Write a transgressive text, remembering that *transgressive fiction is a genre of literature that focuses on characters who feel confined by the norms and expectations of society and who use unusual and/or illicit ways to break free of those confines. Because they are rebelling against the basic norms of society, protagonists of transgressional fiction may seem mentally ill, anti-social and/or nihilistic. The genre deals extensively with taboo subject matters such as drugs, sex, violence, incest, pedophilia, and crime*. Remember in your writing of this genre that transgressional writing is not gratuitous but serves an aesthetic purpose!

Week 4

*Nine months, seventeen days since I last saw Graces face,* Timaeus thought to himself as he tilted the fresh glass of the whiskey to his lips. The bar in which he sat was cold and poorly lit. The time on his watch was a blur but he knew it was late. He had been sitting at the bar since 4:00pm.

Reality is as cold and hard as it has ever been. The cancer treatments had been the hardest to watch; her gasps of pain affected him the most towards the end. Grace had asked him over and over to end the pain. Timaeus used to clutch her hand in his.

The memory was still fresh in his mind as he ordered another drink, mind drifting between a sea of thoughts her face, being to blur. Drinking helped him numb the pain of the lost for a short period of time. Yet he could never muster the energy to say her name. The only thing he could really remember is one evening and Grace reaching up from her hospital bed.

“Timmy. . I can’t do this. . anymore. .” she said looking up at him through glazed eyes.

“What are you talking about?” he said looking down at her, taking her hand. “We can get through this one step at a time.” He brushed the hair to the side of her face.

“No… please… Timaeus, it’s time.” she said laying back.

Timeaus lifted the pillow from under her head and pressed it over her face and began to weep. The doctors had pronounced Grace dead at 3:30 in the afternoon.

Timeaues finished his drink left the bar, stumbling to his old ute in the back ally car park. *Tonight’s the night,* he thought to himself, head placed on the dashboard. He drove out of town and down an old dirt track before stopping in some dark woods and pulling a gun from the from under the seat. *This is how my world ends. Not with a whimper, but a gunshot. God have mercy,* He thought to himself pulling back the hammer.