

There was once a man in Troublestorm Bay who liked to dress in black and spend time home alone everyday. I insisted that if he persisted I would throw his head-first in the mud.

Hurray!

Pillow programs are not about altering highrisk conditions, nor about causing individuals or groups to desist from weather behavior.

“I would rather be wet outside, but at least I am alive.” I said.

In this early spring night the weather was supposed to be as predictable as his drug addict brother. He could leave the house under a blue sky broken only with pois clouds, barely moving in the imperceptible breeze, and return in a rain storm too gusty and frigid even for an umbrella.

My head span between each change in status from lovely best friend to annoying brat of whom I was nothing but embarrassed.

Climate porn suggests both that climate reporting is irresponsible and exaggerated in a way similar to the way pornography exaggerates sexual behaviour and that exaggerated reports of climate change effects appeal to a prurient impulse.

Degrowth advocates believe that the only way to save the Earth is to stop focusing on growth at all costs in favour of a more equitable redistribution of resources.

Degrowth sounds like depthroat.

In between the dramatic changes were the smaller ones too, cold became warm when some drops shot back against my feeble thighs, rain could become stinging hail stones could for just a few moments, wicked freezing wind could wane to wintry breeze. His thoughts tumbled in a chaotic motion between his physical discomfort from the elements composing this picture.

How could I help him without enabling the habit and risking the tenuous new life that was still as fresh and vulnerable as the newly painted bench we passed in the park?

Then he would shiver and raise the hood of his third-hand squall parka that hung about him like a tent on a mannequin.

“Hello, where are you with your mind? The storm did quite a damage to your crop too I can see. Hey, let me help you with that!”

I peeled his skin off slowly and it came off in two pieces. I was having too much rain falling down into my face I didn’t notice that I almost had my eyes closed.

“Here you are...!”

I felt his bloody hairs brush my cheek and guide my face to his sharp body.

Rain diluted everything.

It was pretty much over before it started. Have you ever heard someone being torn limb from limb? I won’t go over the gory details with you but suffice to say it’s a sound you never forget. There was blood everywhere, so much blood and a majority of it may have been mine originally.

“You will get used to it, expect to cut your tongue and lips a lot at first.” He said.

“Who are you??!?” I replied surprised.

The cat purred the words and gave me a wide grin, showing off his own large set of sharp-fanged canines. “Though being a rat, I suppose you would be at a disadvantage, mine were a little pointy, to begin with.”

He bit my lip harder, drawing a tiny bead of blood. He licked it quickly, keeping her eyes closed, his fingers going lower, moving faster, as he kept the fantasy burning.

“What can I do to please you?” He asked, gently.

“All in due time my pet, all in due time... You do not wish for me to grow parched I would imagine..Such a one-track mind... if I reveal all my secrets to you, you will grow bored of me all the quicker and I will be alone.”

I wasn’t worried about the blood; the heavy rain was doing a good job at washing it away.

Once he was finished, I closed my eyes and returned to human form. I quickly put my pants back on and buttoned them. They were soaked in rain, but I didn’t care.

*Degrowth Depletion*

by Caterina De Nicola