

## Unconscious

I hated my life. I still kinda hate it, because one time I found an escape it just made it worse.

But before we get into all that, I need to tell you a little about myself. My name's Bri, I'm currently in a room in a mental hospital. My room has one bed and eight cameras, a camera in every corner. Why the cameras? I'm on suicide watch. How did I get here? I'll start from the beginning.

I was born on January 7th, 2000 at 7 pounds and 7 ounces. My parents decided to name me Bri because my father had a close childhood friend by the same name. We weren't the richest family, but we also weren't the poorest. Both my parents made just enough to give us a comfortable lifestyle, and from the outside everything looked okay. But that was just the outside. On the inside I had an abusive mother and alcoholic father and me the child that no one really wanted. The disappointment of me not being a boy was something that upset my parents. Especially since it took them 4 miscarriages before they were able to have me. I like to believe that when they dreamed of their first child, I was the complete opposite of that dream. Maybe that's why they never celebrated my birthday, made me constantly clean, and stay in my room until they needed me. I don't really know why my parents treated me like this, but I learned to live with the pain.

It first became solidified that my parents hated me when they just said it. I had just finished washing the dishes and was about to leave the kitchen when I noticed that I had made a mess with water on the floor. I quickly ran to get the mop to clean the mess that I had made, but that's where I messed up. My idiotic self ran through the water forcing me to slip and land with a loud thump on

the ground. The sound echoed and filled our house, almost the same way hatred filled the hearts of my parents.

“What was that?”, my mother said as she ran to the kitchen.

“Nothing it’s okay. I just fell”

When she entered the kitchen her face was filled with rage. She grabbed a wooden spoon and started to beat me, saying words that have forever been glued to my mind since that day.

“You peice of shit! How did I give birth to you? You should’ve been a miscarriage.”

The last one made me feel as though a heated knife was slowly being inserted into my chest. I screamed for my father asking for him to come help me, but he was not far away. He was behind my mom drinking a can of Heineken and watching what was unfolding.

I remember the first time entering high school. I saw it as a new beginning. I thought maybe only my life at home would be bad. Maybe I would make friends and be happy for once. I was wrong. It seemed as if everyone knew they could pick on me from the moment I entered through the door. Maybe it was the brandless shoes I wore or the fact that I was the only female not hiding behind a shield of makeup, but no matter the reason I was different. We don’t need to focus too much on the bullying part I was used to worse then being taped to walls and stuffed into lockers dressed with the odors of dirty socks. However there was one act of bullying that actually made me happy.

One day as I left school and was walking home I was hit in the head with a football. When it occurred I was right next to the football field. To this day I have no idea who threw the football and if it was on purpose, but it was the best thing that ever happened to me. Once the football collided with my head I was unconscious. This is when I realized I had an escape. I really don’t

know how long I was laying on the pavement next to the football field for, but when I woke up it was pitch black outside. I immediately started to run home fearing the punishment I would receive for being so late. As I approached the front door of my house I gently grabbed the knob, inserted my keys, and lightly pushed the door open. As the door opened I realized a figure was there. My mother was standing before me with a look I had never seen on her face before. Worry.

“Bri we were so worried. Your father is out driving around looking for you.”

As these foreign words left my mother’s mouth and entered my ears my mother embraced me. She hugged me. This simple act caused my world to become a labyrinth with me trapped in the middle not knowing what to do. My eyes started to water. This was all I had ever wanted to be accepted, to be happy, to be loved. As my mother pulled me away and edged me to go eat while she called my father, it was then that I realized something was wrong. The leaves on the tree in our front yard were pink.

I stood there staring at the tree. It was green this morning before I left for school.

“Maybe this is a dream”, I thought “That would explain mom and the tree, it has to be a dream.”

I walked over to the tree and placed my index finger on one of the leaves hanging of the lowest branch. It felt like glass. My mind started to go into a frenzy. I was confused. There was no way this could be a dream, it was too vivid it felt like a normal day. I took my finger off the leaf and started to make my way upstairs to my room. When I opened the door there was a purple teddy bear standing there. Everything about the teddy bear seemed normal until it turned its head looked at me and said “Hello Bri.”

Immediately I opened my mouth to scream. Before the sound could leave my mouth the teddy bear was in front of me with its paw over my mouth muffling the scream. When the bear removed its paw I attempted to ask what was going on but no words left my mouth.

“Oh I’m sorry I muted you for a bit so that you won’t scream. Also please stop thinking of me as a Teddy Bear, I am an intergalactic godly being that just so happens to resemble what you humans call a teddy bear.”

