

With Fire in Her Eyes

By Ginny Premo

I wake up to a loud groaning of my stomach and a painful lurch, I knew I shouldn't have eaten so much of her mac and cheese last night. I roll over to have a look at her, so fare her skin is, the feel of it excites the nerves in my fingertips with a sudden burst of energy. I reach over to run my hand down her bare arm where the covers had been pulled down. As my hand brushes her skin she starts squirming. She rolls over and looks at me through one barely cracked open eye.

"It's time to wake up love." I said to her, I have to admit, I was laughing inside at how roughed up she looks. Her bright red hair askew like small sticks poking out of a birds nest, crease marks across her cheek give her a look of her age.

"Do I have to?" She says to me as she snuggles up closer, putting her head right in the crook of my neck. I can smell the floral scent of her hair. I take a deep breath taking in the lovely smell, so familiar. I feel little feet walking up my leg, Sammy was walking towards my face. His favorite thing to do is rub his whiskers into my beard. Shit-head.

"If you don't wake up you'll be late for class." I told her although I really wanted to lay with her in bed. The feeling of pure relaxation and pleasure runs through me as I lay here. The desire to get up slowing fading away with every passing moment, however my stomach is ready for me to get up.

"Ok, fine, I'm getting up." She looks at me with eyes that are trying hard to open and have no expression behind them. No matter what the scene within them, I love to look into those eyes, they are the color of insanity, not quite blue, green, or gray, but all those colors at once swirling into each other. They really are nearly impossible to describe, almost like there are no words in existence to explain them.

She sits up on the edge of the bed. Her shirt had twisted around her leaving one of her boobs hanging out the side and her underwear hanging on her hips showing just the top of her ass. I wonder for a moment what she would do if I gave her a butt crack wet willy. On second thought I like my manhood where it is. I think my health will be preserved if I follow her out of bed.

We always take the same route to school. West on 32nd ave all the way to Golden, it's the best route there from our house. Scenic too, driving right by the great cliffs on South Mesa. She always says they are from the volcano that was active about 50 million years ago. "The most basaltic that andesite can get" She has said to me about a million times. We both really love to hike to the top and explore the old lava flows. I'm not really into geology, but she is. Volcanoes are her greatest passion, if it was possible she would want her blood to be made of lava and her eyes to be the color of molten metal.

"Do you need me to stop at the gas station?" She says to me as we approach one on our way to school.

"Ya, I'll grab us some soda's" I go in to get us smokes and a couple more soda's to last us through the day. When I walk out of the gas station I notice that the sky started to turn into what looks like sand mixed with dark gray oil paint being poured into a glass bowl full of water. Great, I didn't bring a jacket with me.

"Do you see that?" She says while pointing out the windshield. "That developed in about 2 minutes, within the amount of time you were in the store. Crazy isn't it?" She looks into my eyes. Her eyes are wide, a sense of worry behind them, they are more gray right now, I know she's scared.

"I don't think crazy is the right word for it. More like the Gods must have overflowed their toilet and now it's going to start dumping right down on us." I say to her jokingly while really being in awe at the visualization of the clouds as I look out the windshield.

She giggled a little at what I had just said while shaking her head at me. "You're silly you know that?"

"I'm not silly, I'm very serial." She smiles at me while she pulls out of the gas station. Her expression makes me worry. Even though she is smiling I can tell that something is wrong. Is she really that worried about a storm? The last time she was scared by a storm the tornado alarms were going off, only this time there wasn't an excitement with the fear showing in her eyes. At that moment I realized that today was going to be different.

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While in class I try to keep my attention on what my teacher is saying, but it seems to be no use. The look in her eyes is haunting my thoughts. Class is over I stand up from my seat and realize that I am not feeling all that well. My stomach is turning, my head is starting to hurt, and I all the sudden feel a wave of heat run through me. Great this is not the time to get sick. I walk out of Alderson Hall and look into the sky, the storm seems like it slowed down to the speed of turtle. What is she so worried about? This storm doesn't look so bad now. My stomach lurches again. Apparently Satan has returned for another round of fire out of my ass, I make my way to a session with the divine throne.

I reach the tables in the corner of the commons. I sit down at one of the tables waiting for doll face to come and join me. I hear a loud rumble, Ugh, my stomach is super upset. I look up and see my fiery red head walking towards me.

"Did you hear that loud rumbling? That didn't sound like thunder." She still has a fear behind her eyes, they are gray still, not a trace of green or blue.

