Mr. Badovski pushed the wooden door open, which caused it to make a little creak. The door crashed against the wall and came to a sudden halt. A sigh escaped his body and he slumped down closing his eyes. When he felt like he could open his eyes again, he tried to avoid looking at it. Little specks of dust became visible as they were enlightened by sunrays shining through the window on the opposite side of the room. As they wandered around, he followed their every movement. In this moment of distraction, he felt at ease. It almost had a beautiful melancholic feel to it. Yet, he was immediately ashamed of this thought. Mr. Badovski scanned through the room and noticed that it was rather empty. The only things that existed were necessities. Just things one would need to live. Nothing gave a clue about what kind of person was living in it. The only decoration was a golden scrolled mirror reflecting a picture on the wall. A distant cry, damp hair, limp clothes and clenched fists. ‘Enough for today’, he thought and closed the door.

“Ahn! Are you listening?” My senses immediately rushed back into my body and made me conscious of my surrounding. I looked up only to notice that my mom had been staring at me with worried eyes. Apparently, she had been talking to me the whole time. I nodded to signal that she had my full attention, which was a complete lie. While her words slowly turned into ambiguous sounds, I noticed how a shape above the tablecloth had darkened its colours. Mesmerized by the shadow that had seemingly formed itself on the cloth, I tried to trace its edges. But that’s the thing with shadows, there is no definite line. The shape started to retreat until the mysterious presence disappeared, leaving no traces behind. That was the first time I met him.

Since then he has been my constant companion, following my moves intensely. Sometimes he would show himself, almost standing next to me and sometimes you could barely even notice him. At first, it was hard to tell whether I liked his company or not. At night he would frequently creep under the blanket, becoming one with it, and strangle my body until I was panting and gasping for air. I would try and escape my own man-made snake skin, always making little progress, but eventually succumbing to his pressure. Falling asleep was the only way out, he wouldn’t dare to touch me while I was unconscious, which is why I eventually got scared of being awake. Because then he could whisper his thoughts into my ears and erase all of mine. He watered me with his attention until I started to drown and wither, leaving me wet and unable to move. As the night went by, the sun rose for everyone, but not for me. I was trapped in his world filled with despair and darkness. The concept of time did not exist in there. We were on our own and everything from the outside seemed so far away, almost as if we were in a vacuum. The more time we spent together, the more his temper started to become unstable, which resulted in violence and humiliation. Unfortunately for me, the scars he left have gone unnoticed and if no one bothered, do they really exist?
“As long as I’m here, they do exist”, he answered. “They are a beautiful proof of our little affair. You belong completely to me. You will feel nothing else but me. Only me. I will possess you in every way possible. Remember that you are mine until the end. Aren’t you glad that you are not alone, my dear?” And as I listened to his talk, he tried to inject something into me. I screamed and struggled for my life. My resistance baffled him for a moment, but he was merciless and pushed my body to the ground. I kicked him as hard as I could, and he stumbled back, falling to the ground. I crawled towards my cupboard and reached for something that could save me because I knew this time he meant it for real. In a matter of seconds, he was back on his feet, running towards me. I smashed the mirror with my fist and it broke into sharp little weapons. As I turned around towards him with a piece of broken mirror in my hand, I felt a sudden stinging pain. The tension left my body and my face became expressionless. He carried me to the place where my destiny would be fulfilled and tied me up with a rope. With the last spark of resistance, I clenched my fist and his hand imprinted with little half-moons stroked my hair one last time.