

# Listen

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Rated PG-13

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Summary: Hearing voices can really wreak havoc on a child's life...

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Wakey, wakey.

That's right; rise and shine. Do you see the time? Of course you do. Yeah, you've been sleeping later and later. That a boy, get up and at 'em.

That stair is creaking louder and louder everyday. Soon it'll cut right through your ears. What'll you do then, you crybaby?

Playing the ignoring game, eh? See how that works out for you. Ignore that skeleton making pancakes in the kitchen, for starters. Oh? You like pancakes, huh? That is such a load of sentimental crap. You know you don't even need to eat, so why bother? It just increases the odds of someone slipping you poison.

Of course, poison! Why else would they be trying to feed a boy who doesn't need food?

No, you shut up.

Now look what you've done; you've gotten them mad at you. Your father is glaring at you. See it? No, you missed it. He was glaring while your back was turned. He'll end you soon if you're not careful.

That's right. Smart boy. Put the fork down.

No, covering you ears won't help, Idiot. There's only one thing that'll end your problems, and you know what it is.

Leaving so soon? You haven't even touched your pancakes.

Up those creaking stairs again; you must be some kind of masochist.

Well? Now what? You're just going to stand by the banister all day like some kind of idiot?

Oh, that's brilliant; just sit down and bawl. Crying won't help. Only one thing will help you, but you're too chicken to do it. You're pathetic. You deserve what's coming to you.

Don't look your father in the eyes. He's got heat vision, remember? One well-timed zap and you'll be blind. No doubt that's exactly what he wants.

You actually believe he wants to help you?! He's lying. You can't trust him.

That a boy, stand up. That seems to be your best achievement in life. Pathetic.

Down the stairs again. You know he's doing it on purpose. He knows it grates you. He wants you to suffer.

Don't get in the car. Who knows where he's really going to take you? You idiot. Have you no sense of self preservation?

A seatbelt. Brilliant. You're a regular Leonardo Da Vinci. Why don't you just do the world a favor and throw yourself under the tires?

Oh, fine, fuss with the radio. You hear that static? Earlier, it was a transmission about some stupid boy who got in a car bound for you-haven't-a-clue-where. They knocked it off the air when you tuned in. They know you're coming.

Pop music. Since when do you listen to that drivel? You don't. You hate this song, and you know it. It's been playing non-stop for days. There's no reason to crank it up that loud.

Oh, come on.

All you've succeeded in doing is hurting your ears. Oh, and pissing off your father, by the looks of it. See him glaring at you? No, you missed it again. But notice how he just turned off the radio? He has it in for you. Be careful.

That building is a death-trap.

This is where you will meet your end.

Don't let him drag you in there. It's where you're going to meet your end. He's lying. Don't listen. He's going to end you.

No, he can't help you. He doesn't even want to help you. And pacing back and forth like a loon won't help you either.

Look. They're staring at you. Everyone is staring at you.

Spare yourself the shame and commit seppuku right now.

Chicken.

Walking slowly is worthless if you're still walking there at all.

Ooh, Mr. Easily-distracted likes the cute secretary behind the glass. Shame on you; those thoughts are absolutely filthy. You're lucky she hasn't come out to slap you.

Yes, she knows what you were thinking just then. Everyone in the room does. You disgust them. They're going to have you put down like some kind of rabid animal.

There! Did you hear that? Your father just admitted as much.

Oh, sure he denies saying that. He's trying to mess with you.

The whole setup is designed to mess with you. The sitting.

The waiting. They want to see you sweat. That's why they have the secretary there to watch you. And the cameras. They want you to sweat first.

It's too late for you now.

They knew you were coming. Look at that so-called psychiatrist. "Family friend" indeed. See how your father is smiling at her? He wants to kill you so that he can leave your mother and run off with her. You know it's true. It's the whole reason you're here.

That a boy, stand up for your mother. Maybe you're not so pathetic after all.

It's a shame you're not so un-pathetic that they can't just muscle you into her office.

Yeah, you *bet* you're on to them. There's guilt written on both their faces. You just stand there and let them have it.

What's the matter with you, answering such personal questions? You know she's only going to use it all against you. Ooh, that last one touched a nerve, huh? No, you're just falling apart again. Pathetic.

They're going to end you.

Aw, look at the little crybaby, down on the floor like he's praying to Mecca. Even if you were, heaven won't help you. Only one thing will, but you won't go through with it.

Don't let him lie to you about what's coming. It is *not* for your own good. Of course you know what's in that box.

This is it.

This is the end.

They're going to kill you.

Run, you idiot!

Pathetic. You call that a fight?

Too late.

Now you can *really* see the truth.

He's had it in for you all along.

This is it.

This is the end.

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Oh, look who's awake.

Yeah, "sore" doesn't even begin to cover it.

Darn right, the world is duller. What a fantastic observation, Mr. Holmes!

You know your father planned this from the start. He wants to be the only one with super powers on this planet. Look at him, all stupid-looking with that piece of toilet paper shoved up his nose.

No doubt you got the worst of it.

Go ahead, pull down that visor and look in the mirror.

See? You see it? Those bruises won't ever go away.

Don't touch them, you idiot!

Duh. Of course it hurts.

No, don't listen to him. He's not sorry. He has it in for you, big-time.

Is this your master plan? Sitting huddled in the car after it stops? Look out—he's going for your hand!

That was close.

Don't run to the door, you idiot. It may *look* like your house, but you have no clue what's really on the other side. And you have no way of checking. That was his plan.

Well, look who's on the phone, no doubt plotting something against you. Your mother is in on it. She hates you. She always has.

Oh, so you're just going to run into the living room without so much as a hello to your mother?

They're talking about you. You can't even hear what they're saying.

This is no time to watch television.

Your life is in danger, and you're wasting your time on some stupid reruns?! You don't like that show enough to want to make the volume that loud. You're just trying to hide from the inescapable. You're pathetic.

Why are you even alive?

Good pitch, Genius; now you've broken the remote.

Don't let him near you. You can't even see what's in that bag. It's probably something to kill you.

If you touch that glass of water, you're an idiot; though, that's already been established. Thirsty? Of *course* you're thirsty. They made you thirsty so that you would have to drink that water. That was their plan.

Pills indeed. Those pills won't help you at all. They're lying. Those are poison capsules. Those capsules are going to do what the Kryptonite didn't.

It's a lie.

They won't help you at all.

They won't make your problems go away.

Only one thing would make it all go away.

Down the hatch, eh?

Feeling better?

No, of course not.

Don't buy their bull-crap. It was never intended to help you at all. It can't help you. They're just trying to kill you.

Yeah, bury your face in shame, you little coward.

You're a mess. You'll always be a mess. It's no wonder they hate you so much.

Get out of her grip.

What are you, a baby that you need to cry on your mama's shoulder?

Pitiful.

Only one thing would get you out of this mess, and you know it. It'll be easier now; so take advantage of that. There's a knife in the kitchen. You should use it.

It's the only way out of this. Nothing will help you. Nothing will end it.

You're just wasting space.

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End it all.

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Nothing else will end i—

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nothing

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