

A COTTON WOOL WORLD

Dedicated to
A person I never knew

Cotton Wool World

Anna Westwood

One

Eve, That's me. Named after the first woman God placed on this earth. Not that I could even begin to compare myself, how could I.

Anyway, it's getting late and I need to have my quiet time. Open my eyes Lord, I want to see Jesus...

...Fuck.

Fuck. Why can't my recurring dreams be tinged with a touch more excitement? Always that God-bothering shit. It's like being brainwashed in your sleep...as opposed to when you're awake like a lot of people I know.

Yes, Eve, that's me. Named after the first woman god placed on this earth. Bollocks. Well, I suppose I should be grateful. I could have been wandering around with a name like Ezrazekial. Infact I should be very grateful indeed. Thank fuck, my new god.

I wouldn't call my parents cruel. They're just stupid. They on the other hand would call me the stupid one but as I often try to explain, I'm not the one who believes a heavenly body lives beyond the stars waiting to escort folk to the party of a lifetime. I just hope that Jesus is aware of the fact that my mother would be more than disappointed if he didn't serve pink champagne and Marks and Spencer's hake goujons.

Frankly, the grim-reaper sounds more appealing. Than the goujons.

It'd be more fun if I got to dream about orgies but knowing my luck everyone would be ugly and fat and there'd be a distinct smell of cheese in the air.

Still, at twenty-six, I wish my imagination would do me a little more justice sometimes.

The other recurring nightmare I have is of a plane crash. Luckily, for me not for the poor bastards on the plane, I'm not a passenger. Mind you, having said that I wouldn't be surprised if tonight I'm strapped firmly into seat 9a. No, I'm stood directly beneath the monstrosity as it veers out of control and crashes just to my left. My second piece of luck in this whole aeronautical experience is that there's always something to hide behind to shelter myself from the debris. Perhaps tonight it won't be there in which case I'm fucked.

I don't know why these dreams keep pestering me, it's not as if I'm a writer that keeps a notepad beside my bed in the hope that my subconscious mind will create the talent lacking in my real life.

If Freud was still alive, he'd probably tell me that subconsciously I wanted to kill my father and dress my mother as a dog but I arrived at a sane conclusion about this matter a long time ago. Freud was a sick fucker. Either that or I'm in denial.

In your dreams you can be whomever you want to be. I've always wondered about this. Thoughts along the lines of, that's comforting, at night I can be beautiful, successful and funny and then every morning I wake up the same boring cunt I was the day before. What a great ego boost that must be.

Well, I suppose I'd better start this damn story somewhere.

I'm a writer. No, correction, I must have dreamt that. What I meant to say was I'd like to be a writer. That's what I meant to say. What I really should say is that I'm sick of having a shit life and wondering if I can sell my cow for magic beans that will pay the council tax. Only one flaw in my plan. I don't have a cow. And if I did it'd probably die on the way to the market. And I don't know where the market is. Oh, forget it, it was a shit idea anyway.

I quite like cows. Up close they're quite beautiful. The way they scratch their necks on fence posts is a sight worth seeing. Who says they're not intelligent. And they can't half do an impressive shit. If I could do that, I'd never have to work again. I'd be in fucking agony.

Writing, it's something I've always loved doing. Describing flowers in the spring, the breeze rippling through the trees, the way swans journey through their lives with only one partner. The way my first boyfriend dumped me after fingering me in the park. How I married a complete twat who thought anal sex was at its best when it came as a complete surprise. Writing is what gives me the will to carry on day after day. I've written all sorts of stories. They live on you know. On my bookcase to be precise. Next to my boyfriend's copy of Babyface.

No guessing what he dreams about then. Sadly for him, he too has to wake up next to the same boring cunt he went to bed with.

Boring. I think that's possibly the most insulting thing you could say about a person. Wouldn't you rather be a complete bastard than a boring fucker? How's the new girlfriend? Fantastic in bed but boring as fuck. I'd rather be shit in bed and be a fucking loony who makes people laugh telling arse jokes. In fact, I'd rather have a face like an arse than be boring. I have got a face like an arse but I figured it's okay. Most men like arses. Most men are arses. We don't live in a perfect world. If we did, we'd all be able to flick shit at each other like hippos.

I sometimes wonder if I write stories just to get away from it all. To lose myself inside a tiny world that I myself have created, rather like a raving lunatic.

Perhaps I am a raving lunatic, who's to say. As the theory goes, the diagnosed lunatics might be the sane ones, it might be everyone else that's fucking nuts.

Sometimes it seems that way. Why else was 3-2-1 commissioned?

