It started with the small things, small incongruities that if she had blinked she would have missed. Expression one thing and words another coming from the same person just walking down the street. Really, if she had paid more attention she would have realized a lot sooner, but maybe she just couldn’t be bothered to. Or even that she chose not to. For to become aware is to know about her mother’s infidelity and her father’s indifference. Or that her friend is actually a liar and had never been married before. Even when watching movies, people would just be spouting corny love lines with the most bored look ever to her. Then when she hears her friends praising the actor or actresses for how emotionally expressive they were, she came to stare the incongruity in the face. Once she became aware though, she begins to notice it happening everywhere around her. Even when she didn’t want to, it forces itself upon her, demanding her attention. Everywhere and anywhere, live and on screen, the incongruities are there.

She thought maybe it was her eyes, and contemplated going blind for the rest of her life, but decided against it, not worth it. She wanted a reason, a cause, an explanation, but with each passing day came to understand with a sinking feeling that there is no reason or cause or explanation.