

It's Quiet In Here

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A man tells us about his speech impairment and how it's affected his life.

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1 - Quiet

It's Quiet In Here

I don't know why.
I don't know why I've never been able to do it.
I just open my mouth and this horrid creaking noise comes out, kind of like nails scratching against an all-granite chalkboard.
It makes me want to destroy everything around me, crashing, smashing, burning, it doesn't matter.
It's stupid.
I hate being mute.

My brother's always been able to talk.
I love Matt. He's the greatest.
He can speak with no problem.
I get so jealous when he starts to talk.
It's not that he doesn't care, it's just that he doesn't realize how I feel.
Nobody does.

There's this girl that lives down the block from our house.
She's everything you would want in a girl.
She's cute, intelligent, funny, you name it.
And she can speak clearly, too.
Just like Matt.
Go figure.

One time at my high school, I gathered up the courage to approach her.
Because I can't talk, I carry around a notebook and pencil so people can understand me.
I wrote down if she would like to eat lunch with me.
But halfway through the sentence, Matt had to come along.

You see, he's always been good with girls.
So was Dad.
I guess it's genetic or something.
Matt can go up to any girl and ask her out, even at random.
I don't know how he does it.
All I know is that it makes my blood boil.

So then, Matt asked her to lunch.

She said yes.
They went along on their merry way.
They looked so happy.
I hated Matt now.
I felt horrible.

Another day, Matt asked her out on another date.
Obviously, she said yes.
They were going out for pizza.
I didn't go, because it was their date.
And I didn't want to be rude.

Three hours after they were supposed to come back, I got worried.
I stayed up all night to see if they were coming.
I was a wreck.
I didn't want them to get hurt.
It was obvious that they were in love.
My biggest fear was someone I was close to dying.

I waited some more.
It was six in the morning.
I kept waiting.
I called the police.
They said that they had found two bodies on a silver motorcycle.
It hit me.
They weren't coming back.

I cried for hours.
I had no one to go to.
I was so scared.
I just wish I could have told them both how much I cared about them.
My name is Sam.
And I hate being mute.