

Perfect

You suffer from binge stupidity, says **Bea**.

I stare at my screen. She thinks she's funny. Bea's just been promoted to head of the sales department but today is a bad day. On bad days she looks older than a turtle's grandmother and she takes it out on me. Bea hangs out with her blonde trophy friend Caro in marketing who has scary white teeth and says things like 'reality is for poor people'.

Caro means people like me, with my fat-arse student loan dragging around behind me. People like my mother, who still lives in the state house I grew up in. I don't visit Mum much. I hate the desperate cheer of fake flowers on her kitchen table and her greedy joy when I bring along some pathetic treat like a jam donut.

Are you listening Tessa, says Bea, sharp. You'll have to re-work this spreadsheet. I need it in ten. It has to be perfect.

She turns on her Prada heel, wobbles and nearly falls. I snort and open the file.

There is nothing wrong with the spreadsheet. I check it twice.

Done yet? says Bea, looming over me. We're skyping Melbourne in five. She leans in, whispers, No bonus for you if you miss deadlines. She withdraws to her lair to yell down the phone or torture kittens.

I open the spreadsheet again. My fingers fly over the keyboard. It's perfect. There is nothing more perfect than a perfect blank. I save the document, press send. I grab my handbag and my half-finished coffee and scoot out the door.

On my way to the bus I pass Bea's silver Audi convertible. It's half-parked in the disabled spot. I take a sip of coffee, dump the rest. On the driver's seat it spreads like blood.