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The Mind of Dillon

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The Mind of Dillon

by

Claire Butler

Chapter One

I was sitting at a park and saw a dog peeing. It amused me how it lifted its leg. I imagined how it would be able to function the same way if it didn't have its other hind leg. This amused me further and my eyes stalked the same mutt until a bird landed in a birdbath. In the water, this creature flapped its wings wildly. I wondered what would happen if its wings stopped working. . . would it drown?

The woman's crying and pleading was muffled by a lengthy strip of silver tape. "Hush, now," I said "I just want to see if you're still beautiful without your eyebrows, eyelids, and lips." I felt my brow furrow when it began to sob. I just shook my head and grabbed the scalpel.

Humming my favourite song, I begin to carve this girl's flesh. It's funny because its face was already damp from tears and now from blood. Eyebrows off. It looks sloppy, but I shouldn't worry, I'll do better removing its two eyelids. As I brought the utensil back to its face, it tried to squirm away. The tear rolling down its cheek caught my eye and pulled something from my memory. I pressed the tool into its tender skin.

My mom had gotten me a fish for my tenth birthday. I watched it swim contently in its bowl. I spent endless hours studying the yellow guppy. It didn't take long to discover how the it breathed under water; gills. One day, while home alone, I wondered how long it would last in aqua without the use of its gills. I took that scaly creature out of its watery home and placed duct tape on its gasping slits. I tossed it back into the water and I watched it suffocate in its terrain. It took four minutes before it floated to the surface.

Throwing the woman's other eyelid aside, I noticed it passed out. How silly it looked sleeping with its eyes open. I then peeled off the duct tape and traced the girl's lips with my dagger before puncturing at the dent.



Washing the girl's face before it woke up, I came to the conclusion that it was no longer

beautiful. “Oh well,” I sighed aloud, dabbing its face with cloth. I grabbed the mirror I had set aside to so my project the outcome of my experiment. I held the gaper in front of its face and shook it to wake it up. Its eyes flickered around confused, then landed on its reflection. It began to scream. I smiled.

Chapter Two

I showered. No more sweat, no more blood. Scrubbing my hair, I thought about how well the experiment went, even though it disproved my hypothesis. “Good, good.” I cooed in a mumble, rinsing my hair of the soap scum.

Stepping out of shower, I began to wander my house, allowing myself to drip dry. Coming across a photo of my older sister and me, I halted in front of it and began to analyze the image in the frame.

My sister, in its adolescence, began to develop breast. It was curious to me. One day, while it was changing, I walked into its room. It was still in its pants and bra. I asked it “Why don’t I have those?” It laughed, not at me, and replied “You won’t get them.” My sister then pulled its shirt over its head. “Why not?” I whined. I want them. “You’re a boy, you can’t get them. You’ll understand when you’re older.” It left it at that then herded me out of its room so it, itself, could leave.

Then next year, when I was six and it seventeen, I asked it why I couldn’t have them and it would be I’d understand when I’m older. I didn’t want to wait. I wasn’t going to wait.

The same night I stole mom’s steak knife. It was big when I was small. I wanted what my sister had. I snuck into it’s room that night. It doesn’t snore and it’s a heavy sleeper. I tiptoed to its bed and squinted to see its shape. Its breast were easily seen and I stuck the sharp tool, without any thought, into its peck and pulled down in a circular motion. It jolted awake and began scream. I heard footsteps on the stairs. I ran to the window and threw it open then quickly ran into my room and under my covers, pretending that I had been sleeping and it woke me up.

Its screaming kept the smile on my face, yet mom didn’t notice since it was too preoccupied with my panicking sister. They never knew it was me, that made me smile more. I

decided I no longer wanted what it had that day.

I was dry. I looked down at my bare body and smiled. “This is much nice than what it had, much nicer indeed.” I giggled lightly and headed to my bedroom. I dressed and stared into the mirror. My reflection was strange and foreign to my mind, no matter how many times I saw it.

