

# NOIR

He punched me again. I almost laugh at the corny theme of my graphic injuries as I fall to the earth, gravity embracing my battered inhuman form. However, I knew he would go for a videogame combo. I tensed my muscles and swallowed back blood as I correctly anticipated his next appearance. Out of nowhere, he re-enters majestically, a noir and white world view cliché by physical appearance. And like a noir antagonist, he was edgy, dark and clever. I was similar to this anti-hero character in front of me but he was a more efficient, confident yet lost and self mocking parody. His existence was an art form he was proud of.

'HELLO KITTY!' he screamed passionately, like a chronologically misplaced Greek thespian, and swung his arm at me, fingers splayed in a claw. I teleport away, reappearing behind the harlequin, and punched him in the back of the head with all the physical and telekinetic strength I could muster (which was a lot).

I watched my successful hit, as rare as a good horror film, blossom grotesquely in the wondrous pixel quality of real life definition. I could see lacerations in his skin and I withheld no more time moving in to annihilate my carbon mockery. As I rerun through our physical choreography, a repetition that I suspected we were both psychologically addicted to, I thought of my life and reality and how such a beautiful instance of self destruction could appear so literally before me.

The co-star in my deliriously poor-taste stage spectacular was a creature that referred to itself as the Evil Clown, a rather tragically, over-killed horror archetype that acted with my means and morals but with a revamped, Hollywood strength personality that left the real me in the B-grade gutter. He shocked the world with my personal beliefs twisted into a death-themed game of psychological war against sanity. The elements and techniques in these actions were so familiar and personal, it felt like an emotional stab at my heart each time he perfected someone's death through his methods.

I fade out of scene, changing the setting back to my gun metal grey sky (oh so sweet the gloom, thou call out like a whisper from a lover long since deceased) and staring at the ridiculous grin of my angular featured villain that I had come to consider as a friend, an enemy, a personality facet, a manipulator, a murderer, a psychopath and as myself. Few people get to properly critique their darker selves, unable to separate any bias due to having stable minds.

'How's the internal monologue coming along? Wanna share with the rest of you?'

He cackled at his joke. In response, I teleported my black bladed sword into my hand and channelled my omnipotence through the precision prop, swinging the sword at my antagonist other. He leaped skilfully out of the way, his own stunt man. We face off, two sides of a broken soul in conflict.

*Hayden Jeffery, Grade 11  
Macksville High School*