

Writing the Future

Ink Tourette's

She was getting on my nerves. In my face. In my space. I could feel the ink rising in me like bile. Like Tourette's.

'Urgh!' Her voice drowned, gargled ink.

Her face was covered in bright blue ink. It drooled from her lower lip and her clumped eyelashes as she blinked at me in disbelief. It dripped globules from her fringe. Snaked down her neck. Stained the collar of her pale shirt.

'Urgh! You ...' She couldn't find speech for it. She shook her hands where ink dripped now too, after she had swiped them across her eyes.

I raised my eyebrows appreciatively. The squid graft had taken better than expected. But, drat. I hadn't even managed to hone the ink into a well-crafted sentence of rebuke. Not even a word. I'd just spat and spluttered it at her. Thank goodness it wasn't toxic. I hadn't gone that far with my hybridising experiments on myself. It wouldn't do to be murdering people because they irritated me. I was astonished it had worked so well but concerned to think about how I could go forward to combine the ink squirting with my emotional chemistry. I tried to guesstimate the amount of the ink squirt by looking at her, but she was confusing things now by mixing tears into the ink. There'd be snot and saliva to calibrate in soon. She turned and ran from me silently. The territory was mine.

Tracey Warr, 2019