Writing is like dreaming because you are in control of the story, the characters and the emotions they go through. Slight difference. When I dream, Jesus always seems to be the all-powerful one but when I sit down and write, I'm more than capable of having him give Judas a very pleasurable hand job whilst dressed as a Zeigfreid folly.

Two

I want a cigarette. Or at least I did want one. It's a very convincing idea. Putting the smoking area in one tiny room at the far end of the airport where you have to climb three flights of stairs to get to the damn thing. I'm stood here now, in this tiny room, crammed full of people. I can hardly see them through the smoky haze. I feel like I've had ten already. It's a bad habit. I'm not proud. I've a long flight ahead. Well, I'm here now, I'll smoke the fucking thing whether I enjoy it or not.

Three

George's eyes sprang open. The light was fading. She must have dozed off again. She had no idea what time it was, or what day, for that matter. She was lying, sprawled out, on the grass. She yawned loudly and looked around. The Wood was completely bare. She began to panic. She nervously searched for the tree

stump which she had remembered leaning against before sleep had overcome her. It was getting darker and she did not want to be alone here at night. It no longer felt so safe. What if the Mumtwips found her? She willed the light to remain, if only for a short while longer, whilst she found her bearings. She stood up, her joints were stiff. She tried walking to loosen them out. She had only gone a few steps when she felt a queer sensation in her right big toe. This painful sensation rapidly traveled through her right foot and up her right leg, causing her to hop around on her one remaining good leg, clutching her foot with her hand. She cursed under her breath. She looked to see what she had banged into but there was nothing to be seen. Whilst hopping around in a dither, with a very sore foot, she hopped into something else, which also wasn't there, causing her left toes to swell and then, to top it all off, she fell head first into an invisible bush. Things weren't going too well.

Story of my fucking life.

Four

Today is my birthday. Whoopi fucking do. A nice reminder each year that I still haven't done anything useful with my life. That's the problem with life. There are too many fucking tangents.

Five

‘Eve, I’m so sorry but there goes your bonus’.

‘Oh come off it, I’m only two minutes late!’

‘Company policy, I didn’t make the rules. Now plug yourself in before you let the entire team down. It’s three minutes past’.

There are five pixie like faces trying desperately not to look me in the eye. They never do. It’s like being on the tube. It’s an unspoken rule in here. Except for me. I look at whomever I like. Sometimes I even listen too. It scares the shit out of them when you do that. All it takes is a subtle reach for the pack of polo’s you left slightly over the invisible line which separates your desk from everyone else’s. You see them cower in fear and lower their voices. That’s when you glance up and make eye contact. Most of them turn away on the off-chance you can lip-read. It’s funny as hell. When you go for a piss it’s like sneaking behind enemy lines as you pass all the desks. It’s also somewhat of a hazard though because it’s a real struggle to find your way back in the sea of mundanity. I know where I sit now. Mind you, if it wasn’t for Gladys’ photo of her two slaggy daughters stuck on her computer to remind her she does actually have a life, I’d be in trouble.

‘Sorry Eve’, whispered Michelle the timid. ‘£50 would have bought you a lovely new outfit’.

‘I was thinking more along the lines of crack cocaine’.

‘Oh you are funny, I’m going to spend mine on a Kenwood mixer so that I can make...Hello, Information, how can I be of assistance today?’

It’s all bullshit isn’t it. I don’t know why I bother. I’m sure there a device in this phone headset that actually warps the brain.

‘Eve, what’s this?’

‘I thought team leaders were supposed to be on the ball?’

‘That’s enough of your cheek. You know you’re not allowed to do crosswords even if you do hide them underneath your information file. If I catch you again, I’ll raise your targets’.

I wish the target was her fucking head. It doesn’t matter, I’ve got a word-search under the keypad... ‘Hello, information?’...

‘Hello, I was wondering, there’s a mini-roundabout in my village, my husband says I need to go around it to my left but I’ve been going straight over it for years. I am right, aren’t I?’...

No, you’re a stupid bitch.

‘No, I’m afraid you’re husband is correct’

..... ‘Oh, I really wanted to be right this time’

You’re also a pathetic waste of space. Go and whack one off and cheer yourself up.

‘Thank you for taking the time to call’.

Six

Airport lounges are one of the worst places in the world. Especially when you grab a quick nap whilst waiting for your delayed flight. You find a quiet area which is completely deserted and then wake up twenty minutes later face to face with a six year old child staring at the funny woman with dribble on her chin.

They’re almost as bad as waiting for your luggage at the other end. I’ve often thought about grabbing someone else’s case off the carousel just to see if its contents are more interesting than mine.

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