

## CHARACTER DESCRIPTION



It was fitting, I thought, that I should see him here. I had been dreading the day our paths would inevitably cross, and right now I was thankful of the BBQ structures and the rowdy, picnicking families between us.

I knew that face. I'd woken up with that tiny beak-shaped nose buried in my hair and his perfectly manicured hands wrapped tightly around mine. I'd encouraged him to buy that watch. My fingertips knew every curve of his mouth and six years ago, I'd have been the one making him laugh like that. It was in the pool beside him where we'd had what both of us would later recall as one of our favourite moments together; my long legs wrapped around his waist, his stout frame supporting my weight in the water, his black hair prickling my chin and me hoping that our children would get his delicious Latin skin as opposed to my freckles. *Oh God, and those lashes.*

I dropped my face to hide the beginnings of a smile, and my high heels gleaned back at me in the sun. The heels I was never allowed to wear because they'd accentuate our height difference.

*Never allowed.*

And all at once I was in my old lounge room; cowering on the couch while he leaned over me so there was no way I could get up. Worrying about what the neighbours would think about the yelling. The crimson in his face and the spitting of his Spanglish-jumbled words through a locked jaw, those dark eyes never blinking. I could see the vein grow in his neck, and the way his hands would tremble before he'd throw something across the room.

**Melissa Lee**