The Misellus Girl

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The Twenty-First Century is one of the worst times I've lived in. People don't respect me, and think they've met me just because they do something they consider illogical or spontaneous. They do not understand what it is, in reality, to be devoured by my being. Many whom I've possessed fought me. No one takes the whole me, only the bad things that surround me; no one sees the benefit of being a part of me. No one, except for the girl who stood in front of the flower shop.

Her long, light hair was like a curtain that was supposed to separate her from the outer world, though every emotion and thought that crept in her mind was reflected in her cold, blue eyes. She was like a porcelain doll that would scare you at night, letting your imagination and fears get the best of you.

Lily Misellus was her name. The florist watched her carefully, as if she were some extraordinary specimen of her beloved vegetation. The sound of shoes squeaking against the floor was accompanied by the bell ringing as she opened the door. The scent from within the shop hit her lungs hard, making her nauseous. Lily never liked flowers. They looked pretty and smelled sweet, but all that was just to manipulate other forms of life.

The reason she came to the store was an anniversary that couldn't be forgotten or neglected. One year. The person these flowers were for had loved flowers, and Lily wouldn't want to dishonour that very person by not respecting their love for flowers.

She remembered the day her eyes changed to ice cold from liquid blue, that always made her eyes look watery, the day her hair that was a frame of her face she once wore with pride, went to a curtain that tried to hide her darkest thoughts.

It was the afternoon her father died, and she didn't quite understand what was happening until she saw the police officers in front of her house and a strange figure lying on the ground, covered with a white sheet. "

Are you Lily? Is this your house?" The female cop asked her.

Lily didn't respond. She must've gone to the wrong house. They're searching for a different Lily. But the reality was cruel and the little hope she kept, that this was perhaps someone else's life she interrupted, that the dead body on the ground was a father of some other kid, was shattered in the moment the wind blew away the corner of the sheet, letting her see the man's face. Her father lay calmly on the ground, and his face was more peaceful that she'd seen in years.

Someone coughed, and tore her away from the haunting thoughts. It was a girl wearing Lily's face. It could've been Phoebe, if her sister wasn't the one she was buying the flowers for, or more specifically, for her grave. Phoebe had been dead for a whole year, and Lily was seeing her right now in front of her.

"Phoebe?" Lily's voice shook as she said the name that had not been spoken since her twin's death.

Phoebe smiled and hid behind the wall. Lily chased after her, but when she turned to call after Phoebe no one was there, just her and the florist. Lily went to the counter and bought a bouquet of daisies, Phoebe's favourites, and walked away telling herself she was just tired, and it had been a long day. As the blonde with cold, blue eyes walked away, the florist wondered who Phoebe was and why that peculiar girl was whispering her name.

The girl started feeling my affect on her being that evening, not knowing that her whole world was about to change.

It didn't seem right to her at first. Her sister's death made her shut herself away from the world, but she never felt any pain or sadness within her, which made her doubt her humanity. But as months passed, she learned how to live without feeling anything.

Now that she felt the sting of guilt and remorse, she gained faith in herself, again. Even if those feelings were tearing her soul apart, it was better than being a hollow machine doing only what was necessary for her to live, with no particular reason. Her thoughts scattered as she felt her eyelids go heavy and, without realizing, she reached out to her sister who stood right beside her bed.

When the girl finally fell asleep I knew that I had my grip tightly on her. It almost made me sad to take her away from this world where she'd be like anyone else; but the thing was, she wasn't like the others in this world, and she'd get to be one of the few who are happy, even if they aren't supposed to be.

Lily's mother had been observing her only remaining child's behaviour for weeks now. Even after her father's death, she was doing okay, but when her sister died, Lily went awfully quiet. Though she'd never admit it, Lily's mother blamed the young girl for her sister's death. If that night Lily hadn't screamed and shoved Phoebe into the road, then maybe, only maybe, she would've still been sitting right next to her mother.

Lily knew about her sister's condition, but didn't care. Phoebe's disorder made her life much harder and she didn't mean to hurt her father, though Lily couldn't understand that at the age of 12.

Their mother didn't understand it, either, at the beginning. Her heart was tight with grief when her husband died, and she thought she'd never be able to forgive Phoebe for what she had done. She didn't think that her husband and her child would die on the same day of different causes. She forgave Phoebe the same day she thought she could never do so, but Phoebe wasn't there to hear her words of sorrow and forgiveness.

When her twin died, Lily broke down and didn't talk for months; she knew it was her fault. It seemed like Lily was just now realizing what she had done. Her mother had been hearing Lily whisper at night, and walk around the house as if she meant to haunt it, and perhaps she did.

A cold breeze swept through the house. Lily's mother turned to close the window, when a soft laugh came from upstairs, and the woman who now lived alone with the child she couldn't trust, went up to check on her.

"Lily?" She called out. Lily stood in the bathroom, a sad look on her face.

"Mom" she whispered. "Phoebe is drowning." Her hands were in the bathtub and when her mother reached out to grab her arms, she saw the horrible burns caused by the boiling water. She yanked Lily's hands out of the tub and put them into the sink, turning the water on to cool down the burns. Lily just stared ahead, not showing any signs of pain or uneasiness. Her mother called the ambulance, hands trembling when she set down the phone.

Lily was in the hospital for two days. The calming smell of the sanitary place made her feel clean. She didn't remember what inflicted the second-degree burns on her hands. All she could recall was the memory of her sister drowning and needing her help.

Phoebe was here with her now. She heard her whispers everywhere, and was grateful for them.

When Phoebe needed help, Lily's mother tried to stop Lily. Their mother had wanted Phoebe to die; she didn't love Phoebe, that's why the whispers always only reached Lily. She smiled at the thought that Phoebe only trusted her, not anyone else, not even her own mother.

''Let's go outside and play'', Lily she heard her sister whisper. "Soon, we'll play, Phoebe."

Less than a month ago, Lily was alone and miserable, but now her sister came back to play with her. She was happy her sister was okay and that the guilt eating her alive throughout the past year had suddenly disappeared. For the first time from that fatal day, the eyes of the Misellus girl were once again liquid blue, turning into water every time she heard her sister reach out to her.

Lilly crossed my path, crossed the border between the real world and the one she made only for her and her sister, once lost, but now brought back to life. If I hadn't made her a part of me, she would never have seen her sister, again, and, as I watched Lily Misellus laugh with her sister, I knew that even if the world hates me, the people who get to see reality through the eyes of madness are the ones who appreciate it the most.