“Huh? You heard the demons trying to escape my colon too?” I smile as the words leave my lips. This time there is no giggle, no little smile, just hands on her hips, looking at me like I’m going to get slapped at any moment.

“Jesse! This is serious. Something is really not right. There is a weird cloud that shows up in no time flat and now loud rumbling that doesn’t sound quite like thunder. Speaking of stomachs, mine is rather upset too.”

“It’s not mine!” I tell her with a big smile on my face. “I’m moving to Mexico and changing my number.” With that I got the look that shutting up now would be beneficial. At that moment her retaliation was interrupted with a bright light coming from the clouds. It looks like Jacob’s ladders are real after all. Then a loud clap of what sounds like a car wreck at 60MPH mixed with a touch of thunder. All of the sudden it feels like I’m thrown by hulk across the commons and right into the side of Berthoud Hall. I flop to the ground, after overcoming the pain that shot through my body I push myself up to look around for Ginny. The feeling of panic starts running through me as I can’t see her orangey red hair anywhere, and without my glasses I can’t see anything but blurry color splotches like those “paintings” that are really just paint thrown at canvas.

Hopefully she landed near me. I start crawling around and feeling the ground for anything that is not grass or rock. She has to be close by. The more I move the more pain I feel and the more pain I feel the more irritated I get with not finding her. Finally! I see the orangey red color in the distance. I crawl over to the color, pain curses through my body with every movement and I can feel her jacket and under it is her. I lay myself down next to her and hug her tight. She’s still breathing, and with that I lay my head down next to hers. Well, at least this isn’t as bad as my last thermo exam. The pain I feel rushes through me like a freight train. Well, maybe a little worse. Darkness clouds my thoughts and then there is nothing but blackened silence.

I wake suddenly to the sound of a blood curdling scream and a loud pop. I open my eyes to a blur of color. I feel a hand on my shoulder it slightly squeezes, intense pain runs through my shoulder, damn her she knows my shoulder is bad. She grabs my hand and places my glasses in it. I put them on and wince when I feel a searing sharp pain. “Babe! Watch your head.” She says to me. I find that one of the lenses broke, but I can now see. I look toward the scream that I heard to find that a monster is making lunch of a women’s arm, who is now lying on the ground without motion. The monsters must be 8 feet tall, with sharpened teeth, raggedy skin, dark sunken red eyes, and ears pointed high on a blocky shaped head. The horror of vision through my eyes is making my heart pick up pace and I feel my mind starting to panic.

Looking around these... things... have people rounded up like cattle behind barricades, being grazed for food. The buildings around are leveled and burning making the air fill with smoke and debris. The people around are frightened some are rocking in place, some are calm, some are

chatting to themselves, and some are in extreme panic, screaming every time one of the monsters move. Only bring themselves to the monsters attention. Stupid people.

Ginny turns to me and grabs my hand, squeezing it to get my attention. She leans over and whispers in my ear. "Still sick love? If not get sick." She then punches me in the stomach, I feel my bowels let loose and vile starts streaming from my mouth and the slight taste of a cheese burger covered by stomach acid takes over my taste buds. She starts heaving and puking, making a huge scene like the other stupid people. What is she doing? They're going to kill us, is she stupid, has she lost her mind? One of the monsters sees Ginny and I, pointing towards us. Two of them walk over and grab both of us, dragging us along into a new area of the camp that has a bunch of what looks like storage containers lined up everywhere.

Still playing like we are sick and leaving a trail of puke behind, the monsters drag us to a container and put us inside. There is no window or any form of light within the container, yet the darkness brings me a sense of calm. Now I know we are safe for the moment. Leaning up against the wall of the container holding Ginny tight in my arms, I never want to let go of her. She is everything to me. This new found comfort brings on exhaustion and I find myself drifting off to sleep.

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I can hear soft muffled talking within the container. I move slightly to start getting up and the pain is back rushing through every inch of my muscles. I instantly stop when I feel Ginny's soft touch on my cheek. I can smell her shampoo, only it is mixed with a stench that is both familiar and foreign. I've smelt it before, I just can't think where it's from. Then it all starts coming back to me, the monsters, and the women's arm.

"Babe! I just had the freakiest dream, there were these boogie men, eating people. And you were in it." I tell her, still faint from being ill.

"Ssshhh, its ok love. We'll be ok." She whispers into my ear. I feel her hair brush my face as she speaks. "You were not dreaming Jesse, that was all real." As the flashes come back to me I realize where we are. There are voices outside the container, but I can't make them out, it's like someone is speaking in spit tongue. Am I still dreaming? My stomach turns again and I feel feverish. I'm not sure if I need to eat, fart, shit, or throw up, but something is horribly wrong with me. My muscles are sore all over, either from being thrown across the commons or from whatever this illness is that I have.

