

CONTROL

By Sidney Silkstone 8B

It's moments like these I consider leaving - *who am I kidding?* I always consider leaving. It makes sense, it was never my choice to come in the first place.

You're yelling, yelling and yelling. I can't hear any of it, and I honestly don't care. You were so composed just before, as you escorted me into my room, telling the guards; 'We just need to have a little chat.'

Are the guards just outside that door? The walls are thick, but I doubt they would consider coming to my rescue, even if they heard the noise. If something were to happen to me, no doubt you would suffer no consequences. Not from their hands, at least. If they tried, then they would be the ones in trouble.

The shouting has escalated to screaming. Wait, no- I might be the one doing the screaming. I'm contemplating, what would I do if you came closer? Because it seems like screaming isn't working. You're shouting at me and I'm screaming at you, and it's all going so quickly. I wrestle a ring off my finger, *the* ring, and throw it on the floor in an attempt at a powerful gesture. The shouting has escalated to screaming and the screaming to throwing.

'Fine, you want to throw things?' You seem like you were waiting for an invite. Like you were waiting for permission. I shouldn't have done that. I shouldn't have tried- I shouldn't have even considered-

I'm in a panic, becoming frantic. You throw a glass on the floor, it breaks into thousands of tiny pieces. I attempt to calm you down, I sputter and choke on random words, hoping I'll say something that might please you. Another glass flies directly into the mirror above my dressing table, both glass and mirror shatter into tiny deadly snowflake-like-pieces, flying across the room. A blizzard.

This is getting out of hand, this is getting more dangerous than usual. How can I talk my way out of this? How can I coax you into letting me go for another day? One last try at sweet talk,

as you hurl a final glass. It smashes the wall, just millimetres away from my head, shards grazing my neck and cheek.

Shock and disbelief radiate through me, I stand frozen and stunned. I need to get away, I need to leave.

There are no glasses left. At least that's one less thing to keep in mind.