

The source of smile

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Breathe in and out. After opening my eyes, I saw a darkness surrounding my body. I just woke up, but I don't feel really awake. My legs are so heavy, as if there were some weights attached to them. My hands, on the other way, I don't feel at all. Everywhere around me is still this cold and frightening blackness. I can't focus at anything that could help me to figure out where I am. Finally, I can move at least a little bit. With tiniest moves I shaped myself into a ball. It felt like this is my final state, being not moving ball for the rest of my life. Who am I? Am I a slowly dying climber at the top of the Mount Everest? Am I a wounded animal at the edge of its life? No. I am just meaningless human being, lying somewhere in the darkness. Meaningless. That's what the voice said. He is talking to me often. He's still with me. "Just give up already. Your life is worthless. You're worthless."

I stopped listening to the voice and started to look properly around me. It was my room and at the same time it wasn't my room. It was just sad and horrifying version of my room. Walls were icy and window was without my favourite view. The tree which always appeals so calmly wasn't there. Instead of it there was this black void. As I was looking at the void I started crying. I wasn't sad. I didn't want to cry, but I didn't have the strength to stop it either.

By my left I had an alarm clock on a bedside table. It was few minutes after 3 AM, I should sleep but I just can't. I stare at those red numbers slowly burning my sleepy and tearful eyes. I should just take my pills and fall asleep again. The orange container was right next to the alarm clock. But I was disgusted by what was inside it. The awful, awful pills which were saying to take them to feel better. No. That's not how they work. I feel different when I take them but not better. I felt dully. And the voice didn't disappear after swallowing them, it just hide in the back of my head. Before I took the pills to make others happy, but now I am alone.

I somehow managed to get up or at least sit on my bed. I leaned my back on the wall behind me, but not for a long time, because it seemed to me it's trying to absorb me. It was cold and not friendly at all and I couldn't fight it. The room didn't change from the moment I was looking at it lying down. It was still the same hostile room. But my view did expand. I am not saying I don't know my own room, but my eyes weren't connected with my brain the right way, I guess. In one moment I thought

couple of red eyes were looking at me from my closet, but I figured out it was just residue of lights from the alarm clock. I dropped my legs down. My bare foot touched my soft rug, but my head didn't receive a message like that. I thought I just stepped into million needles. I immediately took my legs away and tried to put my legs on the rug again, but now more precisely. The voice was with me the whole time. Repeating the ugly words. What if he's right? And I am truly worthless, and I really don't have anybody who would love me.

I was still crying a little bit. I had no reason to cry. I wasn't sad or scared. I didn't feel anything. I looked at my room and saw a tiny bit of light. The light was coming out of my piano. My old and rusty piano which I loved so much. I knew it was the only thing I needed right now. I got up and somehow walked up to it. I sat down. My piano was with me since I was a little kid. It always moved with me and I knew it better than anything. I knew every single key. And even though it wasn't in tune I loved it. As I was sitting at the piano the whole room light up a little. Behind the window was my beloved tree again, but I didn't find it so calming and nice as always. Right now it was looking more lonely and depressing.

My fingers touched keys and lightly ran across them. I took a deep breath and let the fingers play. They were dancing across the keyboard, without any false move. My eyes closed to enjoy the sweet melody on her own. I knew this piece so well but I couldn't find the right memory to associate with it. My heart was beating fast and I felt that tingly feeling down my stomach. With tears in my eyes I was still thinking why this is melody so close to my heart. It felt like my mouth was trying to smile, but my mind was still heavy and worried. My body was carried away by that song and the voice couldn't make it through anymore.

In the corner of my eye I saw a light. It was getting bigger and made its way through the darkness. The light was coming from the door. I turned my head to it and I saw him. He was standing in the door with a big smile. In each hand holding a cup of hot chocolate. I didn't stop playing. I just moved a little to make a space for him to sit. He put both mugs on a table next to a piano and joined me by my side. Finally I finished the song and looked at him. He didn't say anything with his mouth but his eyes were talking to me in the most precious way. He puts his fingers at the piano and lightly pressed one key. "It starts with this one, right?" I just nodded and played few more tones for him. "How about teaching me our song?" Our song. I remembered. It was melody of our song, this song was playing when we first met and stayed with us all these years. I started to show him how to play the melody and we let ourselves get carried away with it.

After playing piano together we sat on my bed and drank the hot chocolate. I realised the room wasn't dark anymore. The tree wasn't lonely, but peaceful and calming. The voice was not anymore in my head and I finally felt something. I felt joy and happiness. I even began to smile. All of it because one and only person. The only person who loved me and cared about me. He was my source of light and my source of smile.