

Just a Figment of Your Imagination

I was in that strange room again. The voices were talking to me in their thin, reedy, voices. They were calling me, calling me to a place I didn't want to go.

"I don't want to, no. Please don't make me." I whimpered over and over again wishing that the voices would just shut up.

"Are you alright, dear?" my psychiatrist calmly asked me sitting in her seat in front of me pouring out a steaming cup of tea into a china cup.

I whipped round sensing someone standing behind me; the sudden ripple of electricity in the air startled me. He was standing there tall and dark like a taunting demon, occasionally rippling as white hot noise disturbed his image.

In an instant he was gone.

Once again there were just two people in this room - except for the voices; the voices were always with me.

Normality resumed for a while and the ticking of the clock in the background acted as a metronome to the constant taunting voices. They seemed to be growing in number and were louder now.

"What are they telling you dear?"

How did she know about the voices? The questions pulled me out of my reverie and made me focus on what the voices were saying to me.

"Come back to us darling,"

"You are going to be Ok."

This new message startled me and for the first time I fully concentrated on what the psychiatrist was saying.

"The voices are lying to you. Don't listen to them, dear."

The voices were still begging me to come back. I was confused, where did the voices want me to go back to? I was here with my psychiatrist – the only person who could truly help me now.

"Block them out if you can"

A flicker of irritation crossed her marble features, and then it was gone – as quickly as it had come.

"I can't", I cried softly, torn between the companionship of the voices and the need for them to disappear and leave me alone. Just then, something caught my eye. The room began to flash with images of faces, one of which was a familiar face, though I couldn't put a name to it. In the shadow of the faces around me, the psychiatrist stood up, now fuming.

"Get rid of them! They are hurting you. You need to get rid of them now!"

As she stood up, her form was clearer to me and the faces dissipated like clouds after a rainstorm, leaving only the one that I distantly recognised. It was then that I first sensed the sharp, bitter twang of danger that hung in the air around me. All too abruptly, the voice connected with the face I recognised.

"Darling, it's important. You must come back to me now."

It was the sense of urgency in the words that brought me to the conclusion.

"Mum!" I gasped, I remembered everything.

Memories flooded my mind and inundated my consciousness but the twisted face of the psychiatrist pierced my visions and my dream rapidly became a nightmare.

“You stupid girl! You are no use to me anyway. And you thought you were going crazy” said the psychiatrist with a smirk, “I almost had you there... But maybe you are mad – I am just a figment of your imagination”

By Jess Ludman and Emily Freer