

BIANCA BĂNICĂ

SHORT STORIES
BY A TROUBLED TEENAGER



I hope these stories reach at least some of you.

Bianca Bănică

CIRCUMSTANCES

I would have never thought, not under any circumstances, that Jenice, the girl I had always looked down on, and believed to be worthless, would end up being one of my closest and dearest friends.

It was a cold autumn evening, the streets had frozen and the trees in the small deserted park stood still, as if in shock. I could hear the low pitter-patter of an apparently mellow rain, but could not feel it because of my wrapping up. Then, I caught sight of her, but it was a blurry, extremely unclear glimpse. The abundant mist made it very difficult for me to keep trace of her, as she was descending more and more into the awfully unknown dark.

I peered into the hostile atmosphere, and

I was able to notice something or someone heading towards me. I didn't know what it was until it hit me brutally and made me become one with the not-so-smooth pavement. Then, they merely left, as if nothing had really happened.

I screamed, but a loud graceful thunder made my howl a volumeless sound. I was sincerely hoping that I hadn't been hurt so badly, and that it was only my melodramatic reaction. I simply laid there, without any will to do anything. Then Jenice came up.

She was staring at me, waiting for me to say that I needed her help. And so I did. I could feel the pride and joy running through her veins, while she was subtly smiling. I had underestimated her so much that I myself still can't explain. Preconceptions...

Ever since, Jenice and I have been close friends. Who would've thought that everything would turn out like that?

March, 2011







HANDS CLENCHED OVER MY EARS

I was only seven, but I'm sure it's one of the most vivid memories I have, though my family thinks I have no recollection of what happened that night, and the ones that followed.

My mother and father were both stumbling around the living room, venting their spleen one on the other. They were savagely yelling, so loud that I could hear the echo of their screams. Nothing or nobody could lull me to sleep. I curled up on my bed shakingly, as their words were wrenching my soul, making it fall apart. My blood had long before curdled and



my heart was trying to cope with my coward feelings and weak behavior. I fell asleep, with those unpleasant sounds in the background. I woke up the next morning as if in a deep trance, went downstairs and realized with regret that they were acting as if nothing had happened, thinking that they could actually take advantage of my obliviousness, which, in fact, was non-existent. Such a thing had never happened before in my family. It still happens at times, but I've got used to it. Time made me get used to it.

March, 2011

UNCANNY EMOTIONS

Yesterday Laura left home earlier than usual. She knew exactly what she was going to do. It wasn't long before she finally reached the top of the frightening mountain. She was peering deeply into the mist that was lying long below. All her feelings were being suppressed by the searing urge she had to jump. Baffling herself, she had no idea as to why she wanted to do it, but she was desperately craving that will. Her blood was curdling and she could feel her heart crackle and her face go pale. Her desire to escape that world

was palpable, yet so ruefully unacceptable. Then, she took the step and let her body fall. The unbearable wind was almost wrenching her features and the sound of her innermost scream was nearly dulcet.

The next thing she remembered was her collapse and the way she merged with the rough concrete on the ground. It was then she realized that the ground was actually her cozy messy bed, and that it had all just been a dream, not a nightmare. She is now well aware that she had the chance to experience one of the most exciting things, yet she knows she will never do it in real life, as she may never wake up again.

March, 2011

EPHEMERAL EXISTENCE

If I am going to cry, there is no better time to do it than now. But no tears come. The explosion has left me too numb to cry. Instead, I'm just standing here still, in my thin faded blue T-shirt, with my stinging skin and heart, in my parents' bedroom, the only room whose ceiling hasn't collapsed yet. I look at my body, expecting to see tiny bits of myself everywhere around me. I'm bleeding severely and my skin has been torn apart in several places, but I'm not dead yet. My muscles

are too rigid with the tension of keeping myself together. The pain comes flooding my senses, and I imagine fissures spreading out my entire body. Through what I am wearing, down my arms and legs, over my face, leaving it scarred and crisscrossed with deep cracks. One good second explosion and I could shatter into razor-sharp shards. If certain parts of my body weren't already dead, or dying, I am fairly sure that the shivers down my spine would make me collapse on the dirty mattress beneath my bare feet.

In the aural emptiness, I approach what once was a window and stare out of the broken glass. All that welcomes me is a colossal void letting me know

that this is all that my future holds. The ashes of the houses around ours are scattered on the ground. Looking at them is painful. Staring into that nondescript grey is painful.

Forcing a path through the collapsed furniture and walls to get to the living room, where my parents and sister were when the explosion took place, would be deadly unbearable. Time and space lose meaning and the thick, suffocating air seems to invade my brain, as if it were the dense fog of oblivion. A thousand moments surge through me and the flood of images torments me. I squeeze my eyes shut and try to make years vanish and relive these childhood shadows. A piano lullaby of pain plays in the background

of my mind as I watch this film of memories drowning me. Their beauty is much stronger in hindsight. I peer into the void and see the old maple which was my only refuge from the world when I was just an innocent, happy child. I remember that I would perch on its highest branches every single day and stay there for hours, closely observing how its leaves changed color each autumn and its skin got darker and more fragile each year. Now, all there's left of it is its carbonized trunk. Images of me playing in the backyard with our dog, or reading some kids' book in the shade my maple provided, of me running after my first childhood friends or blowing the candles on my very first chocolate and mint cake, all these are