

“The Last Battle”

By Jenn Moss

I look down at my phone, the time jumps out at me, my heart quickens, and I think this is it. This is how it ends.

Being late is just what she wants, and I won't give her this satisfaction.

I quickly glide through the mobbed sidewalk, squeezing myself in between the oncoming rush. We are sardines, and I'm the only one trying to make it out alive.

Three more blocks ahead.

I stare at my target, and charge through the crowds, I'm almost there when a huge guy in a suit just runs into me, and I can feel my body suspended in air, unable to stop myself from hitting the hard gravel. *She's going to fucking love this.*

I step into the elevator. Press level 3. Blood trickles down my face, and drops onto my white dress shirt. I touch the cut, and pick the sharp pebbles out one by one.

I press the button again, but I go nowhere. *Come on, you piece of shit.*

The door opens, and *she* walks in. Papers in hand. She's wearing the red dress, the one with the gold zipper cascading down the back. I swear she wore this on purpose. One last final fuck you.

She looks at me with disgust. I look straight forward.

“You look like shit,” she says.

“Well, you're late,” I say.

And we ascend up.