

The Alien

My eyes quickly opened. I looked around the tiny room and saw nothing but white walls; they were suffocating. I quickly realized my arms and legs were held restricted to the bed I laid on. My chest grew tighter and tighter, making it harder for me to breathe.

“WHERE AM I?!?” I began to scream but it was pointless; I didn’t know if anyone existed outside this room. I closed my eyes and hoped I would soon wake up from this horrible nightmare.

The door suddenly opened. “WHO’S THERE??” I demanded. Whatever was waiting outside the door must have sensed my fear as my voice trembled.

A tall, skinny and frail-looking man who decided to remain almost fully hidden in a white coat opened the door and peered into the room. I didn’t know if it were his intention to camouflage into the blank walls which continued to confine me so. The walls which created this unbearable imprisonment. His wandering eyes eventually met with mine. “Delilah, how are you my dear?” he asked me as he closed the door behind him and sat on the wooden chair he brought in.

His excessive politeness and un-human calmness was unexpected.

I didn’t know where to start with this man. I decided I should go with the “Who are you and why am I here?” question.

He smiled softly and stared at me as if I should know what he was thinking. He read my blank stare as a sign to continue. “Delilah, my name is Dr. Wright.” He paused for a bit, hoping something would click in my slow and useless brain. His smile faded as he realized it would be most efficient if the talking were left solely up to him. “It’s okay if you don’t remember everything. You may be a bit confused because we did have to sedate you last night.”

I looked back at my restricted arms and feet, trying to remember what may have happened the night before. I was unable to establish what exactly happened last night; it was all a blur.

What happened last night? How did I get here? What is this place?!

I didn’t know when the room started to spin, but I wished it was the start of my wake from unconsciousness. Or the start of my fall into unconsciousness.

The man seemed more disappointed than I was. He raised his finger suddenly in

the air, as if someone were to do when they discovered the solution to a virtually impossible calculus problem. He suddenly reached his whole arm into a bag and retrieved a worn-out book that seemed to be missing pages. The colour was no longer distinguishable. He opened the fragile cover and gently flipped through the wrinkly pages. That sound! The familiar sound of crinkled pages seemed to somehow comfort me. It was puzzling; nothing else seemed to matter except for that book he held so delicately.

“My journal!” It was the only thing I was certain of.

It then became all so obvious. Last night, I was brought here against my will – to this mental institution!

I tried to explain the evil which brought me here. “I’m NOT CRAZY! Whatever she told you, it’s all a lie!”

“Hey, you are not crazy. We just want to help you out.”

I couldn’t keep my eyes off the book. I wanted to reach over and grab it from him! But I couldn’t.

The state of my restricted body resumed. “I don’t. I don’t. I don’t belong here!”

The man, more confusing than my mother, sensed my anxiousness. “Let’s calm down Delilah. Why don’t we have a look through the book?”

Dark clouds began to form throughout the blood red sky. The city appeared to be still as the wind moved through the trees. Suddenly, there was an electric spark in the sky; it appeared to grow larger and larger, slowly consuming the dark sky in its entity. A jolt of electricity ran through the forest as an enormous, foreign, object began accelerating downwards, piercing through the dark clouds. The Earth shook, and then it was silent.

“Hey! What are you writing?” Vida asked as I quickly slammed my journal closed.

I choked, as I tried to look for the right words. There never really were ‘right words’ when it was my turn to talk. My peers seemed to feed off my vulnerability and get high off their sense of feeling extremely better than me.

It was actually quite remarkable really, how socially awkward I could be. Almost like a really shitty superpower. I would have much rather wanted a useful

power like invisibility, but you get what you get.

“Oh... it’s nothing; I was just uh, writing about th-that incident in the forest that happened last month. I th-th-thought it was pretty cool. I uh, wish I’d been there to see it.” Regardless of my social inept behaviour, Vida always managed to remain smiling as beautiful as a Greek goddess. No, I change my mind: I wish I had her superpower. Her innocent beauty could blind a whole army of men sent on their most important mission.

“Wow Delilah,” Samantha giggled, “could you be any more of a freak?”

