Drown

I woke up late in the morning, I rolled out of bed clumsily and made my way into the bathroom downstairs.

I yawned and stared in front of the mirror.

“Ugh.” I groaned as I looked at my reflection, nobody likes the way they look in the morning. I told myself. But I was sure even a cave troll would scream at the sight of me.

My face was lined with dark purple marks underneath my dark green eyes and sleepy dust was latched inside my eyeballs.

I looked at my hair and groaned even louder. It was a tangled mess of dark brown, it was going to take me a while to fix it so it didn’t look like I had just woken up from a four-month coma.

I looked down at the sink and turned on the tap to fill the basin with freezing cold water before I washed my face.

I tied my hair up into a ponytail to keep it from getting wet, turned off the tap and threw my head into the freezing cold liquid.

While I was under a strange thought came into my head, “why don’t you keep your head down here?”

I raised my head from the water quickly and gasped for air.

I looked around the room to ensure that it wasn’t someone in the house telling me to do that.

I was both relieved and concerned that I was alone.

I was relieved because I lived alone and somebody else having been in the building would have meant that I’d probably wind up dead with my corpse all over the news. I was concerned because that really meant that my inner voice was the thing that told me to end it all.

I shrugged off the feeling and was about to pull the plug in the sink when I heard my inner voice again. “Don’t!” It commanded.

I ignored it and reached for the stopper but I found myself unable to touch it. My body was willing me not to, it was forcing my hand back to my side and strangely enough; it worked and my hand slumped by my side.

I looked in the mirror and posed it with a question. “What the fuck is happening?”

I didn’t get an answer but I did get another demand.

“Put your face back in the water.”

“No,” I responded.

The voice rose and repeated the order. “PUT YOUR FACE BACK IN THE WATER!”

But I still wouldn’t. I used all of my willpower to stop myself from plunging back into the clear icicle liquid.

But I did want to do it, not because I wanted to die, but because I wanted to see how long I could hold my breath. And I wanted to know how it would feel to be breath while submerged.

I knew I shouldn’t wonder how that feels because I already knew the answer, it would be painful, but the knowledge from other people’s experiences didn’t matter. I wanted to know if I was an exception, after all: you never know until you try.

Before I knew what I was doing, I plunged my face back into the water. I instantaneously felt the freezing chill of the water, crystallizing on my face.

I held my breath and waited until I could hold it no longer.

After 30 seconds I breathed and immediately felt my chest constrict as my lungs filled with water. I clutched the side of the basin for support and tried to lift myself out of the water, but I found myself unable to.

It was like the water was a bully’s hand that was pushing my face down the toilet and refusing to let go.

I fought against it and pushed my head up against the water.

I finally succeeded in bringing my head above water, I gasped for air and was about to clutch retch the water out of my body when my head was brought back into the water.

I screamed, but all that could be heard was a muffled gurgle.

I broke the surface again and gasped for air and clasped my throat and coughed.

My throat burned intensely as though it was on fire and I threw up profusely on the floor, I stared at the vomit, it was watery and it quickly stretched across the floor.

My throat was torched but I couldn’t bring myself to wash it down with the very thing that had almost killed me.

I slumped to the floor while still holding my throat and shook violently.

I focused on my breathing and tried to slow it to a normal speed. After I had calmed down the voice came back.

“Why did you fight?”

I contemplated the question shakily, to be perfectly honest I had absolutely no idea why I didn’t let myself drown, but I gave the voice a response anyway.

“I want to live.” I croaked.

The voice boomed with laughter.

I looked around the room frantically and tried to pinpoint the location of the voice.

“Who… who are you?” I asked.

The voice didn’t respond. I looked around the room again and searched for the voice’s body but I again was unable to find it.

I shivered with fear, I now wanted to find the voice and prove that somebody had broken into my house and was messing with me, but I realised that I was alone, which could mean only one thing.

“You’re part of me.”

“Correct.” “But I am actually a little more than just a part of you.”

“What do you mean?” I asked shakily.

“I am your brain.”

I stared straight ahead and focused really hard on a particular tile in my bathroom with the thought that if I looked at it long enough, then the voice would go away.

“You can’t escape me.” The voice warned.

I stood up slowly and stood my ground. “Maybe not like this, but I will find a way. I’ll go see a psychiatrist and have them explain why you’re here.”

“That won’t work.” The voice laughed.

“We’ll see,” I replied.

I left the bathroom and shut the door and didn’t open it again for the rest of the day.