

Power

by Jill Chan

I don't know what's wrong with me. If there's anything wrong with me. I am kinda obnoxious. People don't know this, of course. Don't ask me why I say this.

I mean I always think people shouldn't worry too much. Quit being so whiny all the time.

Someone asked me if I would kill anyone if they were bad to me. I looked at him. I think I even smiled. Why would anyone ask me such a question?

You're thinking I don't have a conscience, right? I'm asking you.

You're thinking that you wouldn't want to know me. You want to keep your distance.

How wrong you are. How pathetic.

Don't you know that I have a family who reveres me? A wife who adores me?

Maybe I'm wrong but I think people don't look at me in the right light.

I need to be firm. I need to lie. Hell, everybody lies.

I hope you understand that most people are missing an essential truth. I am threatening to them because they know nothing about power. About decency.

To control myself, I have to control others. I have to squeeze them dry in order for them to see the truth.

I am weak like you.

You are laughing now.

Well, I am. Perhaps I am weaker than anyone. By the fact that I need to hurt others in order to feel better about myself.

Well, I haven't done anything yet. Not enough yet.

Being successful is nothing. The hole inside me is growing by the minute.

My family is nothing to me.

I want to say that you're wrong. I don't want to control you. We don't want to hurt you.

Just continue with your life. Love your family. Work hard. For us.

Be where you want to be.

Let us do our part.

Let us be weak and hurt you until your skin thickens and you can't feel it anymore.

