

It's much harder to kill a human being than you think.

And, oddly, it's also much easier as well.

Someone I went to school with was killed by a tennis ball. A woman in Canada died choking on a marshmallow.

The real trick though, is not the physical doing; it's the mental doing. The real trick is that you have to put yourself outside of all *this*, into a place where the people, the ideas, the conversations, morality and the family connections you've nurtured for years no longer matter. And once you have put yourself past those things...

Once you do that...

Pause

So as I am going home my first thought about this whole infidelity was..

Oh. Okay.

Which surprised me. I did not expect to be so calm. And I was even slightly impressed with myself – ‘Look at me, so cool.’

And at home that evening I was irritated, yes, but with a slight smirk in it, like ‘oh, so that's it, is it?’

Pause.

But then, just before I fell asleep this sort of... colour and hurt bled into that. It just crept up on me, this pain. And oddly when sentences formed in my mind like ‘I wonder how tall she is’ I would hear them in my head, it would surprise me by being utterly agonising.

The next morning I woke to find that this had multiplied in my sleep and had transformed into a burning, ferocious white-hot anger that was so intense I could actually feel my skin sizzling.