

## Lost: Tania Johnson

"Clunk", "Thud" the keys hit the bowl on the hall stand and her briefcase hit the floor. Her whole body sagged including her face that she'd carefully kept expressionless for hours. "Scuff, scuff" the shoes came off as she stepped further into the hall. Feeling dirty she peeled off her dress and stood in front of the mirror in her hall.

Squinting her eyes, she looked at herself. What was the purpose of it all? Did it align with her purpose? What the hell was her purpose anyway?

Undies and bra came off and were thrown at the laundry basket as she stepped into the bathroom and turned on the shower. Stepping under the spray, the tears started falling and her body convulsed as heaving sobs erupted from her body.

It was gut wrenching sobbing, but it was over quickly, she felt slightly better if sad and empty.

As she made dinner for herself, she contemplated the bottle of whiskey, imagining the warmth and relaxation flowing through her body and the feeling of everything being ok after a glass or two. But that wouldn't solve anything really.

After dinner she put the TV on and tried hard to focus on the dramas of TV characters, people whose problems were going to be magically fixed by meeting the right guy or the right girl or getting their dream job, house, car but always living happily ever after.

The naivety of youth, her desired reality of decency, fairness and doing the 'right' thing was looking more and more ridiculous. It was becoming hard to tell right from wrong, the shades of grey were colliding into a constant of black.

One day when she had enough money she imagined retiring and living off the grid with folk who wanted to be in harmony with others, who didn't have the need to suppress, undermine, bully, blame and compete with everyone. She'd stop feeling filthy.

Feeling better and lulled by this utopian future she cleaned her teeth and curled up on her solitary bed.

The next morning, she woke up, made herself coffee, put on the clothes, the makeup, her armour against the world, looked at herself in the mirror, carefully blanked her mind, erased any expression from her face and stepped out the door.