

The Captor

What does escape mean? It means nothing for Abigail Nottage, she tries to go by Abby, but kids don't necessarily let her. She knows she is not pretty or even okay. She is kind though, but who cares about that? She hasn't found anyone yet who does.

You would think, once she gets away from everyone, the people who mock and berate her, she would be free, but she is her own worst enemy.

She flees to her cheap cat scratched sofa in the basement. It is her refuge away from everyone, where she habitually pulls at the thread, daydreaming. She dreams of beauty, being beautiful, and acting beautifully. She pictures herself in beautiful fields far away, where she is dressed in a pure white sundress. She spins and her dress flutters, the bottom opening up like an umbrella around her knees, while rays of sunlight caress her hair. She looks beautiful, because, for a second she smiles and she sees what is in her heart. It is brief, but it is there. She pictures her beauty and recognizes it, but instantly she pulls back, and shreds the dream. Her Captor doesn't like that feeling. She buries her face in the cushions and sobs. She feels the warm wet fabric pressing against her cheeks. The soft bumps and threads are comforting, they are familiar.

She wonders about tomorrow and realizes it will be the same as always. She tries to go back to daydreaming, but can't. Her mind will not let her, she is subject now to its demands; to its criticisms and violence. Her mind limits, keeps her chained, and never allows her to think good about herself. Her mind is her Captor, and it will never release!

All she can see now is darkness, spreading thick and infinite. The darkness is a creation of her own mind, it forms from feelings of emptiness and lack of emotion. It ebbs down into her bones and drains all her energy. The darkness begins as a physical response as she closes her eyes, but grows into a psychological depression. Her Captor is in complete control, but that's

okay, because it's familiar, and familiarity carries its own comfort. At least something cares enough to tell her she is alive.

She lies downstairs, holding on to the darkness, because it tells her everything that she already believes. It is a confirmation to her faith, telling her that her beauty is false, just like she suspected. Questioning her own system, the entire time.

Soon enough, she is stabilized and lifts herself off the tear stained sofa. She leaves the basement, the shoe that fell off, and her backpack with tomorrow's homework still in it. She knows she will regret not doing her assignments, but she doesn't care. She walks up stairs, and although she is on the main floor, she doesn't check to see if anyone is home. She heads straight upstairs, to bed without eating, no one will notice.

-She wakes to the melodic sounds of ocean, coming from her alarm. She dreads the sound, it is the signal of another day. She wishes she could crawl back under the covers, but today might be better she tells herself. She stands and walks out of her room to get ready for school. Maybe today someone will notice her!

** In my depression, I walked around like a leper; not rejected by people, but by the limitations I assigned myself. I don't know why this disease clings to some and not others, but to you Abby I say 'I see you, because God saw me!'