

AND THIS IS POINTINGS

The next time vision was restored to him he was hurtling down a haunted inner city street. Heart and legs in wild panic of fleeing but he was chasing. Morrison and Derek were ahead of him and they were flying like Anubis was nuzzling their neck hairs. It was a gaming console contest as they hurtled through a canyon of concrete; cliffs on both sides; hell below.

It was Morrison trying to prove his dominance again even though his smoking output shamed a coal fired power plant. They hurtled round a corner all leather, hair and loquacious breathing. In the centre of the street was a homeless street dweller. His eyes pupated as they bore down on him and his hand was a whip of black into the clothes for the obvious weapon. Morrison and Derek didn't see the movement; Griffin saw flashes of a ghost future and his mind screamed in negatives. He raised his hands in a gesture of no harm as the man crab skittled across the road before the dead boys reached him. They flew past as the man started physically twitching.

At the end of the street, Griffin could no longer run because of the pain in his chest. He turned to look at the street dweller quickly shuffling away, who also glanced back. Their eyes connected for an instant and so many misunderstandings were sent across the invisible silver wire spanning the void. Griffin shook his head at how little life was valued in inner city Johannesburg, then shook harder for how fucked up and beyond redemption Africa was.

He turned the corner to see the flashing sign of destination: 'ALICE D'. Home to every severely alternative, gothic and cross dressing fruit loop in the city. It was also the easiest score for the reason they were there. ALICE D.

A different kind of darkness now, different chairs and a different smell of weird. He turned back to the surrounding ovaltine faces of Derek and Morrison with Mikey the dyke between them, in a wedding dress. Mikey was desperately trying to get a minuscule drug tab out of tinfoil and split it with his fingers.

The dyke was one of the few people Griffin had met that looked gaunt and fat; pink and pale at the same time. His consumption of lysergic acid was legendary, more so for the fact that he had never become a casualty or had a bad trip, except for the time his father turned into the Easter bunny and came at him, but he said that didn't count as he kind of enjoyed it.

Mikey was looking nervous.

'Man I don't like this, this is bad.' he said, head flicking every which way but down.

'What?' Derek asked threateningly.

'Heard there might be a raid tonight. Cops still cleaning up after those punks kicked that skinhead's head in last week.'

'Relax.' Griffin said, not feeling sick anymore and out of his tense character,

'When we get to that bridge, we'll jump.'

Mikey looked up with his gaunt eyed smile and winked before popping the tab into a glass of water, he swirled it and passed it around.

Big Derek took the last swig and said threateningly, 'You better not have got that water from the bar, who knows what other crap will be in there.'

It was the occasional comment like this that showed up that Derek was in fact the same age as Griffin's older sister and the guy had been around longer than the others. Though associations with his beloved sister didn't make the guy any less of a tosser in Griffin's eyes.

Dancing, was the next thing Griffin knew he was doing. He was twisting under incredible strobes on a chess dancefloor. He had no idea how he got there or where the others were. He didn't know if it was the drugs or something else but the blackouts had been happening all night and were starting to worry him. He was proud of his record of only ever blacking out twice in his life but tonight was different and something not ordinary was on the occur.

The acid was kicking in and the colours were too strong. He tripped and cavorted to a fireman pole on the edge of the dancefloor and clung to it in desperation, waiting for a quick subsidation of dizziness, then lurched to a dark bench covered in the chess tiles. He fell there rather than sat down. He put his head in his hands.

Checkmate mate - you're fucked. he thought.

He started acid giggling at this unfunny.

'What's the joke?' asked some girl voice from somewhere. He didn't look up immediately; first trying to verify if it was real or in his head.

'Well?' said the same voice.

No no, that's definitely coming from the outside. he thought

He raised his head from his hands cautiously, so as not to alarm his set-off mind. He saw a pretty face with too much make up and red hair around it residing over black stockings and predictable combat boots.

Griffin said the first thing that came to his lateral mind's eye as it looked at the prettiness,

'Nice skull decoration.'

Jeez, where the hell did that come from? he thought.

'What?' the girl said, face screwing up and looking away for the maybe exit.

'It's a compliment,' he said, trying to recover, 'It means you're pretty.'

'Oh...thanks...I think.'

'That's quite alright,' he said, confidence recovered. He settled back into the bench and started to relax a little. Smiling his best smile.

She turned the pretty head to him direct and asks in a slightly excited tone,

'You're Griffin Ganymede aren't you?'

'Yes, how'd you-'

'I saw you on the dancefloor. We were at primary school together, I'm Linda Merrington, remember?'

'Oh shit! It is you too, I didn't even recognise you! I haven't seen you since we where what, twelve?'

'Yeah, yeah, what high school did you land up going to?'

The conversation descended into catch-up and comparisons while the thoughts descend into copulation. Linda was the first girl Griffin had ever French kissed, they'd always had an attraction to each other and at one pre-adolescent party when they were playing a kissing game, she had shoved her tongue deep into his mouth. He remembered it vividly. The experience at the time was more shock and surprise than anything else at this new sensation.

Linda fucking Merrington. he thought.

He felt the attraction between them as their eyes locked. They both smiled at this self awareness and kept the conversation going with what they were up to in their present lives. The beast of teenage sexual potency rushed out of its dark cave to surge through every part of Griffin's body. He kept smiling while trying to suppress it, all effort at the moment going into not getting a hard on in this light. They talked for a while and as they did the alcohol and drugs worked to concentrate Griffin's desire into a concentration of frenzy. She tilted her head slightly and angled her breasts more towards him, opening herself up more all the time.

Griffin felt a different kind of shifting inside him, his emotions quivered. He tried to

control it but something had now changed. The left and right sections of his forehead came together like tectonic plates with a fault line in the middle as his face scrunched up in pain. He felt his feelings being evaluated; tried to fight it.

‘So I thought, I’m not going back there and - hey, you alright?’ asked Linda, seeing his face crunch.

‘Yeah fine,’ said G/griffin, ‘still got a little pain from a car accident the other week?’

‘Shit.’ she said. ‘You okay?’

‘I can handle it.’ he said smiling.

‘Doesn’t stop you from doing anything does it?’

‘No.’ he affirmed, smiling wider. Linda’s face also broke out into a much wider smile

He put his hand on hers, she smiled again and left he hand where it was while continuing to tell him about something he was not even listening to.

It rose in interest. He *wanted* her. Everything in the body was screaming. It wasn’t just sexual either. He wanted to control and dominate her, for **it** found in the mind that this was all sex was - affirmation of the perception of yourself that the mind’s eye looks for when you look in the face of other people. His mind wanted that perception of itself to be looking at him from her face. And this would be done through his control of it during sex. The shifting in his pants wanted it too. It was time to take over.

‘Do you want to get out of this place?’ griffin asked Linda, leaning in closer to her.

‘Definitely.’ she replied.

They both rose and made their way through the misty darkness of the nightclub, holding hands as they exited into the musty charcoal night.