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Creative Writing: Fiction

Assignment Three: Vignettes

Hands are touching hands with no consent.

Light comes in and then darkness arises. The night is what I dread the most. I sit with my back against the door, hoping he does not knock. Hoping he did not have too much to drink. He bangs on the door. I jump. Scrambling around the room looking for what I need. I knew it was going to be a long night. One I was not ready for. One I was never ready for. One no one should have to have.

The past will catch up with the present.

Yesterday, a week ago, a month ago, a year ago, ten years ago. No matter what part of the past one reflects on, the past is a tough one to grasp. Our ancestors had hope and fear. Not knowing when their next meal was going to be. Not knowing how much longer the roof over their heads would be considered theirs. And now we worry the same thoughts will appear again. The unknown. That is all we know, we know that we do not know.

The stars are what lead me to safety.

A shooting stars reach speeds over 120,000 miles per hour. My daddy always told me when you are unsure of where you are or what to do next, look at the stars, they will guide you. Lost in the woods, I wandered. Just me, nature, the howls of wolves and the stars. A position I truly never thought I would be in. Outer space is where I hope to go someday, because if the stars always lead me to safety, all of space has to be safe. It must be. The warmth of a shooting star gives me hope.

Endless time is what one dreams of, but also fears.

Every day, one follows a routine, the same routine they follow all their life. Societies constraints on life are self proclaimed. Time is a concept that is hard to wrap one's head around. Society puts so much emphasis and pressure on this idea of time, but when asked, so many individuals are unsure as to why we do this. In its simplest form, time is only an idea, a number at most, but the pressures society link to time is what individuals fear. Deadlines, dates, hour zero. These are the things that make our society fear time.

He feels as though his power is well deserved and necessary.

At six on a Sunday morning, there was a pounding on the front door. This time it was him. Quickly getting together all my belongings, I head for the back door, to soon realize his friend was there. I was stuck and in trouble, with no way out. I did what I knew to do. I got on my knees and started to pray. I prayed for the safety I deserved, for this power hungry monster to go away, and leave me alone. For good.

An extension of a hand is for guidance, one should say yes when in need of assistance.

Finally, the uncertainty went away. The blue sky light up and life felt like it was going to be okay again. This glimpse of hope was something that I had not felt in a long time. Something I had strived for, for so goddamn long, it felt surreal. The gratitude I had for this mysterious man was something I could never fully explain. A true miracle he was. Who was this man and why did he want to help me, why me?

I write every night, to escape from this world I call my reality.

Everyday. Waking up, doing the chores, head down, hoping to stay out of trouble. Scared. One wrong move and I would be hit, or worse. Constant fear runs through my veins more so than my blood. I dream, every night, I will wake up and live like I do in my stories. I would wake up and I would be in an all white room. A room with the windows open, breakfast is brought to me on a golden tray and I am surrounded by nothing but love, joy, and bliss.

The emptiness of the room scares me almost as much as the monster that lurked under my bed as a child.

The doom and gloom of the dimly lit, empty room with one single green chair was impossible to escape. Left, right, up, down nothing but darkness. The loneliness one felt in this room was overwhelming. Black, white and green were the only colors present. Terrified to see what was next. More empty space.