

I represent myself in this character that is surrounded by aliens.

"--Boo!"

I sober to a sound familiar, yet novel; trying to sound scary, but not the least bit eerie. Those whirrs of green neons can't even seem to make an entrance to my puffy eyes.

~HALF-ASLEEP~

Ice, lone pack I shackled for my rest. Like the dream you once had, but sad, them all black.

Crack.

The fleck of my breaking rest.

A dream where the aches arrest.

From the spark of the ice we break; to the break, so be freaks we're made; till the ice, I felt when "us" breaks,

in misunderstanding.

A mistake—

Is it not these very things before my eyes?

Like a crowd of arcade moles, about the size of my knees, clumping at my bedroom's corner. But...with antennae jutting out like ants?

Their bodies, various colours.

Whirrs... I hear again. Now, complete with a fuss of language I don't quite understand.

Rubbing my eyes, I scowl a little closer.

...These moles indeed have this green glowing stick each. One, repeatedly swung amidst them. Like a lifeform, it beams red, then green, alternating in every swing.

I squint even closer—

And lock! Their faces turn to mine. I jolt—

...*What are these broken mirrors?* Their bodies freezing, soundless, like some thieves caught red-handed.

I reach to my glasses atop the cabinet and the world begin to sober--

What on earth are these one-eyed mounds? Their bodies looking exactly like minions. Their fangs, icicles, and their eyes, refracting to frowns.

“..Hend yar belongings hooman!” The blue-coloured leader shrieks, lifting his green stick.

Warmth, I feel. A comfort, beating near me.

“What a nice light stick..” I blurt.

“Si—Silence!! Thes da greight sabre of our ancestros!” Assertive, the stick turns red.

He seems angry. “Um...sorry!!!”

“Na-naw...hooman! I-I shall—” Quivering, the stick turns green.

“Awhh....” The crowd squealing, disappointed.

He rages, swinging the saber blindly much to the crowd’s horror. “Youseless tresh!” The saber turning green, red, and green again, as he throws it to the floor.

About to stomp it, the saber turns red and sears the leader’s foot.

“AWHH!!!” piercing groans.

Feeling sympathy, I lob off my bed to him. The rest steers away.

“Umm...Which part is hurting?”

His left foot burnt, breaking in tears.

Puzzled, I gaze towards the rest, only to find them recoiling, trembling, as if I'm gonna freeze them alive. But really, *his foot healed* is the lone thing on my mind.

Trying to find anything to treat him with, I close to the red saber. A scorching heat radiates.

But as I lift it up, it slowly turns green, and radiates that *warmth*.

Feeling it harmless, I brave myself and extend my right palm, grabbing onto the light.

Indeed, it sears nothing. So, I slide my palm down, and press the light onto his blue foot. Screams echo stronger.

But slowly, his foot heals, and the scars vanish.

His cry blossoms a smile, like how we would miracles. The other mounds witness, their faces, painted in hues of awes too.

But then, I feel a tug on my tee. I turn and find a little bright-eyed mound extending her just as little saber to me. I see me in her eyes—and the saber, green. Lightly, she giggles.

Warmth...I see.

The rest starts closing onto me. Although shy and cautious, I can understand their intentions.

Trying to stay alive, with a need for a loving care.

But some misunderstood, life workers.

That's when the ice starts to thaw.

Icebreaking Acceptance...? Such an alien feeling.

But I guess that's how it felt when I was your "Boo".