As the teddy bear God, started to talk I felt calm. There was something about its voice. It was a deep tone that you didn’t truly hear, you felt. With every word that left his body I felt calm and knew that I could trust him.

“Okay I’m going to unmute you now, I’ve calmed you down, actually you can talk right now if you want”

As I heard these words I realized he had undid whatever he originally did.

“Please Mr. God what the fuck is going on?”

“Call me Ted, not Teddy, my birth name is Ted”

“Okay Ted, what the fuck is going on?”

Ted started to walk around my room dragging his furry paws over everything and examining them as he talked.

“Oh right, well basically I’ve been watching you. That’s my job as an intergalactic God. I’m supposed to watch over what is in my dimensions and see how everything plays out. But I felt bad for you, your life is really really crappy. So I gave you a gift.”

As all this information rushed in I knew I should’ve been confused but its voice was so soothing and calming.

“What’s my gift”

“Oh well you can faint and when ever you are unconscious you’ll be in this dimension I made 476 years ago. I changed it up a bit so that your life will be amazing. Your parents love you, everyone loves you, but you’re a mortal and you weren’t made for this dimension so whenever you feel like you have to pee that will be me putting you back in your old crappy dimension.”

As the realization that I would not be able to stay in this dimension forever hit me I started to protest.

“Is there a way I can stay here forever?”

“No”

“What if I never feel like I have to pee?”

“You get 1 hour at max that’s all your body can take.”

“Okay, but what happens when I’m not in my dimension?”

“Oh that’s the fun part there is an exact copy of you there right now doing exactly what you would normally do. When you feel like you have to pee, she’ll feel the same way and go the bathroom where you guys will switch again. Keep in mind you guys are linked so if you get injured she’ll get injured to. Okay well your time is up so bye. I have to go watch what happens in dimension alpha9. You might not see me for a while”

As Ted waved farewell my eyes started to close. I felt like I was going to sleep while having to pee at the same time. I had so many questions I wanted answered. But I was happy. I knew I had found an escape. My life was starting to get better. When my eyes opened I was in my bathroom. “I guess I’m home.” I thought. I went to my room and went to bed with a smile on my face.

The next morning I woke up to my drunk father knocking on my door.

“Get your bitch ass up, you’ll be late for school”

“I’m coming”

I quickly hopped out of my bed and was about to go to the bathroom till I realized I could just have the other me do all this. I can just go to the happy place. With this thought in my head I went over to my drawer took my wooden brush and with all my strength slammed it on my head. Before I knew it I was on the ground, the moment my eyes opened I was happy. I had once again escaped hell and was in heaven. I got up from the floor and once again laying on my bed was the purple teddy bear.

“Hay Bri, I see you're back well go do whatever you want”

“Got you, see you later”

I ran down the steps to see my mother sitting on the couch. She was watching The View on Tv.

“Oh hay, no school today?” My mother said as she became aware of my presence.

“Nahh, I’m relaxing today. What you doing”

My mother and I started watching the TV together. This was a first in my life. We laughed together, cried together, and bonded. But then I had to pee. I hugged my mother as I felt my eyes closing. When I opened my eyes I was in the dirty grey school bathroom stall. I sat there staring at the graffiti on the walls and missing my mother. I had never felt this feeling before. I had never longed either of my parents. As I sat in the stall I started to cry Ted had really changed my life for the better. I sat there for another 20 minutes crying. My eyes were a waterfall with my tears being all the pain I had felt all my life being let out. When I had finished crying I wiped my eyes with the

sleeve of my shirt and did what any reasonable person would do. I slammed my head against the bathroom stall.

When I woke up I was in the bathroom in my home. As I got up I felt something wet on my forehead. I touched the wet spot. It felt like water. I went to the mirror and what I saw made my heart drop. I was bleeding. At that moment it all clicked. I've been slamming my head this whole time it makes sense for there to be blood. But that was a small price to pay for happiness. I would be able to deal with the bruises. Then I remembered. Ted had said that the other Bri and I were linked. This means that she was probably bleeding right now.

As it dawned on me that there was nothing I could truly do, I decided to just wait for the hour to be up. I wiped my forehead and went downstairs. This time my mother wasn't there it was my father.

"Bri, how are you come and sit I got some chips."

I smiled and walked over to my father. We watched the baseball game that was on the television together eating the chips and making the memories I was never able to make with my real father. As the game played on I started to think. If every time I am unconscious I'm here then what about death. If I died maybe I would be able to stay here forever. Maybe death is the real escape from my hell. As these thoughts filled my mind pee started to fill my bladder. My eyes started to close and when they opened I was in my biology class with a knife over a baby pig.

