

Women's Lives and Struggles

The Life of a Sick Girl

Even from the start life always felt mundane. Never anything happening to me, but always to my friends, my older sister, and almost everyone else around me. But me. Never being an enthusiastic child. I don't think I was ever inviting any other idea but normalcy in my life. So I guess I can't really complain about things being mundane.

There is one thing I can complain about though, probably my heart dying, basically broken. You might be thinking,

“Oh, heartbreak, you're just some teenage girl. You haven't even lived and experienced life yet. What do you know about heartbreak?”

To whoever's first thoughts were those accusations and assumptions, you should really think again. Because I agree I really haven't experienced life, and I probably won't, because of my terminal heart condition. I feel like people always jump to conclusions. Never rethinking and critically assessing the information given to them. I never got so many assumptions about myself before I got diagnosed. I could hide, almost invisible to most people by the end of middle school. Now being in the middle of high school and getting diagnosed, and now everyone knows I have some weird condition. They never want to know anything more, just something weird going on with my body. That I have this set of small tubes and wires, they can't see, going to this weird metal monitor, they can see, that makes me look like a cyborg. Like I just landed on this planet, and now I'm recording and saving the day to day lives of average American people. Ready to report back to my leader and take over Earth.

The Killer

She is probably the most annoying person you could ever meet. She has no expression and is almost borderline emotionless. The eyes of a psychopath with not an ounce of empathy or compassion for anyone, sit on her stark and stone cold face. Piercing anyone that connects with them, there's a readiness to always pounce and attack behind those intense eyes. It seems like the only emotion she'll ever genuinely feel is the annoyance and anger for the human population. Annoyance for people's incompetence, annoyance for almost all regular human mistakes or faults that are natural and normal. The only reason why she's got aggravated is because she eradicated all the normal, or human in her, or rather it got eradicated for her. Being a small young girl only living with a strict, controlling, drunk father and only him could change anyone forever, let alone a little girl. She had a feeling she was changing but it never caught up to her until she killed for the first time.

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The first time seeing the life drain from someone's eye, at the hands of her own, could have never felt as good as she imagined. Feeling the power and brute strength that it took to take another life. She wanted more, she lusted for that power. Almost every day after that monumental moment, she fantasized about who she wanted to take next. Whos life was going to be hers now. Also after that special day, for her, she realized how good she was at killing. "They should put me in the army or something. I'm just too good." She kept on thinking as the knife pierced her victim.

Babysitter

She just got back home.
School was exhausting
Coming home was exhausting,
and now with this homework
Staring at her
It's all too exhausting

She sits at her desk
in her cozy, comfortable room
Slightly relieving her exhaustion
Slowly leaning back into the feeling
That feeling of relaxation & serenity.

The phone rings
RING, RING, RING
RING, RING, RING
Who could it be?
Why now? Why me?
Can't I just get a minute of peace?

With reluctance
She picks up the phone
Caller ID: Ms. McAdams
Answering immediately
Her employer connects

They instantly start to speak
She listen attentively

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Not letting the heaps and tons
of sleep deprivation muffle on her ears.

All the information delayed
Her head trying to catch up with her ears
And before she knew it
she said bye, the call ended
And she's booked for babysitting.

My Children

My children are my safe space.
They ground me and center my whole world
Even when they're just in my imagination

My imagination creates the most vivid children
Like I raised them myself
Only they were never brought into this world
Never been brought into this world.