

Blade on the water
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Nothing. I know this feeling pretty well.

My pain has become my tears, tears have become nothing. I have felt enough to not feel anything anymore. When you wake up in the morning without any feelings and go to sleep as well. You don't smile, cry, shout, or do whatever you want to do, because you lost your motivation and interest. It seems that everything, the whole world want

you to destroy, to be broken, you cannot deal with one problem, because you already have another one.

I know how does it feel. Because every time I look in a mirror I don't recognize myself. The only thing I can see is a torn person who had everything to be happy and lost it. Every day is getting colder.

It has started a few months ago when I broke up with my boyfriend because he harassed me.

"Stop taking photos," my manager said when paparazzi were trying to do some pictures of me. It was my first time to be in public in such a long period, but I still didn't feel anything.

Those people didn't let me go to the studio where the film director was waiting for me.

"Ophelia, tell us about Chris," one of them said.

"How do you feel about the trial's consequences?" another asked.

"C'mon!" Dylan repeated, pushing one of them and cleaning the corridor for me. He was angry because of new information about me on the Internet, another lie I can't live with. Dylan is a black tall man I work with for a few years, he helped me when mass media was calling me "miss trouble", he's the one who supported me.

"I still can't understand your anger," I said, slowly closing my eyes when the man opened a door.

"Because it's our chance to save you career," he nodded, "and I don't want anybody to ruin it."

"Of course," I sighed heavily waking in a director's cabinet.

I didn't even know him, all I know is the fact he was dreaming to work with me all his life. I wasn't even interested in this work and this guy, I accepted this project because

I do respect Dylan's work. For most of our conversation, my manager was talking, I only said "hello", sat down on a chair, and closed my eyes because of a terrible headache, this guy was still impressed with our work, I didn't like it. Now he looks like a fanatic, not like a professional film director.

"You can go to the dressing room, where our makeup artist will prepare you," the director said.

"Prepare for what?" I asked.

"We're filming today, I've already mentioned it," this guy was offended by the fact I didn't listen to him. Probably I'm not Ophelia Wilson he was looking forward to work with.

I looked at Dylan, but couldn't say even a word. I was shocked by this unexpected fact, I was pretending to be angry, nevertheless, I didn't feel it. Dylan is happy about my job more than I do. That's why I agreed to this film.

"It was nice to meet you," the manager's noticed my condition, so he was pretending to be polite and respectful to the guy who's saving my actress career. The film director told us where the dressing room is situated and we left.

"He's a kid," I said.

"But this kid agreed to work with you," Dylan mentioned.

"I know," I said coming into the dressing room and noticing a girl. She was young and beautiful, tall, she has long and dark hair, a pretty smile. When the girl saw me, she stood up shocked.

"Hello," she nodded, giving her hand to handshaking, "I'm Jessica, but you can call me just Jessy, it doesn't matter."

I met people like her before, they are interested and fascinated by their lives. I already started crying because I wanted to feel this enthusiasm so hard, even for a moment.

"I'm,"

"Ophelia," she said smiling shyly, "everyone knows who you are."

"Of course," I nodded smiling forcedly.

There was an awkward moment of silence, in which I managed to sit on a special make-up chair and grab the script from the table. I didn't want to talk at all. With Jessy, Dylan, or anybody else.

The only thing I could do is watching in the mirror and don't recognize myself again. I don't have anybody. Love, friends, pets. The only thing I have is a pain with I live last few months, I would love to have somebody to hug me, say to me that he can deal with my problems on his own, but I don't. I can't be strong all the time, everyone wants something from me. I don't want anything. I don't even have a place where I can be myself. But nobody can see it, even now, while Jessy was applying makeup on my face and eyes, eyes, which cried very much. I bit my lip to control my emotions, but I can feel how did change Jessy's moves, she was trying to be careful with my skin, me. Probably she felt sorry for me, like everybody else in this country.

"This is your first work after the trial, isn't it?" Jessy asked shyly. She didn't want to make me angry or sad, but still, this question was inappropriate.

"Yes, it is," I answered shortly.

"It looks like the last chance," she continued giggling.

I don't want to talk.

"Because it is," I sighed heavily, "I mean," Jessy took a step back, "This guy was dreaming to work with me, even after such terrible breaking up."

