

Girl Crush

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At the very back of the classroom, a girl had already tuned out the lecture in favour of doodling on the sides of her notebook. Pretty soon, that bored her too, so she ended up admiring the person sitting in front of her. She had got used to it: a glimpse of her long, crimson hair prompted her to start daydreaming about running her own fingers through it. Would it feel as soft as it seemed? Would it leave a faint trace of shampoo on her hands? Would she be able to, once and for all, get a lungful of her lemony perfume? She wished the day would finally arrive when she could finally bring herself to utter a word to the other girl. From the scarce interactions they had shared- a borrowed pencil here, some shared notes there- she had pegged her as a friendly person, her lips always curved in a smile, a kind comment always on the tip of her tongue. Whenever that smile was directed at her, it would make her blood sing. Would it be too difficult to get her alone? A fleeting moment, less than ten minutes. No many words needed. In the bathroom, maybe? No, too corny. A cliché. She did not want to be remembered as a cliché girl. She wanted to leave her own mark. Her very own brand. At the café nearby, perhaps? The other girl always held study groups there, helping students who needed a hand with a particular subject... The professor slammed the door shut. Oh well. That day would not be The Day.

Yet she kept meeting The Girl (that was her designated name) everywhere. It was as if fate was whispering in her ear: “Here’s your chance, take it.” She would cross paths with her at dawn, choosing to ride the same bus to university; at Biology AP lessons; or at random parties; she would also see her out in the park, having a drink with some anonymous guy. Her own resolve was weakening, and she could not deny that such a fixation was not far from receiving the title of ‘obsession’. She could not help herself, though – her dreams were plagued with The Girl’s face, with the vision of her eyes sparkling in the middle of the night. She was curious about whether, supposing it happened someday, it would alter her life – would she be able to smell her perfume, even days after it happened? Would she be able to remember, to vividly recall it night after night, until another spark came to life?

Would the wait be worth it, at last?

A night out with some classmates brought her to the right time and place. Her breath reeked of alcohol, but the shots she had drunk were not enough to blur her judgement. She was a girl with a purpose, and she was committed to it.

Getting the Girl alone was an easy task. A few murmured greetings, some dull small talk, and something like: “The lights are making me dizzy; would you mind keeping me company outside?” did the trick. With some

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bubble pop blasting on the background, she put a hand on the waist of her companion and guided her to a gloomy, secluded alley – one hand always in the pocket of her jacket. Once outside, they breathed in the cold night air, a welcome change from the stuffy bar. They implicitly decided to share a cigarette, and when their eyes met again, the air felt constrained with possibilities – but only one of the girls knew exactly how the night would end.

It happened on a whim – with one hand she pushed the other girl to the wall, the shared height difference meant a great advantage for what would come next. A quick hand sweep and the sharp pen knife was already on the redhead's neck. It only took a cutting movement to draw a thin, maroon line on the previously unblemished skin. Two hands tried to catch all the gushing blood, but it was too much, and it slipped through her fingers at an alarming pace. The executioner did not even bat an eyelid, just stood there, witnessing how the life drained out of her in what felt like hours, though it may have only been a couple of minutes. Once the Girl was lying on the floor, red streaks interweaving together with the flowers on her blouse, she took out the scissors.

[TV voice] “Campus Killer strikes again! – Police has reported another body found, with same MO as the 4 other girls: neck gashed open and a whole lock of hair missing. Inside sources report the suspect to be a male, taller than average, probably attends local university, has possibly interacted with the victim before.”