



A Thousand Moths



She was woken by a thousand moths. Rubbing their thick spiny bodies against her raw brain, they flung themselves at the back of her eyelids till she opened them.



Beside her, asleep, was a lad about her own age. The lad's chin was stubble-grazed and he possessed the most perfect ears she'd ever seen. She couldn't remember a thing about him. There was the taste of Jägermeister then a tongue tracing her lips - nothing before, nothing after. The moths plummeted to her stomach. She felt sick.

The lad rolled over, saw her and flinched in surprise. 'Who...? I'm sorry, I don't usually drink so... What ha...?'

'I don't know, I don't remember a thing.' Her voice cracked, 'My name is Lisa.'

The lad put his arm around her, held her tight to his chest and as the sun filtered through the slit in the curtains, they told one another their stories and the thousand moths turned to dust.

Becky Cherriman

