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Revolver

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► **To cite this version:**

Samuel Trainor. Revolver. Moira Burgess; Janet Paisley. Going up Ben Nevis in a Bubble Car, 18, Association for Scottish Literary Studies, pp.118-122, 2001, New Writing Scotland, 978-0-948877-43-8. hal-01465213

HAL Id: hal-01465213

<https://hal.univ-lille.fr/hal-01465213>

Submitted on 27 Apr 2023

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Sam Trainor

REVOLVER

At thiyend o th day thiyole thing wz all just about startin owva. There wz nuthin forit, woz th. Shid just aff t puddidall biyoid her n geddon with livin outa loif. Theyad no roight tuwuv left her loik this that way. Th twofaced bastuds. Evrywoned screwd her owva. Turna. Th solisituz. Th Press. Evrythin wz black n whoit t them. Evrybody tht shid went to when she needid elp'd just change jsoids loik thad overnoit. Thed ad er backwoods and forwoods t Jamayca loik a bleedin pingpong ball; n then thed dropt her roight between th devil n th deep blue sea without a word. So Eleanor wz just another case these days. The Eleanor O Neale case. It wz all she could do t troy and show that she wz really human. Make a change. Shid have t stick idall behoind her n geddon withit.

Eleanor O Neale'd pud herself about, thats what thi sed; an it wz all too bloody obvious. *All mouth and no knickuz* as her mom would say – though *she* wz nobody t tork – or wz it *all knickuz and no mouth*. That wz a nasty little turn of phrase that now she came t think about it, really nasty. Though her mom wz roight uz far uz anywon could tell though. Eleanor could probly say shid slep with evry pistup blowk who'd eva pistup th back o th Traf on a Froiday noit, and they could definitely all say thed slep with her. There wz no two waysuv lookin addit when ya looktadit loik that.

Eleanor'd yoosta rattle on loik there wz no tomorra. Back when th woulduv bin thadiz. Shid come out with more little catchphrases than you could shake a stick at; she made a point uvit, loik they wz gowin ouda fashn. It wz loik shid come up with th phrase *to doin out on somethin* n wz gunna do just that withit until th cows came owm if it killda. And she sed she ad this penpal in Rowm (loik she eva rowt) – sometoims it wz Idaho, she alwiz loik th sownd of Idaho, it sortuv rowld off th tung so t speak – n this wummn could literally talk thiyoid legs offa donkey. Eleanor towld stranjuz this in boozas, loik a drunk Irishman lets ya sniffiz whiskey t see its mowstly water. Sumthin loik thad anyway. But now she wuznt sayin nuthin. She couldnt. She wz still. Not wantin t disturb.

When she got back owm shid buy erself a little owse in Water Orton – somewhere noice loik that. She ad sum money

from th deal with Th Mirror leftowva. Shid gederself a whole lowda soffurnishins stuff from th catalog. You could phown owt these days. No need t go t town t go t town. Shid gedda loada rugs n throws n stuff. And shid buy one eachuv evry sortuv bedlinin: them beautiful old teardrop sortuv patterns that her cuzn Suzn ad. Shid make herself a little cowsy little den where she could just curlup and doi. Forgottn. Hopefully forgotn anyway. N the bedlinin wz importnt. Fresh sheets evry day. Ispeshly when shiyad her period. If she still *godda* period when it wz worse. God that wz scary. Ass th doctor that. Moinjoo, she probly didnav two bleedin ormowns t rub tgetha azitwoz. Buddeevn so, shid put fresh sheets on evry mornin n just go back t bed n hoid.

N that poor owl cow'd bin hiddn away erself thiyowl toim they wz gowin out uzwell. Howuz Eleanor supposta know tht shid be owldup in th lowcl ospitul? Turna neva sed a thing. She knew he ad a woif though obviusly. He neva spowk abouta, not in English anyway, but lookin back adit he did ave this attitude loik sumwon troyin tuwiscap frum sumthin. He wz obviusly livin owt sum koinduv naughty little fantasy, th bastud. But she loikt that; so wz she. She yoosta pretend tht he wz on th run n she wz loik this moll in a sexy little oidaway. Loik Nancy in Oliva. Th tart witha hart... She couldnuv imagined.

