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Mr. Giles

Dramatic Writing

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About the time I entered middle school, a little problem moved into a small town inside my head, deciding to settle with her sister and becoming neighbors with her fellow thoughts and feelings. However, she would often get into trouble, bringing the fiery depths of hell up to the surface forcing the townsfolk to take action.

The town dragged her, kicking and screaming out of the warm comfort of her home as they proceeded to throw her into a musty cell filled with a deafening nothing on the edge of town. The townsfolk then flooded the room with a thick darkness until nobody could tell it was a holding cell anymore.

The townsfolk had planned to just abandon her to the abyssal cell until she perished, but her sister pleaded with them, tears rolling down her face, that they at least keep her alive. So, the townsfolk would go in and give her food and water every now and again, keeping her presence alive and kicking to some degree in the lives of the people.

Over the years, the town would begin to decay, little by little, until nobody had the resources to keep going. That was when a “contractor,” shrouded in a deep black trench coat, named Box came to the town with the alluring promise of happiness.

At first, the town welcomed him with a warm embrace that rivaled that of the sun. After all, he was here to help, right? He was doing his job, restoring the town and everything, so it was alright to let him stay, right?

But, one day, it was like something had broken deep, deep inside box, as he began to plunge the town into an Orwellian nightmare. But he wasn’t powerful enough to do it on his own, no, he needed help from someone with a drive for destruction as strong as his. He needed... Her.

Together, they began to subject the town to horrors they could not even begin to comprehend, filling the streets with the same darkness the town had filled the problem’s cell with as they released a thick, staticky fog into the air.

The two sat together on their thrown atop the amygdala, laughing at the townsfolk until they had destroyed everything, until everything was lost and replaced with a sharp nothingness....

But Box’s funding eventually ran dry, causing him to leave as swiftly as he came, leaving the problem all alone with nothing by her side.

The problem fell to her knees as she hit the ground with a loud thud. Tears began to shoot out her eyes as she began to ponder what the point of anything was anymore. If there was nothing left, nobody to interact with, nothing to feel, then what was the point of continuing on.

That was until a hand shot down from the heavens like a ray of light, pulling her up out of the dark hole she was in and into the light. The problem’s sister had returned, bringing the rest of the town back with her as they finally embraced the problem as one of them and not just locked way as something to be ignored.

But the damage had already been done, with the staticky fog continuing to linger in the air as the darkness in the streets faded into a monotone grey. The townsfolk and the problem looked at this destruction, but didn’t feel discouraged. Sure, they had a lot of work to do, but at least they could finally do it together.