

Low Level Panic

By Clare McIntyre

Jo: If I could grow six inches and be as fat as I am now I'd be really tall and thin. I could stretch out all the fat on my legs till they were long and slender and I'd go to swanky bars and smoke menthol cigarettes. I'd save all the pennies I see lying about on the streets in an old whisky bottle then I'd go out and buy silky underwear and that's what I'd wear. I'd have white wine out of bottles with special dates on them in tall glasses and I'd smile a lot and show my teeth and I'd really be somebody then. I'd meet someone. We'd just drink: play with our drinks and look at each other. He'd look at me that is. I'd know he was looking at me, at my legs. Then we'd leave. I wouldn't give anything away. I'd be wearing sunglasses, enormous dark ones so he wouldn't see into me. I'd just be an amazing pair of legs, in sunglasses getting into a car. I'd be an astonishingly beautiful, mysterious, fascinating woman. I wouldn't need to talk. We'd be a beautiful couple. He might have a yacht. I could lounge about and go swimming. I'd dive in off the side of the boat. I'd be really good. I wouldn't have to hold my nose or anything. It'd be phenomenal. I'd feel brilliant about myself. I'd get really thin and I'd get tanned all over, even my armpits. I'd love every single minute of it.