I’ve always been quite a spoiled child. Starting from my very first memories, it seems like I’ve never been denied what I wanted. If I asked for an extra piece of candy, it’d end up in my hands. If I didn’t want to have dinner because there were peas in it (I hate peas), it’d be remade without.

Hearing that, you’d mostly likely think I’m some girl with rich, smothering parents, but that’s not the case at all. Really, we’re quite the average household in most aspects, so that’s not what was happening. Rather, what’s even weirder about it, is that it wasn’t just my parents – it was everyone. Teachers, friends, enemies, they’d all bend to my will and do what I ask and say. It’s weird, it’s creepy, but most of all, it’s goddamn heaven on earth, so I didn’t give it any mind.

But at some point, I did start to get curious. So, I decided to ask everyone *why* they go along with every whimsical desire of mine. So, I asked my mum to bake something sweet, she got on with it as soon as she could (as is the norm), and when she came back, I asked her why she went through all that effort for me.

She responded, “It’s what you wanted, isn’t it?”

It didn’t tell me a lot. So, I asked one of my friends to do a silly dance to the tune of *Old McDonald* *had a farm.* After thoroughly amusing myself while watching that, I asked them, too, why they went so far for my whims.

They responded, “It’s what you wanted, isn’t it?”

I had my teacher ignore my mistakes and mark my test up to a passing grade and asked.

He responded, “It’s what you wanted, isn’t it?”

I told the girl who bullied me to get on all fours and bark to atone and asked.

“It’s what you wanted, isn’t it?”

Everyone, no matter who, always responded the same way.

*It’s what you wanted, isn’t it?”*

I quickly got sick of hearing that phrase over and over again, so I stopped asking and continued to live like a queen, as I had always done. I went where I wanted, ate what I wanted, did what I wanted – you know, the classic *l’etat c’est moi* stuff.  
  
But even overly lavish life gets boring after a while.

Everyone doing whatever you will without complaining, well, it leads to a life without any challenges. And that’s fine, of course, but it simply got too dull, too stale for me. (Also, I guess I kind of wanted to try living normally too). The question was, *how*.

Well, the answer was to simply not ask people for things. It’s a little dumb, but people can’t follow your orders without question if you don’t give them any orders in the first place. So, I settled into a normal(ish) lifestyle, one where everything *doesn’t* randomly get handed to you on a silver platter. It was a bit difficult to adjust, but I managed.

But nothing stays, and that became very apparent to me a few years later. I was simply lounging on the living room couch, when I suddenly had a craving for some chocolate. I remembered we had some lying around in the fridge, but then, as I was getting up, I also remembered my mum *explicitly* telling me to *Absolutely not touch it. Don’t even think about laying a finger on that bar – or rather, don’t even think about thinking about that exquisite, lovely piece of work that lay so defencelessly inside the refrigerator. Don’t even consider shaving a little off the corner with a knife, just to have a little taste, don’t dare deliberate whether or not someone will even notice, because* I *will, and you won’t live to see another day when I do.* So, out of fear for my life, I decided against it.

You could colour me surprised when my mum personally cut off a piece for me and set it on the coffee table. Tentatively, I asked he why she changed her mind about it.

She responded, “It’s what you wanted, isn’t it?”

You can imagine that this response creeped me the fuck out. Not enough to stop me from thoroughly enjoying the chocolate (which truly was exquisite), but it was still quite eerie. However, after getting lost in that delicious, creamy aroma on my taste buds, I quickly forgot about it.

Unfortunately, it didn’t stop there.

A few days later, my friend suddenly gave me her hairpin when I thought it might look good on me. (You can guess her response when I asked why).

My crush suddenly started acting unusually kind towards me (even though I lowkey dug the whole *distant* vibe they had going on before), my maths teacher let my leave class when I nearly died from boredom, the cashier randomly let me have the game I was buying for free, etcetera etcetera.

They all responded the same way.

“Well, to answer your question, just because I wanted it doesn’t mean I wanted it, you fucker,” is what I wanted to say, but being given stuff is pretty nice so I left it at that.

That may have been a mistake, as it wasn’t long before *the whole-ass town* was doing shit for me everywhere I went, all cult-like and stuff.

Sorry, I should have phrased that a little differently. I got a bit heated there.

In any case, I was at my wit’s end, because I had no idea how to stop them. I still don’t, really. I think, maybe, I emit some sort of weird mind control wave that slowly bends people around me to my will or something creepy like that. Watching the people around me slowly become devoid of personality, turning into mindless puppets…well…it’s kind of crushed me as well. I feel so bad all the time, whenever I see them. I just don’t know what to do.

And that’s when you come in, Mister Traveller. Since you’re yet to be affected, I can still talk to you like an actual human being without having to order you to. It’s truly a breath of fresh air. That’s why I’m so excited.

“I see. I see,” the traveller responds, contemplating my story.

“Yep,” I reply, not really knowing what to say.

“It’s quite a sad story.”

“Very sad, if I do say so myself. Truly heart-wrenching.”

The traveller shuts up for a bit, and I follow suit. Eventually, he pipes up, “Well, I think we should end our talk here. It’s already getting late, so I think you should be heading back.”

“Yes, of course,” I respond, also noticing the distinct lack of sunlight left. “Will you be alright out here? I could easily get you a place to sleep back in town, if you’d like?”

“No, that’s quite alright. I like camping in the outdoors, so I’ll have to refuse.”

“Okay then. Goodbye, I guess.”

“Ah, one last thing,” he says, as I turn around to leave.

“Yes?”

“Would you like it if people stopped doing what you told them?”

“Pft,” I scoff, “I wish!”

“Well,” he smiles, “I hope that you’re wishes will come true soon, then.”

He waves, before heading off and I quickly do the same, happy with how the day has gone – it’s truly been a very long time since I last had a proper conversation, after all.

My good mood is quickly turned to absolute bewilderment, however, when I return to the village to find the roofs lined with my family, friends and acquaintances. Everywhere I look, they stand dangerously on the edge.

“What are you all doing? Why are you all on the roof?” I shout out at them, questioning.

They respond by all, simultaneously cranking their necks towards me, almost violently, as a cacophony of voices reaches my ears seconds later

As the streets are dyed a crimson red, the sounds of cracking necks and breaking spines littering the pavement in a silent disaster, I’m finally able to decipher the mass of sounds that had been spoken moments before:

“It’s what you wanted, isn’t it?”

“Ah, one last thing,” he says, as I turn around to leave. I look back at him. He responds to this by pulling an unidentified sharp object out of his pocket and swiftly stabbing it into my chest.

I shriek in pain as I move my hands to my now-bloodied torso, as more and more of the red-hot stuff spills out onto them. I look up at the traveller, who’s still as stone-faced as he was during our whole conversation. Slowly, a single word spills hesitantly out of my mouth.

“Why?”

He looks me in the eye one last time, as my life slips away from my grasp, and answers.

“It’s what you wanted, isn’t it?”