

Identity Theft

By Reyadh Rahaman

I opened my eyes and I found myself tied to a chair. I was in a dimly lit room. All I could see was a stool in front of me where a lit candle rested.

But then a figure stepped out from the shadows. They were dressed in all black and wore a white mask. The mask was completely featureless. No holes for the eyes or to breathe from, but I heard the voice of the stranger very clearly.

“No one cares about you,” the stranger said.

“What?” I asked, confused.

“No one cares about you,” they repeated with the same delivery.

“Then why am I here?” I demanded.

“Because you want to be. You don’t want to be anywhere else. With anyone else. You want to be here. Alone.” they explained.

“That doesn’t make sense,” I tried to reason.

“Yet, that is your reality.”

“This isn’t real.”

“It’s the most real.”

“Who are you?”

“Who am I?”

“Yes.”

The figure then took off their mask and revealed their face, but I was shocked to find that it was my face. “I am you,” I said.

“If you are me, then who am I?”

Then I leaned in and whispered.

“No one.”