

SHattered



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A Short Story

SHATTERED

Katie slowly walked down the snow clustered streets of Trenton. She felt miserable, and she needed her fix, but where would she find a dealer? She rapidly pulled out her cellphone and hit redial and waited until somebody finally answered.

“Hey! Yeah it’s me! mmmm, yeah! So, can you meet me at 3:00 by the park?... Kay, thanks, and don’t be late!” she hung up the phone and continued walking.

Lately she just wanted the world to shut up! She wanted to tune out every living organism; she just didn’t care anymore, and it was entirely his fault! He was the reason she was like this in the first place. *I don’t care anymore*, Katie thought as she walked up her drive. She despairingly made her way to the front door, turned the doorknob, only to be overwhelmed by the smell of burning toast and bacon.

“Katie? Is that you?” a small voice asked from the kitchen.

“Yes mom, it’s me,” Katie replied shuffling into the dining room.

“Okay honey, it’s just that I woke up this morning, and I couldn’t find you anywhere, so I assumed you went out for a walk. Would you like some breakfast?”

The truth is, Katie didn’t, but her mother worked so hard, and Katie didn’t feel like upsetting yet another person today. “Okay, thanks mom. Uhm, but first I’m going to get cleaned up, and then I’ll be back.”

Kaitlyn sauntered up the stairs and into the bathroom. Once the door was closed she opened her purse and took out her makeup case. She unzipped the bag and daringly pulled out a little razor blade. She took a deep breath, rolled up her sleeve, and gently glided the blade along her skin as if she were writing with a red felt-tip pen. The blood slowly began to drizzle down her arm, but she didn't care. The pain had stopped bothering her a while ago, and now she just cut to feel alive to feel anything.

Katie cleaned up the blood and placed a band-aid over her wrist. *There's no need to raise questions, my mother won't ever understand me*, she promptly thought. She turned away to open the door when she noticed a picture of him ó Ben ó lying on the floor beneath her feet. She bent over to pick it up, and once it was in her hand she immediately began to cry. It was a year ó today ó since he had gotten killed in that hit and run accident. He was her boyfriend, and her first love, he had asked her to prom where he was going to propose to her, but he had never gotten the chance. Life was cruel that way.

Katie looked in the mirror, washed away her smeared makeup, and wiped away all of her tears. She opened the bathroom door.

“Katie?” her mother called from the bottom of the stairs.

“Yes?” Katie's voice cracked.

“Your breakfast is ready, love.”

Katie's stomach began to ache, and not the aching you get right before you devour a large meal. This was the complete opposite, she didn't want to eat. If Ben didn't eat, then Katie didn't want to either. *I'll just throw it up later*, she thought casually. “Thanks mom, this looks

great,ö she coughed while staring at the mound of eggs, bacon, and pancakes. Hey, you name it, it was there! She quickly finished her breakfast and said, öThanks, Im going back to bed, love you,ö she was gone before her mother could speak.

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öAahh!ö Katie cried herself to sleep a lot, almost every night actually. There was no way out of this nightmare she had been wrapped up in for a year. This was too painfulí she just wanted to disappear. öI miss you Ben, everything is just so hard without you here,ö she trembled as she cried into her pillow, öí I need you by my side, to hold me when Im scared, and to urge me to do the things I cantí ö There was a long pause; she took a deep breath, öand to hear you say *I love you*,ö she could no longer see what was right in front of her; she couldnt think straight. Her eyes were burning and she had to get out of the house.

Katie quickly climbed out of her window and once she was firmly on the ground she headed towards the park. When she finally reached the park she encountered Jonathan ó Bens best friend ó he gave her a hug and they moved towards the bench.

öWhat did you want anyway?ö Jonathan deliberately asked.

öI need it Jonny, I really do,ö Katie was in tears at this point. öI didnt think I wouldí like I really wished I was finished with ití ö

öKate just stop ití you made a promise, you said that you were completely done with th ö

öI thought I was, but ever since last weekend Ive been itching for it! I need it!ö

öKatie, I made a promise to him, and I said that Id do my best to keep you safeí ö Jon pleaded.

“Stop! Just stop! Don’t you dare bring him up!” Katie screamed while pulling her hair,
“Please Jonny, I beg of you! just this once, and then I promise I won’t do it again!”

“Katie! no I’m done with this shit, you think that you’re the only one hurting?”
Jonathan cried, “Well think again! He was MY best friend, this hurts me too, and don’t you ever think differently! The only difference between you and me is that I don’t pollute myself with that garbage! It’s not worth my time, and it shouldn’t be worth yours either! Katie, please! you’re better than that!”

Katie looked at him. Actually it would be considered more like looking through him. She stood up, “I knew you couldn’t do it, I should have never come to you,” she hissed violently then disappeared.

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Katie found herself walking down a black and deserted alley way. *I know exactly where I’m headed, she thought, just a little longer... and now a left turn... Yes, I’m here.* Katie walked up to the rundown building, she knocked rapidly three times:

Knock... Knock... Knock

“Who’s there?” a young boy asked cowardly.

“It’s Katie, I need to see Ralph! Let me in!”

“What’s th-th-the c-c-code?” the unknown male stuttered.

“Ahh, man you’re killing me! I just need to speak with my boy!” Katie gloated as the door swung open. She walked up the stairs and turned right; she was standing in front of a red door.

Knock...Knock

“Katie, come in,” Ralph said with his strong southern accent, “I’ve been expecting you beautiful.”

