

ANA

ANA. And I sat at the kitchen table with the carving knife in one hand, like this – and my other hand on the table.

And then I think for a second, I put the knife down, and I get up, and I get the bowl from the sink, the washing-up bowl, and I put that by my feet. The blood can go in there, because my housemates, they're cleaners anyway, they don't want to come back to more work, you know?

I think, okay.

Alright already. Piss or get off the pot.

And my father is an atheist, but my mother, she believes in God, goes to church, so I thought I'd pray, for her, before –

And I start:

~~She recites the first four lines of the Lord's Prayer in Romanian.~~

And I stop – because I can't for the life of me remember the second half of it.

And I think for a second, I put the knife down, and I go to google it on my phone.

And I'm about to unlock my phone, but the photo on the front, the wallpaper –

It's Mickey Mouse.

And I think back to the plane, and being in that park, and how the Mickey Mouse towel saved my life, and I look at Mickey – ridiculously happy, like he's on drugs, Mickey – and I think of when I was a child, and how I used to sleep every night with a Mickey Mouse soft toy, and how he's still in my parents' house in Bucharest, probably –

And all of a sudden I had this moment, this overpowering moment of truth – and I realise how ridiculous I must look – a washing-up bowl at my feet, checking the words to the Lord's Prayer in Romanian –

And all of a sudden I think it's so funny.

And I just start laughing.

And I just can't stop laughing –

And it turns to tears, the laughing –

But then it's laughing again.

And you know the total, absolute truth, right?

It wasn't God who saved my life

It was Mickey fucking Mouse.