"Chris is an asshole," she sounds like she hates him. I kept silent.

He is an asshole, she's right, but I can't understand the fact the person I fell in love with became a tyrant. Maybe I made him like this.

"Well," the girl came back to her job, "the image of a skater suits you," she gig.

Why she's always giggling?

"You just applied the makeup, I don't even wear a suit." I smiled a little tucking hair behind the left ear when she finished her work and started to collect brushes, "What is that?" I asked nodding at a thick book on the couch. She bit her lower lip turning around.

"Nothing matters, it's for university."

"Are you studying at university?" I asked, "What specialty?"

"Medicine," she smiled, I saw it in the mirror. I also saw pride in her eyes, she was happy about her life and education, just like I was at her age.

"Interesting?"

"Very, very interesting," the girl turned around again with a wide smile, "now I'm reading about a phenomenon of last 7 minutes of the brain activity."

"What does it mean?" I asked squinting.

"It's like," she sighed, "when you die, you have last 7 minutes, while your brain's showing all your life like a dream."

I didn't know that. I didn't even want to.

"Ooh," I sighed, "it's frighteningly."

"It's our life," she smiled a little like it was nothing to her. Probably it was because her point of view as a doctor is different. Jessy continued working with her products, while I was looking for my scenario, which I was holding in my hands and reading. I furrowed my brows as I fingered the pillows on the couch, the makeup on the table, but there was no sign of the script.

"Ophelia," I hear Dylan's voice behind, "Your papers." He said handing me the script I was looking for.

"Godness, how did you get it?" I inquired taking them.

"I brought you the script as promised," he responded.

"But I found it on the table," I nodded on the desk.

Dylan was confused, "You couldn't. I just printed it."

I truly remember how I hold this paper in my palms.

"Jessica?" I asked her to support but she hooked her head.

"No, there wasn't any script," the girl murmured.

"Doesn't matter, we need to go to the rehearsal," Dylan said pushing me out of the dressing room, although my soul was still confused.

I was sitting on the floor in my small apartments, the last real estate I sold because of the need for money for a lawyer, who still couldn't defend me in court. A bottle of dry white wine was empty, but I wasn't drunk, on the contrary, I was looking at the wall and thinking about my love, who ruined my life. Now he is happy with his new girlfriend: the fact he found somebody after that sex trial was a shock to me, however, his handsome appearance made his deal, I think a count of his fans rose because of our breaking up.

I wasn't successful today — I fell on the ice a thousand times so the film director was disappointed in me at all. All my body hurts, I can see bruises on my legs and arms, I still can't move hence the only thing I can do is sit on the floor, drink wine, which doesn't even help me to forget who I am, and reflect about my life. I have no reason to think I'm good.

My ex-boyfriend made me think like that. It happened a few months before the trial.

"I don't like your friends, they're always drinking and smoking," Chris said mixing his protein in a bottle. I sighed heavily biting my lower lip. It was Tuesday and we've already fought three times for this week.

"Why?" I asked despite no interest in his answer.

"What why?" he was shocked by my question so Chris turned around still shaking his bottle, "I don't want you to deal with these people," this man thought he is not useless in this world. I'm tired of it, so I didn't even react to his words.

"Show me your friends and I will tell you who you are," I said noticing his angry gaze on me, "if you don't like my friends, why should I believe in your love to me? They're not alcoholics or drug dealers, so why?" my words weren't colored by emotions hence Chris understood my opinion and became furious in a second.

"I want only the best for you," he said loudly.

"No, you want the best for you," I responded sighing, "that's why you've chosen me."

"What?" Chris said it so loud I almost went deaf. Then he grabbed my hair and pulled me off the chair where I was sitting before. I hit the coffee table hard, and the vase of flowers fell to the floor from the violent shaking. When I opened my eyes, I saw the furious eyes of Chris, who was holding a piece of my hair between his fingers.

By reading psychological books I understood who he is so all questions disappeared. He is mad.

I fell asleep after thinking about my life, Chris, and a bottle of dry wine. I woke up feeling bad because of sleeping on the floor and a little hangover. Then I remembered what happened in my life. I loved these moments in the morning when I was so sleepy that I could not navigate in space and forgot about all my problems. Sometimes anxiety took me by surprise: I could be worried and know what I was going through, but I could not remember the reason at all. My head squeezed as if it would explode at any moment, my heart was beating wildly, my mouth was dry. Later I heard the ring of my phone, it was Dylan.

