Ersatz

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The evening was quiet, quaint. Activity seemed to freeze in the chilling winds of November. I stretch my arms out and along the park bench, relaxing my neck as I gaze directly into the drops that fall. Beauty is a matter of perspective and while I'm constantly avoiding the impulse to flinch, watching as the world sends shots at you is the pinnacle of beauty. Everything is calm besides the constant pittering of rain. I feel my chest grow cold as water slips underneath my clothing, my stomach wanting to repel from its touch. I refuse to let my body do what it wants, closing my eyes to take in every breath of rain I can.

The world feels motionless, yet I feel as though I'm spinning in the stillness. A cold blanket now coats me, my clothes no longer protecting my skin from each drop of rain. Instead, I swim in the feeling, relishing the tiny pin drops across my chest. Everything but the rain has gone still, silent. Not a soul wanders the park, every rodent returned to their nest to wait the storm out. But not I. Here I will sit for its duration. Here I will take in every breath of rain I can.

But not I. Here I will sit for its duration. Here I will take in every breath of rain I can. It's funny how despite the human body being built waterproof, humans still acquire special garments to bypass it entirely, as if touching it will hurt you. I'm not afraid of that anymore, for there's something much more terrifying that leaves me longing to embrace it.

My legs begin to shiver and I force my mind to disconnect from them entirely.

I gaze above me towards the leaves that fail to protect me, only providing more of a waterfall than anything else as their shape crumbles beneath the weight. Their color is already beginning to fade, the pigments gradually becoming more dead with time. How a tree can shed its leaves and slumber for a season astounds me. I wish I could sleep, ignore the lives of others and disappear behind my eyelids for months at a time.

My teeth chatter and I grow impatient, trying to snap them shut, yet they refuse to obey. The strength within me begins to crumble, and I feel my soul eroding, tears finding their way down the sides of my face.

I love this rain. If anything has to kill me, I'm glad it will be this.

As if a response to my request, the storm above bellows out deeply, bringing forth an even heavier downpour than before. What felt like delicate pricks become bullets in my skin, each touch pressing down harder than the first. My body quivers uneasily. I no longer try to fight it, I can't any longer. My feet tense up suddenly, fritzing about rapidly then falling completely numb. The feeling climbs my legs, waves of paralysis encompassing me.

Here I will die, here I will take my final breaths, and I have no regrets. I am no longer adept to live on this world. I have no other choice but to leave it.

My fingertips begin the frenzy now, and while my body becomes growingly consumed in the electrifying heat, I grow curious to see. I draw my focus to my hand that now rests melting onto the park bench.
My knees expose deeper wiring within, smoke escaping from gaping holes. They decorate my entire body now, a large chasm taking place in my stomach where a pool of water began to form. But I feel nothing, just the rain against my face as I slowly erode away.

I am not human. I was never meant to be a real human, and though I cry knowing my end is near, I’m okay with this. I’m okay with this.

I feel the pressure on my face grow heavy, burning me viciously. I can’t help but scream, I know I’ll be okay, I know I’m only doing what’s right, but to go before I become any more human will be the ultimate saving grace. Even as I melt into nothing but sparks of lingering electricity, I know that nothing hurts more than the heartbreak experienced by humans.

It kills them, and I would rather be taken out by the rain.