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Persons of Interest

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Persons of Interest

They aren't real.

It's all in your head.

Please, you need to talk to someone real.

I bashed my fist against the table, making the tower of books beside me topple over. I could feel my entire body burning up as my hands shook violently. I stood up and started pacing back and forth, trying to calm myself down, but all I could think about were those words and no amount of scratching at my skin or pulling on my hair could stop it. I wanted to scream my head off, but this was a library and I didn't want to get in trouble again. So, instead, I grabbed all the books from the table and went off to find their rightful places.

As I went to put away the first book, *Deceptive Communication*, I saw Harrison standing in the aisle, glancing over the texts. "You know they're all lying to you, right?" Ignoring him, I set the book back in its place and continued my search.

Clutching my second book, *Fundamentals of Health Care Administration*, I crouched down, searching for the right spot. Suddenly, I caught Bishop's eyes watching me with pity through the stacks. "They're just trying to stick you inside a mental asylum." I shook my head, slamming the book down, and rushed away.

Desperately, I started searching the aisles for where to return the next book, *Introduction to the Study and Practice of Law in a Nutshell*. In my hurry, I almost smashed right into Rich. "Can you blame them? They're scared you might hurt them." I rammed past him and practically threw the book onto the shelf out of frustration.

As I checked the title of my next book, I stopped right in my tracks. *Understanding Schizophrenia: A Practical Guide for Patients, Families, and Health Care Professionals*. I felt a tear stroll down my face as Renee whispered in my ear, “We’re the only ones that really care about you.” My hands suddenly went limp and the book fell to the ground.

A DVD case that I hadn’t realized was there flew out from beneath the book. It was a movie called *Finding Neverland*. I fell to the ground, unable to carry myself any longer. A pair of bare feet entered my vision as a new voice filled the air. “Stop trying to deny us, Athena. We’re your reality now. Just accept it.” I looked up to find the spitting image of myself staring back at me, a hand outstretched.

As a sob caught in my throat, I placed my hand in hers and led her and the others back to my table. I sat down and began rummaging through my bag till I found an orange bottle. I unscrewed the cap, took a pill out, and looked at each one of them. “Goodbye.” As I swallowed my medicine for the very first time, I watched as they slowly dissolved into the air, never to reappear ever again.