Martina Vanessza Kiss ELA Narrative Draft 1 of 3

White light danced upon the face of fate. Eternity seemed like minutes. And tomorrow seemed too late. This white light hit upon everyone and everything, but barely shined into the element of their core. Life. Life was among it. Life is an impenetrable, unordinary cluster of natural selection. It doesn’t have to be destiny. It could simply be the work of some complex and incomprehensible art. Some bio-organic force ruling the heavens and the earth. The reality of it is, is that we don’t recognize this. We willingly allow ourselves to lack the ability to establish connections between our perception of the world, and the world itself. Nevertheless, we meekly submit to everything else that distracts us from searching that frantic call of the white light begging to scorch through our souls and—. The pressure hissed through the cables and wires of the front two doors. Her thoughts interrupted. They pressed apart, releasing the cool conditioned air inside and mixing and twirling with the mild air outside. An automated electronic female voice nagged in the blurriness behind her, “Please exit through the rear door.” Grabbing the soft strap on her right shoulder, she swung her backpack behind her and lifted herself away from the blue plastic seats, phone in hand, gripping metal bars for support and swiftly made her way past the on-coming passengers.

Sweet warm breezes swat her left rosy pink cheeks as she blinks and turns her head toward the essence of the mellow trees, inhaling the mix of crisp and gentle air through her lungs. She resumes her pace and stalks behind the beige brick building and walks home. She catches a hanging bud swaying at her hips and tangles her small delicate fingers around the white, smooth wires. She presses the wandering bud into her ear and a soft, harmony filled song lurks into her mind. A sweet male voice is singing about a sordid affair. His voice slides off the beats of the music and a timid trial of notes enriches the tone behind his story. Harmony. Sweet and serene. She passes by the several faces of strangers, all wandering eyes and emotionless gazes. She draws in her bottom lip in acknowledgment and carries on her way.

Her keys jingle into the last knob in the house. Unlocks it, then she strolls past the hallway, leaving usual greetings to her mother, father, baby brother and beloved pet dog. She dumps her backpack on her bed, neat and tidied, and plops down on her back, drawing her phone close to her face to scroll through her Snapchat feed. *Lacking.* She wonders. *Human emotion, human sympathy… all lacking.* She exhales exasperatedly and tosses her phone to the other side of the bed, kicking shoes off and relishing comfort in the lack of movement her body feels after her hour and so journey back home. She peeks sideways toward the mirror staring down upon her motionless self. Judging, speculating. Like everything else. She gazes back at herself and reflects slowly upon her thoughts. Her mind drifts into a deep abyss. Hours later she awakens at precisely 8:26pm. “Don’t forget to take out the dog!” her mother calls to her from the doorway through her lopsided vision. *“It seems like that’s all that she ever says,”* she thinks. Shortly, a tiny, dark, curly haired poodle patters into the arches of the doorway and peers up at her expectedly. She looks longingly at her and freely slides off the sides of the metal frames of the bed and runs fingers and nails through the soft, luscious curls. A small smile spreads across her lips, but slowly, it fades… as she can already sense her throbbing headache attacking.