

Rubber gloves

Standing at the sinks there are mountains of dirty plates and utensils piled up and there are pans left to rot. The pans are encrusted with grease and the plates are covered in revolting leftovers that which have hardened onto the plate. The smell is nauseating and it makes my stomach turn. Its times like this I wonder why I ever became a cleaner, then I remember, I'm broke.

The water in the sink is as dirty and foul as the plates in it. The stagnant water has grease slicks which have somehow curdled to the surface like dirt floating to the surface of a pond. It's a dull grey colour because of all the disgusting debris at the bottom that no-one wanted to eat and I can understand that. Just looking at it makes me want to hurl. The ice-cold water smells as putrid as the dustbin on the other side of the room. Every time I think of washing up, it fills me with horror and loathing for the chore. I can see green bubbles appearing and bursting as they touch the surface, spraying me with something that can only be described as filth.

Quite out of character, I decided to use rubber gloves for the job, which I find under the sink in a brand new packet. They feel pleasantly smooth with talcum powder inside which makes them easy to slip on and cool to touch. As I put them on I discover a wide rip in my left glove and my nail is sticking out the right glove. Perfect! I have to use ripped gloves, all thanks to my long nails. The gloves are ruined already and I had only just taken them out the pack. What am I like?

As I plunge my hands into the horrid water filth immediately rushes into the gloves through the rips and holes, making my hands feel like they weigh a ton. I can't describe how putrefying it feels. Bits of leftover food float around inside the gloves, occasionally brushing against my hand, making my skin crawl. As I scrape the leftovers, which strangely resemble a dump, I notice the water changing colour. I ignore it and carry on washing up the plates. I don't know why I'm washing these plates; they belong in the bin as far as I'm concerned, they are just too dirty. My hands start to tingle, then throb but I try to ignore it, just so I can get this chore done as quickly as possible. The water has turned blood red now so I have to take my hands out and what I saw made me dizzy. My hands were dissolved to the bone

and I could still see my veins pumping blood. I scream and fall to the floor, unconscious.

One week later I wake up and find myself surrounded by bright lights. It took me a while to realise that I was in a hospital. While I was wondering how I ended up here a doctor comes over and interrupts my thoughts. He explains that the soap I was using was acidic and had corroded away the flesh on my hand completely. I look down at what would be my hands as tears poured out of my eyes. Who could have done this to me? Then it clicked, the family I clean for. They have always hated me, always wanting to hurt me at every chance they get. My sadness quickly turned to anger the more I thought about it. I'm still planning my revenge and I will get them back one day. Until then, they better watch their backs!

Charmaine Lindsay 10G