



CELL – ME TOO

By Paul Smith

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FAYE - 22

A bare police station cell. A bench with a plastic covered thin mattress. A few magazines and newspapers. Dull lighting.

I watch the news.

I read the papers. Well, sometimes.

I know what's going on in the world.

Well some of it.

So I know that what happened isn't right.

So I won't be in trouble.

I won't.

Mum said, "Well done girl. You should stand up for yourself."

I didn't tell her everything that went on or she would have gone ballistic. She doesn't wanna know that his fingers were down my knickers. Fuck him.

When Gino first started going out with me, he was a real gentleman. Never touched me.

Inappropriately or any other way.

That's why we split up in the end.

He was polite. Unlike most Italians I've been with. Hands everywhere.

I wasn't to know what was going to happen. You don't know these things do you?

All I knew was that I had to get back at him some way. So.....