"Love? Are you ok?" I whisper to her. She reaches her hand into mine and gives a light squeeze with what feels like a burning hot hand.

“No, you’ll see when you open your eyes, but rest as long as you can. We’ve both been sick since we got here. I finally stopped throwing up, but I’m still burning hot all over. You’ve been tossing in your sleep.” Great, I hope I’m not laying in vomit.

I finally cannot stay resting any longer. I sit up and try to find my glasses. The pain is still pretty bad, but I can’t take the anticipation any longer, I need to see her with my own eyes. I stretch my arms out trying to feel for something, anything. Ginny grabs my arm with her hand. Of course she can see me, her and her damn carrots, who needs them anyway? If only I had known that someday I would need night vision I would have eaten more carrots.

I start to feel extreme heat through my shirt sleeve. Ginny’s hand is almost as hot as fire. I look over to her and can see a little bit of an orange glow in her eyes. I start to get the feeling that I am being pulled by some force that wants me to come to it.

“Babe! You are on fire! You are burning my skin!” I jerk my arm away from her hand as I smell smoke coming from my burning shirt.

“I...I... I don’t know what’s happening. I’m really scared.” Just as she said that a flame burst into action in her hand. I look at her wide eyed and she back at me.

“What... What... You’re really on fire!” I yell as I start slapping her hand with mine in an attempt to put her out, my heart is pounding I can feel myself shaking. Without warning something hits the cut on my head. It makes me shift my weight and the whole container shifts. “What was that?” I say trying to stabilize myself. I move toward her again. The container jumps, I lose my footing and fall, the container flips over and Ginny’s fire goes out.

“J-J-esse, what’s h-happening?” Ginny says to me, I can hear in her voice that she is on the verge of tears.

“I... I don’t know” I say just before I slam against a different side of the container adding to the many bruises I already have. “What is all this about? Why am I stuck to the wall and why have you become pyrotechnic?” Ginny’s fire comes to light again filling the room.

“It doesn’t hurt!” Ginny says to me smiling. “It’s freaky.” I can hear her take in a deep breath. “Jesse!” Ginny says to me with wide excited eyes. “I think we’ve just become comic book characters.”

I hear a gasp from the corner. “Y-Y-You freaks keep away from m-m-me!” A small girl says huddled in the corner and holding the side of her head, she can’t be more than ten. Ginny moves over to her.

“It’s ok, we’re not bad. What’s your name?” Ginny asks, putting her hand on the small girls shoulder to comfort her.

“S-S-Shawn-n-na.” The girl says shaking with fear. “Are... Are you... really ok? I shouldn’t talk to strangers”

“How do I get my ass off this wall?!” I ask in frustration. Both Ginny and the girl look over at me.

“Try to relax your mind and then focus on what you want.” Shawna says in almost a whisper from the corner.

“Who are you! Nassim Harramein? Thanks for the holistic advice, but I don’t think that is how magnets work. Where is the off switch for this?” I say as I am trying to reach around looking for something to turn it off, she’s ten, what does she know? Nothing is working, so I give in and try Shawna’s way, relaxing my mind. I am free from the wall.

I think this is the way out of here. I listen closely to the silence, getting a sense of which direction the boogie men are. I focus my attention to the wall of the container opposite the voices. Careful now, easy. I tear a small hole in the metal wall of the container. Just a little more. There is no light flowing in from the outside. Good it’s night time. I tear the hole just big enough for the three of us to get out.

Ginny pokes her head out and looks around. “The coast is clear, let’s get out of here.” Ginny, our new friend Shawna, and I make our way out of the camp unnoticed.

“Sssshhh, I think I hear something. It sounds like a radio.” Shawna says, stopping to concentrate.

“I don’t hear anything and we need to keep moving or we’re all dead.” Ginny says to her.

“Yeah, have you lost your mind?” I say backing up Ginny. “Oh, wait, this is a dream, it’s me who has lost my mind. Comic book characters, this shit can’t be real.”

“No really I hear it, you don’t?” She asks, both Ginny and I looking at each other shaking our heads. “I swear it’s there, like the radio is right here.” She says with her eyes closed. “It says to head west.” Ginny and I look at each other.

“Well, at least west is into the mountains.” Ginny says as she grabs my hand, turns toward the mountains, and starts walking.