

Chewing Gum

"Shoot me in the head," she said as she sat with the others. Her long black hair covered her face, neck and ears, hiding any result or source of the piercing pain of which she endured. All of the men and women who comprise the circle which she had now rejoined couldn't help but stare through her night-sky hair and into the fluorescent pink chewing gum which currently filled her mouth and covered her dirty teeth, tongue and lips. The fantastical chewing gum screamed so loudly that the whole world could hear, just as they could see its immaculate glow and could smell its bright and powerful scent.

Everyone around the table knew that she was an addict, but they never thought that they would ever experience it like this. She never thought that they would either. The embarrassment was killing her, but not nearly as fast as her addiction was. If anybody could see her face in that moment they would notice that it was gradually growing pink, so pink that it would eventually reach the shade of the gorgeous glowing chewing gum which was as bright as the roaring sun dipped in petrol. Tears poured from her addict eyes which no one around the table had ever known the colour of. They couldn't see her tears as they rolled down her face like a snowball down a mountain, but they could see them as they fell down from her chin and landed on her chest in small explosions which reminded one particular man of a documentary that he once watched on the bombing of Berlin.

As if the table weren't already tense enough, the world's surprised dismay grew tenfold when she began to blow a bubble. The solid pink bubble began to peek out of her long hair which flowed down to her wet chin. The bubble grew at an alarmingly slow rate as those unlucky enough to be sat around the round table all watched it grow increasingly feint and pale. The sound of her gargantuan chewing had now been replaced with the even louder sound of one thousand electric air compressors all inflating the same inflatable mattress which suffers just one needle-sized hole.

The chewing gum bubble which stretched from her lips which could now be seen wearing beautiful red lipstick pushed into the middle of the table and resembled an early weather balloon. As the bubble reached its impressive peak a wonderful light exposed itself for a split second, as if the entirety of heaven were on a young star which rested inside of that bubble, before it popped and shook the entire universe. The chewing gum propelled itself backwards and wrapped itself all the way around her head. It looked like her hair had turned pink and was destined to suffocate her. However, suffocation wasn't what killed her, instead it was the contraction of the chewing gum which silently shrunk down to the size of a pencil eraser and now rested upon her hairless neck. This was the death of an addict and it was enough to scare anyone around the table out of their minds which they had previously thought to be desensitized, except for a particularly curious young woman who sat to her left who reached over her headless shoulders and took the chewing gum for herself.