

Blue Smoke

Daniel Prior

April 3

I must write... Just write. While the effects last.

Just write, just write. Vera. I came with Vera. She is lying down to my right.

But she breathes, she breathes hard.

They warned me. About twelve hours. The first are the worst of your life; the latest, the best.

We've already smoked the sting. These are the bad hours. It cannot be otherwise.

I can barely hold this notebook.

Vera. Vera is lying down. She breathes. Strong, yes.

Vera, I you sick fucker. We couldn't see the Sphinxes, no, you wanted "authentic tourism".

Smoking scorpion venom, no more, no less. fucker!

The chest. The heart. It breaks apart. I could even open my veins. I don't know if I can hold on.

This is fucking hell on Earth. I writhe, I choke, I rave.

I'm delirious. That's right, I'm delusional. Or not. I don't know if I'm delusional. Perhaps that and nothing else is delirious.

Vera doesn't move, she seems dead. But she breathes. She sometimes she screams. Like a wounded animal.

That's what we are, injured animals.

But she waits, yes! Fuck! Yes! That is the greatest force of Nature, only lesser than God, and at this moment He only exists for me, so that I can speak to Him!

And who gets me out of here? Who?

April 4

Three years have passed since that trip to Cairo. I still have flashbacks like yesterday practically every week.

—Damn, Vera, anyone would say you're trying to kill yourself, Unai replied to Vera after reading the two pages of her diary that she had sent him.