

“Silence”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts  
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Day 1: “Silence”

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2013

Mimic closed her eyes. The dust was harsh when she breathed it in. It made her lungs burn and her eyes water. No tears fell because she blinked them back and kept her eyes tightly shut. The tickle in the back of her throat made her want to cough, but she didn't do that either.

She kept silent. She was good at being quiet. It came with being Xelx. “Silent and always watching,” the elders always said. “We change our faces to hide, to watch, and we're always quiet.” But Mimic's quiet was this and more.

Being mute was something she took for granted—just something she was, a hindrance more than anything else. In this case, it was a blessing. She couldn't utter a sound even accidentally. Her fingers brushed hair away from her face and neck, grazing lightly across the raised flesh at her throat. The scar was jagged and ugly to look upon, but no one could see her right now to look upon it. No one would pay her any mind.

She kept her head down, opened her eyes, and looked up. She stared through the slat, only wide enough to give her a small view, but that was enough. Figures moved back and forth, shadows following them. Their footfalls were loud, their laughter louder. The scent of alcohol was strong, assailing her nostrils. It burned her nose almost as harshly as the dust and mildew, but they were all scents she could dismiss. There was another smell that drew her attention, the smell that kept her here to watch and wait.

Food.

These men had food and she was hungry and for the chance to take some of it when they weren't looking, she would wait. Her stomach hurt. Her last meal had been—Mimic paused, turning her head slightly as she tried to think, and was struck with surprise that she couldn't actually remember. Her disappointment didn't last long.

The men were moving, laughter following one of them as he left the room. He disappeared, with his friend close behind. He crushed the aluminum can in his hand and gave it a toss. It hit the wall, bounced, and Mimic's eyes followed as it arced perfectly into the trash can. Her mouth formed a small 'o'. Impressive.

Her awe almost distracted her from missing her chance. If she planned to seize the food for herself, now was the time. Slowly, she edged open the door, stopping when the creaking broke through the new silence. She chewed on her bottom lip, then eased it further back, without noise this time. She took in a deep breath and caught something sweet. Nutty.

The jar of peanut butter with the crookedly replaced lid was right there on the table. Without hesitation, the shape-shifter darted for it, clutching it close to her chest. She'd have a good dinner tonight, she thought. Peanut butter was her favorite food.

Mimic left the kitchen and headed back, closing the cellar door behind her. She left through the same broken window, leaving the house in complete silence.