

A Miserable Shower

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Misery. Unrelenting Misery. It never goes away. I cannot seem to be free of it. I wish it would go away, that I might feel something else, use some other magic. But no, it stays and restricts me to sad, sad water, making it ripple uncontrollably or preventing it from making contact with me; that is a massive, massive pain when I shower. I have to force the water to hit my body if I want to clean myself. That's probably why I cut my hair short. It makes showers easier. Far quicker. Simpler.

Why? Why me? Why do I have to suffer from this? Why can't I feel something else, some other emotion, some other magic besides my miserable water? I don't ever seem to feel anything else strongly enough to break away from hydromancy, the anger of flames, surprise of lightning – even earth's fear would be something new and refreshingly unfamiliar.