“Hey,” Katie shyly said while staring at the floor.

“Now, now, what can I do for a beautiful dame like you?” Ralph’s eyes travelled over her body.

“I just need some. I’ve wanted it, I’m itching for some, I just need it.”

“Her?” Ralph asked in awe. “You honestly think Snow is your answer?”

“I know, it’ll help, I promise.” Katie assured him, frantically looking up and down, and all around the room.

“Clean or Handlebars?” Ralph asked sternly.

“I just need Aspirin. Candy sugar.” Katie urged.

“Okay love, but that’ll cost a beautiful gal like yourself,” Ralph smirked. “How much do you require? Just enough to have fun? Or a tad bit more?”

“A bit more,” Katie assured him once again, “and I have money, don’t get me wrong.”

“A hundred and fifty,” Ralph cooed. “Only offer, take it or leave it.”

“I’ll take it,” Katie rushed over, handed him the money, and waited for him to do the honour. He passed her the two tiny packets of white powder, he smiled and said:

“Now go, before I change my mind, and you know where to find me if you ever need me,” he laughed. “Next time you owe me,” Ralph winked and brushed his fingers along her lips. Katie shivered and turned out the door.

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Once outside, Katie immediately began running towards the opening of the alley. She ran until she reached the park; she had to get the image of Ralph out of her head. *He’s so creepy*, she thought. Katie reached her house and slowly made her way to the deck. She hopped on to the railing and then she climbed the ladder to her window. As soon as Katie made it into her bedroom the images of Ben began to dance in her head, and she instantaneously began to cry.

“Katie, stop doing this, it’s time to heal, and it’s time to move on,” Ben whispered calmly. *What? Who said that?* Katie thought. “Me, it’s Ben,” the voice replied. Katie was terrified.

“Stop!” she screamed. “You’re dead! Shut up!” Katie yelled while covering her ears.

“Katie, it’s okay,” Ben’s voice sounded reassuring, yet Katie was still not buying it.

“No, it’s NOT!” Katie pounded on her wall while he suddenly vanished. “Ben? Ben! Where are you? Come back, Ben!” Katie began sobbing even louder. “I need you!” Katie shot up like a rocket and began pacing the room like a madwoman. She frantically searched through the pockets in her jeans, until she found it, her love letter to get away.

Katie poured the contents of the powder onto her compact mirror; she then proceeded into making straight even lines of cocaine with her trusty razor blade. Katie blindly stumbled to her dresser, *I need...gah! Anything...* she impatiently thought. She reached into her jewellery

box where she found a rolled up dollar bill, *this will do*, Katie thought as a smile rapidly spread across her face.

“Soon and this will all be over,” Kaitlyn whispered while scanning her room. She sat with her head bent over her compact, and a dollar bill to her nose, she breathed in heavily as she snorted the dusty substance. She could feel the fire running through her veins, and it made her feel exhilarated. Katie needed another hit, although she knew that was in fact a bad idea, but she had stopped caring. She would do anything at this point to get Ben off of her mind.

Katie grabbed her purse, compact, and razor and headed towards the bathroom. Once she had locked the door she took a deep breath and looked in the mirror. But when she did all she saw was a terrified girl with pale olive toned skin, blue eyes and black hair staring straight back at her. Katie felt so disoriented, and she couldn't believe it was really her she was looking at, she closed her eyes for just a second, and when she re-opened them again Ben had replaced her in the mirror. Katie reached for something— anything to get rid of the horror that stood before her; Katie began smashing the reflection repeatedly with her hairbrush. Millions of images of Ben floated to the floor.

Katie stared so innocently at the shards of broken glass that lay scattered all over the floor. She dropped to her knees and once again began to cry, “Ben? Where'd you go?” Katie screeched. She sat on the glass unaware that it was cutting deep within her skin. *I need to put him back together*, Katie thought. She aimlessly tried to re-piece the mirror. After trying numerous times and failing she eventually gave up. Katie stared at her bloody hands, “What happened?” she cried while standing up. As Katie was getting up she slipped on a puddle of her own blood, and as she was falling she hit her head and fell into the bathtub.

Katie had been clenching a large shard of glass; she gawked at it as she trembled violently, put it to her wrist and sliced. Within a minute Katie was unconscious.

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"Katie?" a little voice called from behind the door. "Katie! I need to use the bathroom, let me in!" the young girl pleaded. "Gahh! I'm telling mom!" the angry teenager roared while stomping away.

"Mom! Katie's in the bathroom and I really need to use the shower, and she's been in there for ages! Gahh!" Katie's younger sister whined.

"Okay Sara, I'll take care of it," their mother said as she hurried up the stairs.

"Kaitlyn open up! There are more people in this house than just you! Show some respect," Katie's mother stood in utter silence. "If you do not open this door in five seconds I'm going for the key young lady!" her mother yelled. "One, two, three, four, five! That's it missy!" Katie's mother walked down the hall to her bedroom to retrieve the key and she quickly opened the bathroom door.

"Ahhh! Katie! Baby? What's happened?" she screamed in terror. "Somebody call 9-1-1!" she cried loudly while staring at the shards of glass, blood, and her daughter's mangled body lying in the bathtub. She ran over to Katie and began howling, "Why baby girl?! Please, wake up! Katie!" Katie's mother slowly lifted her head and looked up, on the wall in what appeared to be Katie's blood a single word was inscribed:

BEN

í To be continuedí