

## I AM NO MONSTER

I can hear voices. Everything is fuzzy and blurred; my head is blank. I want to sit, but it's like a weight is holding me down. My eyesight is flickering and I'm switching between consciousness and unconsciousness. My whole body is aching, as if a million scars were slashed into me. "It's going to be okay," a muffled voice says softly, and whatever I'm lying on starts to move, wheels squeaking on the floor. "It's going to be okay,"

Then, everything is exploding.

I blink, trying to clear the fogginess of my vision. The tenebrous bodies are blurred, but I could make out the blood spreading on the flooring. I stagger to my feet, dazed, but limping towards the door. My vision starts to clear as I exit the building, ignoring every scream and burst of blood around me. "Monster!" someone screams before becoming a mess of bones and flesh.

"I am no monster," I reply.

The cold embraces me as I wander out of the building, welcoming me into a world of white. There are children in the snow, laughing and tumbling into each other's puffy coats, their mothers watching them. They see me, and their expressions flicker into looks of horror. One by one, their bodies erupt, splattering scarlet colour onto the once white ground, melting the ice layered underneath. My breath quickens as the last child left sees what happens to her family, not daring to glance at me. "You are a monster," she cries, her head turning before it's completely gone.

"I am no monster," I reply.

Something is making these humans explode. I must find out who or what it could be, I tell myself as more people cry out, exploding into a million blood drops. Men in black suits are pointing weapons at me, shouting, "Monster!" before they explode.

"I am no monster," I repeat, my voice growing quiet as I turn, running the opposite way.

...

Everywhere I go, people are telling me I'm a monster. But I'm not! Over and over again, when will it stop?!

"Monster!" Crimson seeps through the pure, white snow.

"I am no monster!" I answer.

"MONSTER!" Direful screams echo through the frosty air.

"I AM NO MONSTER!" I answer.

"You are a monster!"

I look into the eyes of a little boy, a second later, a pile of flesh and bones.

"I am no monster," I whisper.

Tears are running down my clammy cheeks, freezing instantly. The corpses around me start to become noisome, but I don't care. What is happening to the world around me? My memories are fuzzy, blurred, impossible to encrypt. I glance over at the boy's body; a mirror lies in the ruins of blood. A cloud of frigid air escapes from my throat as I hold the mirror in trembling fingers, raising it up and staring at the reflection...

"I am a monster," I whisper, realizing what I'd done.

A splatter of red, and everything is gone.