



After what seemed like an eternity, lugging the body piece by piece to the bins, the two of them relaxed at the step just outside of the back door to the petrol station. They were exhausted, the components were much heavier than expected and Isaac wondered how this small lady had managed to get it in her car in the first place. He then realised he didn't know her name, he had given his earlier but not received one in return.

"I never caught your name" Isaac said.

"Lily".

What a beautiful name he thought for such a blood-spattered mess sat next to him in the dim overhead light.

"That is a very pretty name" he continued.

"Thank you" She replied.

The conversation was awkward and tense, Isaac could feel the angst of dealing with such an event together hanging in the air and yet neither of them could bring themselves to begin talking about it. He had an idea and stood up.

"I won't be a moment."

Isaac got up and left to go back inside.



Lily took in the cold night air. The rain had stopped now, and its calming and reflective presence had long gone leaving a stifling icy blanket instead. She wanted to thank Isaac for helping with what was far beyond what any rational person should have done for her, but the words would not formulate in her throat. She looked up and could see the corner of the green jacket still fluttering slightly caught in the steel lid of the bins. The breeze reminding her that it belonged to someone who was at one point living just like her.

She pondered over the fact that she could now no longer ever know this person, this aging man had thoughts to think, stories to tell and memories to recall. Now they were all gone. Deleted from his head like they never existed at all.

“I got you a beer, its **cold**, from the fridge.”

Isaac sat back down next to her and offered her an open bottle. She took it and gave it an almighty swig whilst he looked on taking a much smaller and more composed sip.

“One hell of a night, right?” Isaac posited.

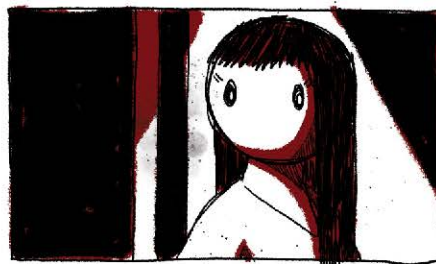
Lily didn’t answer.

“It was weird right from the start here, that man now chopped up in the bins was in the shop earlier. He began by bothering the donuts, said something about bowls and then left on his back like a snake out the door.”

He took another sip.

“And now he is dead, and we now get to share a deeply confronting secret. I just wanted to eat my sherbet lemons, but I guess that’s not up to me, is it? When I ask the world for something all I get in return is uncaring silence. As expected,” he said.

Lily turned to Isaac.



“I don’t think that the world gives you uncaring silence Isaac, I think it just expects you to do it yourself, a bit like a good parent who sees the value in their child experiencing hardship and failure alongside success. But who am I to say? I brought you into this mess.”

She pointed at the bins where the evidence now lay.

“I suppose” responded Isaac. “I suppose this situation really shows how fragile we really are and how our lives can be ended at the drop of a hat. Once minute you are fingering donuts, the next you are being chopped up by a psychotic girl with a saw, then thrown in the bins by some random petrol station clerk.

He took another sip of his beer and as he did, she turned to him and smiled.

"I think the most pertinent thing to do now is... Thank you." She said with a sincere tone to her voice.

Isaac began to feel his cheeks fill with warm blood. Something was rising inside him, and he couldn't stop it, he was going to blush, and she would see. He had to think of something quick. He had to find a way to play it cool and pretend like it was nothing. All of a sudden, a waft of cold air ran up his back and from the front of the station shuffling footsteps could be heard. It was another customer.

"I better go and see if they need anything, the toilet is just inside this door if you still need it, I mean, you should probably wash your hands or something as red gory hands are pretty suspicious. If I was asked to pick out a person who I think done a murder it might give you away."

Lily smiled a gentle smile, the kind that Isaac could tell meant it was a poor joke, but she appreciated the effort.

- 1 - He took a final mouthful of beer.
- 2 - Set the bottle down by the step.
- 3 - Got up.
- 4 - Go to see who had entered the shop.

