

Whispers  
by Noah Centeno

Weak and slowly, my eyes opened. Blinded by a bright beam of sunlight that seeped through the blinds on the window, illuminating the room. I sat up and immediately, a sharp pain shot through my left arm along with a throbbing sensation in my head. I brought my unaching hand to my head. Examining where I was, I realized that I was in my own bed, in my room. I threw the blanket off to the side and studied the room. My pants and shirt were lying there on the carpet beside the bed. I looked down to see I had only my underwear on.

“How did I get back in my room?” I questioned myself.

I brought my hands to my eyes and wiped them, and then rubbed the back of my neck. Looking around the room some more, I noticed a folded note with my name written on it in, what appeared to be a girl’s fancy cursive writing, sitting on the night stand. Next to the note was a glass filled with water and two white pills. Reaching over, I took the note and opened it to read over it.

*I was not going to stand by and let those people take advantage of you, Adrian. Although you may have been kissing a bunch of girls, some of the things other people had in mind were horrible. You should watch your drinking and be careful of who you are around.*

There was no signature, or any indication of who left the note, although I had a pretty good idea that it was Gabby. I went ahead and set the note down, grabbed the pills along with the water. Swallowing the pills and chasing it with the cup of water. I stood up weakly and set the glass back onto the nightstand before heading towards the bathroom. I was stopped in my tracks



by the full body mirror that was hanging beside my closet doors. Stepping closer to the mirror, I examined my body. The typical fitly built type of nineteen-year-old boy reflected at me.

Although I may have lost weight, my typical emo boy hair did not change over the years.

There were hickeys on my neck and collar bone, bold as day. I ran my fingers over them, “What the hell did I do last night?” I walked away from the mirror and into the bathroom turning on the light.

Turning on the faucet, I splashed my face with some cool water, and let the water run off my face as I stared down at the water heading down the drain. I turned the faucet off and reached over to grab a towel to dry my face. The towel was soft, as if it hasn’t been used in a long time. I opened my eyes, pulling the towel away from my face. I was paralyzed. Seeing that I used that towel felt as if Thor had brought down his mighty hammer of justice on me. It was an accident; I did not mean to grab his towel under any circumstance. I dropped the towel in fear of what I just did, and quickly ran out of the bathroom.

I could not get a grip on myself. My chest felt as if it was about to explode. I brought my hands to my head and gripped my hair. Feeling as if I should pull all of it out because of what I just done, but something came over me, making me suddenly feel calm out of nowhere. I released my hair and decided to take a deep breath. I walked over to my closet and opened it, I grabbed a pair of sweatpants and slipped them on over my long legs, then decided to head downstairs. I opened my door and headed downstairs, but as I traveled down, I examined the right wall, where pictures of my past were displayed.

There was a picture of my mom and me when I was just a little kid. I smiled at the photo for a quick second, remembering the good times, before reality rained over the memories. I had



lost my mother a few years back, she grew old and sick, but no matter how sick she was getting, she always managed to keep a smile on her face. I was young and oblivious; I could not figure out that she was sick and stepping closer and closer to death's door. It may have been a great time with my mother, but that is a thing of the past now although she will always be in my heart. A deep sigh escaped from my mouth, "I miss you mom . . ."

Continuing down the stairs, before the last few steps, my little black Bombay kitten was laying there. He looked up at me and made his normal meow to greet me a good morning as usual. Bending down and scratching him behind his ear, I didn't have any intentions of smiling, "Hey Ash . . ." I thought about that name, "Ash." I stood back up and stepped over him to get down to the main area of the house, taking a long look of my surrounding, thinking about what the house had meant to me.

The house was old. My mother and father bought the house when they had me. Back when we used to be a happy little family, but that did not last long after my father found out I was a little different than a normal kid. My mother did not seem bothered with me being different; however, my father thought otherwise and left my mother and me to fend for ourselves. She came up with this lie saying my father had to travel away for a while because of his job, but some part of me had a feeling I was not going to see him again.

