

## Macula.

It took a while before my existence was noticed. IT was seen in a reflection on a second glance. I stuck out like a mountain in central Illinois. I was a freak, like a man with two noses. I was to be ashamed of. I was to be hated and despised. Upon looking at me, my demise was planned out. I was shining red and white like a newborn baby, but my shining was thought to be sinning. My presence was unwanted so my creator sought to be my destroyer.

At age five, I was bathed in soap and water. I was punched and pushed down hoping I would return to where I came from. Maybe I would leave on my own, but instead I stood resilient and unwavering with defiance. I was short but loud, grabbing attention from anyone around me. I was crying. I was screaming. I could not be silenced.

At age ten, I had doubled in size. I had grown and so the eyes of hatred stared at me with even more disdain. Fixed and focus to end me. Vats of poison were thrown on my body, but I refused to shrivel up. I grew fat from the grease running off fingers. I had to be hidden from the public eye. I had to wear disguises so no one would know me, so see no one would see me. So I wouldn't see me.

At age fifteen I frighten a young woman. I came face to face with her. Her eyes blue eyes narrowed on me then widened. All of her features were pushed to the middle of her face. She twisted her own beauty because of me. For a short while I had an effect on the world, despite any acceptance from it. I didn't care for accepting smile. I only wanted their eyes. Somewhere teeth were grinding.

When I was eighteen, two unstoppable forces crushed me. One behind me pushing me forward into a future I had no place in. The other came charging at me head on, pushing be back into a past that was being erased. I was trapped somewhere in the void. My present moments were dwindling and my presence was being eradicated. I had no choice. I had no other options. This fate was written for me. So with the pressure building

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I popped.

Erupting like Vesuvius. Mars was eaten by a black hole. Somewhere there was a sigh of relief. My simple head exploded spewing white innards on to the body. There was an opening where my face had been. He kept squeezing. Blood was ringed out of me. It was a deep red, almost black, with tiny specs of white. I was a dot turned into a galaxy, thanks to my creator.

Now all that is left of me is a scab, dark red blood that has gotten crusty and rigid. But I fear that is not enough. I will be dug up, and throw into the ocean.

I only hope I leave a scar, a tiny mark in the middle of his face that he won't be able to stop looking at. I hope I will leave a reminder of his impatience and his vanity.

His regret will be my revenge.