

It never stops. Its hunger is never satisfied. Everytime I open my eyes, its cold, empty eyes are there. It never sleeps; It keeps me awake at night with its words. Words that seep into me and can't be ignored. It consumes my mentality with every word, every breath, every stare. I can't help but watch as its claws run against my skin every night enjoying my tears, bathing in my pain. Everyday I walk the halls and anytime the question comes fear grips my vocal cords. It tells me if I don't say "I'm fine" that I'm weak and an attention seeker. It's the same when I come home. When my parents ask how my day was, it tells me if I don't say good then they'll see me as broken and fragile. I'm not broken. I'm not fragile. I scream and tell it to go away and it laughs in my face telling me how pathetic I am. It knows my every flaw. It is my Achilles heel. Everyday it's the same routine. I walk down the halls, face down, the scars its claws leave on me tingling, waiting to be opened later that night. When people catch a glimpse of the scars, I blame my cat. It's the only option I have to keep them from knowing the truth... I just can't explain without it having to be a lie.

One day, I couldn't listen to its words anymore. Its hateful words that penetrate my defensive barriers until I simply can't take it. That night I looked into its eyes. It's cold, empty eyes are still there looking at me. I watched as it laughed at me. I lifted my knife and gave it the same scars it gave me. Over and over again. This time I watched as tears floated to the surface of those cold, empty eyes. I watched and as more blood fell, so did its power. I watched as it died. And I was happy as it shut its eyes. I didn't realize those eyes were mine. I didn't realize I was fighting my reflection. I didn't realize I was standing in front of a mirror.