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Sensitive

R. J. Davies



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Contact through <https://rjdavies.ca>

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Ever since the car accident Linor has noticed she had become more sensitive to the world around her. It's been six months and since her life has taken a dramatic change. She is constantly wearing dark sunglasses that were custom made for photophobic individuals, even inside well-lit buildings. Her pupils were dilated more than normal and are extra sensitive to any bright lights. The doctors thought it might go away and reminded her that she was lucky to be alive. In all aspects she should have died. It was just a miracle that she was found by highway patrol, and they were able to get her to the closest hospital where the staff that were working that night happened to be brain specialists. It was like someone beyond was looking out for her. A guardian angel of sorts.

She mentioned to her parents that she thought the shadows were moving. There were tall thin beings that walked among them. They were humanoid but they weren't humans. At first, she was completely freaked out by what she saw and thought it was ghosts. Her parents were concerned that she was seeing things due to the car accident and that maybe her brain injuries were more severe than everyone thought. Linor had to see a therapist and after two sessions she began to lie and said that they had just disappeared and that she wasn't seeing any shadow people walking among the humans. As she told her therapist there were four shadow people in the room with them and were walking around talking, touching things, and one was fascinated by Kathy so much they crouched down in front of her between Kathy and Linor and watched as Kathy smiled and nodded, making notes in her notebook. The shadow pressed its nose up to Kathy's face and

peered into her eyes for five minutes as Linor told her that she didn't see anything. It must have been her imagination.

Swallowing hard, Linor crossed the library and sat in the back where the shadows were the thickest. She felt them crowding her, Linor pretended that they were there. They knew she knew. She knew they knew. Pretending was the only way that she could pretend that she was normal and that world around her was normal, and things just made sense. They have always been here, sometimes when you're drunk or the light hits you the wrong way, you catch a glimpse. When you think that shadow in the corner moved, it did, that's them.

She pulled her laptop out and pretended to be working on it. A guy who was standing in the stacks was trying to catch her eye. Linor didn't need those kinds of distractions. A young woman who was wearing a jogging outfit and runners came through the library and over to where she was sitting. Sitting down across from Linor, the young woman extended her hand.

"Hi I'm Heather," she smiled.

Linor reached out and shook Heather's hand, and Heather's face went stoney.

"Can you take your glasses off?" Heather asked.

"The light," Linor began to protest.

"Yes, I remember you mentioned that you are photosensitive."

Linor pulled her shades off her face and looked Heather in the eyes.

"Wow, you have beautiful eyes." Heather swallowed. "You have a strong vibe about you. It's intense."

Linor put her glasses back on. "So, I've been told. You said you might have something to help with my, photosensitivity?" Linor had found Heather online in a forum for photophobias.

They had started chatting and Heather suggested that she might be able to help her, but she would need to meet with Linor in a public place.

“I have some drops and meds for heavy migraines.” She started pulling out familiar bottles and containers, they were all things that Linor had already tried.

“Thank you but I have tried all of those things. I thought you said you had a sure fire solution.”

“I honestly thought it was more of a mental issue or ghosts. I have more experience dealing with ghosts.”

Linor started to pack her things. This woman was useless to her. Heather thought she was crazy or that she was seeing ghosts!

“Wait,” Heather reached out a hand to stop her.

“What?”

“You mentioned that you could see things?”

“No, I never said that.” Linor’s eyes narrowed. Who was this woman?

“Okay, maybe you didn’t say that out loud. I heard it, when I touched you.”

Linor frowned, “I don’t need this.”

“Wait, just hear me out. Five minutes.”

Linor was packed and ready to go. “Two minutes.”

“Okay, I’ll take it. I sense things, I feel things and sometimes I can see things that aren’t there.”

Linor waited, hell she could see things too that weren’t there. What was Heather getting at?

“I’m a seer.”

Great Heather is crazy. Linor was seeing shadow people and people thought she was crazy and now she met an online crazy lady in real life. Maybe everyone was crazy?

