

# Monster

From dusk to dawn, my roommate wards off monsters and evil beings of the night. I'm not saying that I believe in the existence of such monsters, but she seems to believe that it is her unspoken duty to keep me safe from the supernatural forces of evil.

She rises early each morning, about an hour before I do. The room's silence is penetrated by her alarm clock, marking the first step in her daily ritual to frighten off the imps lurking around in the fading darkness. If I opened my eyes during this time, I imagine that she would be casting worried glances my way. But since we have different beliefs, I leave her to it as she shuffles over to the bathroom to take her morning shower. This is done to ensure that all the evil impurities that are still lingering on her will be washed away, making her both physically and spiritually clean again. I believe that this part of her ritual is the most intricate and elaborate, because even though I can't see what she's doing, she spends almost an hour inside cleaning herself, which is why she has to wake up so early in the first place.

When she finishes, she stomps her wet slippers across the floor, squashing and purifying most of the new eggs and offspring that the monsters produce overnight. She then proceeds to the kitchen to make herself a cup of "Cleansing and Refreshing Health Drink". I saw the package myself when she was out, and I was feeling curious. Anyway, she brings her drink over to her desk and sits down, and with amazing dexterity, she exterminates even more monster eggs while adjusting her chair's location. And seeing beyond the physical realm, she spots each and every fledgling monster running rampant across her desk, so with frightening precision, she uses her cup to bring impending doom down on them. I must admit: it is reminiscent of a court judge making extremely hasty conclusions.

Her evening ritual is slightly different, and takes place between the time I climb into bed and when she retires for the night. Whenever she feels evil approaching my bedside, she immediately scares it off by slamming the nearest object with relative force, using anything from a spoon to a textbook. She insists on keeping the lights on as well, to limit the monsters' movements. She also takes another shower, hoping that purity will act as her armour for the night. But for extra protection, she sleeps with the blanket covering her entire body, including her head.

Judging by the fuss she makes at night, I think she is afraid for me. Perhaps this fear is voiced when she talks to her god at night, speaking a language I don't know. But whatever she's saying, her god guides her with a passion, because while I lie in bed, I can always hear his filtered voice coming through her earphones.

Perhaps I will return the favour tomorrow, and chase her monsters away.