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4º Medio

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I like to write to keep track of my thoughts. It could be an idea for a story or a novel, or it could be to keep thinking about something that may not exist yet, like an invention. I also like to write about my dreams, to remember them later.

A Dark View

I hate the train... It's always so full of meaningless news always popping up without anyone caring. The only one paying attention is that little kid.

"Three years after the crisis of 2021 in China, people are waiting for a miracle".

Of course, kid, that information is going to serve you in the future.

The streets of Brooklyn are always so quiet. It's like I am the only human able to see this, so alone in this cold street. My empty apartment, so cold. The cleaning lady didn't come today. At least I can keep working on my prototype. I've been working on some glasses that will allow humans to see and hear in another spectrum. I only have to make the final adjustments, but I will do that tomorrow.

There are no longer birds singing in the morning. My morning coffee tastes like shit. I decide to go outside to test the glasses, but it's cloudy and cold. There is only one place in this crappy city to do the experiment, where time seems to stop and people pretend they are happy.

Central Park is full of people. I turn my glasses on and I feel good changing the frequency. I can see how every animal perceives the world. But, I want to see more than any creature. I search for the frequency that only I can see. My hands are shaking. I find it. But I don't notice any changes, until I realize there are little black points on the necks of the kids, like leeches. The kids don't seem to mind, but for me this is like a horror story. They are everywhere, even on animals, sucking something out of them. They grow so much but no one notices. In older people the size varies, until they are as big as a watermelon.

I want to touch one, and life always gives chances. I see an elderly lady trying to cross the street, so like a good gentleman I decide to help her and take advantage of the situation by trying to touch this mysterious black creature.

I don't care that the leech was bigger than a watermelon. The old granny accepts my help, giving me a sweet and warm smile. I stop the cars with a simple gesture while trying to touch the leech. But I pass through it, and that evil creature doesn't seem to mind my hand floating inside his body. It is like he was in another dimension, eating and sucking from this old granny's neck. The lady thanks me, giving me a dollar for my troubles and I smile. I see her walking slowly away, until I hear a noise like a triumphant scream from that black leech. The brakes of a bus catch everyone's attention. A little kid is in the middle of the road trying to pick up his ball, causing the bus to go left, hitting the old lady.

No one can see where the splashes of blood end.

The leech of the bus driver seems to scream in harmony with the elderly lady's leech. Happy with the blood, they explode, creating two small leeches each.

A shock passes through my body. These things are everywhere, eating us until they finish. Only one thing is like that. Death. These little things are the highest predator. These leeches are why my father died just like that old lady, and I'm the only one who knows.

No one can escape death. Times Square is full of death, Wall Street is full of death. Even the stores of Disney are full of death. People keep walking so close to the truth. I have to know it for real. Is this Death? I have to know. I have to. I run to a bathroom in one of the big stores. Reflected in the mirror, I see my small leech.

The only place that death is more present is in a hospital. This hypothesis needs to be corroborated. Like always, the white walls, the smiling nurses and the doctors running, make me feel like I'm in a mental institution. Maybe I need to be in one.

I sit quietly watching the patients. That bald woman has a leech using almost all of her back. That old man is just waiting for the doctor without knowing how ill he is, but I know...

Nurses are screaming, doctors are running, a man with a gunshot wound comes in bleeding. The leech is happy. He finally sucked all the life out of the man.

What can I do? I'm not a god, I'm not a leech..... If I tell everybody, what will people do, try to exterminate death? However, what is life without death? This world can't sustain everybody. People are crying, starving, with no hope. The world is waiting for a miracle that won't come.

Maybe death should take us all. My mind is full, I have to tell someone. That smile comes to mind. I take that stupid train to 13th street, which has changed a lot. That old house is still there, between those big building, with her little yard full of roses. I knock on the door and there she is, my mother with her grey hair, blue eyes, and white dress.

"You are getting bigger aren't you," she said with a big smile.

I laugh. I'm almost 29 and she still says the same things all over again.

"Such a nice surprise, you should have told me you were coming by," she says.

I sit with her on the couch. This house is so full of photos. We chat casually until I look at her, and ask the question I came for.

"Mom, if you could stop death, would you do it?"

“And live forever with this old body? Hell no. Death is natural baby. It is like me breathing. Without death, this life would turn meaningless. It is death who gives us purpose. Why did you ask this weird question?”

“You know mom, I always like to hear your opinion.”

Dinner is delicious. I finish eating and ask my mom if I could stay the night. Like always, she nods in approval. My bedroom has not changed. I don't notice any dust or filth. She has been cleaning, waiting for me to come visit her. Sleep comes easily, without thinking about it. The morning is sunny and warm. My mom escorts me to the exit. We say goodbye. Before I step out of the door, I put on the glasses and take a glance at my mother.

She tells me my green eyes are too beautiful to put those hideous glasses on.

But I cry. Her leech is so big that I can no longer see her, only a black mass.

“Oh baby, why are you crying? We are going to see each other again. Come on act like a man. I gave you a beautiful smile.”

I laugh and hug her so tightly, but she didn't complain. She knows I need this, I need this goodbye. I walk towards my apartment, that empty cold apartment. Days go by, I don't do anything. I'm waiting for the bad news, the news I already know. The phone rings. I know what the person on the other side is going to say. It is the voice of my brother. He tells me that our mother is with our father. I cry, I knew it, but I cry. But I have to continue. I must protect this secret, for the stability of humanity.