

About 1000 words

Casanova

I should have looked around longer.

I settled too quickly.

I signed a year lease for a shitty-apartment-in-a-better-neighborhood:
no bedroom; no natural light; and ugly, stained wall-to-wall carpet.

From the first day I moved into Casanova's building, there was tension. The man who was so nice to me before has turned into a sex-starved monster right before my eyes. I don't feel safe with him living at the end of the hall.

Casanova The Slumlord doesn't seem interested in change.

My new digs stink.

And now my whole life stinks.

He gave me a deal on the rent, but that doesn't give him the right to touch my ass every time he sees me. It's horrible to be here.

He doesn't care.

He just wants money and a quick fuck.

Casanova knocks on my front door at 10pm and flashes me a drunken cheesy smile. The fly of his pants is undone.

I happen to be a little drunk, too.

We argue. I'm getting louder by the minute and hope someone hears me. Casanova tells me that he thinks I'm sexy when I get mad.

--And I snap; big time.

I start screaming and Casanova shoves me into my apartment and pushes me to the floor. The creep tries to calm be down with his big hands. I squirm like a bug. He doesn't see me tuck his fat wallet into my pocket.

"Tonight isn't a good night to fuck with me, Casanova. I'll rip you a new asshole!!!"

My box of wine is doing all the talking for me. Casanova tells me for the fourth time that he really wants to fuck me tonight.

I'm too drunk and angry to let anyone fuck me.

I warn Casanova again and again pointing my finger in his puffy face.

"This place stinks!" I say.

"It stinks!"

"IT STINKS!"

--And then I black out.

Holy.

Fucking.

Hell.

--I come to.

The last act of a scary movie.

I'm yanking and pulling and tugging round and round the apartment.

My fingernails are bloody and torn down to the quick.

But I'm winning.

Christ. I've only lived here a month. What's happening to me?

On the floor, I plunge my best knife from the kitchen violently downwards. It's a horrible, gritty feeling at first. I huff and grunt and yank the knife towards me with all my strength. The first slice overcomes me with relief.

Diabolical.

Puncture. All I smell is burst bladder.

Out of control --yet *in control* at the same time.

There's blood in my mouth --a bit lip?

His is ruined.

All scrapped up, yet I'm still winning.

I know what I'm doing is wrong and I'll get found out. I don't care anymore.

Evidence to hide.

For hours, my shitty-apartment-in-a-better-neighborhood is full of sloppy hacking and cutting with a sharper blade I found in the utility drawer.

I disassociate and toss jagged pieces left and right with no regard for life or property. *His stuff* is flying everywhere.

I've gone quite insane and I will do whatever it takes to get away with this.

Four in the morning.

The deed's finally done and I'm drenched in blood and sweat. My mess is bagged up into about a dozen, manageable-sized plastic bags and stacked at the door. I know there's too much to put it in the dumpster behind my building. I change clothes and clean myself up the best I can. The bags of evidence are quietly arranged in my car in the loading zone. All my neighbors appear to be sound asleep.

I'm still a bit tipsy as I put the car in "D" and head to the city park. The first bag is tossed in the trash between the swing sets and the slides. I find a random bus stop ten blocks away and fling the second bag out of the driver's side window and into a large trash bin without even getting out of my car. In a haze, I dispose of each and every bag in different cans and dumpsters all over town. No one gives me a second glance.

I stop at the McDonald's twenty-four hour drive-thru and get an Egg McMuffin Extra Value Meal with a coffee. Casanova's credit card appears to be valid and pays for my meager meal.

I return to my apartment as the sun rises. By the door is forgotten bag of the stinky carpet I shredded a few hours ago. One bag shouldn't draw too much attention from my neighbors, so I walk it to my designated dumpster behind the building. I hear Casanova snoring through his open window by the recycling.

He's lucky I didn't kill him --hands all over me like that.

I don't care if *Casanova The Slumlord* gets mad at me: that disgusting carpet had to go.

Despite disobeying the lease, I'm already a happier tenant. It no longer stinks in my shitty-apartment-in-a-better-neighborhood. The rancid smell of dog piss from the previous tenant went away with the urine-stained carpet I sliced and diced and spread all over town. Casanova and I can stop fighting about it. He will thank me for this later.

In a few hours, I will go shopping and pay for the installation of new wall-to-wall carpet with slumlord's credit card.

In a few days, if Casanova promises to stop touching me, he can have his wallet back.