

Tamasar Story

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Seven, eight, nine, ten, fuck it. I frantically pour the remaining long white pills in my hands. I stare at those pills with disdain, my hands shaking as the pills disgustingly stick to my sweaty hands. I sit on a cold tiled floor, hunched over the toilet in case I wake up to me emptying my stomach again. I just hope if I do, the toilet won't be full of red liquidy chunks like last time. But there was once a time.

I stare at these white pills in my hands that start to look like angels singing to me in their glory. I hear them chanting "Peace! Peace!, peace be with you" through all the banging going in my head. It's my third time doing this, yet I still can't escape these memories of when my mom would clutch me tightly by her chest whenever I cried. I remember her scent being warm and I could smell her turtle-neck more than her perfume. I remember her fabric collecting my tears and my mouth being filled with tiny pieces of fabric hair as I gasped for air. Now, here I am on this frigid desolate floor leaning on my cracked toilet seat, knowing my mom wouldn't even want to touch me. I don't know what changed between us, I don't even know when it happened. But I'm wishing that when I swallow these pills, that Heaven would feel just like being in my mother's warm, soft embrace for the first time again.

The angels speak louder to me "Peace! Peace be with your spirit!" Usually, I'd feel a sense of calmness surge through my entire body, but this time I feel a sharp pain in my head. My chest feels heavier as if it's growing bigger and whatever veins or arteries keeping it up is faltering. It leaves a suffocating feeling in my chest and my lungs feel like it's full of heavy suffocating sand. It reminds me of the time I went to the beach in the Caribbean when my grandpa was still alive. My brother and his friends were building sand castles and I could hear the adults talking in the distance about shit that wouldn't matter to a seven year old. The water was so clear I thought I could see my reflection trying to pull me in, but I stayed on the shore. I was scared, I couldn't swim but I liked the feeling of the cool water and how it whipped at the bottom of my legs. I loved how even though it was just water that I could still feel the remnants of the tiny sand particles hitting and sticking to me. I liked how when you stood in the water, the sand below started to sink your toes in like it was quick sand. But actually going into the water was like asking me to jump into a bottomless pit. I believed the water would suck me in so deep that I would watch as the sun went farther out of reach and the endless sea floor would devour me as I sank with no destination. So instead, I sat there at the edge of the shore, only allowing my feet to get captivated in the waves of water that itched to blanket my entire body. My grandpa saw me alone, sitting there as if I was sitting with the waves. He took my hands and

slowly guided me to the water. With his pruny but firm grip on my hands, I knew he wouldn't let me go despite how gentle he held me. It was so gentle, it was like a guardian angel was guiding me by the way the sun shined in his face, illuminating his features. I felt my legs sink deeper and deeper into the water, my movement becoming more and more restricted by the amount of water weighing on my fragile legs. I braced myself, gathered all my courage as my Grandpa slowly kept going further. He made sure to never let go until I finally let my fear go, and I conquered the beach, and wore its water like a suit of armor.

With one, quick, swift motion, all the pills enter my mouth and I can taste the bitterness of it all while my saliva covers each pill causing a gross taste in my mouth. I put a freshly

opened bottle of water to my lips, knowing that Tylenol wouldn't give me a peaceful end. I swallow what feels like a snowball of hard, lumpy stones. I lay down on the cold tiled floor staring at the rundown roof that reminds me of myself, feeling cold and hugging myself. One thing I'll never like was the feeling of knowing death was coming, because all of a sudden I'm terrified of leaving this world behind.

I said earlier that I hoped Heaven felt like being embraced in my mother's arms for the first time as I cried, but I don't think I want that anymore. I don't want to tug and hold onto the person who was supposed to love me unconditionally to turn on me when I'm older. I want to have always been surrounded by coldness, but you start to see the beauty in things that are dead. Dead trees in the snow were once given the opportunity to grow its tallest, but its time is over now. Now hunters use that dead wood to create fire and give them a purpose once more. I want Heaven to feel like the fire in a cold storm. If being dead still provides warmth, even if it can't be humans, I wonder how much warmer I could've made people feel while alive. But a dead, forgotten sapling can never provide warmth if it was never given a chance to grow into a tree. It almost makes me regret what I've done. I hope Heaven really is as kind as they say it is.