

Waukesha Reads ~ THE BIG READ
2013 Flash Fiction Contest
High School Division Winner
Jacob Sosa

Insanity:

The symptoms were slow, day by day I noticed slight changes; first it was the creeping thoughts, day after day he pleaded with me, begging me to set him free, telling me to give him control of his body back. He yelled at me, insulted me, as if **I** were the imposter, as if **I** took his body from him. Day and Night it was the same thing over and over again, slowly growing more desperate but never lacking in his persistence. The bags under my eyes grew deeper and darker, he whispered to me at night making sure I wasn't getting any sleep; His voice made me restless; I never told anyone about **Him** they would look at me as if I was crazy, I'm not crazy, I'm not.

He seemed to be working in stages, first slowly destroying me mentally, waiting for the moment i was weak enough for him to jump at the chance and take over. He consumed my life with paranoia and replaced everything I loved with his lingering thoughts. I was alone; my wife left me and took my daughter. She accused me of not being stable enough to be around them anymore. Slowly my life slumped into an abyss, every day I lost something else I cared about. I felt as if I was no longer in control of my life. I let him manipulate me, I stayed in my house all the time only leaving when I found it necessary to, but one day it all changed.

He was finally able to move parts of my body, it started with my fingers then gradually he was able to move my hands at times. I didn't know what to do anymore it

seemed as if there was nothing I could do, but if I can't have this body no one can. I scavenged through the bedroom drawers; desperately I tore through everything, I pushed the bed aside and there it was. A gun I had bought, it was brand new i had never used it for anything and it was always loaded and ready for intruders. I slowly picked it up deciding if this was the best thing to do. I laughed to myself not being able comprehend how it got this far, laughing at how I couldn't keep him away, laughing at what a failure I was. I put the gun to my head and without thought put my finger on the trigger. I sat there in silence as the bedroom light flickered on and off, but I wasn't able to pull the trigger. I tried several times to pull it but my finger wouldn't budge, I soon realized that I was no longer in control of MY body; he now had full control of the body once again.

He threw the gun at the wall and celebrated to himself jumping around in pure ecstasy of his success, boasting how he was finally able to control the body after all these months. He opened the curtains and allowed the light to illuminate the room. He stood there motionless in front of the window enjoying the breeze and bathing in the sunlight which was just barely creeping over the horizon. He went to the bathroom showered and shaved trying to look as decent as possible, picked up the phone and dialed **MY** ex-wife and there was nothing I could do, but listen. He chatted with her, talking about MY daughter. Slowly he was fixing his life making sure he never let it be destroyed again.

Days turned to months and months to years, there was no hope back for me to regain the body back. Often he ignored me; it seemed as if somehow he managed to block me out of his head. Slowly he rebuilt his life, he regained the trust of **MY** wife, had

a new job and even had a new baby girl. My days were numbered; soon he would completely forget about me and erase me out of his mind. I had to do anything I could to regain even the slightest sign of attention, but then something unexpected happened almost as if it was sign from God for me to take the chance. It was his youngest daughter she was sick with some sort of disease, he put a lot of money towards her and invested countless of hours in her well-being, in the end it didn't matter a couple of months later in the hospital he held her in his arms as she slowly faded away. He entered a state of depression he often remembered the way his daughter passed away in his arms, he shouted at God and asked him why he had been abandoned in his time of need. I hesitated no longer I took the chance and it happened all so swiftly one night while he was asleep.

I didn't celebrate this time; I was almost repulsed by my own actions of feeding off his despair like a vulture. I laid there motionless next to my wife, I almost wanted to thank him for rebuilding my life. Months passed and everything was back to normal, but there was no more lingering thoughts in my head anymore everything was silent, even though i had my wife and daughter always by my side I almost felt alone. I no longer had arguments with him and had no one to battle over this body; in a way he was the only one that understood me. Years passed and everything was fine my daughter was just graduating from elementary and i had to tidy up for her ceremony. I took a long hot shower just thinking I stepped out and whipped the fog off the mirror, I noticed something odd in my face, my mouth was moving but not by my will, I watched as it whispered to me

“Please...I just want my body back”