

**Hallway Intro
January 5, 2002
5pm**

Someone once asked me how love came to my life. My answer lingered in my throat as it became swollen with grief and joy, a joy that I was still breathing, a grief that the answer was not as picture perfect as I would have liked.

**Love comes not in a whisper, but in a rush
A scream died on the wind as her small body gave
Nothing in this world could save the small child
And this is her story.**

She asked to be free, many times, I think, of all the places I put her. Anywhere but in front. She was such a dirty part of me, the part that brought my parents pain, whether it was their fault or not. Age brings all the illusions crashing down. There's no where left inside yourself to hide. You have to step into the lighted hallways of your mind. That is where I bring you to now. A hallway in my mind that is full of pictures. These pictures are of men. All the men that took from me that which I thought I could never reclaim. For all the goodness of love, here was love's casualties inside of me. These men had taken, I had given, and been left with nothing so much as a small glance. There is love around me, I have felt it. I have been given love. I have risen above it, below it and around it. It resounds outside of me, and tries to bring me peace. The only comfort I find is in his arms, when the night has fallen and I ache for rest. I sleep during the day for the nights danger is outside of my mind, calling to me. He would step in front of a train if I asked and stay rooted to my side. Does this incite love or lust? A want for a partner to stay near. I hid against the rocks and waited for the shadows to go. When I found my body it was full of light and trying to come back to me. I was in the presence of God, being healed and being prepared again. I come back, find myself back here, surrounded by different pain and I ask for clarity. Yet again, clarity.

~ ~ ~

Sept 30th, Friday 1994

A week passes by with little or no meaning other than frustration. Answers elude me and I plunge deeper into fate. How I am beginning to hate the rain. Its shards fall ceaselessly on my brow. Bring to me the peace which ascends. Let me understand again.

I follow a limitless lie. My life echoes with strain. Every step preceded by pain. Struggle on. Struggle on. How can I face that of my own? My heartfelt

cries are etched in stone. My fate lies empty. I am alone, who here before me see his throne? Not I. Not I. I cry the tears, those in vain. I try to reach him, it stays the same. He is far away, gone from my sight. The farther I chase him, the more I fade into the night.

Come to me (symbols)

*A descent into deeper allies
Your decision was false
You are welcome in a foreign world
Take advantage of the passport
This time the answer await you
(symbol)*

Saturday, Oct 1, 1994

This month is starting out bad. I'm in trouble for stupid mistakes. When am I going to learn? My dad is really mad. Me, Chas and Deanna stated at dad's room tonight. I'm toast. All I wanna do is have fun and it's going to get me in trouble. 'Fun' is my new escape. Now I'm a bad child. I want to be a good child. I hate being bad – 'fucking stupid'. I feel an inch tall and my lungs are full of tar. Yuck. First to go is the smoking. I don't need it. Few others do, so why start. It's disgusting. So I'll quit now, why bother. I've already waste 6\$. Down the drain – gone.

So many things tugging at my – my what? Where IS my brain? I've done everything I said I wouldn't do. Everything. Back home, well, no trust means no freedom. It's not that I'm, well yes it is. I have become stupid. Time to snap out of this nightmare and get with it. I'm throwing away my cigarettes. I'm diving headfirst into my homework. I'm concentrating on James and Nathan. I'm not playing this game.

It will be my downfall.

My dad won't even speak to me. He expects so much of me and I'm letting him down. It must hurt and he looks bad. I'm getting out of hand. Well, my track better set straight or I'm toast.

But I want to have fun, I want to live. But lately I've made some dumb decisions. Oh yeah, talk is nothing. I have to change, become responsible. Something I used to be.

Nathan was right.

No more sneaking parties. "oh that's cool" Yeah if you wanna fry! I hate having my father distrusting me. There's nothing worse. When someone you love hates you – doesn't trust you, is ashamed of you. Especially daddy. I've always prided myself on being intelligent. What am I doing? It's like I don't even think anymore. Where is my head? Silvia, my protection left and took my common sense with her. I hate who I am now. I have to look and be better. Dad has done so much, why am I doing this? I love my daddy very much. No wonder his life is so horrible. Debi was right. It's my fault he lives like he does. Suicide may be stupid, but my dad doesn't deserve this, my mother doesn't either. I am living, breathing evil, destined for hell. "Like fire in the eyes of God," I am

worthless, pitiless and without remorse of my mistakes. This ignorance, this wrong, denies my sensibility, my mind. I am stupid, but I can change. I will change! I want to make daddy proud, not ashamed and angry. He deserves his life in happiness and I only bring pain. Even if I change, I will still make mistakes. I'll ask Nathan what to do – how to. No goodbyes. No bother. I think someone deserves happiness and it's not me. Life pieces coming undone, I am.

I made this diary myself. I fill its pages with senseless words that do nothing. Yes guilt, it wracks my soul. Alone? I deserve this penance. If no God be, then I deserve my sentence. I am scum. I have done nothing but manipulate and lie and sneak. I am evil and I wish for the gift of life not to be wasted upon me. I don't want this as the easy way out. I deserve this as my payday. I am bad and I have let everyone down. Especially myself. "I hate myself". NIN

I'm sure all will know. James? Well, hell be happy anywhere, pure good always is. Galadriel. Sweet harmonious spirit, help me please. Never have I been in such great need of thy assistance and wisdom. Help me! Katrina, Victoria, Lorien ... Silvia.

Please help me fight this – this plague. If I fix it mentally it will fix physically. I am unworthy. But please, please help me. Guide me, let me see. Make me see. Wake me up. Come back. I was wrong, I was so wrong. I am wrong. Nathan was right and I have to help him to help me change. I must return. I will be with you. Save me, By the tones I swear. I love you.

This is the wrong way. Death is your only penance. Realize this is your only chance. Die. Die and be free. Your soul is his and mine. (Symbols)

I bet.

November 21, 1994

Like subterfuge in 'Vampire', so I have found the clinical meaning for my own mental disorder. First allow me to define subterfuge; a place to hide and recuperate. Psychogenic fuge. This is the proper term.

Reality came by today and said hello. He brought with him the chill of the snow. And as I sat and watched him go, I remembered the things he needed to know. Sleep eludes me. I force my eye open to the cruel, distilled world. I am anxious to view my newly spilt blood as it drains from my open veins. I am aggressive and spunky and I am a slut. A 15 year old, brown eyed, brunette slut with no morality or self-esteem left. I bruise, use and conquer in my own little dream world now destroyed. And everyone has me so figured out, case I opened my mouth. Because I allowed them to understand.

