

# Jessica & Doris

by Jacob Bouyer

Jessica clicked away at the computer. The Centracell deadline was at 2 and her pig of a boss was already asking for a first draft. Working since 6am was intense but it avoided the pinging of her mobile long enough to actually get work done.

La chanson de la Fayette had a certain melodic ring to it in French and then Arabic but Jessica was looking for that perfect language to really evoke the emotions. Then she found it – Icelandic.

Jessica loved the fact that she shared a name with her favourite character. She loved even more copying the murders.

Doris flapped and flapped and flapped as Jessica hacked at her neck. Dinner always tasted better with Doris.

Keeping time with the teacher was hard. Jessica's arms cartwheeled round and round almost keeping time with her feet until thud. She landed in his lap.