The morning after I found the space rock, my mind was running with sounds…voices. I couldn’t hear them clearly, they were overlapping and sounded like a bunch of gibberish. I heard her voice before she even opened the door.

“He better be up already, I’m already late for work.” Mom opened the door and there I was, wide awake staring back at her.

“I’m up. It’s fine mom, I’ll walk today.” I was confused. I knew something had happened when I touched the rock, I felt it through every inch of my body. At least it was Friday, I just had to get through school, and I could figure this all out over the weekend.

As I left the house, my head was pounding. I had already eaten some toast, along with five advil tablets. There wasn’t much more I could think of to stop these voices. I heard the neighbors arguing across the street, and as Mr. Smith is leaving, I see is wife at the door. She’s waving him goodbye, but I hear her say

“Thank fucking god he’s gone. I hope Jimmy isn’t busy today.” The thing was, her mouth wasn’t moving. What did this rock do to me? Am I like some kind of psychic now? The walk to school was clouded with voices, on top of voices. I could get a clear listen when someone was walking right next to me. I tried to drown it out, but I couldn’t.

Walking in to school was something I’ll never forget. The sounds of a thousand voices, all in my head at once. I couldn’t even get my locker combination down because the voices were so loud. I ran to the restroom and puked my brains out. It felt like my head was getting railed by a freight train…..and class hadn’t even started yet.

As I scurried out of the bathroom, the bell for passing period rung. I could hear people cursing on their way to science, kid’s talking about ditching first period to go sesh, even girls talking about how the just started their fucking periods. It was too much.

“MAKE IT FUCKING STOP!”

I slammed my fist on to the lockers, and everyone in the hallway collapsed. It was dead silent…the voices were gone.