

Monsters with Knives

I was born- actually, no. I was *created* in a factory, along with the rest of my sisters and brothers. Soon after being created, we were forced into boxes and shoved into crates to be shipped off to all corners of the world. We would never see our siblings again.

We would spend days unmoving, trapped in our boxes, we would never know the world around us until either someone decided to take us or we were put back into our crates. One day, when I was trapped in my box, someone decided to take me. At the time I didn't know who it could be. They took me back to a strange place, with soft floors and hard tables with harsh lights all around. They roughly pulled me out of my box, my home for so long. They threw me under the harsh light where all my brothers and sisters were. They threw the box away and grabbed one of my siblings from off the harsh table. The monster, whoever they were, roughly began to decapitate him. His skin fell to the table as he was slowly tortured. When the monster had had enough it pulled my sibling away from the demon knife and began to use his bones to rub it against a white floor, slowly turning it grey until his bone was almost gone. The monster threw him back into the demon knife to start again.

My siblings and I watched in horror as one of our own was tortured. We knew we would suffer the same fate one day.

While the monster continued his torture on my brother, another creature walked into the room. It looked like the monster.

It said something in its strange tongue, and after an exchange of words, our monster handed my brother over to this creature. The thing left with my brother.

I never saw him again.

Soon after the monster turned back to the white floor and the remaining members of our group. Its huge hand reaches towards us as we screamed in terror.

Who would it be? Sister? Brother?

The monster grabbed me.

Slowly as it brought me to the demon knife, I knew I wouldn't get out of this alive. I waited.

The demon knife began to cut away at my skin, revealing my bones sharpened to a point. I didn't hurt as much as I thought it would. Neither did the scrapping of my bones onto white porcelain. I believe I had gone numb. All too slow, the monster finished whatever it was doing. I was shoved into a new box with only a few of the others.

We waited there for hours, unmoving. Until we could see through the clear glass of our confinement that it was morning. The monster was awake.

It took its time moving about, grabbing our cousins, our friends, and the demon knife. It threw us into a new crate and we were roughly brought to a new destination.

I was thrown out, away from every one, with the monster gripping me tight. My bones were dragged across new white floors with pinpoint accuracy. Finally, when the monster stopped and I thought it was over, it brought me up to its mouth and began to bite into my skin. It gave me scars that I would carry with me until the very end. When it stopped, it began abusing my bones, throwing me in the demon knife with no mercy and didn't stop, that is, until I snapped. The creature seemed frustrated. In my final moments, I saw the monster grabbing my cousin, beginning to use them instead of us. I was thrown into a metal wasteland.

Then everything went black.

When I woke up, I was with fellow siblings, cousins, and friends that had been lost all those years ago.

Then I decided to tell you this story.

So you may learn what we face every day. What we must endure.

This is the life of a pencil.