It looked back at me, my reflection. Its hair was flat, brown, and short; just above the eyes. I looked up and confirmed this. My eyes went back to the mirror. Below the stringy, still damp hair was its eyes. They were dark brown, almost black. Its nose, which was long and thick, rested below its eyes. Inches under its nose laid its mouth with thin lips which was colourless; a tint lighter than its complexion. Blinking, I look away and exit my room.



Switching on the television, the news filled the blank, black box. I chuckled. The once beautiful lady is on the television as a missing person. I never knew its name was Rebecca, Rebecca Kingsley. “Too bad,” I sighed “When they find it-” shaking my head, I corrected myself “*If* they find it, it won’t look like that. . . they might now be able to tell it’s it, it couldn’t say either.” I babbled, remember it had died an hour after my project. I grew quiet and turned off the television. “I’m tired.” And with that, I closed my eyes and feel into a slumber.

Chapter Three

In my hazy vision, this familiar land was whimsical and damaged, surrounded by a dark feel. There goes three rabbits: one doesn’t have ears, another doesn’t have a tail, and the other one doesn’t have a nose nor whiskers. They are hopping into the air, chasing one another in a round motion. A tree branch snatched them, using its limbs as fingers, forming the place into a cloud. The cloud is filled with eyes, following my every step. Ignore them. Swimming below my feet is a snake, it’s swallowing me whole. It’s dark in here, wet too. Squeezing and squeezing until it is not longer able, it exploded into a vertex. Eerie music consumes me as I walk into a deeper location of a metallic scented, red liquid. This substances makes me smile and I float in it as a lake. “Nice, nice, nice. . .” I hear echoing from the depth under this thich sea. “Nice,” I smile, chanting with the unknown source. I’m submerged under this. It’s a mirror I see, the source of the chanting. “Nice,” I hear come from it. I meet the reflection of

myself. “Nice, nice, “ we say together, our smiles increasing. “Dillion,” it whispers.

I wake up. “Nice,” I say hoarsely. “Nice.”

Chapter Four

The little boy was crying and calling for its mom. Its face was coated in snot and more bubbling from its nostrils as it panted. I don’t understand why they cry. What is crying anyway? How does one cry? These questions run through my head as my machine charges up.

I don’t like cartoons. They’re too demanding. But my babysitter always put them on and made me watch them. I remember seeing someone get struck by lightning, I saw their skeleton.

“Stop crying,” I said sharply, approaching the the child with a tube of jelly in my hands. Lathering its hair with it, I then put my homemade electric chair’s helmet on its head. “I want my mommy,” it whimpered in between wailing. Strange. “But I want to see if electricity shows me your bones.”

I blocked out any noise, other than the faint buzzing. It was a very smooth noise. I wonder if the sound changed when used. I reached for the switch, facing the child. I think it’s eight. It had blonde hair, will it turn black? Curiosity grew too strong. I flicked the switch down with all my might. It didn’t scream. Shame. It just widened its eyes and shook.

No skeleton, no black hair. Just smoke escaping from its inactive pores and a sickeningly sweet scent. I frowned.

I removed its limp body from the chair. I placed it with the others. In this small, awful scented room were the remains of five other experiments. Rebecca Kingsley, the man from the chicken costume that was decapitated, three rabbits (which I count as one), the man with no tongue; eyes, or ears, and my old babysitter.

I threw its body into the heap of the other bodies. It didn’t thud as loudly as the others had. Maybe because it was smaller. I had to close the door, I don’t like that smell. I wish it didn’t smell bad, I wish it smelt like the little boy when I electrocuted it; honeyed pork. Oh well.

I heaved, pushing the quite heavy door shut. It always made a loud noise when it sealed, like air exploding. I hated that. I felt sweat on my brow after closing that door and I still had the smoky smell on

my shirt.

It was different this time taking a shower. Instead of watching the syrupy blood crawl from my unwounded flesh like a delta, it was colours of charcoal swirling down the drain.

After I was showered and clothed I realized my fridge was nearly empty. I shivered as the unblocked coldness brushed my freshly dampened skin. Slowly I let the refrigerator door shut and I walked towards the door where my shoes waited. There I slipped on my shoes and left, my stomach yelling at me for being foodless.



