

“Haunted Computer”

By Rozetta Stone (Prompt from GeneralBug)

Alright, *this is getting tiring*. I have been watching this girl attempt, *and fail*, to ask out her crush for like two weeks now. I’m here because I was just passing through her apartment when I saw her giggling at the computer and decided to let my curiosity get the better of me.

I found out from the other person’s messages that this girl’s name was apparently Carmen, and I learned from Carmen’s messages that her correspondent’s name is Trea. Now something I know about Carmen, that Trea doesn’t, is that Carmen *really* likes them, like way more than is reasonably expected from “*platonic*” feelings.

At first, I was really quite amused, watching the girl write out a long winded confession of her *oh so eternal love*, only for her to fumble with the backspace key as she deleted any trace of it. But after two weeks of it, it’s honestly just a bit sad at this point. I mean, she clearly finds this person very dear to her, but just can’t get over the hurdle of actually *expressing* those feelings.

Today she and Trea were talking and joking about some show about paramedics or firefighters or something, and some ship called “Beckie,” or whatever that was never going to happen. I wasn’t too worried about it. Then her expression changed in a way I was familiar with at this point, and typed out a string. “***we could totally be like them, but like... actually set sail haha. but only if you really want too cause li...***” And then she deleted it all while shaking her head.

I’m done. I can only watch this for so long. I decided a bright idea would be to try and help her. Of course, the whole *wandering spirit* thing makes helping her a bit challenging. Wait, did I mention that? Oh well, suffice to say I needed a way to get her attention. So, I decided that

the best plan of action... *was to possess her computer and try to talk to her...* yeah, not my smartest move.

It was decided though, so I did a couple stretches, and then dove head first into greatness. Of course, *saying* that you're going to possess and communicate with the living through a computer is one thing, while actually doing it is another. But I was determined, so I decided to take control of the mouse. She seemed a bit startled when all of a sudden her mouse had a mind of its own beneath her hand, but I mean, *rightfully so*. I went down and opened her sticky notes app - *yes people actually use sticky notes don't question me* - and started typing.

I've seen enough

I can only take so much of this!!

So now, I'M GOING TO HELP YOU!!!

Adding exclamation marks will surely get my point across. She sat there for a while with her mouth agape, and then finally moved it, "Wh.. who... who are you? An.. and *what?*" Ah yeah, I should probably explain myself a bit better huh?

My name is Mirriad; I am what they call a *ghooooost*

Spooky, I know

But honestly, I may or may not have been spying on you for the past two weeks

"Excuse me, YOU WHAT??" Whoops, that was way too forward.

Don't take it like that

Look, I've been watching you chat with Trea, and I think it's all really cute

But you are completely hopeless girl

So I wanted to try and help you out is all

She sat there for quite awhile in thought, hands in her crossed legs, before finally speaking, “I really wanna tell them, but I just can’t. Everytime I get excited that I’m finally gonna do it, and then... Then I get this gut wrenching feeling that it’ll all go wrong, and I chicken out.” She turned her head, as if I was actually there looking at her, and then added, “I’m sorry.”

Carmen...

You don’t have to apologize for being scared

You just have to overcome that fear and do what you know your heart wants

Look, I’m gonna be your wing ghost

With my help, everything will be a-okay

She looked back over, “Alright, but what do I say?”

Tell Trea the truth

What you want them to know

I would say the worst that can happen is a no

But let’s be honest, there are way worse things she can say

So good luck!! *thumbs up*

And now she looked mortified, “That doesn’t help! What if they think I’m weird? Or gross? Or overwhelming?!” At this point she had her head in her hands and was very clearly panicking.

Listen

Or read I guess, I don’t know...

Doesn’t matter!

My point is that it’ll be okay as long as you’re yourself, I promise

“A.. alright, but what do I say, like, specifically? Can you like, type up a love letter or something?”

Sorry, but I'm not a computer

So I can't write anything for you

But just try and keep it simple, alright?

She looked down at the keyboard, "Okay, then here goes nothing I guess." She tentatively moved the mouse over to her chat with Trea, and started typing,

UselessLesbian: |

UselessLesbian:

UselessLesbian: |

UselessLesbian:

UselessLesbian: Do you wanna go out sometime? Like on a date?

Like a date-date?|

She looked over it, shook her head, and went for the backspace key. But before she could even reach it... **enter**. Sorry Carmen, but it's for your own good. She let out a little *eep*, and sat there startled, waiting for something. And then...

BuckIsBae: *is typing...*

BuckIsBae: Oh... That was unexpected.

BuckIsBae: But yeah! I'd totally be up for that. Just let me know when.

Carmen's eyes widened, as if she couldn't believe what she was seeing. She then launched out of her chair and started jumping up and down, cheering, "Yes! Yes! Eeeee!" It seemed that my job was done, so I went ahead and vacated the computer. After calming down, she went back to her computer and started frantically typing, making plans for her newly acquired date.

When the weekend rolled around, Carmen was quickly getting ready. Her and Trea were going to some fancy shmancy cafe in town that seemed nice. She was rushing to the door when she stopped and turned on a dime. She looked around the room a bit before saying, "I don't know if you're still here, but thank you Mirriad." And with that, she turned and left out of the door, ready for what was sure to be a time of wonder.

Why did I do it? I mean, I could say I did it because I was sick of seeing her struggle, but if that was really the case, I guess I could've just left. So I don't know. Maybe I did it because I have some pent up emotions about being hurt and losing out, so I did this to hopefully free my soul from this mortal plane. Or, ya know, *maybe I'm just a fan of sappy romance.*