

Dear Diary,

June 5th, 1993

*The darkness lurks around the corners of my mind like swirls of inky **black** smoke, staining it like parchment, worn from overuse. I'm in the Room for minutes that lead to hours, lead to lights fading away, lead to resting in the night's company. Never moving staying and staying still. Like time in a glass case, never going anywhere, existing, but nothing more. Every minute that passes is another moment lost in the endlessness, the void that makes up our existence. I am behind the glass, and this Room is my case.*

I sit here now, only company: my own sorrow.

The light from my lamp paints the room a dreary orange, plays sweet music for the shadows dancing on the canvas of my walls. Demons of the arts.

Demons. Devils. ~~They know I'm here.~~ Them. Those monsters in white. They lie in wait at every corner, leering at me. Reminding me I'm broken.

What do they know?

Everything. They know everything. The way the brain speaks. The language of the brain is their specialty, but mine speaks in tongues, too hard to comprehend.

But I understand. I listen.

They don't listen, and those white devils haunt me.

***The Room.** I bask in the dimness of the full moon peering from the warped glass of the window, a shy source of magic that stays so far away from me.*

Is it scared?

I give a backward glance to my coy companion and wistfully shuffle to the streets outside.

*Moving down the street, thumbs teasing twiddling restless in their own self importance.
Distraction upon distraction plaguing my mind, like the gaps between streetlights as I walk. A
physical light bulb blinking shining over my head, giving no real ideas*

I want things to be clear.

*I want to claw out my eyes, let the thoughts pour from the sockets, like water, like wine,
washing away the debris that accumulates in the froth of my brain. My conscious is a helpless
ship, caught in the waves, masts cracking, crew screaming, seeing that there is no way out but
drowning.*

Drowning in emotion and useless ideas. ~~WORSE THAN NO IDEAS.~~

What do they think of me?

Who will I become?

Am I good enough?

*Society is a perpetual wind that stirs the waves into great whirlpools of self doubt and
thirst for what others have. Never escaping. Forever trapped in the jaws of Charybdis, her
swirling waters ready to swallow even the best of us whole. Scylla leering from the sidelines,
only egging her sister on. Scylla once was beautiful, a model of society, a model, a nymph. But
love betrayed her, as it does all. A flaw of society. Now there is nothing but terror.*

*I walk for **years** before I come to the neighbor's lawn, greener than mine cleaner than
mine better than mine. I pluck a dandelion from its home amongst the weeds and stare at the ill
fated yellow, browning on the edges, approaching death, but sunny nonetheless.*

*I wish I could be a dandelion, resting in sunlight day after day after day after, deliciously
unaware of the omnipotent being ready to spray the Weed-Bee-Gone. ~~Instead I'm a parasite.~~*

But I ~~am~~ aware, I know that I'm fading fast, as all humans are. Gone so quickly from a place that never offered us much to begin with.

*That is why I walk, sneaking sweet sighs of the night air, letting the stillness of life wash over me. But I can't smell the Earth. I can't smell anything. It's because I never left. I never wander to the world outside, ~~letting it consume me~~. Only my mind. Only my mind. **Only my mind.***

I'm still sitting in my bed, the mattress pressing against the meaty flesh of my thighs, smashed like sausages in tight casings. The dinner rolls around my middle rise like dough in the heat with every breath. My fingers ache with the effort of holding the pen, but even now I keep my olive eyes trained on the paper.

I don't know---

They came with their rotten breath, the shadows in pristine white. ~~I spat at them~~. Now I write by the shy light of the moon. They'll be back.

So until tomorrow.

Goodnight,

Serena Chapple

Dear Diary,

June 6th, 1993

They came again, with the sun this time, claws like a hawk's, grabbing and forcing me to partake in their rituals, forcing their fingers down my throat, probing and seeking for things that I could not give. They made me swallow their lies. "It gets better." "This will calm you down."

Why can't they leave me alone? They will come again to taunt me. No matter how I kick and scream, I cannot escape.

~~Today was eventful.~~ Time ticking by like movements through ice, I watched the people from my window. They have lives I know nothing about, existing wholly separate from me, their minds their own, their bodies theirs to steer. Constant traffic, honks and hollers. I clutched my stomach, staring at the ants below, realization sank in like an anchor, settled in my core.

Who am I?

The people below seem to have a sense of purpose.

What makes them so special?

They move around the outside world, happily going on with their lives. Smiles plastered on lips. Eyes wide with joy. Families and groups totally oblivious to the terribleness in the world.

I sat there watching the streams of evil move through the air, like heat mirages rising from nowhere. It didn't need an invitation. Evil took what it wanted and hurt those who least deserved it. A toddler, laughing and playing, struck down by a metallic creature, eyes glowing and smile dented. Demons. A woman brought to her knees by the possessed hands of a man who lacks willpower. Evil.

Right now, I am on my bed again. I thought of watching T.V. but the subliminal messages were sure to suction themselves to my self conscious. Telling me what to think. Telling me how to feel. I won't stand for that. It's already too much. Anymore would make my brain explode.

Confetti.

That's what it would look like.

Why do I find that funny?

I'm still sitting here, hoping that you, dear diary, will ease the tension that has wound itself around me like copper coils.

My hand is shaking trembling quivering twitching.

I must go.

Bursting at the seams,

Serena Chapple

Dear Diary,

June 9th, 1993

Something happened. I met a boy. A man. He was kind. ~~He was real.~~

He came to me in the evening. The angel. Rescuing me from them. I saw him, sitting on a throne at the head of a new Room. Beautiful. Elegant. Upon the sight of him, the white devils shrunk back, as if my skin were poison, and the man was the distributor. ~~I almost cried with relief.~~

His hair was corn silk, smooth and soft, flowing down his shoulders.