Pushing the cart, my eye twitched at the clicking of the broken wheel continuously revolving its peg. I focus on the wheel's clanking to block out the creatures swarming and rushing around me.

Glancing into my cart I mentally check the objects off of my list: veal, check; eggs, check; red wine, check. All I need now is water and bread,. "Excuse me," a feminine voice seemed directed towards me. I halted and turned- my assumption correct. I smiled at the woman with the painted face, angled my body towards it, rested my elbow on the handle, "yes?"

"I see you have wine in your cart," it chimed, its cheeks matching the liquor.

"That I do," I replied.

"But no wedding band? Is it all for yourself?"

I snickered the best I could, "Indeed it is, though the smooth burn of the spirits is not so relaxing while alone."

Its smile spread, causing wrinkles. As it spoke, I thought and listened. It's prettier than Rebecca Kingsley. "Sure, I'd love for you to join me tonight." It would be better if it was preserved. "Eight o'clock? At 1899 Poe St." I've always wondered what strychnine tasted like, added to the list. It left, resembling a gazelle being hunted by a lion.

My mother took me to the zoo. All I remember was the lions. When I watched them, they battled over slabs of meat tossed into their cages. Their jaws snapped, causing a girl in pigtails near me to scream and hurry it away. Each got its own piece and tore at it viciously. Blood from the raw stake flew in the air, mesmerizing me.

Entering my house, my bags in my hands, I looked towards the clock reading seven. I best get ready. I took care of the groceries and ran off to my room to change.

Chapter Five

The doorbell rang as my finger pushed the last button through its slot. Smoothing at the belly, I sighed, opening the door. It had curled its hair and changed into a red dress. We both looked decent for death. "Hello," it said, hinting inside my house.

"Come in," I responded, stepping aside, widening the entrance.

"Are we just enjoying a glass of wine?"

"Perhaps."

Its eyes traced my living room, giggled. It looked at me, I smiled. The smile faded as it had arrived. "Sit," I insisted, my heart pounding with wanting to experiment, and it listened.

I nearly jogged into the kitchen. I had frozen the poison in the ice cube trays. They began to melt as they set on the counter; being that I had pulled it out before changing my shirt. I plopped the liquidy cubes into wine glasses I grabbed, then poured the blood coloured wine over them. The heat from the drink melted the ice cubes so I stirred it. "Nice, nice." I said, collecting the glasses and carried them into the anteroom. "Thirsty?" I asked the creature sitting. It nodded quickly. "Yes!" I flinched at its reply.

My hand held out the glass for it, but it points at the other one, "May I have that one instead?" I nodded, switching which arm was close to me and which was stretched out. "Any you'd like." It giggled and I seated, and it began sipping at it with an odd crease on its brow, my experiment began.

"So," it said suddenly.

"So?" I questioned, raising a brow.

"I'm Charlotte."

"I'm Dillon, it's a pleasure."

And then it was quiet. I stared at my untouched glass. I took a breath, then sipped at it like the thing next to me did. It placed its half empty cup down and angled towards me, "Dillon-" it looked down at its arms, confused. "I know who you are."

"Do you?" I asked, swallowing.

"Yes."

"Yes?"

"You're a monster." It said urgently. I choked.

“A monster? No.”

“Yes!” It shouted, standing up. I simply shook my head. “You’re a murderer!” It screamed, reddening. It fell to the ground, “You killed my sister. I know you did. I saw you take her!” It coughed, I smiled. “I didn’t kill, I experimented.” It heard me. “And I’m not a monster, I’m a dead man.”

It collapsed completely and died, its eyes open. I thought it looked familiar. It was on the television talking about Rebecca Kingsley. They have the same eyes. I laughed as black spots specked my eyes. My body numbed from my arms to my torso to my legs. Poison tasted good. “Nice, nice.” I whispered, the experiment succeeded. “Nice, nice,” I repeated. Then it was black.