

Free Thoughts

(excerpt)

Emma Troake

Junior Prose

Snap out of it.

I open my eyes, slowly, and peer at my ceiling fan. Going ‘round and ‘round. I sit up, and rest cross-legged on my bed comforter.

I think I need some help. Real help.

“Yes, you do,” I whisper.

He was me?

“Yes, he was.”

He's not real?

“No, it was just you. Your...imagination.”

Where do I go now?

Silence. I carefully slide off my bed, and make my way out of my room.

Relax. Count to ten. Push out your steam. Focus. Focus. Focus.

I turn around the corner, and begin to descend down the stairs.

One, two, three, walk down the steps. Four, five, keep going. Six, seven, eight, focus.

I walk into the kitchen quietly.

Ten. Put out the fire.

I take a big breath of air. “Mom?”