

# Summoning of Eyes



Damn. Steven is so...Steven. Sometimes, when I hear a name, there's this picture of how they should look in my head and it's probably spawned from some gross stereotype that was painted on my brain as a kid, but it's there. Like, Nathans are footballers, who have the worst fade you've ever seen. And Judys have smiles that flaunt lipstick-stained teeth. Well, Stevens wear V-neck jumpers and Harry Potter type glasses with lenses so thick they could compete with submarine windows. This Steven is no different. Outfit aside, he is literally wearing a *name badge*. I mean, it's one thing to be called Steven, but another thing entirely to be so damn proud of it you wear it on your chest in *cursive*. So I'm not cutting him any slack, partially because of the whole name tag thing, but also since he is the wrong ghost. I mean, I *asked* for a Charlie, but I *still* got a Steven. So *these* are the glitches in the system they warned

me about. The whole: *Be careful when choosing a summoning method, some are less reliable than others* stuff they told us in the beginning. Apparently, using your Grandma's rusty kettle to boil roses while she is out looking for a sheep that died 20 years ago but she insists is still "roaming the moors" is one of the less reliable methods. But you have to experiment sometimes, especially in the beginning. Plus, I'm no expert, even if I'm aided by the mental state of the only person I know who lives in a ghost hub (a glamorous name for a house that is falling apart,) summoning ghosts was still not what I had been anticipating when the school counsellor told me she had signed me up for some more "exciting" electives to "broaden my social circle." (her words, not mine) I guess she was partly successful, if witchy kids who live in croft houses without central heating count as a social circle. Either way, throwing petals in a squealing chamber of corrosion turns out not to work as well as you would expect. (Or maybe you still possess normality and weren't expecting anything. That is also possible.)

Steven stares at me a bit longer. He coughs in the most Steven-esque awkward way, nudging his glasses up his nose as he does.

"Greetings." *Greetings*. Jeez. This'll be a long haul.

"Hi." I respond, deliberately highlighting the simplicity of my introduction compared to his. I inspect his appearance some more, trying to get an impression of him through some more stereotyping. His hair has been combed forward, cemented to his forehead with an ungodly amount of gel. His shoes are more rectangular than any normal person's feet would fit, the brown leather polished beyond recognition. I'm not sure why, but I study his glasses particularly carefully. The thin metal rims.

The way the light from the kitchen window is reflected in the curves of them. And - wait. His eyes. Eyes, I have learnt in the approximately ten minutes of my elective when I was *actually* awake, are the only part of a ghost that appears in colour. His irises (iri? Don't ask me.) are so...green. The nagging artist's voice inside me is desperate for me to be more specific, almost like it is there, whacking a little paint brush on the inside of my brain and screaming *You can do so much better than that. They are so much more than green, and you know it.* Ok, fine. Lime green, if you must. I didn't realise eyes could be so *nuclear* in colour. I don't think it was a subject I was *looking* for a realisation in, to be fair. But, if I had been interested in eyeball pigmentation. (I definitely am not.) I would have found his very interesting. And unique.

He eventually talks again, and I wonder momentarily if he was just waiting for my little judgement session to be over before he could begin the conversation. Hopefully ghosts can't take offence from facial expressions, since mine have been the opposite of friendly.

"You are Kenji."

It's not a question. I do a small double take, since I don't remember telling him my name. I even glance down, just double check my own chest is not clad with a matching tag. I only nod a tiny bit, since I'm suddenly plagued by a fear that does not belong within my winning physique, but it gives him his answer. His deadly eyes pierce through my skin, lasers of greed. He is by my side, in my head. His hand round my killer bicep and his breath on my lip. His Steveness completely gone, replaced by an odd angelic satanism.

“In that case.” He mutters, close to my ear, his voice more of a growl than I thought possible for a ghost. “You’re mine.”

He

has

me

and

I

can’t

escape.