

Rebekka with a K

Her name was Rebekka, Rebekka with a K. Short with curly red hair and sparkling green eyes, skin so white it could send you blind, and lips that were full and luscious.

I met her at a local Blue Light Disco, a dance held at the local youth club for kids who couldn't legally go to real nightclubs. It was supposed to be an alcohol and drug free area, but when you put a group of teenagers together drugs and alcohol just seemed to gravitate towards them, just like a boulder will roll downhill. It's physics, pure and simple. Which brings me to why Snake and I were there. We needed to score, bad. Things were starting to float around in my peripheral vision, nasty things with big teeth. This was the downside of doing heroin, those nasty little buggers were always there, just waiting in the background until my guard was down. Only a hit could keep them at bay, and I fully intended to score one now.

Snake had told me about a dealer he knew that hung around places like this. Apparently this dealer liked the idea of desperate teenage girls sucking his dick just to get high.

Personally, I preferred to pay cash.

The two of us had been wandering around the crowd and trying to look inconspicuous. Of course what we really looked like was two drug addicts looking to score, but my father always told me attitude was everything. I don't know why I would take advice from someone who spent most of his time in a whorehouse instead of home with his family, but he was the only father I had. Mum on the other hand, was one smart cookie. She was the Scrabble Queen of the East Coast, and could make a word out of almost nothing.

"Imbroglia," she had once said while putting the tiles down on the board.

My father stared at the word like it was some strange alien language. It was the day before payday so he didn't have the cash to be putting it to some whore. "What the fuck is imbroglia?" he had demanded.

"It's a confused heap, a tangle," replied mum. "Bit like this marriage really."

That was mum, always willing to let dad know just how much of a shitheel he was. Dad was usually too stupid to realise when she was putting him down, so he'd just grunt and go back to the game, usually by making the word CAT or something equally inspired. I loved my mum, but dad was just a bit too much for me, what with his womanising and all. Towards the end I was always looking for a way out of there, trying to find an escape route. Mum always said I was fugacious, and I always liked the sound of it, even if I didn't know what it meant. But the problem was money was always hard to come by where I lived. It was almost impossible to get a job, and the dole was bugger all, so I was stuck where I was.

That's when my friend Snake introduced me to Lady Heroin. Ah, sweet brown powder of dreams, where had thou been all my life. Kiss me gently, and let me fly on

your gossamer wings. The first time I jacked I was hooked, not because it's addictive as all hell, but because I had finally found my escape. My Lady could be a demanding mistress though, and the meagre dole that the government hands out would never be enough. So I took to boosting car stereos and performing break and enters. I was pretty good at it too, sort of a natural talent, and I never once came close to getting caught. I made a mistake though when I hocked the family television set. I don't know what possessed me to do that, I was in need of a fix and the damn thing was just sitting there in the living room, staring at me with its one blank eye. When dad came home that night he noticed it was gone, and his son was lounging about the place with that big goofy "I'm flying" grin on his face. Next thing I knew I was out on the street and looking for a place to sleep. Fortunately Snake had a squat where I could crash. Good old Snake always seemed to be there when I needed him. We set up home and set about doing the only thing that really mattered to us, trying to score.

Which brings us neatly back to the disco. Snake had spotted his dealer and was dragging me over to him when I saw this vision in red bangs. She saw me too, and I could tell that she was interested by the way she looked away quickly, then slowly back at me. Teenage girls are nowhere near as subtle as they like to think they are. I lost her in the crowd though as Snake dragged me ever onward, and I thought that was the end of it. But after we had got what we had come for, I saw her again, standing at the front doors. She was looking around for something, or someone, and I had a fair idea of who it was she was looking for. We had our stash, the nasty things had slunk away for now, so I decided to get acquainted.

"Hi," I said, using my best line.

"Hi," she said back. She had played this game before.

"My name's Gavin, but everyone calls me Pilot."

"I'm Rebekka, with a K," she replied. "Why do they call you Pilot?"

"Because I like to fly, Rebekka with a K." I saw her glance at Snake so I decided to introduce him to her. "And this tall streak of Pelican shit is Clarence, aka Snake, so called because he has a habit of hugging people like an anaconda when he's high." They both nodded an acknowledgement to each other.

"Do you get high very often?" she asked me.

"Only when I need to," I replied, trying my hardest to look suave and sophisticated. It was hard considering that all I wanted to do was scratch the hell out of my arms. My craving had made a comeback, and this time it had brought it's big sister, Desire, with it. "Look," I said, "we have to get going now."

"Already?" she replied, a hint of disappointment crossing her face.

"I'm afraid so. Things to do, places to go and all that," I said. Things were starting to get tight, the walls were getting closer and I could hear the gnashing of teeth coming from behind me. It was definitely time to go.

“Can we come with you then?” asked Rebekka with a K. She pointed to another girl standing next to her, a girl I hadn’t even noticed before. “Karen and I spent all our money and we don’t have cab fare.”

“Umm, we aren’t exactly flushed with cash either,” I said.

“Well all we really need is a place to crash. We’re supposed to be staying at Karen’s brother’s place, but he’s at his girlfriend’s so he won’t miss us.”