I stand alone again. I look down on my city with pity and remorse. What a tragedy. I watch the swine as they wallow in shallow pools of dirt. No cooling water. Intense heat. I laugh and with each release I am 7 steps backwards. I grabbed onto the edge of love only to be pushed away. Just like the rest of the teenage society. He left, he left by my will and his. He left and I laughed and came to peace within myself.

Now Greg, Jennefer, Erin and Billy, Nicole and Bill, Terri and Keith, Della and Jim. Where am I? Single as usual. Andy? Fuck him.

Give life to this form.

Never to Forgive 1-1-95

1. I'll never forgive my mother for Richard and lying to the cops
2. I'll never forgive my father for Debi
3. I'll never forgive myself for Nick & Melissa
4. I'll never forgive those 2 guys who stole my childhood and my innocence
5. I'll never forgive Jennefer for stealing my dream and crushing it would caring
6. I'll never forgive Colleen for her demeaning words

Never to Forgive as written to Jason Villwock 1-1-95

1. I'll never forgive my mother for lying for Richard and letting him hit me out of her own weakness
2. I'll never forgive my mother for wanting to leave me to run off with Jerry when I was 7 years old
3. I'll never forgive my father for Debi
4. I'll never forgive myself for losing Nick and Melissa to my own throes of anxiety and intelligence
5. I'll never forgive myself for turning Colleen into what she is, for nourishing her seed of hate.
6. I'll never forgive Jennefer Parnell for what she has done
7. I'll never forgive the two men who stole my childhood and my innocence at ages 5 & 7.

January 16th, 1995

I guess I wait, I think about him all the time. Basically the same. But my hotel lobby is covered in dust and looks as if its been vacant for years. Was it all an illusion? The walls didn't bleed when he left, they burned, just like before and Nick came to me in a dream.

August 3 -4 1996

Something must be going on. Lot of blue since 10 wtm

2 relives, 3 nights ago – Brian. I remembered his letters that read “I love you” and “I miss you” etc. I remembered his sincerity. I was in control in EC and most of all I was loved. Maybe not 100% for me, but I was still loved. Losing Jennefer uncovered a lot.

The other was my father. I trembled with rage lined in pain. I know what I've done, I'm just not sure how much it's going to cost me. All that time I covered the pain, pushed it back and stayed cold and calm it built, harbored and got an edge. Now it rips through and dashes down. I have no control over the amount or when it will end. I am worried cause my conscience emerged today. Her eyes were dark and she wasn't happy either. The pain did not create her – it

flared her existence. If I am not careful, she could branch off and I'll end up a split personality. I remember when I was in little in West Virginia. I would tell Gma and Gpa it was 'good Sabrina' or 'bad Sabrina'. I wonder if it's possible to be a split personality and know it? I don't think so.

However I am blocking bad experiences out and I am not realizing it when I do it. The pain now is definitely from recent past and the anger is 10x worse. I am very angry at my father. More so than I ever knew, and I realized that today. As I laid there and trembled.

I hate drugs. I really hate drugs. I hate cigarettes. I am lucky I got out when I did. I am lucky mother was there. I do wish my parents cared more about me than they do. It's hard to accept the fact that they don't.

I want my mother to put me first, though I know she never will. Same with my father. But I'm almost 18, this will end. At least I hope so. I am strong and I have survived this far. Unfortunately, at this sensitive turning point in my growing, all my years of repression are coming back and in waves. If I deal with it now it will be over and I may die in the process due to my emotions being so unpredictable. If I wait it will get worse and I will have no direction. I have no choice.

*Sometimes she screams
The stars echo her agony
As it drizzles into the low burning rage
Only the numb can understand
Where is
Where I am*

*You tell me to trust
Open my arms
I do not submit
To his empty charms
To open my heard
He reaches deep down
Tears me apart*

She watched the flames lick the walls. The girl in the white dress beat her fists upon the glass walls. The smoke was beginning to be too much. Her desperation was evident as blood smeared her image. The first cuts, the scars opened fresh. The sorceress smiled. The innocent writhed as the flames found her. Her own anger engulfing her own body. Suddenly the ice broke and the water flowed over the wounds. Her burned body became grey. The numbness spread throughout her body and erased her memories. Her hands were empty once more and she stepped into the moonlight.

The bridge was no longer there. The trees were stripped. The sorceress had not won completely for she was still alive and somehow stronger. The anger had been washed away, yet left the new along with the wise.

The innocent raised her eyes to the West. Silvia gently closed her eyes and held her close.

The lobby was bright with lights of renewal. "Do you accept?" Do you trust?

The argument continues and the hallway appears. Nathan's picture flies from the wall and onto the floor, unfinished. Nick Mount's picture falls loftily to the floors. It's old and gritty ashen glowing away. The sorceress places the once melted portrait into his place.

Sorceress trusts Geoff, he seems like myself. But to ignore it yet pull the strings – what's the trick? I do not understand.

Jason am I losing you? Am I no longer on your level? I know I can do what I have to, I feel it, I want to. But I am so afraid. The truth must be told.

Father – mother – people

The unconditional expectancy. All or nothing, so little do I actually expect. Need to be set free. Feel trapped by all the lies, lies, lies, lies. No more lies.

His friendship is different, yet I cannot trust it as I do. Though for now I feel I can. Dreams will ne'er be mine.

She's very lucky I think. You're the only fantasy I have for now. The only one I know who accepts me and makes me happy. No, nothing else. I am not for you etc, but Geoff, someday in my dreams at night, I hear your voice. Why do you understand/stay? She likes him! Holy shit! Let me in ... ? Let me in

My conscience and myself are at odds but this constant pulse is definitely emanating from the deepest alcove of myself. Oh well, for now I stand alone and forever or until the time is right.

"Standing on the street corner, waiting for my life to change."

October 29, 1998

Well another start of a diary. I have been trying so hard to write but I haven't found myself worth it to write to. That is definitely a problem.

What am I supposed to do? Where can I find her? I know she is not gone forever, but maybe when I find myself I will find her again. Maybe she has ducked behind my shadows to force me to look where *I believe I cannot see*. And in that looking and introspection my emotions will warm up to the surface. Maybe even warm enough to throw light in my heart in the places where there is nothing there but barren lands, often softened soil from the footsteps trudging through them. Her little lamp leading her along the walls, her brittle hands knowing the way, her white eyes and albino skin weeping with perspiration and bitter tears at the long journey she forever plunges herself into trying to reach the warmth she once knew. It is not far now and cannot be far now. Silvia waits with her. Following her retarded like walk from the lack of nourishment that light gives. Silvia must be following her like the others in and out weaving between the walls which are alive with the filth and twisting remnants that remain locked inside these vaults and caverns that call themselves my heart.

