We all feel alone sometimes

I hurry through the crowded hallway. I'm concentrating on getting to my next class without getting noticed. It's almost eighth period; if I can just survive this class I'll be home free. Then I'm shoved.

One moment I'm on my feet, the next, my face is inches away from the ground.
The other students are annoyed, but no one stops to help me up, just walk around me. They don't care.

There was a time when I would've cried. But for once I felt as if my tears had been used up. Crying wouldn't do anything for me.

I stand up, shaky but determined to stand up for myself, and turn to face my assailant.

He's trying to slip back into the crowd, but I won't let opportunity slip from my grasp. Or, rather, Mason.

I elbow past students to get in front of Mason. His short brown hair is cut messily, his pants and shirt casual. He seems to be oozing a nonchalant attitude.

"What?" he asks, just a shade too innocent.

"Mason, look." I mentally prepare a long speech about how I'm human too, and I can't handle all of the bullying he'd been doing, how rude he'd been to me.

But before I could get out another word, something happened inside of me.

I'm angry.

It's as if I've finally snapped. Or at least cracked, just enough to let out some of the long-repressed anger. I look him straight in the eyes. Determination flashes through me.

And then both oppressor and victim fall to the ground.

"Wha—"

"Are they alright?"

"Someone get the nurse!"

"What happened?"

"I'm calling the police!"

"Don't, you're overreacting."
My vision has split into two.

On the left is the regular world. But on the right...

Sneering.

People are jeering at him, taunting him. I feel a sense of déjà vu looking at it, remembering when people did that to me.

But this isn't happening to me.

This is happening to Mason.

The people's faces are blurred, anonymous bullies.

And then it comes into focus, and I want to throw up.

It's me.
It’s my red hair, my green eyes.

But that expression on my face; that anger. It’s almost sadistic, as if I’m enjoying the pain I’m causing. And this feels so wrong, as if two puzzle pieces have been forced together. But at the same time...

I start retching.

“Oh my god!”

“Ew! Is there a mop somewhere?”

I feel myself being lifted up into the air as I flail desperately. The real world has gone blurry but I can still see myself, laughing.

Then the scene changes.
Now Mason is falling. I can feel his stomach lurch, the air being stolen from his lungs. He twists around to see the ground hurtling toward him.

He tries to right himself but he’s too late. The ground is getting closer and closer...

Then he hits the ground, and everything goes black. I can still hear voices, but they’re coming from far, far away.
"Hello."

The voice comes from inside me, but this isn’t me.

"Hello," I echo.

Silence. I try to look around, but there’s nothing. Nothing everywhere. Is that even possible?

"You have no idea what’s possible," it purrs. Its voice sounds more feminine. More like mine.

"How about you tell me?" I retort.

She laughs. Not it; she.

"Serenity, is it? How ironic."

"Look," I say, trying to stand up and failing. "I just want to know what’s happening! Don’t leave me in the dark here!"
Then I see a light. It hovers just out of reach.

"This is the way of life," she says, sounding just like me.

"I'm scared," I murmur.

I feel gentle arms wrap around me. "I'll guide you."

Then her hands wrap around my throat and I wake up.