

## The Narrator

She tried to open the door and it stuck fast. She wasn't supposed to open this door; the sign clearly reads DO NOT OPEN! My instructions had been clear, "Open the door on the left," I told her. But, of course, she doesn't listen to me. Thankfully, I could lock the door before she had a chance to open it. I surely wasn't going to be held responsible for the consequences if she had.

"HEY!" She yelled at me, "Let me open the damn door!" I watched her as she pounded her small fists on the door. Bang! Bang! Bang! Her punches were the equivalent of a cat scratching on the front door hoping to be let in. "Claire, what the hell are you doing?" I finally yelled. She ignored me completely, typical. I get no respect from her, she does whatever she pleases. She should be thankful, if it weren't for me, she wouldn't even exist! I created her, I gave her life, I put her here, and this is how she repays me.

"Why, why can't you ever listen to my instruction?" I ask her. She began to shake the doorknob, with such ferocity that a part of me thought she might actually brake the lock. I don't know why I bother talking to her at all. It's like talking to a wild animal, they hear the words but they don't understand. Oh look, she's begun to kick the door now. "Try all you want but, that door isn't opening," I told her. "I'll find a way, trust me," she replied. I was in shock, she answered me. This is progress. Perhaps I'll be able to get her to listen to me yet. "Claire, honey, can you please stop ravaging the door and just open the one on the right?" I asked nicely. She turned around, put her hand out, and raised her middle finger at me. Well, so much for that.

See, that's the risk you run when you create someone. At some point, they will stop listening to you, if they were ever loyal in the beginning, that is. They will outgrow you and become their own thing. You will no longer be in control and what do you do then? Hell, they might even try to kill you or, perhaps, sleep with you, in very rare cases. In my case, however, this thing I created, this she-devil, has warped into something unrecognizable. She was my greatest creation and now, she's my most hated project. I just needed her to listen to me, do as she's told and not ask questions. Is that too much to ask for?

H-Hold on, she's stopped messing with the door. Oh, thank heavens. "Good, now can you please use the door on the right," I spoke. I just wanted the story to continue as planned, we had been stuck here for quite a while. She backed away from the door, slowly. I was glad, it seemed like she was going to listen to me. I don't know why and I, honestly, don't care really. But then, she turned and gave me a smile. I found that rather odd. Then, she did it. She took a running start and broke down the door on the left. SHIT.