



Your vodafone bill

Service charges and usage

The voices in your head For the period 8 Nov to 7 Dec	£17.50
Discount on SCZD hiPSC 12M cAMP WNT 1BG BB For the period 8 Nov to 7 Dec	cr£4.38

Additional offers added to your account

Hallucinations/Delusions	£0.00
Disorganised, or catatonic speech	£0.00
Total before VAT	£13.12
VAT at 20% on £13.12	£2.62
Total	£15.74

Call breakdown

For 07739694989 used by MISS I. BAAL

I wake up to my phone. It hammers against the table top; its red light flashing. Face down in the dark, it looks like a miniature space craft about to take off. I free my arm from the blankets and reach out of bed to pick up. A voice I recognise, but can't place, says my name.

"Who is this?" I say. The line goes dead.

I listen to the cut off tone, then hang up. I try and place the voice then, curious, call the number back.

"Welcome to the vodafone messaging service. The person you are calling *recorded silence* is unavailable. Please leave your message after the beep. *BEEP*"

A small red star alerts me to a new txt.

can't say i don't miss u bitch

02.01

I click who it is. Fuck. I think. Why did I answer? Why did I call back? And why I had I deleted his number? Why is he calling me in the middle of the night? Why is he calling me at all?

I open the call list, select his number, and save it as DON'T ANSWER.

I wake up the next morning to 91 missed calls and a stream of nonsensical msgs. that come to an abrupt end at 6.

in the case for cunt and cuntry	03.14
we going to find who threw him of a balcony	03.22
jojake	04.19
kofuck	04.19
transpasay	04.19
blasting clear ways	05.55
im fucked	05.56

I skim through, and am about to delete the lot, when he rings. The clairvoyance of paranoia? Or does his phone have delivery reports?

Don't Answer calling...

"What is your problem?" I shout. "You can't harrass people because you're off your face."

His voice is plaintive and hesitant.

"I tried to kill myself last night."

I don't say anything.

"Hello? Are you there?"

"Yes."

I tried to kill myself last night."

"I heard you the first time. Why are you calling me?"

"I-I-I'm s-sorry," he says, stammering.

"I thought you weren't doing coke," I say.

"Its not that. Just please listen. Yes, ok. Ok?"

I bite my tongue.

"Please don't get angry."

"Why would I get angry?"

"I went to the pub. I thought ppl'd be there, so I got in a gram and ended up doing it by myself, but you don't understand, it isn't cos I was fucked up."

The voice tumbles out of the reciever, the words rehearsed and cheesy, lifted from a coming-of-age hollywood flick.

I can picture him sitting outside the pub chainsmoking, popping to the bogs for a line between pints; then getting drunker and doing bumps at the table, hoping someone will show; then I back at his flat, hyping himself up listening to crappy Money Rap, and getting more and more wired; later, clammy between plastic sheets with crumbs sticking to his back. Same as any Friday night.

"I had these thoughts whirling round my head - mad thoughts like voices - my mum she wouldn't shut up I decided to do it - I was so calm - you don't understand - I could hear my brother getting ready for work. I went into the bathroom and turned on the tap, and picked up my razor from the side - and I was gonna do it right there I was but it wasn't fair doing it there - where he'd find me coming home at the end of the day, me lying there, pale and covered in blood." The static on the line detracts from the meoldrama. "I went out, to the alley behind the house." A potholed turning off the A40, by the Mercedes garage before the Hammersmith Flyover (if you are coming into London); a charming spot to do it. "I severed three tendons," he sounds proud. "I sat there for ages. I don't know how long.... it must've been," he pauses, "... 45 minutes.... Then," he pauses again, with a sharp intake of breath. "I decided I wanted to live."

"Oh ffuck's sake."

"But I didn't do it!" his voice goes up an octave, and takes on a defensive note. "I wanted to live. I crawled out of the alley, saw on old woman and called out to her. I wanted to live."

The thought of whichever poor woman this was, having to deal with this badly executed episode of cocaine psychosis is appalling. I want to hang up.

"She called an ambulance - they took me to hospital. I'd severed three tendons - they asked me who they should call and I don't know - Fletcher just seemed like the best person..." his voice trails off.

I've never liked F, a skinny-faced coke dealer who never indulges in his product himself, but makes a tidy profit selling to his friends.

"And did he sell you the gear in the first place?"

"He found a letter."

"A note?"

"A letter to you. He went round to mine, before he came to the hospital, to get clothes they had to cut off my t-shirt, my jeans were covered in blood listen you have to believe me. I wrote it ages ago I don't even mean any of that stuff anymore. We're cool, aren't we? I don't know how he found it. It's really important you understand. He went through my things."

I picture F swinging himself up onto the 1st floor balcony, and, spurred on by too many daytime TV detective shows, rifling through drawers in search of clues.

"It wasn't like I left it out. I didn't do this because of you. He went through my things. This has nothing to do with you. It has to do with me and " "I know it doesn't have anything to do with me!" "Yes, but that's the thing, Fletcher thinks..." "Fletcher thinks what?" I say. "Fletcher thinks that maybe, it does..."

I hear Fletcher's voice before the receiver is covered by a hand. He comes back on the line, "I think it's best if maybe we don't see each other for a bit."

"We weren't seeing each other anyway."

"He went through my things," he says again. "My arms are in ribbons. I cut through the muscle. I'm going to have to build it back up."

Then, Fletcher's voice, alert and stressed, but censored by the pressing of buttons. "Are you *BEEP* to that *BEEP*? *BEEP* you *BEEP* to *BEEP* *BEEP*? What did I *BEEP*? Just *BEEP* *BEEP*"

The line goes dead. I put my phone onto the table beside me and stare at it. It looks like a big black bug. What could the letter have said? I wonder. The phone starts ringing again. The buzzing makes it scuttle across the towards me. I imagine him at the other end, furtive, hiding the call from Fletcher, pinning his hopes on each tinny ringtone. I sigh, and answer with the loudspeaker button, but he doesn't speak. Silence amplifies out of the loudspeaker. A shallow, shitty, digital silence; flat, lame, and annoying. Maybe I should care more, but all this bullshit, and then calling back and saying nothing. I yell into the receiver. "You know what? I hope you rot." I sit up in bed. "And if you want advice for next time; everybody knows you can't bleed to death in a back alley. You slit your wrists in a hot bath so the blood runs out. Pills are easier, trains are messy, but both ways take *BEEP*"