

Futuristic Fences

“Here, take another sip!” Eve drinks out of the anonymous bottle and shows some signs of disgust. She laughs really hard while her friends encourage her to empty the bottle entirely. She succeeds in finishing it, throwing the bottle on the ground. “Shit!!” Sarah takes her hand, pulls Eve from her spot and together they run to the other side of the street. The rest follows. Altogether, they hide behind a large group of bicycles. “What were you thinking?”, Thomas asks with secret excitement. The girls laugh silently, but Eli seems to be scared as hell. The blueish black guards walk by without noticing them. Eve watches them. While they march on, Eve’s eyes are drawn to a colourful, damaged image near the canal. It says something she cannot translate. “Okay, let’s go, Eve,” Thomas says and he helps her standing up. The others are already waiting to go to Purple Friday. Thomas folds his arm around her waist holding her tight. She enjoys his warmth, because it keeps her from being torn apart by the coldness of the dark blue atmosphere. He lets her go too fast as if he suddenly realised he shouldn’t. “Hey, losers! Are we going or what?!” yells Sarah. Eve’s drunken personage takes over and exclaims: “Yes, absolutely. Let’s get drunk even more!” They arrive at the club where their IDs have to be checked firstly. “Any couples?”, the guard asks in a coarse manner. Sarah replies proudly: “Yes, sir. Only me and Jessa. Isn’t that right, Hun?” Jessa responds with a brief kiss. Thomas trespasses carefully to come closer to Eve, but Eve breaks their connection by walking into the house of madness. A drink is handed to her and she gladly washes it down. At least, the part that was still in the cup. There is good music. It suits modern times, so it enrages her too. Where is Thomas? Thomas sings loudly while he holds Eve’s sticky hand, turning her around, which doesn’t have that good of a consequence. Eve nearly falls down, but he pulls her towards his sweating body. She needs to be careful, although, she doesn’t want to. The group slowly gets together again and Eve sees Sarah and Jessa kiss heavily. She suddenly feels trapped, wiping away the beer spatters on her forehead that just landed after someone threw his full glass in the smoky air. A sudden feeling of emptiness hits her. “What bird are you?” she asks Sarah, giggling. “Eve, you can’t ask me that. We don’t talk about that. Don’t include me into one of your dangerous games.” “I know which one you are, don’t worry.” “I am myself, Eve.” “What is she talking about, Sarah?”, Jessa asks her lover confusingly, but worried. “Don’t pay any attention to her. She is just very drunk. It’s a myth.” Eve gets pushed in the back, which makes her turn around to see Thomas at quite some distance from her, holding his hands behind his back and she follows his example willingly. Freedom returns. Thomas lifts his left foot up, rotating it slightly until he puts it back on the ground. The other foot follows obediently and meanwhile, he bows his head. Eve’s feet feel sore, blue-purple bruises, but maybe that is just an alcoholic illusion. She does want to let him know she is watching. Elevating her right foot, she watches the world imbalance her. “We are leaving.” Altogether, they walk towards the gaping black hole in the wall. “Wait! Just need to take a piss.” Jessa runs off, swimming her way through the alien legion. Eve feels nauseous. Where will she be once she enters the gates? With some hesitation, they enter the blue night, again. She feels her body being supported by a sweaty, slim arm and Jessa insinuates: “We can go that way. You’ll be alright. Nothing can hurt you now.” Sure. It looks like Thomas is talking to someone belonging to the royal navy and they let him show their beautiful, new van. Probably electric. “Quickly!” Eve feels like she is being squeezed too hard, like a silent doll. Three, deafening claps and now, she truly knows that she will be silenced forever.