January 17, 1999

No one's picking up the phone. Guess it's me and me. And this little masochist. She's ready to confess.

So Tuesday it is the baby finally leaves.

Silence hurts my ears.

Hear

What if I don't want to talk to you?

M

That is not exactly an answer

Why do you push so hard?

Why cant you find a different "medium" no pun intended

I think the greatest thing I felt tonight was inside my own body. I fought mentally back at my own reality and felt is shredding into a million pieces

Like what is inside

I can fight it all = but then I feel even more crazy as I deny my intuition.

9-8-99

I found my heart lying somewhere. It was turning itself around in circles. She was scratching at the walls of her cage. Beating her bloodied hands against the cell walls. SCreaming at the top of her lungs to be released. She wanted so much to cry in his heart center, letting the warm tear drops flow down his chest. Knowing his love was true and that she was so hurt, scared, and angry.

September

99

*:::curls her head back and sobs more wanting to lie down on his chest and forget the world, trying with what little heart she has left to show him she loves him:::
:::sobs even more and cries out his name as all goes black around her. Feeling her way along the cold concrete walls in her own heart she meanders until she comes back to her doors. There are buny's waiting to warm her cold hands which are pale and bluish in color. She knows she has to push open the doors and stop the pain, warm pi k gushing through herself:::*

:::she walks towards the looming ebony doors. The silver handles will scald her hands. The large grotesque demons sit idly in the corner eyeing her body. Their usual tearing of her skin is tossedc aside by her already poor condition. She scars her hands as she winces and throws open the doors. The room is dark.

Her heart is out side of this place. She walks into the lobby and the lights go on. Silvia is standing next to the fireplace like center. The lady in black is standing next to Silvia with a sickening smile on her face. Her stomach lurches and she is thrown forward. Hitting the floor with a soft smack she turns her face up to find herself on the same soft, disgustingly soft soil of the little girl in white. The girl is trailing blood now to. Distant cries from the other side of the trees stirs in her soul. Pushing off from the dirt she goes to where the lonely lady, her loving self, sobs quietly, preparing to be caged again.

the caged lady in white reaches her hand out to the little girl and the little girl wails in pain and throws dirt at her. Knowing her faith and her very being is the reason for her wandering. Three of us are standing here in the garden like constant dark night, with full moon and glittering stars. Where faith in herslef died and was caged, never to be letout, until he came and with that she sighs raggedly. The lad y in white cries out hisname and the same rose falls silently to the ground. She cries out again as she falls unconccious.

he had let her go, allowed her to go free. The lady in black appears now and grabs the little girl roughly and tosses her aside. the little girl disappears and te cage does as well. The scenery blurs and shifts and they stand, just the two of them in the infmaous hallway. The hallway is glowing hot again. His portrait, half finished hangs on the main wall. Nick Mount and Nathan Kilness on either side. Knutson's picture has been moved to the right hand side, but his, his beautiful picure is center. GRand and large and only half finished. She runs her hands over the fresh paint, smearing thesurface and grits her teeth in anger

Pushing away from the wall she grabs the lady in black and begins to scream. The lady laughs, "Fool" she snarls, "Fooled again!" The outpouring of pain begins as the picture repaints itself and almost finishes. It is then that Silvia steps inside the hallway and brings them both back to the main foyer

"Balance" Silvia says. The unconcious lady is on the couch and the little girl is dead in the corner. "Sabrina, connect to yourself, don't die inside, live, believe" I shake my head violently, but no words form. and then basically the endings change from one form to another, it is all a metaphor none of it really exists, but i know my sorceress is angry and my heart is still really dark so i am trying to sort things out inside and that makes it even harder

Note to self 2-10-00

If you can do this you should do it now. He is only going to continue to hurt you if you don't. You know exactly what he meant and what he means. You cannot have your cake and eat it to. It will be sara all over again and again youwill be

the fool. Don't do this Sabrina. Look at the numbers look at the logic. Don't be stupid. Don't be stupid. Pull yourself out now. Leave while you still can, before you have be dragged out screaming in pain.

3-27-00

It really hasn't been that long. Today I started treatment with Dr. Deloy. I was afraid at first, butterflies in my stomach and all. It was in a church and everyone knows how well I deal with that. But I relaxed into a comfy love seat and started to talk. Got through my story up to the belt for the car ordeal and couldn't get it out. His eyes were intent on me, waiting for me to burst – amazed I had gotten that far. I just started crying. Bursting into tears everywhere and the rest came out in a gush. Then he said "This is what you can't get past" basically. I was astounded and relieved. The man has plenty of docterates and is very sincere and intelligent which is the most important. We set our goals and he told me about the cycle of re-victimization that a person can go through and I realized, "gee – I am right there". And that I don't have to be a victim any more and that it is NOT my fault. That I need to put the blame where it belongs, not on myself. I was so relieved to hear I was normal, even for all the psychic gifts involved and that it was ok NOT to be christian necessarily. But most of all that eveything I had felt and done was NORMAL. It felt so good to be ok.

And then tonight in the shower Chris said something to me about not being able to handle yoga. He said; "You make your body do things it doesn't want to do and put it into positions it doesn't want to go in." And I said with a laugh, "Oh no honey – I can handle it – there is plenty of this **wiggling my belly** to protect me." And it hit me. It protects me from men. Their glances their wants. It protects me. And that's why I haven't lost the weight and that's why I put it back. I could have kept it off. And it will come off as easily as before, when I am ready to let it go. When I feel strong enough to be beautiful again. I am so floored by this realization, and yet so freed by it. I finally know why I haven't become a stick again! Why I am so hungry? Well, maybe not that and why I crave certain things, but most definitely why I am the weight I am. And when I am fully ready it will be gone. For now I am happy to exercise and just enjoy moving myself.

What a profound evening. And with myself as inspiration, how can I go wrong?

4-28-00

For a second there I thought I might be able to see. Forgetting my glasses and all I am sure was not the best idea, and yet here I am alone in the dark. But there is a warm body lying in my bed. How can he make love to me? I should suppose I feel like a blown up doll moaning and making noise. "Going through the motions" and yet never feeling a thing. When we are done wipe off and go to sleep or me? Retreat to my writing, my other world.

