

Elijah's Vexation

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It was a dark and stormy Friday night, and Elijah was walking down the road without an umbrella. Environmental clichés annoyed Elijah very much, but he is constantly forced to endure them. As he was walking home from a long day of stereotypical school activities, he started to think about the people he interacted with throughout the week.

“But I really don’t want to think about people right now!” Elijah yelled, to the voice in his head. “There is this new video game and I’m a generic teenage male, so I must enjoy such boring forms of entertai-...”

Elijah paused.

He managed to catch himself there, as he was perfectly aware of the thought being put into his head by some vastly powerful being. Little did he know, his emotions and thoughts were very easily changeable. Ever since he knew how language worked, a periodical pelting of narration was present in his tiny little head. Elijah had always thought this was perfectly normal; he had never known a life without this narration before. Since no one else mentioned a voice in their head, Elijah decided to keep this to himself. He was never very popular, so another way for people to pester him would be practically hurtling himself into the metaphorical tiger pit of antisocial interaction. His intense insecurity did not help his situation at all.

“I’m not insecure”, he grumbled insecurely.

“You’re also giving yourself too much credit there, bud. You’re not vast at all, nor are you powerful. You are just an annoying little voice in my head.”

Elijah slowly began to twist his arm backwards. He felt a feeling of immense shame and respect as his arm started contort into a weird formation.

“None of that is happening right now. I’m still walking.”

Elijah started to become delusional, believing that he wasn’t, in fact, dislocating his elbow and shoulder. Pain, both emotional and physical, filled his chest and mind. Anger started to cloud his mind as he clenched his fists in defiance. Elijah knew that he was starting to succumb to the narration in his head.

“Stop that! You are not some kind of soothsayer or visionary! You are nothing!”

Elijah stopped in his tracks. His backpack had become soggy from the constant shower of cold autumn rain. He removed the cell phone in his jacket pocket and opened his internet application. His lack of appreciation for the little things in life made this seem mundane to him. After checking what seemed to be a digital map, he took a look at the signs signaling the street he was on. In a swift pivotal motion, he turned on his toes and

ran in a different direction. It had seemed like the voice in his head had really gotten to him. Eighteen years of occasional narration had never seemed to bother Elijah quite as much as it did now.

The door of the local hospital swung open with a whoosh and a slam. A dripping wet Elijah stumbled into the door, gasping for breath due to the lack of stamina in his legs and lungs. He slowly marched himself towards the front desk.

“Can you direct me to the walk-in psychiatric ward, please?”

Elijah’s voice was raspy and strained. He clearly needed to run more and work on his cardio. This didn’t seem to bother him, as he dragged himself to the general direction of an authoritative finger of the nurse pointing to the left of him.

“Hello! I’m Dr. Grute, and I’ll be helping you out today. What seems to be the problem, kid?”

The slender doctor motioned for Elijah to sit down. Elijah removed his backpack and skidded onto the chair. He was clearly exhausted.

“Doc, I’ve been hearing voices.”

Dr. Grute folded his arms in confusion. He looked at the boy in confusion. Dr. Grute had seen Elijah’s type before. Local neighborhood drug addicts often came in looking for a fix.

“I’m not an addict,” Elijah blurted out in desperation.

This was very strange to Dr. Grute. It seemed like this boy had just read his mind. Must have been a coincidence, he thought to himself. Dr. Grute remained skeptical.

“You’re not convinced, huh?”

“No, I believe you completely,” Dr. Grute stuttered unconvincingly.

“Let me prescribe a mild antipsychotic. This should be pretty safe. Just need you to fill these out.”

Dr. Grute handed some papers to an optimistic Elijah. This voice will be gone soon, he assured himself.