It took me a while to try to get all this information into some sort of order, but basically she wanted to come home with us, which was just fine by me. Our squat was just down the road anyway, which was a good thing really because I desperately needed a hit. The four of us made our way along the darkened streets to an old abandoned apartment block that Snake and I called home. It was quite a find actually. The walls and windows were still intact, and somehow the power company had forgotten to disconnect the power, so we actually had light. Nothing else though, junkies tend not to accumulate household goods, unless said goods are in transit to the local pawnshop. We did have mattresses though, so we didn’t have to sleep on the cold floor. Snake and I set up our party items, a syringe, an old spoon, and a candle complete with holder. Then we set about getting high.

I love the feeling of that initial hit, when warmth starts to flow through my body, relaxing my muscles and flooding my brain with pleasure. That’s when I start to fly. My body gets so light that gravity can no longer hold it down and I start to float about the room on little currents of air. I drifted up towards the ceiling before slowly turning over to gaze down at the room. I saw Snake, lying on the floor and gazing up at me. Karen, sitting on an old chair she had found and looking at Snake in a most peculiar way. And Rebekka with a K, looking at me and smiling. She took me by the hand and gently pulled me over to my mattress in the corner. As I watched from above she slowly undressed and then lay beneath me on the bed. This was an interesting turn of events, and before I knew it my clothes had magically removed themselves from my body and drifted off on their own to parts unknown. My body started to drift down to her waiting arms, my prick growing hard as I descended. As I settled onto her I started to wonder about Snake and Karen. Would they be offended to see us in the corner, getting to know each other in the most intimate way possible? I looked over and was surprised to see the both of them naked, Snake lying on his back and giggling, Karen astride him and going to town like a woman who hasn’t been laid since the dawn of time. I looked down at Rebekka with a K and smiled. She smiled back and I felt fireworks explode in my head.

“I love you,” I said.

“I love you too,” she replied.

That was the first night of many for us. She never went home again, and though I sometimes wonder what her parents might have thought, I didn’t really care because she was with me. Snake and Karen hit it off in a big way. They developed an interesting sexual relationship, a very public one. It was like a contest for them,

having sex wherever they possibly could. In bus stops, on trains, in elevators, anywhere they possibly could without actually getting arrested. It became dangerous for us to go places with them, you could look away for just a second and when you looked back someone would have something stuck in someone else. And just watching them go at it would be too much for Rebekka and I to resist, we would just have to join in. So then you would have four teenagers going at it on a bus, or in a park, or wherever. I still don't know how we never got caught. Snake and I still continued to score, stealing VCR's and televisions, and then hocking them for a fraction of what they were worth just so we could feed our habit. I don't know when Karen started using, but she took to it like a duck takes to water. So that just left Rebekka with a K, the only one in our little group who wasn't using. I didn't want her to do it either. I knew what it was like to be continually hungry for that brown powder, and I decided that she wasn't going to get hooked on it. So it came as a bit of a shock when she finally asked me to set her up.

"No," I had said, shaking my head vehemently.

"Why not?" she asked. "You do it, Snake and Karen do it, why can't I?"

"Because you're better than that," I replied.

"But I just want to know what it's like. Just one little hit, that's all. Just so I can know what you feel like when you do it." She looked at me with those sparkling green eyes and I knew all was lost, I just couldn't resist her. So I gave in and jacked her up, and that was it. One hit was all it took, she entered that Purple Haze and never looked back. So now all four of us were using, which meant Snake and I had to work twice as hard to get the cash we needed. We had four arms to feed now.

Things went well for a while, sure it was tough getting the gear we needed to pay for our supplies, but we were getting by. Until the day Snake walked into our squat with a gun. He had bought it at a pawnshop, instead of getting the cash like he was supposed to do.

"What the hell are you doing with that?" I demanded. I was getting close to the edge again and needed a fix bad. I always got edgy when I was like that.

"This," said Snake, turning the gun over in his hands, "is going to get us all the cash that we need.

"That," replied Rebekka, "is going to get us killed. Get rid of it before you hurt someone."

"I'm not going to hurt anyone," said Snake, "It's just a replica. But we can use it to knock over a liquor store. There's a lot of cash in those places."

"No way," I replied. "It's too dangerous. Just hock it so we can score. I need a fix bad, Snake, really bad." It was true, I was in desperate shape. The last batch wasn't that strong, and I had given Rebekka some of my share so that she could get off. But it left me wanting, no, needing more.

“Don’t worry, Pilot,” said Snake, “I’ll get you all the stuff you will ever need. Come on, Karen, I’ll need a lookout.” And with that they walked out of the squat, and our lives. We never saw them again, but we did find out what had happened. Snake and Karen had tried to hold up a liquor store, just like he had promised. But the owner had other ideas, and a shotgun under the counter. He had killed Snake with the first shot, and fatally wounded Karen with the second. The media had held him up as a hero, the little man fighting back against the evil, gun-toting drug addicts. All I know is that my best friend left that day, and he was never coming back.

