

Eve

1.

The gray bed is a bystander. The apathy that killed Kitty Genovese is on another mission assigned by itself. I'm lying on the bed with all parts of my body helplessly spread, as if I'm making a snow angel, hoping it would make the murder scene look a little more graceful. I like the color gray. It's classic—for a dead body.

Clack clack. The sound of footsteps is getting closer, along with the shadow of a girl who's holding a blue iron. She's neither smiling nor crying, but her eyes are filled with the emotions of a child: curiosity, enjoyment, and determination. It's the innocence that made me regard her as a young girl despite the wrinkles all over her face.

“Ouch!”

The heated metal presses my chest before I could become lost in thought. All the senses that were asleep are now awake, screaming as though having a nightmare. My body trembles. I turn my gaze away from the ceiling. I see my legs on the edge of the bed. But the moment my hips slide down, the girl calmly grasps my neck with her hands. She's not choking, but the strength of

her hands is enough to stop my body from resisting. As my vacant eyes look up at the ceiling as before, she grabs my legs and puts them back on the bed.

The snow angel flees the scene.

2.

“How does it feel to be dead?” the murderer asks with empathy.

“I can’t feel anything. I’m dead,” I reply with apathy. The girl laughs. I lift the corner of my mouth. I wasn’t joking. The transformed body senses nothing, just like I expected. The pain I went through faded as my body was removed from the bed and placed onto the body of the innocent girl who was wearing only black underwear. Now I’m staring at her bare skin and face directly. She looks much younger than I first thought. The lines of shadows that I saw as wrinkles are in fact her baby hairs. She really is a girl. Her smooth, dark brown hair is glowing, signaling youth. How can a girl like this commit such a crime? Maybe she never killed me. Maybe it was all just a bad dream. But then, I remember: I’m dead.

With her body weighed down by the corpse, the girl heads outside her house. She walks gently, but rapidly in excitement. As she arrives at a grand mansion, a guy in a uniform asks her name.

She replies with a smile, and the guy opens the gate for her, giving her a strange look. I can't tell if she noticed the gaze; her face is harder to read when she's smiling.

Clack. The long hallway decorated with antiques and luxuries is oddly quiet, and the girl's outfit is just as odd as the silence. The black organza dress and white organza cape are translucent, revealing her underwear. Even the silhouette of the garments is unordinary. Some may even think she's a wizard with exhibitionism. Yet she doesn't seem to care how she looks. The girl continues walking nonchalantly until she reaches the door at the end of the hallway. She hears a group of people chatting in the room. After a few seconds of eavesdropping on unclear giggling and teasing, she opens the door.

Suddenly the talking stops as if the girl threw a spell. There are about a dozen children in the room, frozen in the middle of their party. They all look at the girl with an awkward silence.

When the silence has lasted long enough, the girl greets them: "Hey!"

One of the kids in the group, who seems to be the host, looks back at the girl and smiles. "Hi." Kids have now scattered into smaller groups, except the girl. She may be a kid too, but there is no group for her. Only the whispers and my dead body surround her.

When she arrives back at her home, the girl goes straight to her bed without undressing. She lies face down right on top of my body, but I'm not suffocated. I casually look around the room, with

no excitement, no nothing. There's that gray bed in front of a bookshelf. There's that blue iron above the gray bed. Her bed isn't gray. But she starts to tremble. Suddenly, I feel pain in my chest. Suddenly, I remember what this girl has done to me. Suddenly, I realize that I'm alive.

A few hours pass. The girl is not whimpering anymore.

"How does it feel to be dead?" I ask her, with empathy.