## **TERROR**

I am so terrified that I cannot even think straight.

I look at the slip of paper. It's still there. I am compelled.

## **POSITIONS**

She is mistress. I am the toy. I have to do whatever she says, no matter how senseless or idiotic. Them's the rules. But this...this is beyond. I cannot imagine putting myself in this position. Real danger. Real trouble. But I have to. So I try to block out anxiety and single my mark out.

Crowds. City. Streets. Over there.

## **CHALK**

Thin and frail girl. Braids. Slight. Maybe sixteen? Fifteen? Saying nothing. Eyes turned down. Thin legs. Tights. Cheap clothes. Beautiful wide brown eyes.

Oh christ protect me.

Up against her. I bellow.

And again. Oblivious.

And again. Shaking with fear and adrenaline.

- FUCKING STINKING FILTHY FUCKING NNNNIGGGGEEERRRRRRRRRR

Faces around me are staring. White faces. Black faces. Brown faces.

All faces. All those faces. All bent with horror. Despair. Angst. Fear.

I am in control.

## **POWER**

And now I am getting into it. I feel I am controlling things. She has given me a taste of power and I bite on it. My wonderful mistress.

I screech at the filthy black bitch and hound her along the street.

Control. Power. STRENGTH.

I turn to face the appreciative audience. And there she is. Big. Black. Angry. Hateful. That fear floods me back again.

Oh mistress...let me pay for your mistake. Indulge me.

She beats me unconscious.