

Blotch

There was a great blotch in the corner of my room. It was pure black like a void that swallowed up any light that dare cross it. Its emptiness was confined to the walls in the corner. Fortunately for me, it couldn't reach out a dark hand to grab at my throat or pull me into its oblivion. Somedays it engulfed the entire corner and oozed its way onto the other two walls, other days it was a simple speck. It wasn't within my ability to predict its size for the day, it was just my job to cope with whatever it dealt me.

I can't recall when the blotch appeared. I've tried to think back and remember, but things begin to blur past a certain point. Presumably, the blotch appeared in this hazy time. I wish I could recall the moment I let the blotch in. The day I gave it that spot in the wall. If I could, I would travel to that moment and scold myself for ever allowing such an atrocity in my home.

The blotch was a monster. Its beady black eyes popped out of the abysmal space it every once and awhile. There were so many eyes. Hundreds, no, thousands. All stared at me in judgmental or accusatory ways. It had one mouth with teeth sharpened like razors and set in three or more rows. I have never gotten close enough to count. Scarier than the teeth was the tongue. Silver and unceasing, it picked out each and every one of my insecurities. It pulled me to pieces with words and beat me down until I couldn't move. Its voice like a metal rake scraping across the ice. The shrill noise being completely unavoidable and much louder when I sit up with the moon as my only source of company.

Like an abusive partner, I don't know how my life would be without the blotch and yet it causes me more harm than good. It understands me. At times too well. When I'm upset, it validates my sadness. Fuels my tears. When I'm content, it reminds me of all the terrible parts of

my life. It begs to know if I deserve to smile. It makes sure I know its there and that it doesn't plan on disappearing any time soon.

Then, one day, the blotch grew. It exceeded whatever expectations I had for how big it could get. It swallowed the two walls that connected to form its original corner, snubbing whatever confidence I had (which wasn't much to begin with). I tried. I so desperately tried to escape its wandering eyes, to shy away from its terrifying words, but it spoke louder and louder until it split my ears to make me listen. I screamed, but no one could hear me over the deafening blotch.

From then on, the blotch only expanded. Every day it overwhelmed me to the point that my mouth tasted of blood and my eyes burned of dry tears. By the end of the month, I couldn't cry anymore. My throat was so raw that I could hardly speak. I never left my house. I was enslaved by the blotch. It dictated my every move. It chose if I even made it out of bed in the morning or if I was to eat a single meal that day. Now enveloping the entirety of my room, there was nowhere I could hide from the godly blotch. When I tried, it would punish. It would scream until I apologized for every flaw. It forced me to remember a plethora of past mistakes, verbally beating me until my mind is black and bruised. I apologized for trying to escape its grasp. I always apologized.

Eventually, I couldn't take it anymore. My mind was as tired as my body. My lack of sleep and inability to force myself to eat weakened my body until I couldn't get out of bed, even if I wanted to. The blotch had won. It now consumed every part of my bedroom, save for a small space that surrounded me. While I laid under my soft blankets, staring into the one colossal eye on my ceiling, I weighed my options: continue to fight the beast this blotch has become, or allow

myself to be consumed? My eye fell shut. The blotch was too strong, and the rope it held around my feeble neck was too tight for me to breath.

I let the blotch win.

And soon, everything was dark.

I am the void.