

Silence

"And what do you want to do when you grow up?"

All of a sudden the room is filled with silence. Even the usual chitter chatter, the agonizing noise you hear almost every single second of the day you spend in this numbing establishment has stopped. Sound has dissolved. I sense that the longer I wait before I give my answer, the more intense the discomfort of those around me becomes. What interests me most is that there's great unease slowly seeping into the room, but the thought of it amuses me. It feels like the room is slowly permeating with toxic gas and I am the only one who has a mask. They die and I live. I win and they lose. Just for this one moment I feel like the king of the room.

Suddenly my silence is broken. A little usurper starts whispering.

"Look at him, the faggot's too shy to say he just wants to fuck donkeys when he grows up."

"Nah he'd need a dick for that Terry."

A few chuckles get exchanged between the two simpletons behind me. I can't contemplate how empty their minds must be for them to make such thoughtless remarks. I decide it's time to give my answer.

"I want to be a writer, I'd like to write stories when I grow up." The instructor seems mildly surprised by my answer.

"And what would those stories be about?" I take another moment to think about my answer and enjoy the silence that makes a return after the previous exchange of words.

"That which piques my interest."

By the bluntness of my answer, the teacher can deduce I'm not interested in speaking more about this topic. While my thoughts drift away from the noise, I return to my sketchbook, the place where I can explore my thoughts and realize them. The picture trying to escape my mind and settle into my world right now is one that has to do so not because I want it to be in my sketchbook, but because I want it to get out. A picture so disgusting and so disturbing, it conflicts with my very humanity.

"You know, drawing isn't the same as writing."

I turn my head and take notice of the girl sitting next to me. When I look at her and hear her speak I don't seem to desire this silence. My obsession stops.

"You're right," I say to her in a calm voice.

"It's so much more."

From the look on her face, she doesn't seem satisfied with my answer. I look through the sketchbook and stop at one particular page. I shove the book to her table.

"What do you see?"

I notice she takes time and effort to think of an answer that would explain why I said what I said. "I see two disobedient shadows. Two frames of that which should be, but isn't. They both want to be connected to each other, but simply aren't. Moreover, the masters of these shadows are doing the exact opposite and look at each other with disgust. The only thing I can't figure out is... Why did you make the expressions on their faces ungenune?" she asks.

I peacefully rip the illustration from my sketchbook and hand it over.

"Think about it."

There's a spark of surprise and curiosity in her eyes so big she forgets to thank me. That's okay, because that spark is worth more to me than a million thank you's. After this I bring back my full attention to the picture I was previously trying to set free. I stare at it in horror. As the bell is on the verge of ringing, the girl catches sight of my creation.

"I don't understand why a blank piece of paper interests you so much."