I cannot sleep. My restless ambitions to do greater things lurk in me. My spirit wandering inside of me constantly weeping and sobbing against walls. Every moment is a tragedy every heartbeat a lie and forsaking my current demise. What sullen darkness lurks here? Ahh it is the want to love and not the will to behold such a treasured emotion. Like my channelings I write, flow, hoping the bleakness will rush out of me. Allow my sight to accept the bright warmth and feel his touches. But they are so cold. I can barely feel his skin against mine and his lips never touch mine. Am I destroying him? Making him do this. Isn't everything my fault? It is my fault for not feeling? My own learning disability? To not be able to feel what is right and good and morally right? Am I living in sin to myself? Self what are/have you done?

I am so far away from here. I hide deep inside stone shallow walls. Brittle to the right touch. And there he stood. Blonde hair and blue see'ers eyes to catch my hand and blow that kiss. Coercing the heart center to open deeply into this fantasy and there I walked.

Once the first girl passed I whispered closely to my heart that it would be alright. When the second girl came and took him away I whispered again. Why had I chosen this poor boy? He was not ready for this? What horrid burden was I laying upon him? What right did I have to ask him to love me? To let me out of the hell that I solely created? Why can't I stop blaming myself!? Why can't I stop and take a moment to care about me and admit that I didn't chase penises that young? I was this twisted psycho who did such horrible things and masturbated constantly. Always wanting to be alone or in the company of dogs. Where I belonged dirty and animalistic. That is what sex is – isn't it?

Intimacy oh how I crave it. I hate my dirty self all rotten inside and yet there is still come moldy growth worth looking at sometimes. Like a disease-infested brain there I am. Swimming around and maybe landing on the deep blue sea. About to rise and fall and reach the top. Oh how I want to love him back, reach out and make him feel me, but how I can give out when I cannot take in? I have been giving for so long and now I have forgotten how to take? Or was never taught. My depression runs deep and I fear, fear so soon that I will want to crawl into the ditch and escape this plague I call me. This plague upon my friends and my relatives. This evil despised sickness that walks the day light hours unheeding of the laws of men. This sociopath whose only regret is not taking her life long ago on drugs while the mirage of happiness still shimmered. It was ok then bc you do not know what you are or from where you have come when you are so high you cannot see anything but blinking lights. Maybe, just maybe if I am lucky the drugs will come back and haunt my reality again. Make me skinny and pretty again. Make me likeable again. And maybe then I can sulk into my home and finally reaching a point of anorexia die a glorious death. Where my bones will stick out of my skin and I will finally be accepted by all of them who never loved me because of that presence of fat everywhere. Maybe she's right maybe she's right maybe she's right.

Oh savanna don't you cry for me I am going to hell in a hand basket with my jubilee. I feel so torn apart and pieces, very brittle crying pieces and tattered shreds of heart laying around. I was never good enough for anyone. He had to have 3 other women before he "settled" for me. I guess he thought he couldn't do much better. Or maybe he took pity on the girl that let him walk all over her. This little disgusting excuse for a miserable life who cried while he slept. Walked into the hell hole alone. Sat there with her girlfriend who loathed her for being there. Sat and waited, quietly for some one to come and take her away. Wake her far into the night and make her vanish. Make her disappear. Will the night cure me? Oh how I want a cigarette and a joint. Anything to take this pain away. And no one will help, no one will listen, but most of all they don't know what to say. Sorry you got fucked early. Sorry your "childhood" got screwed up. Sorry you feel so vile. Sorry you hate yourself so much you miserable pawn. I am so ashamed to call you daughter. Like your father like your mother you are nothing but a whore. A rotten dirty whore whose existence stems on being so incredibly self righteous bc she thinks she is someone, holds onto someone, wants to be someone. And maybe I do

Maybe I don't.

Maybe I don't want anyone's help. Maybe I really do want death. Want simple plastic tries at another universe somewhere else. Maybe I just need to leave this place and all the beautiful people in it. I can stop eating for a long time. Why not? What would be the point? Get skinny attract more trash. Attract more stupid people. Get a gun me- do you hear me? Get a gun and blow your brains out all over the back yard. The police will clean you up. And another boring teenager – not anymore, boring 21 year old with no future but to get fat and depressed to the point of almost 300 pounds took her life bc she had it all. Great job, great boyfriend, great family. Now she does sure. But she doesn't know how to enjoy them bc her environment was all wrong. She came from dirt and was so dirty all those years just dirt wallowing around in dirt and mud and soiled panties and how disgusting they all thought she was. Self proud, self made, and self confused kissing cousins and not knowing what to do with all that nasty sexual energy.

And now she pays for it. Smoothly and continuously. Let her pay for it until she dies. Let her rot in hell. Bc that is where this bitch belongs. Yep that's me – whose tears fall in vain when they do fall. A dirt bag – a stupid little bitch, or a stupid bitch cunt what ever it was this week. And now someone loves me and I am supposed to open up to that pain? If your own flesh and blood despises you underneath – if you are bred from desperation, conceived in betrayal, what are you left with but dust and bad shoes? No friends. Nothing.

I am stopping this here and sending to those of you I think should see this immediately and do something about it. Including you Sabrina. Wake up soon, or we will lose you.

I will lose me haha

5-28-00

Mom:

I feel awful today. And I know that telling you this only makes you mad, but I am going to tell you anyways. I feel awful. I cannot breathe. I danced until my lungs burnt all the way up to my throat. Every breath was already painful, and I kept going. It's days like this I feel so sad and more so angry at myself. It's my fault that I don't exercise enough, don't eat the right things, DO the right things. But after battling the air all day I am so tired. I don't want to clean, wash, pick up anything. I am so depressed after a few hours of drudgery. It's no wonder I feel the way I do.

6-2-00

My father told me yesterday he had cancer. Colon cancer, for sure 100 percent. And I am still letting it roll over me. I gave him a long hug tonight. I have been so angry with my dad in the past over the trivial left overs. But he had been so good recently I was finally moving past all of it. And I let go of it in a recent "healing". My own self time let it happen.

