

Immunity- Dawson

Jellie was Sarah's roommate and before that, she was her best friend but one day it all changed; Sarah never saw it coming. They were both writers, of horror. Sometimes our plots would bleed over but it wasn't serious enough to be an infringement. Jellie was pretty. Sarah was the smart one, the talented one, and Jellie eventually just couldn't stand it.

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Jellie paced the room waiting for the last chapter from Sarah to critique. She thought this story was the best over and wished so much that she had been the one to write it. It was a winner for sure, no doubt. How could Sarah write such a great novel Jellie thought. They called her Jellie because she had such great stage fright, her knees would turn to jelly, and she would gasp for air, and on occasion, faint.

Sarah had been on this diet and doing pretty well. Almost ten pounds a week, having lost now about 50 pounds. Her clothes were falling off of her at an alarming rate and could now feel her rib cage and could place her fingers in between the ribs. She wasn't worried about it, thin was in and she had to finish the book, the deadline approached but she was not satisfied with the ending, so she set it aside. Meanwhile Jellie was transformed like a character in one of Sarah's books but it wasn't flattering. Jellie looked haggard, unslept at best. The dark circles around her eyes deepened as the days passed, her hair dry and brittle, her nails yellowed and splitting, wrinkles began to appear.

"Jellie, have you thought about going to the doctor?"

"Why, I'm fine. Nothing a few vitamins can't fix." Jellie squinted over the table looking for her reading glasses. "Have you seen my glasses?" She asked.

"Jellie, they're right there, beside your right hand. You sure you're okay?" Sarah stood in the doorway watching Jellie reach over for her glasses. It appeared she couldn't see them at all.

Jellie gathered her things and left out the door, Sarah followed a short distance behind her, staying out of sight. They went about ten blocks when Jellie disappeared into an alley. There were three exterior doors and no idea which one Jellie had entered. The first one had the outline of a mother holding an infant in her arms. She immediately disregarded entering and turned to the glass door with beveled glass and had the eye of Horace etched in the center. Sarah looked across the alley and saw another door, wooden with a pharmacy apothecary jar painted on a plaque. That must be the one she thought.

When Sarah entered the pharmacy door but the waiting room was overflowing. She couldn't see Jellie so she stepped outside to smoke a cigarette and wait. The glass beveled door opened and there was Jellie. She watched Jellie exit the alley then Sarah walked towards the glass door, opened it and went in.

"Miss Jennings? Sarah Jennings?" the woman at the desk asked.

"Yes, how did you..." Sarah stood with deep surprise in her eyes.

"Oh we know all about you Ms. Jennings. Won't you come this way?" The woman directed her towards a room in the back.

"Where are you taking me?" Sarah asked, looking around, then she saw Jellie just standing there, watching but motionless.

"So how is your weight loss coming along? Jellie says you've lost 50 some pounds so far, so it must be working, yeah?" The woman chuckled

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Oh dat, it's the juju from Ms. Jellie. You see, you have something she wants, wants bad, bad enough to kill you. What you say to dat?" She laughed out loud and stared at Sarah.

"Wants from me? What could I possibly have that she wants bad enough to kill me? That's ridiculous!" Sarah turned to leave the room but there wasn't a door knob and she looked back at the woman.

"She put juju on you. Don't you want to get even child?" The old woman dangled a chain with a single monocular lens hanging from it. "See what she doing all the time, reverse the juju."

"You can do that? You can reverse it? You can stop the weight loss?"

"Yes, I can reverse the juju but I can't reverse the weight loss. Your choice, she just helped you along and it is out of my hands."

Sarah sat down for a moment and then agreed. She took the jeweled monocular, placed it around her neck and left. Walking back to the apartment she could see Jellie stirring and chanting. The old woman watched with her good eye, them watching each other laughing, knowing the outcome. Every once in a while Sarah thought she could see the old woman looking at her in the curvature of the lens but disregarded it. Sarah could see the pages of her novel being arranged in a large bowl and a stirring motion, so that was what she wanted. Jellie wanted her talent and the jealousy and envy was eating away at Jellie and Sarah was Jellies object of destruction.

With each step Sarah became thinner. She approached the door of the apartment. When she entered she could barely make out the words coming from Jellies mouth. She reached for the door knob with her boney skeletal fingers to see Jellies words hanging in the air like smoke rings, eyes sunken in and a ghoulish glare. Sarah grinned back as Jellie melted into a pool of puss. Sarah's clothes fell to the floor and her bones were disbursed on the carpet. Immunity belonged only to the old woman. She laughed hysterically, took the novel and placed it in her lap and began to read.