

Twisted and Tangled

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She always seemed to know what you were thinking. She knew the way your chain of thought worked. The point when you were about to break down. Her colorless eyes could stare into the depths of your soul. It seemed like she could almost see the shape of your soul.

She always wore white clothing, even when others were mourning a death. She never spoke a word, but her meaning was conveyed with the briefest flicker of her pale eyes. She was cruel, cruel beyond imagination. People never wanted to be alone with her, because she had a way of knowing what terrified you. All she had to do was look into your eyes, and she knew what could traumatize you...



I never really seemed to fit in. I always seemed a bit different than others. They played games full of imagination and little ponies. I preferred to play games like tearing the legs off garden spiders.

They played games of tag where the boys chased the girls. I sat in the corner and watched birds fight each other to the death. So, I didn't make

many friends.

People joined groups and cliques, became friends early on, so before I knew how to control my eyes, my voice, I had been categorized as 'strange.' I had no say in it. But they were wrong. They were all wrong. It didn't matter what they thought. I was special. Unique.

It wasn't until I was older that I figured out I really was different. I could see people's souls inside their chest, beating in rhythm with their breath. Inside each soul there was something black and twisted, something wrong. If I stared harder, I could see what was in them. She broke off her marriage a day before the wedding; he kicks his dog for fun. I could see it all. I had to make them pay. And I knew I could. All of them did something they wanted no one to see. But I could see it. There was no harm in what I was doing. I was making the world a better place.

The only clothing I started wearing was white. At least the color white was pure, even if nothing else was. When I looked at myself in the mirror while wearing the color white, I didn't see my own soul. That was my only comfort.

As I stared more at people's souls, I could see different parts of the souls too. I could see splashes of yellow that told me what the person was happy for. I could see lines of blue running up and down the soul, cracking it thousands of times with sadness. I could see blotches of red, expanding and receding every second. And I could see something else in the soul, something that didn't really have a shape or a color, something almost as twisted as their secrets. I could see people's fears.

When I was fourteen, I chose my first target. It was a woman, an awful person who had divorced three times, and stolen money from each one. She was rich beyond imagine now, and everyone thought it was because she had won the lottery. She was terrified of the dark. So I tested out my power, and scared her. At first I was just going to scare her straight then realise

her, but I couldn't bear to stop after I started. The power was too intoxicating. When she stopped screaming, I stopped scaring her. All that was left in her soul was the color white. Pure. For the first time as long as I could remember, I smiled.

So I used it to my advantage. I was born with this gift and for better or worse I was going to use it. I may have looked strange, I may have carried myself with more pride than I should have, the faint color in my eyes may have faded completely, but I was doing something. I would threaten people to get them alone with me, then torture them with their worst fears, until they would repent everything they had ever done wrong. And when they repented, the tangled and twisted secrets in their souls would begin to unwind, and fear would take its place. Every color would fade from the soul, until it was colorless and white. Pure.

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