6-15-00

12:44am

Sometimes, once again I don't know me. It aggravates me to pieces. . I am quickly shutting things out of my life. Get rid of the cats, the rabbits, everything. Just let them go, send them away, get them out of my life and out of my heart. Friends can stay, but anybody closer than that can go. He makes me so angry. Sleep is always more important – everything is always more important – and my dad what a wimp I am?? I don't want to feel anything. I hate all of this. It makes me sick inside. And so angry. I cannot take this all at once. All the changes at work, all the changes everywhere – I need someone to talk to, and I cannot even talk to becky. I want to talk to Chris, but it's so hard. He speaks such a different language. And our connection seems to have fizzled out maybe? I don't know anymore. I am still angry with him for fucking around on me, waiting for him to do it again when he gets angry with me, like a punishment. Realizing I am not as important of a piece after all in so many places. Bc maybe I am not as important to myself as I should be. But where do you start? I hate leaving him there, I hate seeing him that way, but what can I do? I don't even feel like I belong in his life. I don't want to leave, don't want to stay, don't want to see it, don't want to feel it. Nobody will listen to me. Nobody cares and it hurts so bad. They say I have someone who loves me, but only when he can handle loving me, brina the porcupine. I don't blame him, I can be pretty hard to handle. But just once I would like to be worth more than sleep. I know he thinks I do everything on

purpose – oh maybe its just the champagne – oh how I wish it was. How I wish I could just blink my eyes and reach out and feel all those people. But who would help?

9-15-00

Wow. I ended up in the hospital. From the 9th to the 12th. My colon had an attack and I still don't quite understand what happened, bc the Dr was foreign. But I do know I hurt really bad and the needles were no fun. I was glad to be out of there.

11-7-00

5:45 PM

Yes I finally feel like I am making progress. It's nice to know that I am not crazy. No. I am not crazy. That's right. I am a single, wonderful individual whose love for people is immense. Whose love for herself is tortured. I found yet another hallway section besides the one with the three little pigs.

Dust coughed up in the primary hall. Nick Mount's Portrait swayed to the eyes but not reality as the young adolescent girl wailed below. Her screams sounded suffocated. Sabrina stepped forward to find yet another hidden door way that led to that back chamber where the screams echoed.. Pulling the release the winding staircase that took her deep into the caverns of her hidden memory, she slowly walked. Her mind swirling with rage and fear, she brushed her hand on the dirty dry walls. She stepped down on the final flooring to see a school room. In the back the adolescent girl was bound by duck tape and belts to the wall. She was screaming through a gag and fighting to get free. Sabrina watching as the school room image sucked into itself and the girl remained. Sabrina grabbed hold of the gritty wall to find she was simply in another room after all. The flooring was dirt and tiling. The sobbing girl was surrounded by what looked like shrouds on altars. The father's voice boomed in the background like an old Hitler tape. Almost a different language to Sabrina who still could not hear his actual words. "You are so stupid. How could you be so stupid? Don't you know better? I will give you something to cry about. You are nothing but a whore like your mother. You are nothing. You are so fucking dumb. You are not my daughter. Don't call me father. Get the fuck away from me. You are so fucking dumb I should just kill you right here." Sabrina choked on the fumes. The smell of cigarettes and pot smoke consumed her. She recognized the fear. She saw Jennifer's portrait in the landing. Finally the reasoning came together. The worst moment in her adolescent life, the moment that buried her ego and trust for an eternal seal, was when she ran in fear of her life, in front of her peers, to hide at Memorial High School. Where she lost her enemies, of what she thought to be friends. The betrayal of mother and father in a single court room. Complete strangers led her down the halls previously. His anger reverberated, shaking the room. The adolescent girl's eye was black and blue. The welts from the belt, still fresh and bleeding on her thighs, hands and butt. She was almost naked. Torn from the inside out

and sobbing. "She never stops," the Sorceress said as she smoked quietly. "And neither did I. I took over then. The adolescent stayed here until you poked through to Brian McGee. You reclaimed and started putting yourself together." Sabrina trembled and tried to put a blanket on the girl who began rolling her head back and forth. The chill. The feeling of soft blankets scratching open wounds. The father's voice changed again. This time grinding hate to her already open ears. The ears inside bled as the ear drums shattered and still she could hear. "You are so fucking useless. I could have you put away forever. Don't you know what I could do to you? Don't you know what you are? Fucking little bitch. You are so naïve. Your mother doesn't love you. She uses you Sabrina. She uses you to get money and let her boyfriends beat you. She cold care less what happens to you." The adolescent whimpered and stared blankly at Sabrina. Speaking for the first time she mumbled; "Does my mother hate me? Why won't she call me? Why did she change her locks? Why did she sell all my things? Why won't she love me like she does others?" Sabrina shook her head unable to reply. "Your mother does love you," Sabrina said with tears slowly running down her cheeks. "Your father just didn't tell you. He didn't want you to know so you would hate your mother. In your father's mind this would hurt your mother and would be revenge for your mother hurting your father." The little girl and the adolescent both howled. The ground started trembling and the Sorceress seemed calm. "There is one yet you haven't seen," the Sorceress said as she pulled on the cigarette. "The reflection of you and her. More so like a transition." The Sorceress finished and walked back up the stairs. The adolescent began twitching and drooling a bit as Sabrina tried to shake her awake. "You aren't this horrible person!!" Sabrina screamed. The adolescent looked at her and threw up. As the liquid hit her, Sabrina herself began to howl with the others. Her mind started swirling the colors again and she grabbed for the way out of the room. She couldn't be there to bleed now, not now. Not with all of them. Nine Inch Nails railed her in the background following her back to the main hall and out to the lobby. The Sorceress stood there flowing. "Ready for my side?" Sorceress asked as she showed her bloody hands and cut arms. Sabrina shook and felt Silvia buffering her from behind. The spirit guide closed Sabrina's mind and glared at the Sorceress. "You, Sorceress are the only part that simply won't integrate. This mind is still fragile and without you it splits. What then? You already drove Sabrina into a state of depression and ran Chris off a bit scared. What else could you possibly do?" Silvia spat. "I am going to be strong Silvia," the Sorceress raised her slim hand, "I am going to take the body back over and slowly, but surely work my way back into the power that only I have."

Nothing can hurt me, Nothing can hurt me, Nothing can hurt me, Nothing can stop (NIN – Ruiner, Downward Spiral)

To go there play track 9. Don't be afraid to fall so many times.