I felt the cold metal of the knife in my hand and thought about the possibilities. I have thought about killing myself before, I just never went through with it. Fuck it. I need to escape my hell. I took the knife and put the old metal against my throat. I closed my eyes and slowly started to apply pressure.

“Bri!”

I looked up it was at this time that I realized there was people around me. Apparently my whole class had been staring at me when I put the knife to my neck. It was my teacher who had yelled my name.

“Someone call 911 there’s blood on her neck.”

Some of my classmates stepped back and watched, some recorded, some tried to call 911, and a few came to hold me so I wouldn’t do any more damage. Realizing that I was to far to turn back I decided to stab myself with the knife. I closed my eyes and with all my strength plunged the stainless steel blade into my stomach. I felt my shirt get wet with my blood. My class was full of screams, but that didn’t matter. I was losing consciousness.

When my eyes opened I wasn’t in my house. I wasn’t anywhere. All I saw was black and nothing.

“Is this death?” I said to myself.

“Nope”

I immediately turned my head startled by the voice and saw Ted.

“You messed up Bri I have given you a gift and you fucked it up.”

“I’m sorry I just wanted to leave everything the pain the sadness the hatred.”

“I will never understand humans, you’re gonna wake up soon Bri this is the last time you’ll see me good luck I should’ve never intervened”

With those last words the darkness started to change. I was in a hospital now. The doctor and nurse were both staring at me. The realization that I had ruined my life, my only chance at happiness hit me hard. I started to cry scream and tried to aggressively jump of my bed. The doctor

grabbed me and tried to restrain my body to the best of his abilities while he signaled for the nurse to get help. This did not stop me. I no longer cared, I had lost everything. I continued to fight back screaming all the while still crying. I saw out of the corner of my eye the doctor grab a needle and plunge it deep into my arm. And with that I was unconscious.

This time there was no new dimension. No Ted. There was just me and my thoughts. I hated myself. I was the reason for my own downfall. My mother and father were right, I should have never been born. I would be better off as a miscarriage. With all these thoughts still circling my eyes started to open. I was in a dark grey boring room. The only things in the room were a bed, a laptop, and the steel grey door that separated me from the outside. The room was a perfect cube and in every corner of the room a camera. I went and sat on the bed immediately after I sat there a doctor walked in. He seemed young and the tip of his blonde hair was dyed purple.

“Hello Bri, my name is Doctor Reab, but you can call me Det. Because of your recent actions your parents have decided to put you here seeing as though you do not appear to be mentally stable. You will receive 3 meals a day and once a day you will be escorted to an area where you will be able to take a shower. Since you have been deemed a danger to yourself and others you will be under 24/7 surveillance and will never be around the other patients. Goodbye”

With those last words said Det left. He walked up to the steel grey door and at this time I realized there was no handle. Instead Det looked at one of the cameras nodded and it was opened. I stared at the door for another minute after Det left. I was done. I had no idea how long I would be here for or even if I was able to leave. I walked over to the laptop and opened it. The laptop was fully plastic and the screen was plastic. It felt like a toy but it worked. There was no internet browser or wifi. There was just a blank page. There was no “x” for me to close the page. The

laptop had only one white page that I could type whatever I pleased on. I decided to type my story the doctors could probably read what I'm typing and will probably only think I'm crazier, but oh well it can't get any worse than it is.

That's my story. Yes I know it's hard to believe and you probably think I'm crazy but i'm not. I've gone through a lot and I sit here in this room typing it I've once again realized there is no end for me. I've been here for around 5 months so far and I've heard nothing about me leaving. In all honesty, I don't want to leave anymore. Typing this story has showed me that my life has really gotten better. Yes I never see the sun or any person other than Det when he brings me food, but I've escaped in a way. I no longer get bullied by anyone. My life has taken a turn for the best and I guess I need to thank Ted. I don't know if anyone will be able to read this. Maybe one of the doctors will publish it and become rich or maybe they'll just think I'm crazy. Oh well it is what is.

"I like your story"

Bri turned to the direction the voice came from and saw Det.

"Thanks Det, why are you here though you've already brought me food."

"Bri, you are a very interesting character. You are the best human I have ever given a gift."

With those confusing words Det left. As he walked out the door. Bri realized what this all was. She was shocked, the realization of what she had just heard crashed down upon her. With a look of anger dressed upon her face she ran to the plastic laptop, lifted it, and with all her might slammed it on her skull.