Things went from bad to worse then. I was too far gone to do a break and enter, or even to rip off a car stereo, so it was up too Rebekka to get us some cash. She didn’t have the skills or talents I had, so she got the money the only way she could. She sold her body. It killed a part of me when she told me what she had done, about how she had let some fat ugly son of a bitch stick his dick inside her for a lousy fifty bucks. But another part of me didn’t care, the part of me that could only see the cash, and what it could buy. I swore to myself that she would never have to do such a thing again, but promises made by a junkie, even to himself, aren’t worth shit. Rebekka became our main source of income by working on her back, or her knees when it came to the pious Priests of St Josephs, Priests who would preach on Sunday and pay whores on Monday, just so we could feed the monkey that was now perched firmly on our backs. The good Lady Heroin had gone, what was left was an ugly old crone with a grip like a vice. I wanted her to stop the prostitution, stop selling her body to support me, but I was weak. I decided to get off the drugs so that she wouldn’t have to do this anymore, but I had no idea how. So I went to church.

I decided to see Father O’Brien, a Californian Priest who had come down under to spread the word. My Mother had always gone to him for advice, and I knew my Mum was not stupid, so I figured he would be the one to help. I told him my troubles, though leaving Rebekka out of it for now, and he thought it over.

“You know the church doesn’t have a rehabilitation centre, don’t you?” he asked.

“I know, Father. But I can’t afford to go to the privately run ones, I just don’t have access to that sort of money.”

“Then you will have to do it on your own.”

“I can’t, Father, I tried too, but I just don’t have the will power.”

“Ah. This man had, after many vicissitudes of fortune, sunk at last into abject and hopeless poverty. Macaulay said that.” He looked at my bewildered face. “It doesn’t matter, it’s just a quote. The point is you have reached the lowest point of your life, now it’s time to rise up.”

“But I can’t do it on my own, I need help. Won’t you please help me, Father?” I hated begging, but I was desperate.

“I can help you, my Son, but you have to do something for me in return.”

“What?” I asked. But one look into his eyes revealed all. I knew exactly what this man wanted from me. This man of the cloth, this well respected Priest, wanted something from me I wasn’t willing to give. I didn’t bother to wait for an answer, I just got up and left.

When I got back to the squat Rebekka was waiting for me. She had scored from a new source that she had found and was more excited than a kid on Christmas Eve.

“Look at this,” she said, holding out the small foil package for me to see. “It’s almost pure, or at least, that’s what the dealer said. We should get really high on this.”

“Pure?” I asked doubtfully. I had heard of pure stuff being available but had never seen it myself. Personally I thought of it as one of those urban myths. I noticed that she had a mobile phone sitting on the floor next to her. “Where did you get that?” I asked.

“The phone? I stole it from a john I had last night. I doubt he will miss it, he was pretty drunk when I left.”

I hated hearing about her work. Every word was like a rusty razorblade cutting deeply into my heart. Maybe I should take Father O’Brien up on his offer. It would only be for a couple of weeks, and then I could help Rebekka get off the heroin as well. And with us both clean we could live happy, productive lives. Get a job, a house with a white picket fence, a dog, a cat, kids, and grandkids, grow old together. It was the perfect dream. I decided to do it.

Tomorrow. But first, just one last hit. I decided to play it safe and make up a smaller than average batch, just in case it was as pure as her dealer had said. Rebekka had made the score so she got to go first. I cooked it up while she tied a belt around her arm, then I took her by the hand and gently penetrated a vein. The drug swept into her bloodstream and she smiled at me. And then her eyes rolled back into their sockets, and her heels started to beat a tattoo on the floor. Her arm jerked from my grasp, the needle flying across the room as she started to convulse.

I panicked, I didn’t know what to do. Here was my one and only true love banging the back of her head against the floor while spittle flew from her mouth, and all I could do was sit there and watch her. She was dying and I couldn’t do a thing to stop it. And then I saw the phone. I snatched it up and called an ambulance while Rebekka with a K lay dying behind me. By the time help arrived she had stopped convulsing and was just lying there, gazing up at the ceiling with those green eyes that no longer sparkled. The paramedic took one look at her and then asked me what drug she had taken. I just waved at the small package, not really caring anymore. She was gone, I knew that. Rebekka with a K was no more. He took one look at the drug, then reached into his box of tricks and pulled out a vial of clear liquid. He quickly transferred the drug to a syringe and injected it into her arm.

Rebekka with a K sat bolt upright with a sound like a deep-sea diver coming up for air. She was alive, deathly pale but alive.

I couldn't believe it. My angel was back. I grabbed her and held her close, never wanting to let her go again.

"You're alive," I said and kissed her.

"Did you use your share?" she asked.

"No, thank God," I replied. I was finished with that stuff after what had just happened. There way no way I was going to shoot up again.

"Can I have it?" she asked.

She nearly died. No, she had died, and now she wanted more? My heart shattered in my chest when I heard her ask that. I knew then that she didn't love me, she loved the drug. I was just someone to spend time with. The next day I went to Father O'Brien, and I wasn't wrong about what he wanted, but I wanted out and that was the only way. I never went back to her, and never saw her again.

The End