She wz really poorly too. All that toim, all through that unbelievable toim – it made her feel sick t think aboutit. That wummn loyin ona back, skinnyuza rake, all yellowun livaspotid loik cullud people go when thi get really owld – though thi usually age betta thn uz though dont they – budit wz jus disgustin. She neva met th wummn obviusly – what wuz she? Sum sorduva sadist? – but she could just pictura loyin in this big metal bed loik a cage, mowldin away inter th stiff whoit sheets. She knew tht she should feel sorry furra really. But how? Not just yet. She musnt. Th wummn wz loik n owld infectid plasta, she wz loik a peach thats rotnn n sloimy undaneaf whenya pickidup. She wz fuckin voil.

And th sex, t think aboutit now – standin in the same owld otel room with a fuckin revolver n a leperdskin ambag loik sum sortuv trajic lowcal tart – it made th blood rush tuwa face loik she wz bare n up at altitude. And it wz dirty blood uzwell tht made her gowall red – she knew it woz – when she thought about th sex with th man in th bed in frontuva. It wz loik th water in that jar ya washed ya brushiz in ut infant school. But

there wz a sortuva horrabul exoitmnt to thiyowl thing. Shid alwiz secretly smoild furra secnd ut th soituv animulz in Africa bein ript owpn n eatn aloiv frum thiyinsoid out boy big cats or whatever on th telly. It mayda shiver all owva. N Turna wz loik a big loyun now, asleep on th ded grass, or a snow leperd in them whoit sheets maybe. N t thinkabout th sex now, it wz seedy n it wz dirty. Evrythin wz rowspetulz n red woin n candleloit yknow n losin yaself init ut th start. But now she could feel th burn o th polyster sheets again n th wayvy candlewick imprint inna bum. N she could still see th shameless cheek uv Turna puttin th face o th Virgin Mary t th wall that noit. Fuck me. That wz Turner all owva.

He mustuv dunnit delibrutly. He knew thiyowl toim unnie neva sed a fuckin thing. He never even wonce lookt justa little bid upset. He just went kinda red n horny – not th sameuz when a whoit person gz red, its more loik a darka, bluer koinduva brown – budit wz th same rushuv blood tuwiz face n iz neck uz she could feel now, hot n throttlina in thiyowtel room. N shid lettin duwit. Th big bamboo.

She wd probly neva hava nippa woodshe.

Eleanor owpund her new leperdskin hambag. It wz fake though obviyusly, she didnt really loik thiyoidiyaruv killin animulz. But she couldnt givup eatin meat: she loikt baycn too much. Thi sed th smell afta th pub bomins wz loik baycn tho. That wz inuff t put them foyermn off eatin meat furreva. She gotta sigarets out n pinch unutha shaky won outuv th pack. She litit, leavin th bag unclaspt n lookin ut th tishoos in her purse witherowld weddin ring stillin th pikchaflap, troyin tuwignor th revolver.

It wz easy inuff t gedowld ov. Too easy. Her brotha knew a blowk who knew a blowk n that wz that. Hid troid t sella battryasid. It wz what th wimmin yoozd on eachuvva roundeya, it wz grewsum. But she wz gunna killa *man*, n th goy wz appy t get th munny f th gun th trooth bi known. Shid made shewer it wz lowdid adntshe. Hid showd herow t push th round bit out n spin it round. She browk a nayul duwinit. Hid lafftata n shid sed – Om th won witha gun yknow. Hid shudup then n took th munny offa. Knew what wz good furrin. Eleanor clawd th twentytwo revolver toiter n tuchta fingerprint on th trigga delibrutly.

God Turna lookt so bloody beautiful ut thiyend o th little barrel. His face wz all still n sweet n loik a babbys. His stupid

tung powkin out; his bitsuv hair all stickinup n stickin t th pillow wi th swet n gunk n stuff. Just loik a babby. So innosunt. The bastud.

She couldnt neva do a thing loik that.

