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A stranger I met

Ilusao entered the run-down cabin that he strangely called home. The deep coloured bruise that was situated on the side of his palm ached as he gently pushed the door handle down.

When the door was fully ajar, a distinct pungent, of cigar smoke and alcohol, filled Ilusao's nostrils. It was a smell he had been exposed to as long as he could remember, but he was always taken aback when it took a hold of his nasal perception. Immediately, his eyes jolted to the sofa in search of his mother, who was not there. 'You stupid boy!', she snarled. Ilusao's eyes quickly shifted from the sofa to the kitchen table, which his mother stood beside. 'I told you not to open the door so wide!', she snapped. Ilusao's heart rate hastened. His mother began stomping towards him, as he quickly closed the door behind him. She picked up an empty glass alcohol bottle, from the many that were strewn across the floor, and lassoed it, aiming it towards Ilusao's head.

As Ilusao was treating his fresh wound, he looked at himself in the mirror and wondered if he would ever be able to recognize himself with no wounds scattered across his face; they had become a part of his facial make up to him. After attending to his injury, he lay in bed, and the throbbing in his head created a beat that lulled him to sleep.

When he awoke, his mother sat on the corner of his bed, and tenderly rubbed her hands through his hair. But her appearance differed: her clothes were clean, her hair was combed, and her cheeks were plump. This made her look so unusually healthy. But still, Ilusao could recognize those eyes, the same eyes that were on his face, it was indeed his mother, but her mannerisms contrasted her usual behaviours, and because of this, she was like a stranger to him.

'Mother, you look lovely.' He sluggishly said. She said nothing. 'Why are you not saying anything?' A few moments later the door was slammed open, and Ilusao's mother stood in the frame. 'What did I say about talking to yourself?' She said stumbling, and slurring her words. Ilusao watched as she faltered out of sight and bemusedly looked towards the other woman, and she was not there. 'Just another hallucination. I forgot to take my medication.' he whispered to himself.