

5-1-2000

The Shapes of Fate (Part Two)

Liz Harbaugh
NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Harbaugh, Liz (2000) "The Shapes of Fate (Part Two)," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 7 , Article 25.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol7/iss1/25

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

The Shapes of Fate

(Part Two)

Liz Harbaugh

The word crazy stings. *He must know. I can't hide it, can I? How could he know?* I frantically panic. He smiles concernedly, questioning my reaction. *He's joking...only joking.* Relieved, I grin back.

Upon the hills, a lamb is settled against its mother on the wet earth, as though it were a down comforter. Up close, sheep don't look the way I imagined they would. They aren't bone-white and perfect, but grimy and dirty. *I look like that* I think ruefully. *How can I expect his love when I look like that?* Despite their dirtiness, they're sheep, and my childhood obsession with them compels me to take the picture.

I kneel on the wet grass, a few feet away from them, silently—to cause no alarm. On the verge of taking the photo, the mother sheep stares directly at me, right into my eyes. Hers are an angry amber color, and immediately they come. The voices inside me echo her stares.

Don't even think it—he doesn't love you. Couldn't. You are filthy—evil. No one ever loved you, from the moment you were conceived. You are here to take up space, repulsing people, until you die. End it. End your life now—we won't stop. You know that. Have we ever before?

I can't look away. All I can see is the sheep's eyes, all I hear are the voices inside me—cackling at the demise of my mind, the decimation of my soul. I can't break away or scream for help or do anything at all expect stare at the cold, cold eyes of the creature before me.

"Hon?"

Matthew is beside me, concerned. The hold is broken—I am freed again.

"You took it, right? Then let's go."