

Jess

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Illustrated by Danielle Waterworth





Jess was getting tired. It was obvious, because she'd play with her ears whenever she was sleepy, mostly unaware as she rhythmically pushed the lobes against her neck. She'd done it since she was a child, and she suspected it was something she'd do forever. She was quite happy with how things had turned out today though. She sat on the roof of her apartment block, on a deck chair colourfully plastered with a number of unidentifiable stains, it had definitely seen better days.

Probably best they're not identifiable, she thought as the sun set behind the tower blocks, enveloping her in an orange haze that made her eyes blurry. She took a sip from her bottle of La Croix, enjoying the coolness it brought to her lips. Washing it over her tongue, pushing it to every corner of her mouth before swallowing, making the most of it.

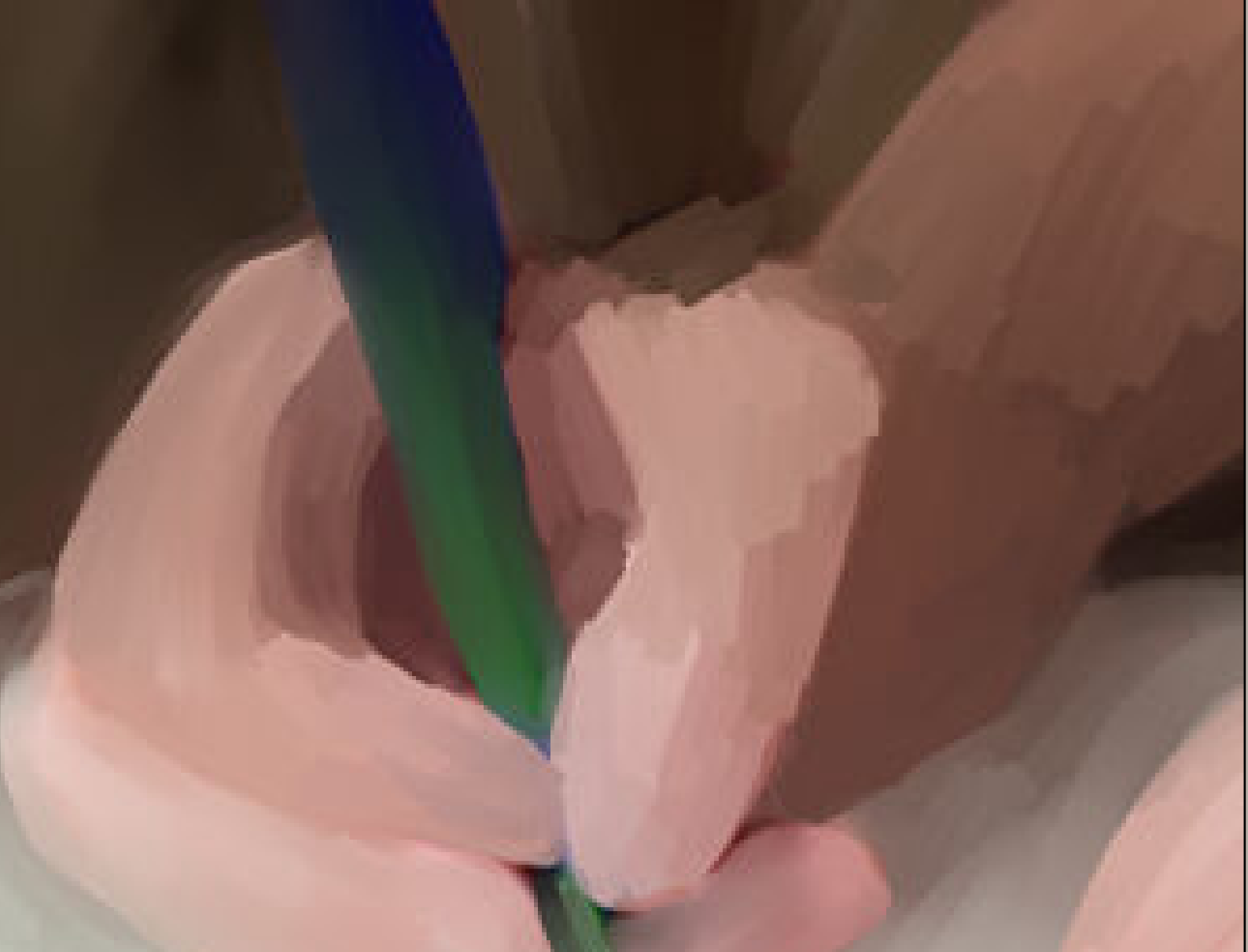
She thumbed through the battered notebook on her knee and opened it to the next available clean page, smoothing it down gently, to not cause any more unnecessary damage to the spine. There were five columns on the page, and in the one furthest to the left she wrote the date.



August already, she thought with a start. It'd be fall soon, the summer heat giving way to September calm. She hoped work would reflect the change in the weather.

In the next column, she wrote "Daniel Klein," who was now residing in a cell, ready to be moved to the maximum security prison just out of town. She took in a deep breath, closing her eyes and enjoying the sun's warmth, knowing Daniel Klein would get just one hour of sunshine a day until he died.

At the next column she paused. She always did, giving herself a moment to think about what had been lost, the hole that was always, inevitably left behind, when someone was ripped from this earth too soon. Slowly, and extra neatly, almost out of respect, she wrote "Sarah Davis."



She moved on quickly to column number four, writing "life - no parole." She didn't like to dwell on column three. In a way, that's what her notebook was for, to package each of her cases away into neat little boxes, so they could be forgotten about. It was the only way she didn't go absolutely bonkers at the things she had to bear witness to everyday.

For the fifth column, she put down her pen, took out a small piece of photo paper and stuck it down, running her fingers over it firmly. Whilst she tried to forget the details of her cases, she worked her to ensure she'd never forget the faces of those she had avenged, the strangers she had allowed to move on, to be at peace.

She would never forget the good she had done, the difference she had made. She closed her notebook, taking one last look at the sun, which was now no more than a sliver of burnt orange, curling up from the horizon, and went inside.



GOOD TO GO
M E D I A

