



## When I got home that Night

by Pippa Oliphant

When I got home that night, I could hear laughter. Horrible, high, Psycho Woman laughter, ringing through the dripping woods like some mad killer witch hovering over the tent waiting to jump me. All I want is to get in the dry and light up, but there's that laugh again so I turn the bike round and slither off down the track.

2. Bad day. Those out of town bastards gave me a kicking behind the garages by the Clinic. Cleaned me out, wallet, phone, knife, baccy, Council letter, Meds and all. Missed the Rislas- fat lot of good on their own. Left arm bugged, sausages for fingers, head a rotting Halloween pumpkin.

3. Back to the Clinic - Would I like them to call the police? as IF!- I could wait for the nurse, but no new prescription for meds until Friday.  
I'm sick. Need them now. Fucking insulting. Didn't wait.

4. The Place. Old girl being Nice Volunteer, offering tea and sympathy. Bloody do gooders won't leave you alone. I'd have told her to sod off but the His Lordship was watching so I went to the table up the back and pretended to sleep.

5. Slept.

6. Woke.

7. Smelly Teddy... and Markey for the first time in three months, large as life and twice as ugly. Out last Wednesday and came straight down south. Looking fitter than when he went in, got a new dog and everything. Teamed up with the beach hut lot again. Glad to have my nice little tent. Wondered if he knew his missus had gone down the coast with Welsh Kevin.

8. The Sainsburys guy came in with a load of that useless chewy bread nobody wants. Scored a bag of Danish pastries though. My mum would love them.

9. Head bad from the kicking. Mel gave me a couple of cold caps and a roll up. Outside to smoke. Those dodgy Poles back again. The baldy one who works in the kitchen muttering to his mates and looking at me funny- they think I did their tent over. I didn't. Then Baldy did the throat thing at me and I was out of there. Never mind lunch- not much appetite anyway with the kicked in gut.

10. Thinking about it, the baldy Pole probably planning to poison me.

11. Town. Danny chalk drawing Marilyn on the pavement. Always a soft touch for a fiver Danny. Really nice drawing, but the eyes spooked me out... It started raining. Danny covered his drawing with bin liners

12. Big Benj lolling at a table outside The Duchess was moving into the dry. Let me have a bit of weed for the fiver.

13. Susie and Jade by the Offie. They'd nicked three bottles of perfume this morning and already traded it on for a Twenty. I bought the cider because they needed ID. We went into the covered car park.

14. Getting dark. Jade threw up.

15. Poisoned cider! Had to get away.

16. A bike outside the launderette. Sometimes you have to be lucky.