

The trouble with being a weather empath means that, while I can use the weather to do some really awesome stuff – like make people all depressed and that, when it rains – I also get affected by it. So it rains and I can spread misery like butter. I'm briefly happy (spreading misery is brilliant, I mean, who doesn't love some spontaneous bawling in the streets?) but then, *I* feel it. And I'm the one bawling. And, urgh, no. I am not an attractive crier. My face puffs up, my nose runs... I'm talking snot and spit and all sorts of facial liquids that I'm not even entirely sure have names.

The sun is good. Sometimes I like people. Not often, but it happens. And when the sun comes out and I like someone, I can pass a little ray of shiny joy into their lives and it fills me too, and I smile. I'm not a big fan of smiling, to be honest. It makes my face crease.

Storms equal anger. You see how this whole thing works? I'm sitting in my house and the old lady across the road is sitting on her porch rocking and knitting and cooing over that ugly cat she's got, and the kids are riding up and down and up and down right outside her home. She's just taking it. She's mad – she must be. I would be. I'd shout. But she does nothing! So when the storm comes I use it to give her a little bit of anger and I watch as she goes back inside and comes out again with a shotgun. She gesticulates, mostly, and waves the gun around but she doesn't actually shoot. The kids ride off and the storm hits *me*. Now I'm angry the stupid old biddy didn't take their wheels out. I mean, bitch has a shotgun.

With all that in mind, I'll tell you about mist. What mist does to me. Mist is... kinky. You know. Soggy. Sort of clingy and... wet.

This'll be a love story, I suppose, so like it or lump it, sunshine. A kinky, misty love story that may or may not (okay, so it actually did) contain a bit of manipulation and spooky power usage. I can't help who I am. I am mostly a bad-tempered, miserable scumbag – you probably don't like me, but I don't like you either. Judge me and I won't give a toss. Yes, I made someone fall for me.

At least, for a little while. Long enough to get laid, anyway, and that's all that matters, right? Wasn't it Oscar Wilde who said, "Everything in the world is about sex, except sex. Sex is about power." I'm a bit of a power junkie. Hence the whole screwing with people's emotions thing. Screwing. Did you see what I did there?

Where was I? Oh yes, on a flight to Blighty. That means Britain. I went to London because apparently it rains a lot and people are pretty miserable there anyway, so increasing the misery with the rainfall should've been a piece of cake. And I'm quite lazy when it comes to it. Yes, I want everybody to be wretched but I don't want to expend too much energy getting them there.

Speaking of cake (yes, I mentioned it a while ago, bear with me), the pilot of the plane (the one that flew me to Blighty) had doughnuts. I know that's weird, but it was his birthday or his wife's birthday or... I forget now. It's not important. What is important is that he looked uncannily like John Taylor from Duran Duran. And he had doughnuts.

I saw him step off the plane – not from the top of the plane or anything, he wasn't wing-walking – and I knew that I needed some mist and I needed it right about bastarding now.

I always had a thing about John Taylor from Duran Duran. If I had more patience and more of an ability to be arsed, I would've tracked down the actual John Taylor from Duran Duran and misted him good.

The John-alike would do. He walked from the plane and I lost sight of him. When I did eventually spot him again (this was after I'd sulked in the airport bar and eaten my weight in pissy bar peanuts), he was dressed in leathers and heading towards a motorbike. I shit you not, he still had the doughnuts.

I followed him. I can be a bit stalkerish sometimes, it's probably not healthy but it gives me something to do and keeps me out of trouble. All right, so it doesn't keep me out of trouble but it keeps me busy.

I followed him to a house. It wasn't a very nice house and I'm not going to describe it for you because it really wasn't that interesting. It had a roof and doors and that. I think he was going to deliver the doughnuts. Pilot by day, doughnut delivery boy by night. Okay, I don't think that's true but it doesn't matter because whatever he was going to do, he didn't do. What he did do, was me.

There was a nice mist over the river. What's that one in London? You know. Big river. It was misty. I drew the power to me, felt the mist caress my skin (it felt a bit like bubblebath bubbles) and turned that power towards John Taylor from Duran Duran. Or the man who looked like him.

He turned away from the door – it was a red door, does that help your mental image? – and looked straight at me. I was standing right behind him. Probably a little too close, I'm actually surprised he didn't notice me sooner. He damn near dropped the doughnuts but I took them from him, smooth as you like. I smiled, he smiled. It was lust.

I took his hand and led him back to the motorbike. The mist swirled around us, parted before us as we rode along the river – me sitting behind him with my arms wrapped around his waist – him driving (obviously) but without his helmet because I don't find helmets very sexy. Motorbike helmets, that is.

We stopped beneath a bridge, made love (all right, all right, had sex) against the wall while the mist embraced us, making him horny and me hornier, and when we had finished... which was quite quick actually, bit disappointing really, we ate the whole box of doughnuts.

I left him there, beneath that bridge, wanting more. I might go back later but right now, I feel a bit... *full*. But the point is, that's why I didn't show up at work today.