11-9-00

The lady in white clutched at the Sorceress's throat. But the Sorceress pointed towards the consciousness of Sabrina. The lady in white collapsed in a heap at her feet and began to scream. The link between her and her love was shaking. Sabrina began screaming with her and the lobby went dark. A cold wind swept across the hard floor. The lady's hands were scratching at the surface. She saw him with this girl. Girl? Who is that? Where is he. The pain thickened. Sabrina continued to clutched her stomach, head on her desk. Tears streamed onto her keyboard. I do not want this ~ SS The lady in white hit the power in the lobby. The little girl stood there shaking her head. Almost completely integrated with the rest of Sabrina she was almost faded. But the adolescent shrieked and howled. "He used me, again! Oh god how could I let it happen? How stupid am I?" The Sorceress got up and walked across the room slowly. "Ready to let me take over yet?" she growled. The lady in white continued to cry. Blood ran down her white dress. Like a tragic painting she sprawled across the floor. Her head smashed onto the concrete and she held up her hand. In the center of her palm was a small stuffed rabbit. The Sorceress screamed in anger and kicked her. "Get up you weakling. Get up and fight!" The lady in white blinked back her tears and said softly "He made a big mistake, but he has before and so have you Sorceress. He is true, give it time." The Sorceress grabbed Sabrina and shook her. Sabrina cringed. The body was weak with illness. "Fucking disease called love" the Sorceress sneered. She ran through the lobby smashing glass and jumping back and forth. Finally in the back of the lobby a silver door appeared. The lady in white screamed violently. "Noo! Don't go in there, Sabrina please." Sabrina held her breath and waited. The Sorceress gripped the handle and opened the door. Worms wiggled away on the floor. Chris Spencer's portrait, finished lay against the wall. Around his picture were violent chalk portrayals on the floor and walls. A rabid looking beast of a girl growled with glowing, fierce brown eyes from the corner. "I," the girl hissed "am anger." The sorceress paled in fear. This was the last portion of the psyche that everyone was wondering where she had gone. Anger turned on the sorceress and the sorceress left the room. Anger remained. Chris's picture along with some strange trinkets adorned the shelves. The lady in white heaved this time to open the door but it was sealed shut. She, in her tattered dress sat on the couch in wait of what she knew was inevitable to happen. Anger was going to rear her ugly head and unleash her wrath on the one she loved most, her precious soul mate who was confused and had been brought in too early. The lady in white pathed and prayed to Silvia, her guardian to fix this situation. Anger climbed down for the shackles her arms were in. Her gorgeous body but hideous demonesque face rippled in the cracked mirrors hanging on the walls. Blood ran from the hall way above. His picture was lined in gold. Oh my beautiful liar, Oh my precious whore, my disease, my infection, I am so un-pure. She dared to touch the picture.

The gold flickered away. The empathy was gone. He had violated the lady in white enough to weaken his control. Sabrina's mind split again leaving an agitated sensation. Sobbing and throwing herself about in her bed as the pain began to widen. The sorceress heaved a sigh of relief as the numbness began from the deepest part of the void called the lobby. The Sorceress settled herself back and waited for the creature called Anger to emerge from the shielded room. Anger slashed at his picture and spat on it. Turning her back to it she urinated on his sacred vows. His promises lay on the ground as molded paper. Squatting down Anger took hold of his precious trust and tore it apart. Vowing revenge and settling her moment she reached out her hand and opened the door. Silvia stepped forward from the obsidian doors. Anger came out and brushed her twiggy hair back. They were all there now. The faded child almost gone, the screeching adolescent, the lady in white, the Sorceress Sabrina and finally Anger. Anger, the embodiment of Sabrina's pyro and telekinetic abilities. Anger did not hide the portrait under her arm. She clawed at it almost affectionately. Every scrape made the lady in white bleed more.

Sabrina you must end this mental self torture and splitting. You are in danger of damaging your mind further to get it out of this cluster of confused emotions. Chris can help you, but you have to release him this time to save yourself. - Silvia

"I don't want his help. I don't want this pain anymore. I don't want anything but to be left alone. I don't want my friends. I want my cigarettes and my drugs and I want to lose weight so I can continue empty. And I want to kill her." Sabrina pointed to the lady in white. She is a part of you, you cannot kill her, you can only destroy as much of that part of your soul as you can in this life. You forsake true love and move forward half empty. – Silvia

At this point Sabrina felt a pin prick at the back of her mind. Jason's soft touch stood there. "I love you Sabrina, you will be ok" he murmured and then was gone. Sabrina wondered if she would lost her ability to love everyone.

No, just your ability for true love, true hope and true trust. Is Chris worth all of that? Are his mistakes worth hurting yourself more? Come now, - Silvia

"No." Sabrina said quietly. "But I cannot handle this pain everytime he is with another woman. He is with several women and he doesn't want to give it up. And I can't take it."

Then leave him behind. But don't sacrifice yourself further. – Silvia
"I would," Sabrina paused still unsure. The lady in white glanced over at the blue goddess who waved her hand. Something Silvia wasn't telling Sabrina

played against her mind. Silvia crossed her arms and waited. Sabrina's mind relaxed and receded enough.

December 19, 2000

8:31 AM

Chris made a comment last week about how sexually enjoyable her cervix is. How he put himself inside of it and it felt great for both of them. I said "you know why my cervix isn't like that." It was damaged. All he said was "too bad a nice cervix went to waste, or poor cervix". AT the time I didn't even think about it, but this morning it hit me in the shower as the blood from my period was pouring out. All I could remember was that horrible scraping inside of me and the womans crystal earrings. It was so horrible. And my body cringes inside. What a bastard. What a horrible thing to say. It just confirms in my mind even more that I want nothing to do with him. His lack of compassion.

January 14, 2001

We came back to my house and had sex. I couldn't do it, I panic'd after all. The fear lasting inside me. He held onto me, but I slipped away. I hurt him via friction, felt guilty – we let it go with a laugh. He felt me slip away into my box. We went back to that house, and I spilled everything I had felt into his ears. As much as I could, and then I reached out my hand and took his and slowly came out of my box.

He tells me I am wonderful, beautiful and incredible. He is starting to say I love you. As am I. I am happy with this. The scars Chris left ran so deep. I thought woolley was bad, little did I even know what Chris did and continued to do since I let him, almost welcomed the pain. In pain and fear at least I knew what I was dealing with? How horrible.

I am no longer a victim. I understand my scars now and seek the truth and forgiveness to heal them. I have been doing this for almost 3 months now. This house, this accomplishment the embodiment of my will, I am releasing. Dave cares openly, is supportive and treats me well. And he will be supportive while I walk this path.

I emerged from the water and shook myself off. In my mind the other voice rang clear. The darker side of me not tortured, but merged with that purity. The part of me that has never been touched. And I came out of cum and then crystal blue water. Knowing that untouched, virgin part of me had surfaced. Unsure of how to welcome her into my mind. She stood before the doors and cloaked her naked body in royal purple robes. She ascended the stairs and walked through the doors. The lobby has been dark for a long time. It disappeared. Velvet like grass beneath her feet, she stepped quietly towards the altar. A cross of silver with amethysts pinned at the top. She slipped her hands around the godly object and her dark hair, my dark hair spilled out like flowing auburn silk. Those two parts of me, now one, now ME, walking within that scene, blowing my mind about and fusing my soul. I felt awake.