And that was Samantha. That gorgeous, flawless depiction of how every teenage girl wants to look. Yes, she was gorgeous, but her bitter and evil scent could suffocate people miles away. I bet people wonder why I don’t get up and do something about it. The word pathetic seems to be whispered around a lot when people await the useless sound that comes out of my mouth. I should do something. I should – but I guess I’m used to it. Like I said, it’s my superpower – or curse. Besides, I knew that deep down; she must be a kind and caring person. People who lash out at others

probably have a couple of personal issues they need to work out themselves.

The lunch bell rang. It served as a tribal call which was able to summon their pack members back into civilization. I sat quietly as I waited for the last student to leave the cafeteria and stared deeply into the abyss. It was sucked dried of all vivacity which previously presumed. I did not like to stand within the crowd of hoarding students; inept to their uttermost surroundings and reluctant to those of which they trample on. I picked up my books and headed to class.

“Hi,” I said as I walked through the door. I never really said much at home. Well I guess I didn’t say much at school either, but at least some people at school listened to me as I spoke.

“How was school?” my mom asked as she pretended to care. Her act of compassion could have been more believable if she put in the effort to turn around and see the state of which I came home in everyday. I didn’t know if she was trying to convince me or herself that she was a good mother. Most days of the week, she spent in her room; either hiding from me or someone else she screwed over. The other days, when she decided to come out of that dark hole she dug for herself, consisted of

her telling me how worthless I was,
repeatedly.

I walked up the stairs and headed straight to my room. “The same,” I replied. Oh how I loved the feeling of closing the door behind me. It was almost instant, the feeling of relief and solitude, which my remote room provided.

It was nice; time alone to collect my thoughts and connect them through my many journal passages. The problem was that sometimes, being alone with my thoughts was too much to handle.

It's hard to keep them out, those voices. The voices that remind me how worthless and pathetic I am. The voice - Her voice... I guess it would be easier to block out these voices if I wasn't so alone. But the truth is: I'm lonely. There's no self-respecting person out there that would want to stand by my side.

You're the only one I have. You actually listen to my every word and give me a sense of serenity. I guess I don't really need a friend - or boyfriend. It's not like I would be able to keep up with him anyways. Friends never last and boyfriends are just good for making lonely girls feel safe.

*But who needs to feel safe anyways?
I live off the rush of adrenaline.*

When it races through my veins and pounds through my brittle heart, I actually feel alive...

I closed my book and gazed upon the still-life nature of my room. That feeling of emptiness always felt more momentous and earth-shattering at night. I wonder sometimes if I'm the only one who feels it. This feeling is enough to make someone go insane. Like tiny insects crawling through every corner of your head and eating away at your brain. It slowly consumes you.

So I reached over to my nightstand and grabbed the razor blade; the only remedy that may possibly salvage what's left of my sanity.

As the days grew colder and snow began to lightly cover the green fields and urban roads, it became easier to remain locked up in my room for most of the day. It was strange; school appeared to be a bit more tolerable. I guess it was because Samantha and I started to hang out more. I would have never expected us to become “friends.” I hardly remember that night.

I walked the all-so familiar path, to the lonely spot. I laid under the bright stars and gazed upon the magnificent cosmic structures which stood above. I jumped when I heard my name. I was scared, but I

think I felt excited, more. My blood bubbled and my heart, was undetectable – smothered within the rush of adventure which awaited me. It was her! The one I always thought of at night. Perfect for anyone she wanted. Her sensuality provoked my curiosity. Sweet curiosity.

She smiled at me as she walked over, “what are you doing here?” I didn’t say anything, and I think that was how she wanted it. She put her hands in her pockets and looked up into the sky. We both sat down in the grass, and the rest fell into place.

I think my social awkwardness was lessening – somehow. Things got a bit more comfortable after Samantha stopped insulting me.

I decided to put in the effort and pretended to care when the others would have group discussions. It was not as hard as I thought. But, Samantha was still intimidating. Her flawless beauty and amazing fashion sense was enough to make me want to hide away from the public eye, forever.

