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A dark figure stands in the sh

cold puddle which surrounded her. After an agonising amount of time, the call finally went through.

“What is the nature of your emergency?”

“My son... he's been stabbed, I think h-he's dead” the featureless woman spoke with such sorrow, such terror, displayed only by her voice, but it was enough. Mia didn't remember why this woman meant so much to her, only remembering that she had once, so long ago.

There Mia was again, stood huddled in that dark closet. Again, the thumping, the rush of air, that shadow, always watching, always waiting, feeding on her pain. She knew, all along she knew, holding it at bay through sheer will and defiance, because as bad as this was, the truth was far worse. She had always known, but had been unable to admit it, till now. “You can't die if you're already dead” she heard herself mutter, the realisation dawning. Succumbing, she was unable to hold back the tears, she sobbed, tears which burned as they ran down her cheeks. She sobbed and sobbed the true depth of it sinking in, “It's never going to end, is it? It's like I'm in hell.” she whimpered, more to herself than anything.

“There's no 'like' about it, Mia” the voice snickered from the shadows. The truth was that she had been here, in this hell, for so long that she couldn't even remember why her brother was sent into this rage. In fact, she couldn't recall anything from her life, except for these few moments, the worst memory. Repeating over and over, again and again, torturing her for the worst of her actions. She no longer knew who her brother was, his name, what he was like outside of these moments and her mother had simply become a blur in her memory, unable to recall a single feature. She no longer knew why she stabbed her brother, why she sat there, unable to move. Left alone with her sins for eternity.

She no longer knew herself.