

# Incomprehensible Void

by C. T. Martin



Being in that house again created in me the most uncomfortable feeling I've ever had. It had been eight years since the accident. As I walked through the doorway I felt a chill descend throughout my body. Stepping into the living room again caused an unexpected anxiety to rush into my head. The room was empty now, dust settled on the floor, walls and even in the air it seemed. But I was completely unprepared for the memories to have remained so alive.

"Susan, don't do this!" I shouted.

"I've already done it in my head, I may as well go through with it!"

"This is not you. This is not the way out, *please.*"

I recalled the salty tears streaming down our faces as I knelt beside her, holding her. The saliva in her mouth sticky, mingled with the tears. Her voice sputtered in and out, the vocal chords worn out from her screaming.

With a sudden flash the phantoms appeared before me and the empty room was filled with the devilish horrors I tried so hard to escape. Arms reached out and grabbed me, squeezing the life out of my chest. I fell to the ground, struggling to see the dusty room around me but to no avail. I was surrounded by fear, hate, despair, and death.

I began to talk out loud as if to the ghost before me, begging it to release me. *I shouldn't*

*have come inside alone, I should have waited for him to get here first.* On my knees, I leaned over the old hardwood floor. It smelled of mold and sickness. The house released its grip momentarily and teased me with another scene.

“Give it to me Susan!”

“No. It’s over for me.”

“Put down the gun!” I shouted in desperation.

Again my chest tightened as I looked down on the hardwood floor and saw the red stain. Everything froze. I neither recalled nor heard any voices from the past. The musty smell of the floor disappeared. The apparitions fled away from me. Only the silence of the large empty home remained, a quiet stillness that was so dead it disturbed me deeply. It was the quiet shock that comes when you realize that there is no way out, no way of changing what has happened, like dropping a silver dollar down a deep well. There was no possible recovery.

He finally arrived. I could hear his slow, steady footsteps coming behind me. It probably gave him pleasure to see me in mental torment in my former home, curled up on the floor in the black void of incomprehensible powerlessness. He had always arrived too late, despite his claim of love for his daughter. How many times had I asked him to speak with her, to talk some sense into her? Eight years later there was no rewinding the events that took place, no reversing the damage done.

His presence conjured another memory.

“I’m sorry,” I didn’t know what else to say.

“This is something that can never be forgiven!” He threw me across the lawn as three policemen pulled him away from me. A paramedic sat me down and gave me oxygen. My lungs took in the air, but I wasn’t breathing.

The stained memory of it all still turns my stomach.

I ignored the voice that called out, “Stop!”

I had already done it in my head. Like her I intended to go through with it.