?”

“Any kind. The most absurd if you wish, just as long as you do it because, that's, you know, what's considered socially appropriate in these situ-"

“That sounds like the kind of stupid psychological crap you come up with.”

“Will you let me goddamn finish?”

I banged my head on the door of my rusty car. She flinched, more out of reflexes than fear. She hadn't stopped staring at me, though I then realized she was rather staring through me, as if not seeing a broke college boy but another obscure figure that existed only in her mind. She resumed her striding.

We were on the top level of an old multi-storey carpark in the suburbs of the City, once a religious destination for Saturday mall-shoppers. Then those malls had lost their popularity, quickly replaced by the more convenient in-town locations, and the whole district fell to ruins. Now the only action these parking lots ever got were the gang fights of local cholos, the occasional teenage joy ride and, I suspect, a few corpse disposals. I was sitting with my legs sprawled in front of me and my back resting on the cool metal of my dear camaro. She was hell-bent on consuming the asphalt with her incessant circling. It was not unlike her, to loose control of her body while in deep thought. She used to try hiding this, but now hardly cared whether I noticed yet another one of her bizarre habits.

“I am tired, so tired, of having to constantly round you up and interrogate you on the hows whens and whys. If you had an ounce of care left in you (which I'm sure you do despite your desperate attempts to try and convince me of the opposite) you would skip all the *I'm so sorry I'll never do this again* bullshit and tell me what the fuck is up.”

Once again she halted, but did not look at me. She hopped on the peripheral wall that surrounded the storey and towered a good 100 feet from the ground. She crouched like a mantis and held up a finger- just picturing the drop behind her made my knees weak. Then, looking at no one in particular to my far right, she said to him,

“Why do you want to know this? What for? You know you won't like it?”

A good minute of silence passed while I wondered if she was asking out of contempt or genuine curiosity. She was still frozen in that ridiculous position.

“Because,” I said through gritted teeth, “though you will haste to believe it, I have grown used to you and your hellish presence, and seeing you in this turmoil makes me feel-bad"

“Bad?”

“Bad.”

Finally she looked into my eyes and smiled crookedly. It was all I could do not yank her down and place a good, wet kiss on her lips.

“Shall we start from the beginning then?”

“From the beginning"

I relaxed my shoulders for what was going to be the longest, longest and scariest rollercoaster ride of my life.