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Happy Little Pill

By Jilian Jo Sehneberger

The music pounded in my ears, drowning my friends voice out. The flashing lights made it hard to tell who was who and where everything was. I watched as my friend took another shot. I looked around for a place to sit but found nothing. The heat in this place made it seem even more like hell. A guy like me stuck out like a sore thumb.

A sea of people began jumping with the beats. Yelling and laughing like sinister children in horror films. Walking through with my feet dragging. I felt like I was chained, imprisoned by my surroundings. Imprisoned by society to make me feel like the only way to live was to sip from bottles of the most deadly poison. To breathe in humanity. The only way to make me feel was to have the music pumped into me. Music with no thought to them, or feeling.

I was forced out by my friends. Forced to come out to this party and be “normal.” Their definition of normal was very different from mine. I dragged my feet out the door, my shoulders slumped, walking through a cloud of smoke with burning eyes. A breeze swept through, and I looked up at the night sky.

I felt numb. This is not who I was and not who I wanted to be. My eyes burned, and I felt vacant. I felt as if I was being suffocated by my own self. My thoughts became overwhelming. All of my pent up emotions flooded me, and I couldn’t move. I looked down at the grass. I felt as though each little blade of grass was going to grab me and bring me down lower than I already was.

I looked over at a group of people who were standing on the porch. With puffs of smoke escaping their lips, they were all passing things around to each other. Along with words that seemed meaningless to one another. They were all talking just to talk. Their laughter made the feeling in my chest become more prominent, and made the cold night air seem colder.

My feet began to move away from the house and onto the sidewalk as a tear rolled down my cheek. The beating of my own heart was loud in my ears. I couldn’t escape the booming.

I was torn from my trance by someone grabbing my arm, I turned to see Emily, my friend. “Troye, where are you going?” she asked. I could smell the alcohol on her breath. I couldn’t speak. She was smiling and her eyes were glazed over. “Troye?” I shut my eyes and shook my head, the movements getting harder and harder. I ran my fingers through my hair.

“I- I have to go.” I replied. I put my hand down and the hair flopped in my face. I turned around and began to walk faster. I could hear her yelling at me as she called me names. I could feel my lanky body start to stiffen as the names she called me repeated in my head.

The breeze had blown through. Making me colder and the hairs on my neck stand up. I stopped walking and looked around. I could see the air I exhaled. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. The weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I could relax. The names she called me no longer rang in my ears. It was just me. I didn’t feel a million eyes on me anymore. Neither did I hear the laughter of people who drank themselves to a mindless state. It was just me. Sometimes a meaningful silence is better than meaningless clamor.