

'I'm not Dead!' - by Barbara Jane MacKie

Didn't some bloke once say 'Dying ain't easy?'

Think I heard that. Possibly off the TV or it might have been some Sad Sicko putting it on *Facebook*? Yeah, probably that. Whatever the case, I ain't dying, get it? Not now, not tomorrow, not *never*.

No way, Jose, as some dude said in some cheesy movie!

My squirt-face of a Sizzy loves cheesy movies. Suze is a virtual *mouse* the way she nibbles them up, blubbing into her hot chocolate like the total un-coolster she is!

Look, how can I make this clear, people? I may be wired up, patched up, plugged up, with spooky tubes coming out of every part of me, but Georgy Lee Jones is not a blimmin' extra from '*Shaun of the Dead*' or something. I'm super-human and no car or drunk driver is going to stop Georgy girl from walking out of this hell-hole!

Nurse Sharpe looks like a movie Extra. She *so* does! Uptight, a total Fugly one! Spooks me out every time she comes close with her needle, breathing her vile breath all over me, blinking back tears, her nose quivering. Who the hell is she crying *for*? Sharpey should look in the mirror at *herself*. Wax off the seventies rug on the top lip, and start on the spearmint. That way she might pull!

That Dr. Daniels is well fit. Looks like that bloke off '*Casualty*' – the really cool one who's always chats up the nurses. He's really hench. Oh, oh? Here she blows! '*Sharpe of the Living Dead*' is coming to GET me! Help!

'Feeling comfortable, Georgy? Mum and Dad here soon, dear. Let's just give you a little pain relief, shall we?'

What's Nurse Sharpey sticking in now? Am I a flaming pin cushion or what? Back off, lady!

Oh-oh? Sharpe is leaning over me? Poof? Wished I brought my body spray! The Sharpester is now adjusting my tubes? Let's not *go* there, people! '*These were da bad times*' as that Gangster said in '*Goodfellas*'. Liked that movie and it was well violent – and an 'eighteen'!

Phew! Sharpe is going, tray of needles ready to stick into some other sad sucker.

What's she put into my drip? Feel a bit floaty. Like when you have too many alcopops. Mum so hates it when I do stuff like that. Thirteen is no age, she says. Agree with her on that – thirteen is nowhere-ville!. Still, they say I look fifteen so there are some good things about being tall and leggy.

Leggy? Don't you just *hate* that? Leggy? Sound like a Daddy long legs or something – all spidery and whispery and floaty? Am I making sense here?

Reckon I'm babbling on a bit? Babbling ...? Kind of like that word.

Oh-oh? Here come the heavy mob! Blimey? What's wrong with *them*? Dad looks like he's gonna puke up all over me and has been kicked in the goolies. Mum has gone grey, her eyes are all puffed up and Suze is shaking like a jelly. Weirder and weirder!

What's Suze now trying to stick in my mouth? No, Suze, you mentally challenged blob, I don't want a *Kit-Kat*! Can't move me head, you total pea brain!

Families? My mob look like they've walked out of that '*Twilight*' movie, the blood sucked out of 'em. A well spooky crew!

Mum, stop stroking arm, will you? You and I both know that I can't feel a blimmin' thing and no, Suze, I do *not* want you curling up next to me! This isn't a sleepover, this could be the real thing. Even Nurse Sharpe said earlier: 'This might be your time, Georgy, dear.' I can't stand Sharpey!

My 'time'? My time for what? For ... *dying*? No way? I've got loads of stuff lined up to do! There's Jack, in year 10 who they all say fancies me, and he's well fit. Dead ringer for that '*Twilight*' guy, the hench Vampire one, you know. Ok, Jack is maybe not quite so fit, but a well close second.

Oh... ? Really wanna puke! Don't feel good! Too many alcopops-kind-of-feeling!

Dad, please stop stroking my hair! It's creeping me out big time! I'm not going anywhere, Dad, not dying, never - no way! I've just started living and no sad loser is going to take that away from me.

Ok, Dad, even if you do want to 'string up' the pissed up Driver that hit me, that's not making me feel much better. Feel sick actually. Any of you Vampires got a paper bag ... *ugh!*

What are you saying, Mum, you're muttering ... can't make you out? Can't hear you...? Tell me? Am I *what*, Mum? Am I 'comfortable', darling? Who ... knows? Sort of ... floating... but don't worry, Georgy Girl ain't going anywhere. Not ... now ... not never. Mum ...? You've gone purple? Are you going to explode?

Wow? I'm floating off? Give me some space, people!

Feeling ... well weird. Don't let the Fugly One stick another needle in me! Helps the pain? What ... pain? Can't feel anything now. But I'm not leaving you ... so stop your crying all of you, please. You all look like you're going to croak!

Mum, Dad, Suze ...? Don't *die* on me now – that would *so* creep me out! I'm not letting go, not ... now ... not never! No way ... Jose!. Sticking around forever me.

I'm Georgy ... Lee Jones. The greatest girl ... who ever ... *lived!*

Do you remember when you were little and stuff and you had a balloon ... you know, a red balloon, like little kids have in the park ... and there's a string ... and you're holding it extra tight ... and your Mum and Dad are there smiling at you ... saying 'Don't let go, Georgy. *Don't let Go!*'

Barbara Jane Mackie