I watched Girl Interrupted tonight and realized how easily I could have been a schiz, borderline, or what have you. I could have gone crazy, but I have a

solid foundation of light within my mind. I recognize the spectrums, embrace their unique qualities and balance myself. Now if only I could convince those angels to stop telling me things? Laughs of course. I know what I hear is meant for my ears alone, as if to play messenger for the messengers after all. So, since my head is beating with words, and my fingers like drizzling flame across plastic images of letters and sequence, I surrender myself to the writing. Letting it flow forward with electrical surges of light and dark, romance and mystery.

I am covered in snow. He is lifting into me. The sex was incredible, he continued and I held on. I wish I could have given in to be there. He told me not to be ashamed or afraid. Or guilty. He means what he says, he speaks in a forgotten language. And yet so well remembered.

January 31, 2001

I am suffering old ghosts and a haunted heart. The imagery of my old hallway that no longer exists, there were these doors closed and I was hanging in the background. Tearful on a cold concrete floor and aching staring at those doors. I could hear you outside and I realized I had locked you out. Your voice and your hands most prominently knocking so loudly. That part of me, with white skin and big terrified eyes just kept back into the corner. She's weeping and sobbing and so incredibly scared. I see her digging her nails into her arms to hold herself in and together, so she doesn't hurt anyone, including herself. And this imagery haunted me on my drive home this morning.

Last night you said you had never felt this soul love with anyone, well I have. I know soul love because I had it with Chris - one direction - me to him. And at the opening of my empathy those ebony door exploded open and allowed light into the darkened hallways of me. I cannot seem to express how much I just jumped off and trusted.

And yes the rhetoric of not wanting to trust comes back - but bear with me.

So as quickly as the doors opened they snapped shut because of my doubt and fear. And this morning these images kept at me with ferocity. So I adhered to them and let them come. This part of me strung herself up to hang from the ceiling of this place, and its so dirty there. And you kept at the door, screaming and volatile, not willing to stand back, unwilling to run. And in my mind I sighed and waited for the self martyrdom and torture to just stop. And it did. She settled back and opened the door. And yes I realized the doors had indeed already been opened. Your hands came through and the most intent white light picked up her passed out body and carried it with you to a light warm place. I shut my eyes for a moment and breathed then. Just to understand that safety could be found, and realize what it felt like.

The closest people who should have loved me, should have rescued me, left me to die there on that concrete slab of isolation. And when Chris came knocking on those doors he did it as a challenge and 'won'. He then continued to make the trenches worse and the cracks deepen. See I believed so much in that soul love, bc I tasted it with him for a few days. We both felt it, knew it and its incredibly overpowering.

So I fought for 2 years thinking "I walk away from this one and probably won't find another one for so many years". Because in truth soul connects like that are indeed rare. That's why people talk about it in the context they do. So I tried to hold on. And then I let go. Before I ended it physically my heart just walked away, locked herself up, and waited to wilt there until I let her out. And growing through it all during December, in one months time, but years worth of tears, I started to heal. And finally, dec 31st, new years day, I shut down my soul center links to chris and ripped a part of myself out and away. I did something psychically unprecedented, but it worked. And I proved that it could be done.

But the healing remains. And that frustrates me and makes me angry. It makes me angry bc I don't care to be haunted anymore.

February 6, 2001

9:53 PM

Heavy food intake today. I am sure I will beat myself up over that for a few hours and work out tomorrow and feel better. My self motivation has been definitely lacking as of late. At home, at work, here. Everywhere and all the time I feel less motivated and yet consistently motivated to exercise more and feel better. So why am I not pulling follow through on those issues that plague me most? I don't have to fear the weight anymore. I wasn't really all that hungry. But the idea that I couldn't have it made me force my will to say that I could. I have to find out what's up with my relationship with food. It's not fixed yet and I am slowly but surely creeping back up the scale. I don't want that. I want this weight to stay off and more to come off. I need to actually go on a diet and stop being so afraid. The fear is only killing me more.

The little girl beat her fists on the glass until the streaked images of blood ran listlessly across her tear-filled eyes. Her mother jerked her hand away from the table while the green trees swayed behind her. Finding berries and lettuce, hungrily tucking away any food she could. Her mouth watering at the pork chop she chewed down to the bone. The glass would not give way. She turned her attention back to the portraits of herself, the hidden pieces. Those pictures not taken. If only so many had not thought her so ugly there would be more. But look, a beautiful auburn princess with rainbow dress following her lovely mother. What then? Why was that never enough. The flickering lights continued beyond the glass.

There sits deep inside of me a place of resentment for all the things they did by taking the food away. I lived in fear for awhile of when they would give it back. Shoving food down at a fast pace so father could watch the game or not?

So I could at least get something down? Food always the solace because grandma and grandpa meant food. But food is just a means to survive. Food is not a cushion. Food is not something to fill you up inside when you feel empty. And I don't feel empty anymore. That's why I don't need food. I don't need food for anything other than survival anymore. There need'nt be an addiction of any sort. And most of all, the men will look no matter what.

The teenager stirs. And she pulls back her hair into a pony tail. Moving her head about with the new make up on. Pulling on a t-shirt and jeans. She will always be plain and incredibly beautiful as she is. Her friends will see this, but she won't. Glass, beads of water, teardrops silver and star lined, running still down the glass.

The ache between my legs doesn't stop as the gushing sensations run past me. I can't feel that guy jerking himself off down there anymore. He keeps telling me he loves me, but I am only 14. I don't know what love is. But he's still embarrassingly down there. The porn movie is flickering in the hazy distance. What am I thinking about? This Eric guy is my boyfriend – and he says he loves me. What will I learn next with daddy? Will daddy teach me more about the moon and the stars? The telescope he loves or that red-headed bitch that I hate? When will my mother care enough to call? Is this all passing by too fast? Did I miss something? Oh - now he's done.

And another Eric. He seems to want to be going out before continuing these games drunk and high. Like I would know his name, other than all their names mesh together on a long string. Only a few blackened bloated images stand out. Nick, Nathan. Whomever.

They say that if I even write their names I give them power. I renounce that. I don't give them power. I give myself release.

And notice Brian was left out? Ahh Brian. He felt guilty for taking of my flesh. Funniest part of that being I don't remember a thing. Isn't that horrible? Can't place a single moment of his touch other than my best friend. He got so close emotionally I left that place and yet fought for that ecstasy every moment. I burned every letter he ever wrote. Burned Jennifers with them. I burned my history to the ground and thought the pain burned with it. But Nic's face remained. I remembered him. I remember him as 10 second Nic. I remember the shame, the name-calling. I remember the games. Those velvet lies rolling off of his tongue and their massage of my cold heart. I remember the separate places we went together.

