



ODE TO A BULLY

Face down with alert eyes and constant sighing between the tap, tap, tap-tap, tap - the index finger strained with the tension of violence as it was thrown down - stab after stab on the keyboard, struggling to take the weight and unwittingly forced to bear the brunt of her mind.

First thing in the morning, the strength of the tap was like a mood barometer. With loathing anticipation, we would wait to see which way her temperament would swing.

Sometimes, she struck the keys so hard that her upper arm would wobble and shake. A ripple formed by the spasms of words exploding from her mind, snarling and contorting as they made their way to her fingers, committed to her keyboard as written abuse.

After hours of continuous hitting, the letters appeared to plead for mercy, a chorus of screams as they created words against their will.

Sometimes their tapping had a preceding echo, a gloomy warning as she stepped out of the elevator, and you could hear the rhythm and beat of her march - as she made her way to the desk.

If you were brave enough to look, you could gauge her mood, by how the bouncy, colourful necklaces that perfectly matched the colour of her stockings, would heave and convulse upon her chest.

Most days the necklaces swung like chains, taunting us on arrival before they reached her keyboard, where, by the sheer enormity of her mood, they would remain, like us, slumped for the day.