

Human

'An eyeless creature. That was the very first thing I saw before he took my mother. The creature ripped her throat apart as I laid and did nothing.'

"So Jeffery I—"

"Jeff, It's Jeff." I interrupted. I knew that she was just trying to help, nevertheless I couldn't help myself. It was undeniable that this wasn't going to end well in my favor.

"Alright Jeff, your mother tells me you've been having bad dreams lately." said Dr. Aliston. She didn't take her eyes off her notebook. Come to think of it, her eyes looked tired. I wonder if she had slept at all. I'm pretty sure being a therapist exhausted her. Like how being in this situation creeps me the hell out.

As you may see she's my therapist, my 'shrink' as you could describe. I'm not crazy I swear.

I just can't get over the nightmare I've been having. It's been 2 weeks. Whenever I think of it; I forget how to breathe, I feel cold-cold enough to tremble, I want to scratch my eyes out of my face. I want to become like him-I want to be him.

I can't get rid of these sickening thoughts. As the days pass more and more repulsive thoughts consume me, they possess me until I'm no longer me-no longer human.

My eyes, they're no longer here. I ended up scratching them. My face is a mess. It seems paler than it was before-practically white-And my teeth are..they're very sharp.At least that's what they told me anyway. I look just like the creature. I look horrendous.

I am in the dream again. I haven't been here for a while. I was trying to not to sleep but I guess I dozed off. I can see the woods clearly just like how I remembered it. I doubt that it will make me feel anything though. I had this nightmare so much that I became numb against it. I know the next move it's the same. It's always the same. Now I'm going to take this turn and he will attack me then he will kill my mother. As I stepped closer to the unavoidable butchery I saw two figures that looked like humans. Wow, that's new. I started to walk to them slowly and calmly until the little figure who seemed to belong to a young boy screamed his guts out. I didn't realize it at first. But then I tasted the sweet aroma of iron I realized it all. I didn't even have to look at the red which shined with the moonlight in my hands. I wasn't human anymore. I was something better. I was him.

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