"Filming in an hour. The address is the same," the only thing he said and dropped the call. I started my new day with a huge headache. Another day, another pain.

Taxi. Paparazzi. Noise. I didn't care about it because I don't care at all.

I saw the film director who nodded me in hello, Jessy, who was reading her book on the couch. I went into the dressing room when Dylan was talking with his friends on the phone, so I continued keeping silent.

"How did you sleep?" he asked agitated, "Don't answer, I can see your eyes."

"I wouldn't wake up if you didn't call me," I said honestly, rubbing my eyes.

"What call?" the man asked biting candy.

A glitch in the matrix. Or I can't explain it.

"You called me in the morning and said we're filming in an hour," I answered frowning eyebrows. Dylan tensed too.

"Ophelia," he sighed heavily, "I remember you said yesterday about the script," I know this tone of voice that signifies the beginning of a lecture, "now you're talking about the call. Are you okay?"

I didn't want to disappoint him.

"You know I'm not."

But I couldn't lie to him.

"I recommended you to go to the psychologist," he started over again, "you can't deal with this on your own. I know you for years, you're my friend, I love you and I want to help you," Dylan wanted to come closer, but I stood up abruptly.

"Sometimes I think loving me is a suicide," I answered and Jessy walked into the dressing room.

"Are you ready?" she asked me with a huge smile on her face. As always.

I don't like the film "Groundhog Day" but it became my life. Three months of hard-working. Earlier I thought It couldn't be worse, but I was very wrong, because now, in addition to the insensibility, I am covered in bruises from unsuccessful attempts at training. I knew that figure skating is a very difficult sport, I even thought to send my child there, but even after the first day of training, I realized how unsuccessful the idea of filming this film was. I didn't succeed in filming several scenes with figure skating, I had to work tirelessly for several hours in a row without food. My muscles ached, as did my soul. I was abandoned by my boyfriend, humiliated by losing in court, and now also unable to do my job well.

I still don't know why do I live.

"Godness," I yelled when fell on the ice again. Out of anger, I even hit this cold surface several times, fighting back tears, because here I was not alone, but several more people from the set. With a sharp sigh, I got up off the ice as quickly as I could and walked towards the dressing room. Having locked the door, I pressed my back to it and covered my mouth with my palms, feeling my eyes begin to burn with tears, it became harder to breathe every moment. Every year we cry quieter and quieter, so now, in a locked dressing room, I have to clamp my hands over my mouth so that no one will know, I am so painful and lonely in this whole world. Emptiness and pain, a constant feeling of disgust for myself and others, my days have lost their colors. The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was the blood that soaked all the leggings. Through a veil of tears, I saw a person who had been sitting in the corner of this room all this time.

Jessy was keeping silent until I started the conversation.

"It's not what you've expected from Ophelia Wilson, isn't it?" I asked raising my palms to face.

She bit her lip shyly.

"I wasn't sure about my thoughts," the girl said.

"What were you thinking about?" I asked closing my eyes. I still couldn't breathe so I did it carefully afraid that any breath could break into hysterics and an endless stream of tears.

"I think," she started crossing arms on her chest, "you're trying to do everything for this job, even more, than you can actually do. You're losing yourself in this game." she furrowed her brows in regret. I saw in her eyes a desire to hug me and support me, but Jesse continued to sit in the corner, afraid to scare me away.

"This film is everything for me," I whispered, "I can't help but do my best."

"You're killing yourself!" she rose her voice but immediately back to whisper, "I can't look at you dying."

"This is my last chance," I admitted it, "I can't lose my job."

"But you're losing yourself," Jessie was repeating it like a mantra.

I sighed heavily feeling a hard desire to smoke. I knew she was right. I wasn't sure if the game was worth the candle, but there was no way back. I had to make this film even if the price was so high.

"There is a cup of coffee, I'll give you time to be alone," the girl said standing up, I did the same to let her go.

