

**Princethorpe College Creative Writing Gold Competition Winner
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'You're Still Typing'

The shadow sat on the windowsill. It had its temple pressed against the cool glass, flicking the lighter open and shut to watch the flame lick into life.

'Where did you get this?'

She stared back, duvet twisted into her cold fists. It sighed.

'Where did you get this?'

'I don't know, I... I think it was on the floor.'

'It was mine.'

The lighter disappeared into its fist. It swung its legs down to face her, and she could feel it grin.

'What are you going to do?' it whispered.

'I don't know.'

'You should cut that out, it's getting repetitive.'

Huh?

'Can't you think of anything more interesting for her to say?'

I don't think this is how it works.

'Not knowing, not thinking. There's not a lot of anything going on with you, is there.'

I can feel it behind me now. It's stood in the corner; that sick grin is twisting across its face as it's opening its mouth to sp-

'Don't tell them what I'm doing.'

That's not how you're supposed to sound.

'You wrote me. I speak in your voice, and that voice is twisted and hushed and watching you type.'

My room is well lit. There's a lamp right above where it's standing but still there's a dark mass that looms in the corner. I swear this has never happened before, I swear to God-

'You don't believe in God.'

I believe in something.

'Well that something isn't going to help you now.'

How do you know?

'Because you're still afraid. Because you still haven't turned around to look at me. What am I? You create me and you call me it. You give me no features, nothing but a dark figure with a voice that makes you sweat.'

You're a character.

'I'm a little piece of you that you keep wrapped up somewhere you can't find it. Are you scared? Ashamed? Oh, there we go ladies and gentleman, now we have a reaction. Ashamed. See, now it's starting to fit.'

I don't like this.

'You're not supposed to. A little piece of your mind that disgusts you, so you separate it and turn it into an unidentifiable antagonist, a faceless bogeyman in the dark to point your problems at. Why do you need to do that, Mother?'

Don't call me that.

'You're my creator. Would you prefer God? Do you have a God complex?'

No.

'No, of course not. You wouldn't be scared if you did. Is it because I scare you?'

Stop it.

'It's easier to imagine I'm scaring you than you're scaring yourself.'

I could never make something like you.

'I came out of your head. I don't know who put me there, but look down. You're still the one typing.'