"Just wasted memories . . ." I continued towards the kitchen, looked around the kitchen and didn't see anyone. Examining the kitchen reminded me of all the times he used to make breakfast for the both of us. Brushing passed the counter, my hand grazed the top of it. "I believe the kitchen was his favorite part of this house. From what I can understand from all the hours he spent in here."



I stared at it, the counter. I felt my eyes tighten, as if I was about to cry, but fought the urge away. Turning away from the counter, I stared out of the kitchen window, the one just above the sink.

There it was, that house. “It's been three years . . .” I stood there, completely focused on the house that was directly across the street from mine. The one where someone I knew was no longer living. I bit my lip and shot away from looking at the house. Hands clenched into fist, I felt anger, sadness, and even confusion. A wave of emotions began to devour my conscience whole, as if it was some sort of mind control. I lay my head down to the counter, planting my face into my arms. I just did not want to be here anymore; I was in search of a solution.

There was something I knew, about the location of something hidden within the house; however, I never planned to use it unless I really had to. Bringing myself back up from the counter, I walked passed the dining room from the kitchen and into the living room. There was a bookshelf with four shelves, all stacked with books on them. I reached my arm through between the middle books and the top shelf, feeling around behind the books before I found what I was looking for, my mother’s pistol.

She kept it in case there was ever a need to defend us in a robbery situation or a psycho situation. I pulled it out from behind the books and opened the chamber. “Six bullets . . .” After examining the chamber, I flicked the gun to close it. “It wasn’t fair what they did to you . . . They took away the one thing that made me happy in life . . . It’s not right for them to get away with just jail time . . .” My anger grew more intense, I gripped the gun tightly in my hand, switching off the safety.



“How could they take you from me?” I shouted at the top of my lungs in anger. I spun the chamber around and put the gun to my right temple. My body was trembling, feeling a mix of emotions: anger, frustration, sadness, anxiety. My heart within my chest was going to blow, I simply could not take it anymore. I curled my finger around the trigger, and I was getting ready to pull it. I ended up shouting his name out, “Asher!” as I threw my head back staring up at the ceiling with tears running down my eyes and falling to my knees. Although, I heard something just before I pulled the trigger.

I stopped and looked down. It was my kitten Asher. “Ash . . .” He meowed at me again, and I put the gun down and petted him. For some reason, I felt different, calm and peaceful.

“What are you doing?” It was a voice I recognized before. Hesitant at first, I looked left towards the entryway of the living room. I gasped shakily and my eyes widened in disbelief. Standing there with his arms crossed was a boy. Long hair dressed in a pair of black distressed jeans and a white t-shirt. He has never looked so amazing in my eyes, I sat there completely mesmerized by his appearance.

“H-how are you here?” my voice was shaky and unsettling, a bundle of emotions and questions started running through my head.

Asher looked back at me, “I asked you a question first, so answer first.” I couldn’t bring myself to speak. I was shocked just by seeing him. My legs started to move on their own, and I jumped up to Asher where he caught me. “Woah, where did this come from?”

Tears began to flow from my eyes, and I kept trying to steady my shaky breathing, but it was no use. There was no possible explanation about how I was able to see or physically feel Asher. For a moment I thought I was hallucinating, until he swung me around. Physically being



able to touch him made me believe that it was real. “I can’t believe it,” I hugged him so tightly I thought I might squeeze the air out of him.

“How about we go ahead and go for a walk.” Asher looked down at me smiling and kissed my forehead. I nodded as I wiped the tears from my eyes. As we both walked towards the front door, the excitement about seeing Asher again was overwhelming me. We stepped out into the sun’s rays and walked out the door. I turned around to close the door behind us, and I saw my cat sitting there staring back at me. The smile on my face quickly faded. Little Ash was right there, sitting beside a lifeless corpse.