“Thank you for your time.” Linor started to leave.

Heather grabbed her arm. “Linor, they are all around you.”

Linor paused. “What is?”

“The shadows.”

Linor turned and looked at Heather. “Can you see them?”

“I can feel them.”

“What do they feel like?”

“Different. They have always been here. They aren’t ghosts, usually I speak to ghosts. These shadows are humanoid, but they aren’t human. They are tall and ... thin? They have always been here. They are always watching.”

Linor looked around, then lowered her voice, “how do I get this to stop? I don’t want to see them. They are making me feel crazy.”

“Maybe just talk to them.”

“I don’t think they speak human.”

“Oh, maybe just tell them how they make you feel. Maybe just by expressing your feelings you can convey that you don’t want them to be around you.”

“Is that the best you got?”

“I usually deal with ghosts.” She shrugged as an apology.

“Yeah, these are not ghosts. You’ve said that.”

“No, I had no idea they were always here.” Heather spun around slowly, looking around the room. Linor knew Heather couldn’t see them, but she could feel them? Maybe?

“Let’s go to the coffee shop downstairs?” Heather smiled. “I’m buying.”

Linor sighed but tagged along since she didn’t have anything else to do. It was her day off.

They entered the coffee shop, Linor ordered a medium coffee black, Heather ordered an iced coffee with two extra shots. They took a table in the corner. It was darker and there were less people around in that area.

“So, when ... how, did this happen?”

“I was in a car accident.”

“Oh, and after that you were able to see the shadow people?”

Linor nodded.

“Did you ever see shadow people or ghosts before?”

Linor shook her head no, as she sipped her coffee. “Nope, since my accident, I’ve realized when we think we are alone. We’re not. They are everywhere. They just linger, they don’t sleep, they wander around. I can’t really communicate with them. They know I can see them and they do wave or stand in front of me sometimes. I guess they are trying to communicate. I don’t know.”

The two sat for over an hour, searching up things on the internet and coming to the same conclusion. It’s that these shadow people have always been around us, with Linor’s accident she’s just become extra sensitive to light and shadows around her. It had to be how she saw them. Heather thought maybe it was something to with Linor’s near death experience, dying and being brought back to life. It’s something she would probably have to live with for the rest of her life. Unless her eyes adjusted and returned to normal.

Linor entered her apartment and locked the door behind her. Since her accident she had redecorated her apartment, and it was infused with soft lights. She had the heavy curtains drawn, it was dark and cozy. Home sweet home, she was able to walk around without her sunglasses on. Putting them in the tray on the counter by the door. She kicked her shoes off and nodded to the shadow that walked past her, she referred to him as Harry. Hell Harry could be a woman; she wondered briefly if they had sexual identities. Maybe they were asexual? Linor didn't care. She headed to the kitchen and began making herself dinner. Stuart or the shadow that she referred to as Stuart came out to the kitchen and watched her make dinner.

"Rent is due at the end of the month Stuart, maybe you and the rest of your crew can pitch in this month? Just a suggestion." She gave him a wink. Stuart pressed his nose up to hers and then tilted his head to the side. Stepping back, he nodded.

There were six that lived in her apartment. Six shadows that watched her day and night when she was home. They didn't know boundaries and were fascinated when she slept and had showers. Sometimes she would soak in the tub and each one of her shadowy roommates would come for a visit. The first month it drove her crazy. Now she was used to it. She had also noticed that each of the six that lived with her had their own unique personalities. It was the second month that she ended up naming them. She wondered what they did during the day when she was at work. Didn't they have to pay rent or eat in their universe? There was no way she could ask.

After dinner she sat on the sofa and turned on Star Trek, five of her roommates joined her. Only Max was the antisocial when it came to watching tv. The others all came and sat down with her and watched whatever she was watching. Only Stuart would sit on the sofa with her. She would sit on one end, and he would sit on the other end. Sensitive or whatever it was, it was something she had grown accustomed to.