I thought it was a good idea to go shopping and change up my extremely lame, thrift-shop wardrobe. Yeah that’s right – used clothes. Not even the cool vintage, used

clothes – The ones your grandmother decides to cut up and use for dish rags.

I didn’t know if it was okay to ask Samantha, but I did. It took a while though. She was actually ecstatic to go shopping with me. I didn’t know if she was just very excited to help me get a make-over, or if she just found the whole thing amusing. Either way, I kind of liked the way people started to look at me. It was as if they actually noticed I was there. The best part of it all: I no longer felt ashamed. Well, I felt less ashamed of being there – beside Samantha.

The new semester began; I do not think I have ever felt so close to someone, as I did with Samantha. She came to me with her problems, even though they were mostly about boy drama. I felt like she was a different person with me; she would not have her superficial front when it was just the two of us. It felt nice when she would pick on people, other than me. Maybe I was just excited to have an actual friend and started to imagine a better friendship than what was actually there. Whatever it was, I was glad I could at least hold on to it.

The blossoming of flowers was underway. All the small creatures started to come out of their hiding spots, as the exhilarating scent attracted them into the

open space. Exams did not seem to dim down the gracious sunlight that shined upon us this year. The innocence, it was brilliant.

“Hey Delilah, how’s it going?” Vida asked me as I walked into the school hallway towards our lockers. I didn’t know I was going to have to talk today. Remember: breathe, smile and stop staring at your shoes!

“Oh, not t-t-too bad. I have to meet Samantha here to uh review for the physics exam.”

“Wow two things that disgust me: Samantha and physics,” Vida said with a mischievous giggle. “How are you friends with that girl?” Vida was one person that didn’t seem to notice my new clothes or my new found ability to make eye contact. I guess she was able to detect my shattered innocence. It was evident to her that I wore bullshit blissful hope in my hair as I burned it, trying to make the strands flow in one direction each day.

“I know she may...she may be a bit rude at times. Like, but...I am p-pr-pretty sure deep down, she’s a n-nice person. No one’s p-perfect right?”

Vida scratched her head, “yeah, but I don’t know. It’s just something’s up with her. I – Hey what’s that noise?”

I closed my locker and looked towards the direction Vida was staring in. I didn’t quite know what it was, but I could feel goose bumps piercing through my frail, dead skin. The rush of warm blood through my veins made it hard for me to stand tall.

We walked towards the washroom. What was it? I bet I could have tasted it.

Vida began to giggle loudly. “Someone’s having sex!” It was astonishing how Vida could maintain the perfection of her graceful beauty even as she said inappropriate things, such as sex. Her giggle was contagious.

Her face suddenly became stern. “That sounds like...” I looked up to her in shock and saw her disappear into the colliding particles of light, which formed the pathway into the secrecy of the washroom. I heard a loud bang and quickly ran into the washroom.

“What the fuck Josh?! With her? I can’t...I..” That was the first time I heard Vida swear.

Samantha got off of Josh’s lap and rearranged her plaid skirt. She wore a look of pride-ridden satisfaction. Maybe she was unaware of the shameful destruction she unleashed. Vida, a beautiful little creature,

stormed out of the washroom. Josh ran after Vida, as he hastily buckled up his pants.

My expression: emotionless. My thoughts: nothing. My feelings: numb, once again.

Samantha looked up towards me and could see the disillusionment projected from my stare. “Oh come on Delilah! You guys should be thanking me. Now you know what a cheating son of a bitch that Josh is.”

My mouth began to twitch. I was going to explode. “That’s it? That’s all you have to say?” I realized my rare, strong voice possessed a special inhuman power of its own. It was able to allure her attention and provide a filter for her cloudy and wicked mind; pinpointing her wrongful actions like landmines in a battlefield.

“Delilah, I didn’t mean to... I didn’t know...I...” It was nice to see her have to search for her words and be the nervous one this time.

