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Short Story

## yin to my

The silent ambient sounds engulfing the room, darkness filling the void, sitting in isolation. The bed is not even made up, but I can't really find the motivation to make it up anyway. The voice in my head keeps chiming in, like a seagull irritating beach folk---

Someone is opening the door.

I refused to move a single inch since I already knew it was his voice or more specifically...

"Heyy son", the voice says sarcastically.

"Hey Dad," I say back.

"Can't you go to sleep, although your room smells, your bed isn't made up, you look like crap, and you're still a pathetic little child that I don't even see anymore?"

"You never change do you?" I say quietly.

He's always ever been clouding my mind with thoughts like this ever since he left. Yeah, another black boy losing his father and can't seem to start a new chapter with a girl to love. I've yearned for a new chapter, a "yang", but no one has ever really shown me love.

"Maybe I'm just ugly," I say unexpectedly.

He sighs.

"You always say some unexpected sad sentence to make people feel bad for you. You'll never get over yourself unless you break this loop of yourself being a worthless ugly black boy that is my son."

"But you berate me with phrases and all types of meanings that I don't want to hear anymore," I say sharply.

"You give me all of this crap all because I'm not becoming the son that you want me to be but look at you! You leave me with my mom, for 15 years and dare to not even try to fix yourself but leave your body for the waste. It's been rough ever since you left dad, and you coming back to test me for this "new chapter" that's supposed to be coming with the yang to my yin." I say furiously with a shortage of breath.

"I just don't see it happening", I would look up to him saying this worthless speech that no one will recount.

"This is why you're just a pathetic weakling that doesn't even love himself", Dad said without remorse.

"I'm going to sleep now".

As my eyes dwindle in the abyss, I dream about the rejections, the failures, Dad, everything. The dreams are overwhelming, it keeps going fast, fast, and fast. It doesn't know when to stop and when you're feeling hopeless in them you try to find the light but you can never reach it. It keeps going and going, until the....

"Morning Mark", my mom yells.

"I'm up I'm up!" I say difficulty.

The bus all the way to school isn't that bad, it's one of the only times Dad doesn't interrupt---

“Heyy Mark”! He says out of nowhere.

The face of despair goes through my face once I see him. I already know he’s going to call me names throughout this bus ride. As he’s talking I think about how trapped I am, the fear of being trapped, the fear of not being able to get out of your own shell. Maybe it’s just random thoughts but I hope someone who somehow looks into my thoughts understands. The pain of having to study every night for honors and AP classes, the sleepless nights, having to hear insults day after day. It just never stops.

As he’s talking I look to my right and see her. We make eye contact, the talking from Dad’s voice becomes a distant memory.

Her eyes are beautiful, they tell a story of hurt that I’ve been through. Maybe she has an annoying and irritating type of father that is left in the middle of their child’s upbringing.

“Hey, I’m right here!” Dad says knowing what I’m thinking.

We look away right when we see each other, although only a millisecond, I felt confident for the first time looking at her.

She then left quickly when the bus had stopped to go to the same school I was in. I kinda did wait for her to leave first, due to my anxiety of not trying to mess up everything.

“You mean your overwhelming dramatic emotions Mark”

School isn’t half bad, I have friends, I finish greatly in classes, and never get in trouble. But there’s always a problem with me, not to mention me eating in between my friend group is having a big discussion,

“Bruh, everyone knows Call Of Duty is better than any other first-person shooter on the market,” One friend says.

“Yeah yeah, whatever. It’s your opinion, right? Hahaha,” another friend says in a mocking tone.

“Hey Mark, you okay man? Deandre asks.

“Obviously not, he’s not even eating the whole chicken wing right.” my dad says in a laughing tone.

“I’m good man, I’m just tired from studying for that quiz”, that’s always the perfect excuse to tell someone when you’re depressed.

“Aight, we’re going to go over to the backyard to chill. Make sure you come, alright”

“Yeah sure”.

I used to like talking about playing video games and stuff, but what’s the point of it when it’s just going to die off.

“Now that they’re gone, study for your quiz” Dad says eagerly.

“I already studied last night”

“Yeah but what if you fail, what if you forget about something that’s really important and you can’t figure it out in your memory-losing brain,” he says, questioning me.

Anxiety kicks in, holding my head down to the stale lunch table. Now I’m scared, the yells from my mom I’d get, the yells I’d get from my family, the looking of a whole grade under a 65 would make me want to cry. I just can’t take it anymore, not being able to talk to my family right, not being able to talk to my friends right, having to wake up to these insults by my conscious mind, everything is too much. I just can---.

“Hey~ Mark!”, an unfamiliar voice comes in to greet.

I look up slowly, trying to take the tears away from my baggy eyes.

It's her, Sara.

Nervousness kicks in, almost stumbling saying something to her. I finally say "Hey~ Sara".

"You're okay? You've been looking awfully sad from across the room haha", she said softly.

Full eye contact came about, I haven't been this vulnerable in a long time. I just feel like shouting out my problems to her.

"I haven't been alright, at home I've been plagued with insults and anxiety. This voice in my head keeps making fun of me and making me want to just give up on everything. I want a new chapter in my life, I want someone to be the yang to my yin, but I never really found that right person yet. All I've ever encountered in my life was rejection after rejection with my family and other girls. My friends don't even think I'm myself anymore, they just go to the backyard whenever they see I'm like this. The same with my mom, my dad, everybody."

I stop abruptly, seeing her hand on my hand.

The whole lunchroom looked at us due to me shouting all of it out. But I can't hear my Dad anymore, I can't hear the other students whispering, it was just me and her.

The eye contact between us never stopped, the presence was there, she felt my pain and connected with it.

I felt better, the feeling of love makes me want to be a better man than I already am. But I just...

"Mark" She interrupts my thoughts

"Yeah"

"I think you're the yin to my... "

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The weight of my body is free, safe from the clouded thoughts with the coming of a new chapter. "I just need one more thing to say to you".

"What is it Mark," Dad said

"I thought about killing you today"

"Why"

"It's because I love myself way more than I love you"

*yin to my*

*by marcus hardy*

*dedicated to my love*