

Flitting Moths

(Short Story Extract)

Oscar Dempsey

Lucinda has learnt that she is still utterly lost.

But how does she feel now that she has reached her destination and amongst strangers rather than the known, loved ones whom she grew tired of?

Lucinda experiences a different form of inadequacy, spared the full brunt of pain due to the fresh nature of her trip.

I want to live like *them*. Lucinda thinks.

But Lucinda doesn't realise that she is only a copy, something imitating *their* lives, an imposter that has infiltrated and is now lost.

She gets about town like *them*, feeling better about herself afterwards. Her finger tips and nails become oily but that's a price to pay for good health.

What does she see?

Dark and foggy cityscapes.

The buildings are so low that Lucinda feels as if travelling in the 20th Century when height and material had not yet been achieved.

Smaller tasks are brought to the foreground of her achievements. Such things as discovering her way through the city, making contact with an old friend and securing a home.

Well done ME! Lucinda imagines.

Maybe she should assess life's goals in a while.

MY mistake. Lucinda believes.

Now back in the room amongst her "ideals", she sees her new God walk past and there go the sweet/cool/smart cherubs that know each other. Lucinda feels proud for coming tonight, boldly walking around as if knowing her own intentions.

Lucinda talks to a plump girl who only thinks of the theatre.

Lucinda sits in a white, director's chair on wheels and digs her hands into the side.

Lucinda enjoys that she looks like a child in said chair. Lucinda rolls around on said chair to break the mood of the dead/cool people, people who didn't even think, "how cool we must look to them".

They were the COOL, the ORIGINAL. Then again, Lucinda did always idealise what she herself was not.

Maybe this will catch the eye of my God, sparking us into a magnificent conversation, thus ensuring a deep and fruitful friendship! Lucinda thinks.

But her God does not notice her and merely steps upon the stage to annoy a sweet/cool/smart cherub by thrusting the microphone closer to his face. She could, so she did.

Lust could overcome any inspiration and render one into a stupor.

Lucinda leaves, sad that this trip wouldn't fall deep into her memories but is satisfied that she got to eat *their* cake.

As she gets around as *they* do, she notices the dark cityscapes are dotted with bright neon signs. She doesn't pay much attention to specific details of what they state or sell but rather takes in a panoramic

perspective, considering its meaning as she whizzes alongside *them*, who shout from *their* bikes.

The signs are so aesthetic and distinct it causes Lucinda to cast her mind to sites she has never seen before such as the bright lights of New York. The site she sees before her could have been influenced by *the others*. But surely *they* came before *the others*? Meaning there has been an inversion, that *they* have influenced *the others*. *They* are the owners but it is only *the others* who have acclaimed such stardom as a Capital City. Images of *the others'* lights are plastered across the Internet, so much so that anyone who may not have visited that Capital has already become accustomed to it.

Does this draw the moth to its flame?

Or does it simply make the moth feel comfortable with what it knows, feeling no urge to visit the flame as they have a poster of it on their wall with the motivational slogan "MOTH EAT MOTH WORLD".