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Why Do People Lie?

There was once a young boy who had a cat that meant the world to him. The furry feline was his night, day, pleasure, sanity, his **life**, and he would be willing to give up any of it for him. The problem was, the poor boy was giving up his life to his friend, for the young boy was allergic to the cat; horribly allergic. So allergic, in fact that it was impossible to spend even the slightest of seconds in a public setting with the furry feline without making a scene. He could be multiple feet away from the cat but he would still hack, cough, and choke his way through the day. His skin no longer resembled that of a normal human being, but that of a freshly-picked ripe apple that bathed in the sun. As a matter of fact, every since he found the cat, there wasn’t a morning that went by where the young boy wouldn’t wake up with sores filled and leaking with pus, swollen eyes so suffocating that it would make a blind man tremble, and a throat so itchy it was if the world itself was in flames. So what did the young boy do to cover up his sacred secret? He lied.

Whenever his back was against the wall; whenever someone came close of discovering his secret, he lied as if his life depended on it, which in reality, is quite the contrary. For he loved the kitten more than anything, but mire importantly the cat loved him. The feline wasn’t willing to be petted or played with or even be near at times no one but his faithful master. Long days they spent, going for walks on the beach, playing with yarn, or even just merely lounging back after a hard day’s work. Literally any enjoyable the boy had was by the side of his furry companion and vice versa, however like said before, the cat made the young boy horribly sick. But, they loved each other too much that they boy simply couldn’t let go, so he lied. Whenever the boy was caught hacking and coughing up large amount of blood, he lied and said he had a cold. Whenever those around him noticed his unnaturally bright red and bumpy skin, he lied and said he was forgetful or that he just didn’t believe in sunscreen. Or whenever concerned faces approached him about his deep cuts and sores, he lied, not only that, but made multiple lies; usually coming up with a new one once every week to excuse his injures. One week he got into a bike accident, the next he tripped and fell down the stairs. Concern began to pop up around the small town where the boy lived. Everyday for weeks he had looked more bruised and battered than before, eventually the townspeople came to a conclusion: there was abuse at the home. The next day the young boy’ parents were taken away and he was brought in to be questioned by child servies. The boy, had trapped himself in his own lies.

The next town over lived a boy who hated cats. This although saddening, but not really eye-catching on paper until one realizes that one poor kitten had the misfortune of him being his master. For the boy was not allergic to cats, in fact he was the healthiest most energic kid in class; he hated cats because he simply hated them. Sadly, for the young feline it was no different. He was always a subject to his owner abuse. Long days the kitten spent, hiding under tables on sofas, hopeful he would go a day without abuse. Usually, his hopes would be in complete vain; the unlucky kitten was hit, brutalized, had bones broken on a regular basis but more importantly more than his body the kitten’s hope was slowly beaten away. Even worse the boy would often go out on walks in public with the abused creature but none came to question him because he would often lie every single scrape, cut, and bruise away. Every week the boy managed to come up with new excuses for the cat’s injuries, one week the kitten had gotten into an accident, the next he fell down the stairs. The young boy lied his way out of everything but never once even came close to punishment until one day The next morning the boy was strolling down an alley when stray cats, aggressive felines by the dozens began to emerge from the shadows and surround him. Frantically, the boy tried to explain himself, lying even more in the process when another cat emerged from the background. It was none other than the cat subjected to so many wees of his master’s abuse. Even though it was a small town, no one seemed to hear the young boy’s screams of pain the loud wicked growls and the sounds of rippling clothing from the narrow alleyway. At that very moment, the young boy had too trapped himself in his own lies.

In both of those short stories, both boys had different passions and desires, but both lied to protect those desires. So why do people lie? Well there isn’t a one sentence of black and white answer, it solely depends on the personality and situation of that certain person. Some lie out of near selflessness in an effort to protect those they love from the harsh realities of the worlds while others only use it as a tool to finance their evil deeds. But no matter the reason there is one constant, a person’s lie is a true reflections of his morals and heartache. They build on how others view him, as a leader or as a criminal, and how that man views himself. Ironically the truth is lying is what makes or breaks us because while the truth will always be steady and not changeable, a lie can be controlled. And how that lie is controlled is all in hands of who posseses it.