

The Room on the Roof

I thought that it was done, I thought I was fixed, I thought I was safe, I thought it worked.

Boy was I wrong.

Reflecting on it I should have known better. My breathing was increasing at a fast rate.

The glimpses of Them I kept seeing.

Walking home from school on the 5th of November I was talking to my best friend, Jace, yet something felt off. That feeling where you wonder, where your chest starts to clench, and your mind starts to spiral. Where for a split second you lose your sight of reality and when you reach your doorstep you cannot remember what has just occurred, what happened in between the path from the little flower garden on 23rd to the turn into your neighborhood. It's just blank.

“Are you alright?” He asks with a little twist in his voice.

“Yep, swell as a swallow,” I respond but my head goes right back. I'm on autopilot I don't know where I am, but I know this isn't right. I wave goodbye to him. I'm just hoping It doesn't escape.

I stepped inside into the all so familiar doorway. Yet there was always that feeling of dread. I need to lie down yet if I do, I might get stuck, I might not wake up, or I might just need to run.

Just then I heard a knock on the door. This is the distraction I need. I'm getting closer and closer with each step I take. I can feel the stress slowly washing away, and for a second, I'm calm. I grasp the handle and open the door to find...nothing.

The pure silence washes over me. The sound of the leaves flowing in the wind. And it's too calm, I need something to fix it or something to help. But just as I'm shutting the door my

worst fears come true. I hear it. All my thoughts one by one, then all at once racing through my head at 60 kilometers an hour. The noise in my ear is screeching and buzzing. I grab the long fur blanket sitting in the corner of the room and wrap it over myself. *I'm safe* I think to myself but deep inside I know that's a lie. Every little sound becomes as loud as elephant footsteps in the wild. The image of Him is in my head and I can't get it out. I want to scream but nothing comes out.

Then I see Them, all of them. Hiding behind the bookshelf, the couch, and the chairs. I feel not scared. Yet more petrified I am frozen in place. I can't move. They aren't getting any closer, but I can still feel Them, watching, waiting, ready to jump. I found my get-a-way.

Racing up the steps I feel The Sense wash over me. It creeps and crawls much like Them, but it doesn't hide it's there right in front of me. I made it up the stairs, but I've lost my way. I feel as though the rooms have switched; I can't find my way. But I see the attic door stand out. I grab the handle and pull it down; walking up those steep steps I feel still. But not the kind I'm afraid of, more peaceful still.

I stand there for little reminiscing on the past. I haven't seen Them in a while haven't felt The Sense. They have almost disappeared for some time.

I popped my head into the attic and almost fell backwards. A woman a little older than my dad was standing there looking directly at me. The calm silence breaks.

I'm set into a stage of panic. I can't feel my face, yet it burns. She stays there looking at me, she hasn't moved for a moment, just a chilling stare. I can feel my heart palpitate as it starts slowly then slowly speeds up. *This isn't real* I tell myself. I know it's not, but I struggle to grasp it. *Just climb down those steps*, I think. *You just need to stay calm*. These words don't stick, and I know I can't avoid it He's here.

My breathing becomes heavy, my chest becomes stiff, and I can't move my arms. He's watching me like a hawk. I try to fight it, but I feel the tears coming in. He and the girl don't move, they just watch. I know they aren't real, but I can't bring myself to accept it. I sit in a puddle of tears until I hear a door open. It's not the attic door still open right behind me, it's too faint.

The front door, I think. Dad's home, for a second, I try to breath calmly, slowly, nice and comfortably. I try to remember what he told me. 5 things you see, 4 things you hear, 3 things you feel, 2 things you taste, and 1 thing you can smell. I look around; the sofa, the old picture box, the attic door, the box tv, and a picture of mom. I see Her fade away and she is finally gone. He's still here but I see him less as a real figure, but more imaginary now. Okay 4 things you hear, my breathing, the air conditioning, the creaking floorboards, and ...

"Why in the heck-a-ronies is the attic door open!" *Dad, I hear dad.*

"Up here," I croak out.

"Oh hon, are you okay?" He said look and the teardrops on my face. He walks over to sit by my side. "Did you see Him?" He and Him are the code words dad and I use to talk about my panic attacks. Saying it scares me, panic attack sounds like I'm gonna die which is the last thing I want to think about.

"Yeah..." I say with a sigh.

"But you handled it, I'm proud of you." He hugged me tightly.

I think for a second and I'm proud of myself. I fought my battle... and I won.