

Finding Myself

Have you any idea what it's like to be invisible? Not in the sense you're ignored or unnoticed - I mean your body is 100% transparent. Well, I know how that feels. I hadn't always been like this; like all of you reading this I once had a visible, warm body. Now, when I try to look at myself, there is nothing there. I had lost myself. I had lost myself in the screaming and the fighting and the slamming doors. I had been left alone and I was lost. My deepest desire was to be seen, to have a reason to exist. Not to just live passively with this burning in my chest. But how was I to even begin to discover myself?

I was stood in front of the mirror. It was misty and I couldn't see what the reflection was. It looked like a girl. Or a woman. I wipe away the mist and there stood in front of me is a woman who looks like how I would imagine myself in a few years.

"Mom." I say to the woman standing there. Her eyes which were closed shoot open staring straight into mine. Straight into my soul as if reading my thoughts and emotions like on the page of a book.

"You wish to be seen." She says as if in a trance.

"Yes but how can I?" I ask, slowly being filled with the hope that I might be able to finally answer my greatest query.

"You must first find yourself to see yourself. Find who you are - who you really are inside - and you shall be seen by all."

"But how do I do that?" I ask, slightly frustrated at this completely unhelpful answer.

"Find yourself." Is all she says.

"But how?! " I yell.

"Find yourself." She says slowly before fading until there is nothing left on the surface of the mirror. I thrust what I know to be is my invisible arm forward and the mirror shatters into hundreds of shards – looking to an outsider like it's been done by an invisible force.

I wake up sweating and with a lurch in my heart. *I have to find out what she meant!* I knew I would never be able to go back to sleep so I turned on my light and sat at the foot of my bed thinking about what she had told me over and over again. *"You must find yourself to see yourself." What does that mean?*

I look up into a blank room. Like me, my room was inconsequential in the grand scheme of our house. It was plain – white walls, white curtains, white bedspread. No colours. Nothing special. Maybe if I was to change that, make my room a shrine to what I desired... maybe I'd