Name: Mitchel Analisa Chikore

Age/Category: 22/ Ages 19 and above

Word count: 803

Telephone number: +263784881340\ +263775341481

Title: Over Coffee

How do I even commence a fight with you all without

'Insane'

'Crazy'

'Sick in the head' being uttered by the witnesses from all directions? It's impossible but inevitable. But it had to be one of these days, I had to adress the elephant in the room. I had to get out of this forsaken place so, a talk with you all had to take place even if we ended up fighting, I was willing to fight to the death with you all to make sure I do what I want without you intervening with your unfiltered and unsolicited opinions. I never wanted your advice and neither did I want your corrections.

You always do what you want, quick to make me feel small, quick to embarrass me, quick to defend me even without an actual threat resulting in people thinking I am always defensive. You make me obsess over people, you make me get ahead of myself with the small acts of kindness that people show me. Shouldn't people be kind, generous in general without any hidden motives? But then again I can't blame you for always being defensive because all you have known are people who are evil, pure evil and people with evil intentions. So, you try your utmost best to shield me, protect me from them and everyone else. But not everyone is out to get us, I guess you are yet to grasp it or maybe you just can't believe that someone else out there other than me wants you to be okay.

This has to be the last time we have this conversation, I don't want you controlling me, I am my own person. So, in everything I do or say stay at

bay and keep quiet better yet dissappear, just leave me alone. It's not like you help me with anything, all you do is make people who see me loathe me. You don't want to be alone, that's why you make sure I am alone so that we are lonely together and we both won't have anyone but each other.

News flash I would rather be alone, lonely than be with you.

I was the one who called the meeting but Tildy just like every other time speaks first. "Bold of you to assume that I love you because I don't; I hate you, I hate you with so much passion." Tildy utters and a flinch mars my face but I fire back nonetheless, "And I you, I loathe you with every fiber of my being."

"Leave me alone!!!!! Leave, leave!!!! I don't want you." And I go on to add, "Maybe you are right to be scared, no one wants you. No one, not even me." I say in the mirror; one of the many mirrors in the hallway my reflection staring right back at me. At days like these I think I see them all staring back at me, though all I see are mere flashes; gone before I could decipher. "You will always be alone, so why not embrace us." Ry chuckles and it drives me crazy how he always finds literally everything comical. Which ends up making me an unfavorable person for laughing at the most unseemly moments. "Exactly my point Ry why not be with us. We are so much more fun than these wannabes." Jules had to speak, she's the one who always makes me feel so insignificant, small and cower in fear. But not today I didn't cower in fear; Sawyer, my psychiatrist told me that I was the boss of them, the voices in my head, they were mere figments of my imagination.

Ryri, Ry for short Matilda, Tildy for short and Jules. That's what they call themselves and I am surprised that they even gave themselves names.

"She's back at it again. She's crazy."

"She's sick in the head."

"She's insane, some say she hears voices in her head." I could hear

murmurs from a distance of voices speaking other than the ones in my head and I knew what I had said earlier was exactly what the witnesses would say.

'Insane'

'Crazy'

'Sick in the head'

It had become a cycle, a tune on repeat but then again this is exactly what I get for wining and dining with the voices in my head.

So much for dictating who is in charge in my life.

As the cycle always goes Sawyer approaches me with a gurney, ties me to the bed and injects me; probably sedatives. I don't fight him anymore nobody does neither Tildy, Jules nor Ry instead we all succumb.

And all I see is black, lose consciousness; but not before I see his wrist watch displaying 21:45. At least the talk this time lasted a total of 45 minutes.

15 minutes longer.