She pinch th fagend even toita between th top two finguz-
uva leftand.

A soun flasht distuntly betweenear ears.

What wz that?

Delibrutly, she exhayuld cliyurair; sucktin bluegrey smowk; stopta twichin lungs furra secund, still owldin th revolver.

Howldin th revolver still furra secund, t stoppa lungs twichin, she sucktin smowk, bluegrey, n exhayuld cliyurair delibrutly.

What wz that?

A soun flasht distuntly betweenear ears. She pinch th fagend even toita. She couldnt neva do a thing loik that. So innosunt. Just loik a babby. His bitsuv hair all stickin t th pillow wi th swet n gunk n stuff. God Turna lookt so beautiful. Knew what wz good furrin. Push th round bidout n spinit round. Made shewer it wz lowdid adntshe. Battryasid. Grewsum. It wz what th wimmin yoozd. Her brotha knewa blowk who knewa blowk n that wz that. Owld weddin ring stillin the pikchaflap. Thi sed th smell afta th pub bomins wz loik baycn. She didnt really loik thiyoidearuv killin animulz. She wd probably never hava nippa would she. Big bamboo. It wz th same rushuv blood tuwiz face n his neck uz she could feel now hot n throttlina. Loik a darka bluer koinduva brown. He neva sed a fuckin thing. Delibrutly. That wz Turner all owva. Fuck me. Puttin th face o th Virgin Mary t th wall. She could feel th burn o th polyester sheets agen n th wayvy candlewick imprint inna bum. Everythin wz losin yourself init ut th start. Turna wz a snow leperd. It mayda shiverallowva. Shid alwiz secretly smoild ut animulz bein ript owpun n eaten aloiv frum thiyinsoid out. T think about th sex. It wz loik th water in that jar ya wosht ya brushiz in ut infant school. Dirty blood tht made her goowall red – she knew it woz – when she thordabout th sex wi th man in th bed in fruntuva. Loik she wz bare n up at altitude. Standin in th same owld otel room with a fuckin revolver n a leperdskin ambag loik sum sortuv trajic lowcul tart. She wz fuckin voil. Loik a peach thutz rotn n sloimy underneath wen ya pickidup. Pikchera loyin in this big metal bed loik a cage, mouldin away into th stiff whoit sheets. It wz just disgustin. Loyinonna back, skinnyyuza rake, all

yellowun livaspotid loik cullerd people go when thi get really owld. It made her feel sick t think aboudit. All that toim. N she wz really poorly too. She couldnuv imagined. She yoosta pretend tht he wz on the run. Obviusly livin out sum sortuv naughty little fantasy. How wz she suppowsta know? Shid put fresh sheets on evry mornin. If she still got a period. Shid make herself a little cowsy little den where she could just curl up n doi. No need t go t town t go t town. Shid buy herself a little owse in Water Orton when she got bakowm. She woznt sayin nothin. Eleanor'd yoosta rattlon loik there wz no tmorra. There wz no two wayzuv lookinadit when ya looktadit loik that. Uz far uz anywon could tell, evry pistup blowk ood eva pistup th back o th Traf could definutly say shid slep withim. *All mouth and no knickuz* uz her mom would say – tho she wz nowbdy t tork. N it wz all too obviyus. Eleanor O Neal'd puderself about. She would hafta stickidall behoinder n gedon withit. Make a change. It wz all she could do t troy n show tht she wz really human. The Eleanor O Neale case. So Eleanor wz just anutha case these days. Thed ad her backwoods n forwoods t Jamayca loika bleedin pingpong ball; n then thed dropta roight between th devil n th deep blue sea without a word. Evrybody tht shid went to when she needid elp'd just changed soids loik that overnight. Evrything wz black n whoit t them. Th Press. Th solisituz. Turna. Evrywun'd screwd her owva. Th twofaced Bastuds. Theyad no roit tuwuv lefta this way loik that. She just had t pudidall behoinda n gedon with livin outa loif. There wz nuthin forit, woz th. At thiyend o th day thiyowl thing wz all just about startin owva.