

It's crazy it's crazy it's crazy, how many of the same sentiment can come out of this unresolved itch? Is there some kind of script, a better way to order this? It's horrible to believe in karma. It asks me to fix this problem, just to even things out. It is a burden as much as a blessing, for anything that will befall me, will also befall them. Maybe if I narrate my problems, it is not me that experiences them. This is Charlie. She counts the steps on the way downstairs. She owes a mob boss money and pays it off in small amounts like she's paying off a loan. No, that's too harsh. I guess I've fallen behind. I can't adapt or unwind. Cup of water to my lips but I'm still feeling thirsty, never fully immersed and now my group is dispersed. Patiently looking at this thread but another weaving emerged. My needle doesn't fit the fit, my skills have started to un-fit. I'm panicking. I'm panicking. This is Charlie. She's buying a new vacuum cleaner. In cash. In cold, hard, lonely, lovely cash. She will be happy with the vacuum cleaner because her cat is shedding too much hair. And so Charlie stepped out, facing the cold air, and started on her way to the bank to pick up the 279 euros.

Without thinking, Charlie walked a path that crossed some large shopping streets diagonally, where people generally walk on each other like a cluster of flies on rotten meat. Charlie would normally avoid those areas, preferring an empty residential street where he could gaze around with his misanthropic spirit at the odd ways that some buildings, houses or entire places are shaped. Those commercial streets in the contrary have nothing real about them. All those shops are bright lighted sterile facades where their unbearable background music is so loud that it makes you unable to even hear yourself. "You consume, and you're being consumed", thinks Charlie often. Squeezing himself through the crowd like a dancer, he finally loses himself from this ocean of madness. It is now only a rough 150 meters to the bank, but Charlie slows down, eyes intrigued by a lonely revolving polished aluminum door, symmetrically placed in a 20 meters long grey concrete wall.

This wasn't the plan. The bank, and back to the headquarters. The bank, and back home, in case the visit would mean bad news. No way this fine piece of brilliance would seduce him into changing his ways. "I am adventurous...". "I repeat! Charlie. I am a daredevil". His perspective twisted around. Is this me? Do others also see grey in grey? As he opened his eyes after a slow blink, he felt his hand reaching for a doorknob. Wait. No devil would make a door without a

knob! Before even realising it, he threw his body weight against the polished surface. Another one pops up, one of clear craftsman's quality wood. Charlie used his back to open this door. And repeat. Soon enough, he was eating his way through some fine glazing of a lemon-layered cake-ish surface. Slurping through the mulled wine room turned into a moment of hesitation.

The situation brought back an old memory of Charlie's mother who often claimed to have achieved the main goal of her bucket list without ever realising it. In her early twenties, Charlie's mother got a traveler globe to spin only for a single time, as hard as she could before stopping it with the tip of her finger on top of a far country, she had never heard of before. Going there became her greatest desire. But when she finally managed to afford to buy the tickets, she froze to the idea of realising her fantasy and finding out that the location that had been in part the motor of her life, would probably turn out to be as similar and uninteresting as any other place she had visited before. And then, the doorknob of that last door started to spin fiercely, and Charlie waited a few seconds before interrupting the hypnotising movement with the tip of her finger.

The doorknob felt warm, like someone on the other side had touched it for a long time, transferring their body heat through the metal. I don't trust this Charlie thought. She took her Smith & Wesson Model 29 revolver filled with a chamber full of Magnum 44 from her fake Alexander McQueen glitter purse. A gift from her ex-boyfriend Harry, for their 2nd anniversary. Harry was an idiot and a cop, quite a dirty cop. But this gun and the rule never to marry a cop again were the only two good things left of that marriage. She held the gun up besides her head like they did in the movies. By this point she had the doorknob firm in her hands, all her fingers around the knob. The heat of the metal could now be from her own body or from the person on the other side. With a smooth movement of her wrist she turned the knob, swung open the door and brought the gun from the side of her head to the front of her body, her right arm held strong pointing forwards. A gasp, then a bang, followed by shattered silver glass. Charlie had shot herself in the mirror.



“Charlie”

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