

5.

She was looking at her reflection in the mirror as she was wiping her make up off. The ugly duckling that never turned into a swan. That is how she saw herself. Especially when she was home alone, just her. It gave her a lot of time to think. She turned off the lights in the bathroom and walked towards the table where she poured herself a glass of Vodka. She was only wearing a t-shirt and underwear, it was too warm for anything else, if nothing else her flat had a very decent central heating. Her t-shirt was about three sizes too big, she had been given it by a friend a few years earlier. On the back it had the statement “policewoman in training” written on it. The front had the question, “Want to help me learn the correct procedure for frisking people?” it still made her laugh. She took the glass with her over to the sofa and curled up with her legs under her t-shirt.

She woke up feeling cold at ten minutes past three in the morning. She had fallen asleep in front of TV watching *Silence of the Lambs*, she always found it funny how Jodie Foster’s character looked so calm yet so terrified at the same time, now that is great acting. She stretched her arms over her head as she put her feet on the floor. Feeling a sudden sting of pain in her foot she let a few swear words leave her lips as she looked down seeing the broken pieces of the glass that had contained her Vodka. It must have fallen to the floor as she had been sleeping. She was too tired to get the Hoover out to clean it up, and somehow she suspected the neighbours wouldn’t be too pleased if she did either. She grabbed a newspaper and put it over the broken glass, then sleepily tiptoed to the bathroom where she ran water over her foot which was now bleeding. Using tweezers she removed a tiny bit of glass from the wound before putting a plaster over it.

A few minutes later she was lying in bed with the covers wrapped tightly around her. She feels so lonely at night; the covers give her a sense of security, albeit a false one. As she is drifting off to sleep listening to the quiet ticking of her alarm clock she imagines being in the arms of someone she could love. That is, if she was still capable of loving someone. She had always had issues trusting people, the people she had trusted in the past had always ended up hurting her. Maybe it was better like this; men came with too many problems, too many complications... too many arguments and tears. She finally escaped psychoanalyzing her self as she fell asleep. The room fell into complete darkness as the moon disappeared behind a cloud eliminating the tiny ray of light from it that had been sneaking in between a small opening in the curtains.

When she woke up her throat was dry and hurting. She thought to herself that the cold weather is not doing anyone any favours as she sits up on the bed wrapping the covers around her like a dress. She lights a cigarette as she gazes sleepily at her alarm clock, just gone six. The combination of the cigarette smoke and the cold air in her flat makes her cough; she shouldn’t smoke when she was ill. To be fair she shouldn’t smoke at all, according to the pack, smoking kills, but even if she did quit, something else would kill her sooner or later.

As she had a shower and then got dressed she considered going into work early, although she was not sure what to do once she got there. They were having a profiler coming in

later on to help create a profile of the serial killer, but that wouldn't be till about noon and these people were always late. By the time she had done her make up and had her morning coffee with another two cigarettes, her throat hurting worse by the minute, the clock was slowly coming up to 8am.