

*Why Won't You Come Over Here? (1.1083)*

The face I see in the mirror is the one I love the best. It's not the one I was born with, not exactly anyway, but it's been years since I last saw that hideous thing in the mirror. Vain though it might be, the first thing I did when I realized I was nearly omnipotent was get rid of the old Ilyana that had stared out at me from this same mirror for twenty years.

The wet dream of so many schoolgirls. Pimples, be gone! Fuck you limp brown hair! The ultimate in crash diets! Two hundred pounds in less time than it takes to flip a switch! Can I really be expected to stay a fat cow with all of this power at my command? I don't think so.

The face in the mirror is more beautiful than the real Ilyana ever was. I don't even like to associate that name with the thin blonde I'm looking at. Luciana is who I've been since I pulled an Oprah and shed the pounds.

I sigh and walk out of the bedroom. I rarely get to spend much time in my apartment anymore. Most of my days are spent with "the boys." That's coming to an end now, though. Silver and the boss have had their last falling out, I think. The two young ones aren't coming along as well as that pompous ass would like, I'm sure.

He's not so bad, though. Silver has his moments. I remember talking to him about how we're all special, all of us...whatever we are. I still can't decide what the hell I am. A god? Zhakrin thinks we can see infinite dimensions or some shit, and that little dork Sharkey calls us "awakened," whatever the hell that means.

I sit down on my couch and turn on the TV. I never really watch it anymore, but it's nice background noise. Truth to be told, I'm not even sure why I

miss my apartment. It's not like there's anything to do here. I think I've finally come down with the wanderlust that Zhakrin talks about all the time: that weird mix of apathy and desire that prevents those like us from enjoying the simple pleasures of life anymore. It's a real pain in the ass.

“So I'm special because I have tits and no one else does?” I remember asking Silver.

“Maybe. Maybe there are others like you we haven't found yet,” he said.

“Four guys, one girl. Not good odds, I don't think,” I said.

But the hanging bags of fat I've had since I was twelve aren't really the special thing about me, not at all, and Silver knew it even then. He may be annoying, he may drive the boss crazy, but he's smart, I'll give him that. He noticed when it was just the three of us, before the young ones popped up, that we were all just *slightly* different.

He told me how hard it was for him or Zhakrin to change their faces, how much concentration it took to maintain any changes they made to their appearance, how long it took them getting used to their powers before they could even manage to make themselves look different if they wanted to. So hard, in fact, that they didn't bother with it at all. Silver and Zhakrin look almost exactly alike, Sharkey and What's His Name too. I can them apart by the eyes, usually, but only Silver and Zhakrin. The young ones look just alike to me still.

I never think about maintaining this body. I can change faces at will, and do so often. I spent the last two weeks copying the same body that the boys all have, right down to the pointy thing between the legs. Having a hard-on for the first time was an interesting experience; an experience that had to be self-

induced, but interesting all the same.

It's quite a unique talent, really. The things you hear when you've got a familiar face...I should write a book one day.

I fall asleep on the couch with TV Land on.

Hours pass.

The door to the apartment flies open, and one of the young ones is standing there. I can't tell which one; I never can.

“What the hell do you want?” I shout at him. “This is a solo party.”

“Is it not enough for you to be the only bitch among us?” The bastard strolls into the room as if he owns the place. There's mud on his boots, and he leaves footprints on my carpet.

“What the hell are you talking about?” I'm still groggy. I get up off the couch.

He jumps on me. I feel the tugging at my skin that means he's changing something, and there's a knife in his hand. Just as quickly he jams it in my side. We land on the ground in a pile of body parts and I roll him off of me.

“The...fuck...” I say, or try to say. He's hit a lung. There's blood on my lips. I can fix it, if I can get a second.

“I'm only good at one thing!” He screams, and kicks me in the face. This time I can react, and I fling the coffee table at him. He doesn't feel it or it doesn't hit him, one, I'm not sure. It's hard to concentrate. Can't breathe.

The knife. My back. Pain.

I'm stronger than him, I know it. He's young. I reach inside myself.

Nothing but pain.

There. There's something.

I roll myself over and...

“You tried to take it from me. My specialty. The only thing I have now!”

...he's crying, there are tears, weeping, tears, salt salty salty!

Getting a hold on myself. Mys Elf. Elf.

I release everything I've got and fling myself upward. My body is surrounded by flame. Flame on! I think. Getting high from lack of blood. But I burn him, I burn him bad. He falls back, screaming, on fire.

I fix myself as best as I can. The wounds are deep, and I'm weak, weak...

“Have you lost your fucking mind?” I berate him while he rolls on the ground at my feet. He never needs to know how close he came to finishing me.

“What the hell is wrong with you? I don't even know...”

The fire's out instantly. He's tricked me. The knife in his hand grows eight inches and sweeps my legs out from under me, removing one of my feet in the process.

I scream.

“You're a real bitch, you know that?” he says, climbing on top of me. “You want take what I have? How about I take everything you have?”

He stabs me in the gut again, but he misses my lung this time. Instead, he leaves the knife there. I look up and he's got another one just as big in his hand, only this one is serrated.

“How about I take what makes *you* special?” He rips my shirt down. He saws off my right breast. I scream again and try to reach inside myself for whatever might be left, but all I feel is the knife. He cuts off my left breast. “How

does that feel, little Ilyana?" He spits the question in my face.

I start to say 'fuck you' but he jams the knife in my throat and yanks it out. The jagged edge tears through me and leaves little bits of my own flesh fall on my face. I try to gasp, but all that comes is a clicking sound.

He's off me now.

The knife is still in my stomach.

Can't breathe again.

Click-click-click goes the throat.

Click...

My head falls sideways (sides-wayseses funny word) because I can't hold it up anymore. Young man bastard guy thing isn't alone. Zhakrin!

Zhakrin!

I click as best I can, I try to make my little hand roll over, to call get his attention. I'm bleeding to death right now but he's not looking at me. The lights in the room are going out.

Out, out like a trout.

I'm right here boss.

Trout boss.

Hoss gloss.

Boss.

Oh god this is real.

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