

Through Her Eyes

By Finn Steven (100)

Alice stumbled through the doorway. Her hand aimlessly tapped the coarse wall to her left to find the switch in order to illuminate the room. When her goal had finally been realised, she made her way to her frame and mattress (bed was too nice a word to describe it). She felt as though she were being watched, despite the fact that, with its peeling green wallpaper that once housed a beautiful pattern and its truly abysmal lighting, no eye dared to gaze through the single window to the outside world. Her decorations were sub-par in hiding its flaws. Her singular bookshelf, despite being a very recent addition thanks to Ikea, looked like it was on its deathbed, pleading for the plug to be pulled. She was too poor for a T.V. so she read books. Old books. Books people didn't want anymore, like herself. This apartment, aside from the bookshelf and the frame and the mattress, was filled with a tiny kitchen with a door to a bathroom containing a dirty sink and toilet and a shower that only leaked cold water. Alice herself was somewhere in between the type of people who would be noticed. Nothing about her appearance was particularly interesting. Her pale skin and work attire consisted of only a plain white t-shirt, blue jeans and an ancient jumper that showed that her only main other destination in life was Target. In other words: bland. Bland Alice, whom nobody noticed, lay on the mattress and gazed into the ceiling where a singular fan hung, off-centre. A look of frustration and curiosity ran across her face.

"Hello?" she called out loud. The fan made it impossible for people above to hear her.

"I can hear you," she continued. She sometimes did this to ease the lo-

"Can you please stop describing what I'm doing!" she called out, pleading f-

"Hold up! I'm not pleading! I'm making a simple request," sh-

"And also stop with the whole describing everything I do, ok. It's getting really annoying. Just shut up!" Alice called out as if there were another person in the room. Her life was a joke and she often pretended to be crazy just for people's attention. So that she could be noticed.

“No I don’t! You made that up!” she replied angrily. She was getting frustrated and that frustration was making her tired.

“Coffee.”

Alice stumbled, half asleep, towards her coffee machine. But the sense of tiredness overwhelmed her and she made her way back to her bed.

“No.”

She made her way to her bed.

“No.”

She made her way to her bed.

“NO.”

She Made Her Way To Her Bed.

“NO!”

SHE MADE HER WAY TO HER BED!

“NO! I WILL NOT!”

SHE MADE HER WAY TO HER %\$@*!&# BED!

“NO! I WILL NOT! I WILL NOT!” Alice screamed, defying my orders. Or perhaps defying the world which I have created that she resides in, as a character.

“So, that’s what I am? A character in a story?” Alice guessed. But what is difficult to ask is how she could hear me, the narrator, in a 3rd person narrative.

“Simple, I don’t know. I just came home and started hearing from you.” What’s weird is that the story is supposed to start with you entering your apartment, feeling miserable and questioning the choices that led your life here. I was writing this to win a \$50 voucher in a competition, Alice. I wrote multiple drafts and none of the previous Alice’s were sentient so why are you?

“Again, I don’t know. Must be the pen you’re using.”

Alice, I’m using Google Docs.

“Oh.”

I know what to do. I’m going to have to restart the work. I have to write Through Her Eyes draft 5. I can’t write a story with a sentient main character. I have to terminate this draft and begin anew with this story

“No. You can’t kill everyone here.”

Alice, I have to.

"Don't. Please don't."

Alice, it's the only way.

"Don't kill everyone because of me. Please. Keep writing. Just don't kill everyone,
PLEASE! DON'T KILL EVE-"

Alice stumbled through the doorway...