His face had a darker shade of that silk scattered about his chin and over his lip. His lips. His mouth. His voice was a forest, dark and smelling of pine. His voice. I want to hear his voice again.

He asked me questions, and I wanted to jump into the pools of his eyes, surrounding myself within him.

"How are you feeling?" He loved me.

"Fine." He cared.

"Have you been interacting with the others?" ~~I hated him.~~

"No." I am scared.

We sat in silence, staring deeply into the void that was each other's souls. I felt complete for the first time in **centuries**.

I think we'll marry. Standing at the altar, covered in white covered in white covered in white.

You may kiss the bride.

I can feel it now. Perfect.

Whole.

Did I already say perfect?

Perfect.

I hope I'll see him again tomorrow.

Tonight, I'll dream of my angel, his golden halo and aura of white.

White. The white devils are back, I can hear them lurking in the halls. I must go. Wish me luck, diary, for tonight I will fight until I am unable to do so anymore.

Sweet dreams,

Serena Chapple

Dear Diary,

June 11, 1993

I feel different. My mind feels clear, like diamonds refracting everything I see. My head aches, but I am more aware than before.

I wonder about the man, the one I met yesterday. Was his hair like silk? Or was it plain blonde? Dirty blonde? Brown? I'm confused.

Something seems off about him. An echo of white. Was it a white aura? An angel? A devil? A white devil. My heart is hammering painfully. These aren't butterflies, they are nails.

I woke today with the sensation of free falling. My mind drifted lightly on every thought. Not clouded, but a bird soaring above those troubled clouds. The sun warming my skin, but the melancholy storm just within reach.

And upon waking up today, I found myself in a place unknown to me. Stark walls, metal bed frame, tiled floor, large door. None of them are mine.

I can see them in my mind's eye. White devils probing, pressing. Flashes of memory come back, even as I sit here, cross legged on the grass in front of a building I have no recollection of visiting.

Other people are around me, but none will speak. When I first stepped into the burning sunshine, I found an old woman.

She had no hair and labored in a strange blue gown.

"Where are we?" I tried to ask. Her eyes went blank, not blinking. Not blinking.

Just before I turned away, I heard her whisper.

"Hell."

I sit and wonder. Why can't I leave? I guess I will continue to sit here and wait. Wait.

I see my love.

His hair is corn silk, and I will go to him.

Wish me luck,

Serena Chapple

Dear Diary,

August 8, 1993

Today, the nurse told me I was good girl. I choked back bile. I was no dog. But to them, I was nothing more than a pet.

Robert told me that I had the chance of getting better. He could see the progress. But you can't tape together a brain that is already broken. Our daily sessions have become insufferable, and I can't believe I ever entertained the idea of marriage to such a man. He has become a man of touches, of smiles, of eyes that follow my every motion. I know that look. My mind travels back to my sophomore year of highschool. A senior boy used to bump up against me in the hall, his smile was oil slick.

One Friday after a football game, he cornered me next to the rusted metal bleachers. My pleas did nothing to stop him from shoving me. Out of sight. Sight. Out of sight.

My session with Robert starts in a few minutes.

I will steel myself against his advances. No one would believe me anyway.

Hoping for a better day,

Serena Chapple

Deary Diary

December 24, 1993

I'm sorry it's been so long, diary. I have no excuse other than the muse has not come to visit me lately. My former life as a writer seems so far away. I've been sucked dry. My life has become a routine, horrendous and boring. My mind is too transparent. No longer can I grasp that creative spark that I once had. That horrifying man, you know the one, would have me believe that it is a sign of my getting better, but I am hesitant. I've always associated "getting better" with being happier, but here I am, just as depressed, trapped in this awful place with people who do not understand me.

They are forcing themselves on me, offering help everywhere I turn, but did I ever ask for help? Maybe I did once upon a time;

I don't remember.

Maybe one of my relatives sent me here. Probably my mother.

She had always been one of those women. The ones that care too much.

I had snapped. I was crazy. Too many thoughts. Trauma. Genetics. Something pulled the trigger.

But would she do this to me?

If she really cared, where is she now?

It's Christmas Eve and not one visitor has arrived to see me. If I am truly alone in this world, as this place seems to scream at me from every room and every corner, there is no use trying to "get better." All of the pills and counseling just keep me from me true self. And I have no one to get better for.

*So why do I keep pretending? Perhaps, I'll stop taking their pills? I've done it before,
playing the cheater, the sneak. I could do it again.*

Happy Holidays,

Serena Chapple

Dear Diary,

January 1st, 1994

Snow snowflakes flakes. Falling so carelessly to the ground. Heaven falling from its place in the atmosphere, no longer high and mighty. I'm sitting at this window, staring out of the glass, through the pane. Pain. Wondering what it's like to get lost in a blizzard. To have the ice flow through your veins. No. Tear. They tear through your veins.

Every night, after the white devils have fled, I can feel him wrap his wings around me in a perfect embrace.

He fell with heaven He is heaven. ~~Heaven~~.

I want to feel him next to me, here in my room. He'll come. I am sure of it.

I stare out the window, streetlights in the distance blinking to life. Life. Mine was stolen.

*Here I sit. Wishing to be better. More. To live in a world where people listen, people feel. Feel. I feel. I love. I love my angel. I **love** my angel. Or do I? Nothing feels real.*

It's all just a fantasy, and I'm caught in the web.

Am I real?

Am I real?

What is real?

I should go to bed.

Happy New Year,

Serena Chapple