I closed my eyes again when the room was empty, I saw the coffee she made for me and a mirror. I couldn't believe that the person against me is myself. My head was very dizzy, objects in front of my eyes were floating, I could not focus on anything. It became harder to breathe every time I looked in the mirror, from its reflection I became worse and worse. I again felt the growing hysteria, from which I thought that I had already got rid of, my eyes burned with tears, my chest was compressed. Wiping the tears off my cheeks with my hand, I looked down at the steaming cup of coffee, followed by several large sips, feeling the scalding liquid damaging my organs. Tinnitus drowned out everything around. I set the empty cup down on the table, moving my gaze to my pale and thin fingers, which were cuts and scrapes from training on the ice. Several red drops suddenly fell on the table, which made me furrow my brows and brought my palms to my nose. It was bleeding again. It was not a surprise as I always took a napkin and plugged her nostrils. I had to go back to filming.

I repeated the same actions in ice dancing, trying not to forget them, even though my heart was empty, I tried to do my job as efficiently as possible, even exceeded all my capabilities, because I had been suffering muscle pain for several hours. I had a dangerous moment in my performance, during the axel I often fell, not being able to

put my leg correctly. I repeated my mistake and, hitting the recess on the ice with my skates, I fell on my back, hitting my head hard. My eyes darkened a lot, again tinnitus and severe pain, to which I managed to get used to during all this time. But this pain was different. The back of my head felt heavy at the moment as if it was covered with metal, my breath caught, and I still could not move. Jesse ran up a minute later, followed by Dylan.

"Take her to the dressing room!" was the only thing I heard. I hadn't felt so bad for a long time, my head ached so badly that I wanted to abruptly stop it in all possible and impossible ways. They put me on a leather sofa, on pillows, gave me several glasses of water, and performed several more procedures to bring me back to consciousness, which I periodically lost.

"We need to call an ambulance," Dylan said, sitting down in a chair near the couch. He took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, and held the phone in his hands, already preparing to dial the desired number.

"No," I answered slowly.

"What?" he was surprised by my response. I saw it in his eyes.

"It's not a joke, Ophelia," Jessy said biting her lower lip. She was nervous and she was warring about me.

I had mixed emotions from this. After the trial, I could not believe that someone could worry about me, sincerely want to help me, as these people did. Maybe they were my friends. At this thought, tears began to accumulate in the corners of my eyes, from which I had to turn to face the wall of the sofa so as not to see their faces. I surrendered to my emotions and love, and in the end, I burned out from it, now I don't feel anything. I don't need their help.

"I will continue filming," I said.

Dylan licked his lips nervously as he turned towards Jesse, his gaze asking her to leave the room. When the girl left, he looked into my eyes with undisguised pity.

"You are not working," he began, "you are hurting yourself to remind yourself that you are still alive."

He knew me better than anyone else. I sat down neatly on the sofa, holding my head with my hands, even though everything was floating in front of my eyes.

"You have to understand me," I said quietly, breaking into a whisper. I had to roll my eyes to keep the tears from running down my cheeks again, "I sued Chris because he beat me," I said, not wanting to remember it again, "I had to win the case because his lawyers were disgusting, however, he began to send his people to my apartment, "tears treacherously fell on my cheeks, although I no longer paid attention to them," then I realized that his beatings were nothing concerning the horror that these people did, " it became difficult for me to breathe with the surging memories. I licked my lips, breathing hard, "they made me change my mind, then there were headlines on social media that I lied in court to get money from Chris, everyone began to accuse me of what I did not do." I paused, exhaling. It is difficult to live with the knowledge that for all the good emotions that I have ever experienced, I have to feel guilt and pain because Chris was an ideal for me, which I was throwing away, we together made plans for the future, came up with names for children. And then it all stopped, "I just fell in love with him, not wanting anything in return, and now I have lost everything I had: money, love, friends. All that I am is this name, which has been blackened by dirty magazine headlines." I really was on the verge of hysteria, before I didn't lose control over myself so often, but now my life has turned into asceticism, the exit from which was gone, "This film is the last chance for a good future, which I have already ceased to hope for." at the last words, I sobbed.

At first, Dylan was silent for a long time, looking into my tired eyes, and then he spoke:

"I see that you are suffering and I cannot allow you to risk your health for your crazy goal," he rubbed his lips with his fingers, playing with nodules, "but I know that you will get worse if you miss your opportunity."

