

# Misunderstood, Meet Cynical.

*by* Katie McGowan

The blaring scream from my alarm clock suffices as my wake-up call. It disrupts me from my dream state that I so rarely get the privilege to experience any more. I've always loathed that alarm clock, so I turn it off in the most sensibly aggressive manner I know how: just hold my arm up high, and let gravity take its course until my hand slams right on top of it.

I'm greeted by the few rays of sun that managed to squirm their way past the slanted shades of my window. The light caresses my bony structure and dances all over my fair skin, making me feel comfortably warm. "Well welcome back, Sun," I say aloud as if it can actually hear me, "It's been a while since I've seen you around here." The warmth carries with me until my feet meet with the floor, and it greets with a jolt of coldness that brings me back to my dreaded reality.

I scope my single room shit-hole of an apartment for the next sign of hope. Ah, there it is, within the contents of that little cigarette carton on the table. Each step towards the carton involves intricate mental preparation, scurrying around the mysterious stains on the floor and piles of my valuables deemed nonessential by the storage room allotted by my apartment. I finally make it to within- grasp'-length of the cigarettes, and light one up. For a moment, I'm able to forget about the mold growing under the fridge and the peculiar scent coming from next door. It all hits me again after the first or second exhale, when I realized that I've slept my fucking day away. 4:00 P.M. already? I guess that's what happens when your circadian rhythm is so fucked up that you don't sleep for days on end.

I throw on the nicest shirt and jacket I have, take my cigarettes, and head out into the cold abyss of the world. The burn from the Autumn cold rushes right to my face, and my pale cheeks turn to rose. I always got the most pleasure from my day while walking over the dead leaves on the ground. The satisfaction that comes from hearing that "crunch" is beyond something I could ever explain. I pass through the crowd of people that aren't anything more than coffee stains on yesterday's newspaper. I see a new face hidden within the masses today though. I introduce myself as Misunderstood, and he tells me his name is Cynical. I can tell at that point that we're going to get very well acquainted through the day's course.

The wind brushes my hair, as cynical whispers life's secrets into my ear. I am nothing but a slave to reality. I am life's servant, doing all that I can to get by. Because society took a shit on my life, I now have to pay the repercussions, selling my body, and with it my dignity, for less than it'll ever be worth.

