



Module B: Texts and Ways of Thinking

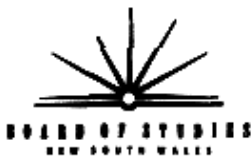
Question 5 → Elective 3: Retreat from the Global

"Who says your way is right?" Petal ~~said~~^{said} defiantly, her dark eyes flashing angrily. She looks at the broad shouldered man sitting across the table from her. His face is brown and his is ~~biggest~~ quite handsome. His brown eyes are full of an undecipherable pain, as he focuses on the flickering candlelight which sits nestled between them. Petal shakes her head and releases a soft sigh, before picking up Sam's hand. "Honey," she draws, "baby, I know you don't understand me, but I can't marry you, just because you feel I should, I'll be trapped..." her voice fades out as Sam's face melts before her. "But you don't understand Petal, I love you!" ~~And~~ "You don't love



me, you love what I can do for you," she responds bitterly. "Those weekends in Vegas where filled with champagne, cocaine, money, gambling and sex." The story of Petal's life, after all as she ^{often} said, "live fast, die slow." [But the years of incessant abuse ~~and~~ twisted Petal, ^{had} taken her heart and squeezed out compassion. Her body was an empty shell devoid of the ability to express emotion. She ~~and~~ replaced her emptiness with quick fixes, such as alcohol, drugs and men.

She ~~was~~ removed herself from society, isolating herself from anyone who sustained emotion or feelings for her. She looked at Sam's face and realised he did in fact love her. Petal pulled out the mirror from her handbag and reapplied her blood-red lipstick as she contemplated



the easiest way to leave. After all love meant pain, not happiness, for Petal, and so the sooner she left Sam the quicker she could find another victim to momentarily love her and help "pump the pain".

She glanced up, clicked the mirror shut and put it into her fake snake skin bag, before readjusting her top absentmindedly.

"Honey, I'm sorry for proposing,..." Sam started, but..." Look I'm sorry Sam, but I can't be with you anymore. You need someone to love, a good woman to marry. Not a hard ased bitch, with a shit-load of problems."

Sam sat in pained silence as Petal stood, walked around the table, and kissed his cheek with her serious lips before leaving him sitting ~~in~~ surrounded by her intoxicating perfume



and a sense of desolation.

He called the waiter to his table, "double scotch on the rocks," he said hoarsely.

He looked out the window at the bustling street as the waiter hurried to fix the important man his drink.

The waiter ~~indeed~~ returned promptly placing the glass in front of Sam. He flashed an absent minded, tired grin at the waiter before taking the glass, tilting his head and letting the sickly warmth from the scotch slide down his throat and into his body.

He looked once again out the window, with some despondency and saw Petal striding across the street. Her legs ^{appeared} ~~seemed~~ slenderly from ~~the~~ ^{the slit in} ~~her~~ skirt as she took one look back before stepping into a waiting black porché. Sam began to stand, "How could she."



Petal sat back and snuggled into the rich, leather upholstery, before smiling guiltily at the man beside her. He responded by accelerating the car around a sharp corner, releasing a high pitched squeal, which left Petal laughing ~~at~~ with delight.

"So the house, tonight?" the man asked not taking his eyes off the road, strictly business. Petal knew that there was no point responding to his question, as he'd already decided.

She merely lay as close to him as she could as the cityscape gradually faded to darkness as they entered the luxurious folds of the night, untainted by synthetic lights.

Petal lay there thinking of Sam, the wealthy man who had loved her.

She laughed quietly, how many men were there ~~there~~ that had conferred there



love to her at ^{various} times ^{throughout} her life. She wondered if she had a problem after all, why was ^{it} that commitment scared her so much, then she reasoned with herself, after all you don't get disappointed if you have no expectations. She hated the way people, even her family looked at her. As if being a sexy, thirty year old was a crime. Especially one, without kids, a husband and a home with a white picket fence. Well fuck expectations, she had never lived anyone else's lives or anyone else's dreams and she wasn't about to start that now with Sam. After all, she had a man beside her, was sitting in a luxurious porche, she was being taken care of ~~of~~, what more could she ask for. She sighed happily as they pulled into the driveway. It was once again the beginning of a



relationship, a new start, and for the
time being, she was happy...