I nodded, wiping my eyes from tears. I need to pull myself together and return to the work that I once loved. I left the dressing room a few minutes later, feeling much better than during the fall: my head was almost not dizzy, I could stand on my feet. Then the director announced a new start of filming, I breathed out, with enthusiasm and inspiration I took a position, feeling confident, after a dialogue with Dylan. Perhaps I really should have said everything that has happened in my life in recent months to make it easier. The cameras turned on, I started to move, accelerating on the ice with every second, at that moment I realized that the pleasure that I once received from my work and life was always here, however, due to accumulated emotions, I stopped noticing it and forgot about me. Now I could breathe deeply.

Even this jump ceased to seem so impossible, I performed it with extraordinary ease and pleasure, so that even a smile appeared on my face. I caught a glimpse of the faces of Jesse and Dylan, who looked at me with pride. Even I was proud of myself. Standing in the final position, I raised my hands, smiling. The director nodded, noticing my change in mood, and this is how the film ended. This is how my new story began.

The eyes darkened sharply, the smile disappeared from his face. I put my hands down, holding myself by the waist, breathing became more and more difficult.

"Ophelia," was the last thing I heard before passing out again.

I haven't felt such extraordinary lightness and calmness for a long time, I couldn't even force myself to strain, no anxiety and pain. There was a small noise behind him, which did not irritate or get on the nerves. Opening my eyes, I saw only a white ceiling, and then I smelled alcohol and flowers with oranges. It wasn't difficult to move, on the contrary, I calmly got out of bed, walked through the hospital ward, into which I fell after losing consciousness. My red hair fell neatly over my shoulders, exhaling, I stood in front of the window, waiting impatiently for Dylan to come and take me away from here soon. Suddenly, anxiety inside me began to grow, as did the noise in the background, now it was more like the squeak of a medical device. Looking back, I saw a man in a hospital gown run into the room, followed by a girl with long black hair. I stepped neatly closer, noticing that they both leaned over the bed where my body lay. Closed eyes, bandage on the head, bruises on the arms from training. Then I looked at the apparatus that had been making a sound the whole time.

"The EEG confirmed brain death," the man said.

Did I die?

"What does it mean?" asked the dark-haired girl I recognized as Jesse.

"What are you studying at the university?" he asked rhetorically, exhaling irritably, "She died, Jessica, perhaps, according to one of the theories, she is now seeing the last moments of her life, I don't know."

She told me about seven minutes before brain death. So all this time I was already dead?

Inside, everything snapped again. It seemed that I had already found the chance that I asked God for, for a new stage in my career, but everything again turned in the wrong direction. How will Dylan survive this news? He will never forgive himself for letting me fill my last role.

"You are a future doctor, now you are in practice and you will have to face death," said this man, walking towards the exit from the ward, "I'll show you how to fill out the paperwork."

Jesse took one last look at my serene face, took a deep breath, and followed the doctor out. Now I'm alone again.

"And the winner is," the woman in white was standing on a stage, "Ophelia Wilson."

The audience burst into applause. The dark-skinned man got up from his seat, shaking hands with the director of the latest film, in which Ophelia was filmed, and walked onto the stage, smiling restrainedly. The woman in white presented him with the award for Best Actress, then faded into the background, giving Dylan his word:

"She," the man paused, making a short pause due to excitement, "she always knew how to speak beautifully," he didn't know how to choose the right words, because everything said would never bring a girl back to life, "Ophelia was an amazing girl who she perfectly knew how to hide everything that was happening in her soul. Nobody ever knew how much pain her heart went through, perhaps that's why she would have received this award as best actress," the man bit his lip when he felt tears collecting in the corners of his eyes, "she paid too high a price for what she loved. Ophelia sacrificed herself for art, for a role that was supposed to revive her career, but instead killed her." he sobbed, quickly rubbing his eyes. The spotlights blinded the man, from which he couldn't see the audience, nevertheless, he knew that they were crying below just like him, their souls were crying, just like Ophelia's soul was, "She just wanted happiness, wanted to smile and rejoice, but instead suffered from unbearable pain. If not for that fall, then perhaps this award would have been received by her, not me."

Ophelia Wilson received her award posthumously. She was born as an actress and died as a person.