“Didn’t mean to what? Spread open your legs and destroy someone’s life? N- Not just anyone either – Vida! Vida is one of the nicest and most innocent girls in this school! H-How do you have the heart to do that, and show no remorse? The worst part of all of this is... is that I actually thought deep down, you were a sweet girl. But I now

know that – that was wrong.” I turned around and began to walk away.

“WAIT! Delilah!” I turned around and saw something I never saw before. Samantha’s eyes were filled with tears that sparkled as they ran down her cheeks.

“Delilah, you were the only person I could relate to, and... and I need you to listen to me now.” Her eyes flooded with sincerity. “I do not understand why I do these things. I know what I do is wrong, and it hurts people. It’s just...there’s something wrong with me.”

Those words struck me. How could a glorious creature, such as herself, have something wrong with her? She didn’t need to cry – she shouldn’t cry. It was as if her words consumed what was left of my anger. “Samantha, whatever it is, you can tell me. We all make mistakes.”

She hesitated, and then spoke. “Have you ever felt like you have a curse? A curse so inescapable, that it envelops your entire soul and entity of life? A curse which turns your heart black, and changes everything you love into stone?... Well, I think I have been afflicted by this demon’s curse. The ones I love most will be infected by my poison, and be forced an eternity away from

me...It is what's best for their beautiful souls.”

I stood still, blinded by the beauty and raw emotion of her words. I was speechless. I wanted to comfort her, but how? I wanted to tell her that she was not alone. But how?!

If someone were to tell me I wasn't alone, I wouldn't know whether to turn my head or laugh enormously. I got it! If someone were to tell me –

I quickly slid off my bag from my shoulder and propped it open onto the floor. I stuck my hand inside the bag and retrieved my journal. “Samantha, you know that I have never let anyone read my journal. I want you to read it,” I said as I placed my journal in her hands. I could see an electric spark light up in her eyes. “Tell me your secret when you are ready. You can trust me.” I zipped up my bag and put it back on my shoulder.

With a comforting smile, I began to walk away. “Delilah! I'm a – a...” I looked back at Samantha and saw her beauty fall apart. She wasn't perfect anymore. She was the opposite of perfect – whatever that was.

It was a remarkable sight. Her unravelling blinded me with a hypnotizing fluorescent light

It took me a couple of days to start attending classes again. My new superpower allowed me to walk into school with a new attitude. With that said, high school was still – scary. But I felt I was ready to take on anything. I was not alone anymore! Most importantly, I felt happy for once. My ability to reach out to someone like Samantha showed me that my inner beauty was more powerful than appearances or words.

Later, I was called down to the principal's office, which was quite peculiar. But I did not mind. Mr. Gutfreund always seemed to understand my train of thought, whether I spoke or not.

I sat down on the black leather chair and saw my journal on the desk. Confusion overtook my complete state of mind.

Mr. Gutfreund stared deeply into my eyes, as if he were absorbing the thoughts directly from my brain. “Samantha has informed us that you have made several suicidal threats towards her, in the hope that she would satisfy your consuming infatuation with her. She has done the right thing by informing me and the city officials. Reinforcement is standing behind the door as we speak.”

My chest became tighter as it became harder to breathe. He was wrong!

“What?! This is a mistake! I am n-
not suci-cidal.”

“I am not infatuated with her!”

“I would never...never take my own
life!”

The principal did not seem
convinced. “Samantha is ly-lying! P-pl-
please call her d-down here.”

“Samantha decided it was best for
the both of you if she transferred to another
school. It was obviously too much for her to
handle.”

All I could do was scream. “I am not
suicidal! I am sane!”

Mr. Gutfrend reached over and
grabbed my arm. “Where did these scars
come from?” he interrogated as he let go and
leaned backwards into his overpowering
chair. I did not know what to say. No one
was listening to me, no matter how hard I
tried.

It seems after every obstacle I
overcome, life sucks me back into the same
miserable faith I was always headed
towards.

The others came through the door
and were ready to transport me to whatever
insane institution they had in mind. My
chest only grew tighter, as my vision blurred

and my nerves clenched. I was surrounded,
and yet I felt invisible.

My expression: emotionless. My
thoughts: nothing. My feelings: numb, once
again.