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A short, modified excerpt from one of my online publications, titled here as *On the Fence*:

“Hunter’s only one gulp into her drink when she hears a voice next to her speak up, ‘You have good taste, my friend.’ A woman with colorful, unnaturally-styled green hair sits herself down confidently onto the seat next to Hunter and casually orders the same drink. ‘I haven’t seen you here before, *girafa*. You new to this little corner of London?’

Greenie’s got a nice accent, Hunter notes. It’s definitely not British, but it isn’t one she’s heard before either. ‘Yeah,’ Hunter divulges, pausing to down the rest of her booze. ‘Just a tourist enjoying a night on the town.’

Greenie glances at Hunter’s now empty cup, before turning to smile at her even more brightly. ‘Let me buy you another drink, huh? You want to enjoy as much of the nightlife here as you can, tourist?’

Hunter chortles. ‘Sure. Can’t say no to an offer like that! But if ya tryin’ get me guard down,’ she says, grinning rakishly, ‘I’m not alone here.’

Greenie’s smile doesn’t slip; instead, she raises an eyebrow. ‘Oh, yeah?’

‘Yeah!’ Hunter turns to look around the room, and spots Miller in the distance, talking to some shady man in a hoodie. ‘That’s her over there, the tall fat muscle-y gal.’

The new drink shows up, and Greenie slides it over to Hunter. ‘I see. But it looks like she’s left you alone in favor of some man! Pretty rude if you ask me.’

Hunter rolls her eyes. If she’s trying to make her self-conscious, it won’t work. Hunter leans in and lowers her voice even more. ‘Well, if ya must know, we’re actually here on business. We got something we’re lookin’ to sell.’ She takes a sip of her drink to keep the woman in suspense. ‘You wouldn’t happen to know anyone interested in some fancy jewels and the like?’

If it’s possible for Greenie to smile wider, she manages it. She doesn’t miss a beat as she says, ‘You came to the right place, my friend. I happen to know plenty of people who would be interested in that. What kind of jewels are we talking, miss...?’

‘Oh, yeah, I ain’t introduced meself, have I? I’m—’

‘Leaving.’ There’s a large hand on her shoulder, and she looks up to see her best mate Miller, staring menacingly at his new friend.

‘Oi, hold on a minute, Milly. This sheila says she knows some folks who’d buy what we’re sellin’.’ She turns back to Greenie. ‘I’m Hunter Harrison—’ Miller’s hand tightens on her in warning, but she continues, blaisé, ‘and you are?’

‘Bruja.’ She sticks out her hand for her to shake, so she does. ‘Would you happen to have a sample of what you’re selling?’”