And their pain is gone.

Nick and JR were kids as I was trying to find out who was on top. And Randy? He was just horny and taking advantage of a 13 year old confused. Why all these sex issues? Because they hurt me too. They hurt all sorts of things.

The little girl beat the glass harder. Screaming to the woman watching the memories on the other side. To meet her eyes, to feel her pain. Her knuckles cracked and bleeding she continued. Smearing the red paint ..,

Red paint I see red paint and someone behind, more memories. Daddy is outside, no that's a dream. An illusion as the cold air frostbites my hands.

Cigarette held shaking as I recover from the heat of the abrasions on my skin. Trying to place those wet traces as they slide down. I don't remember what feeling feels like anymore. Lighting the green leaves and letting sensation, what was that? Sensation? Flowing and flowing? I am bleeding too? Oh what does that feel like? The door upstairs slams. The rocks scramble as I do to climb back in the window. I have muscle and bone now. No fat, no protection of that sort. Because my body keeps me in good supply of cars and money. And daddy likes skinny girls. What's this?

The little girl shys away from the glass now. Watching with the other as the happy moments, though brief, flicker up and down across the screen. Moments of dad being proud of those always high grades. Of his praises of research. Of his moments of kindness. And his true feelings showing glimmers. The teenager awakens in her room. Still chained back. Still with held from all those things she remembers that I do not.

I, yes its all me. Still split into pieces via memory. I have to look in that little girls eyes and be forced to remember foreign hands and places. Foreign moments of sadness and ugly parts. So many ugly things, why not more berry bushes? Why the caskets?

Nine Inch Nails screams in this place. A constant reminder of what kept her from dying. Burn and Wish screeching simultaneously as Nic brought her a moment of piece, one Jennifer's rose knew all too well in the morning would be over. Self conscious as ever as they stared at her tall form. Figure known all too well, Jennifer let me rest my head on her belly and cry. Still crying even now.

And she wrenches her scarred wrists. She never had the will to cut those open anymore.

Drunk on sadness
Flowing gates
Reaching madness
Lasting grates
Far to reaching
Empty pool
Imploring screeching
Fanatomy world

Well its official. Dave was deterred by my raging fat also before anything else. I don't want that. If someone is going to love me I want them to love me for all that I am, not force themselves to love me for something I am may never become. Or force themselves to have to accept me. That's not right. I am going to see how long I can tune him out persay and if I can sway him back into a friendship. We can be great friends. There doesn't have to be more. It will hurt – but not for too long. He had to want it all and he didn't. I am pretty dammit.

February 8, 2001

9:14 AM

Just got home - feeling numb. So what happened me? What is going in there that has everything so upside down? I'm so logical suddenly and its ok.

FIRST MASSIVE FLASHBACK – PHYSICAL – FEBRUARY 17-18

Couldn't breathe, physically pushed lover off bed and blacked out for 6 hours.

February 19, 2001

9:53 PM

Letter to family:

I am beginning a journey of true healing in my life. I have come to a point where I feel loved, supported and safe to love the person I am enough to truly take the time to heal. So that I may find peace within as well as without.

I know that undertaking this now may not be the best logical timing, but my mind is rumbling with memories that are pouring out of my physical body. My trying to block them only results in fatigue, loss of appetite, general disconnection from my present physical space and a feeling of shock.

I know I have to do this for me and me alone. I do this for my family as well and my friends, so that they can know the real me. I feel the real me as a disgusting apparition that is split into pieces when it comes to memory. My childhood is not all bad, but between have sexual encounters with the cousins and being blind-sided with hate and becoming an abuser myself for a short time, I cannot find peace until I have healed these wounds.

I begin as the victim and end as a victim who has achieved self-empowerment. I walk my path with the full support of the people who love me and who wish to hold me up.

I have forgiven myself for the incident with Megan and proud for not continuing it on the twins. I am proud of myself for not giving into the horrible belief that I was this putrid little girl. I love me too much to take in all the hate.

I am a good person. I deserve love with it's full and amazing abilities. I deserve everything love has to offer. And I will have love, in its whole as I do now with the ability to experience sex as a part of sharing love without retreating into terror of closets or other places with ugly carpeting. Hardwood floors or otherwise. I will not be afraid anymore.

I start now with a good book, a steady loving man and a ready heart, a willing body and a confused but strong mind. I am going to be better than OK, I am going to be at peace.

One more note on Chris. He could never do what dave has done. And I have forgiven those pieces, and refuse to live in hate.

February 20, 2001

7:19 PM

This whole month has been 1 giant mess of emotional ups and downs. I get comfortable in a good relationship and constantly wanting to fuck it up. So

that I don't have to feel responsible to anything. Shirking my responsibilities left and right. Not feeling any motivation to achieve anything because of how truly broken I feel.

And they all say I will be ok and they all say I will be alright. But none of them seem to know how it feels to be afraid of darkness and light. None of them see how much I care to leave when all the love is dripping with reprieve. No one wants to know how much I want to let go of everything I have ever seen and felt so that I might start again.

And it's all in my head and none of it's true, it's all in my head and now it's affecting you – him, Dave. The only person I really love right now aside from myself and my friends and my family, but the man I love and I would want him to leave right now because I feel so immature emotionally and mentally. I cannot commit, I do not understand how to complete all these tasks lying at hand. I cannot want and I so often waste, I want forever to leave this place.

Dark spires sticking out as sticky blood drips down her arms. She is sliding back down that long tunnel like drop to the hall ways. Hall way's = plural now. There are new rooms, just installed. The paintings go away but the blood was there to stay? Or was it? There is a couch down there and swirling mist of recall that cannot be broken, only inhaled and in terror awakened. I should be walking this path as alone as I can in order to salvage what I might have with a great guy.

3 years old. There's so much grass. So much room to play in and such a white night gown/dress. I don't know who or where I am right now. Wrapped up in warm mom blanket I sit here waiting for something more to happen, as if there should be. Maybe from those books I read or the things feeding my head from time to time.

I told him to go for now. I gave him a promise ring, hopefully he will stay later. He will come back.

March 7, 2001

2:20 PM

She locks the door and throws away the key. There's someone out there but it's not me. From disoriented, shaken, white pale skin, stands a big, large man saying let me in. No one's in anymore although smart paintings dotted those walls. No more people standing so tall. No more time to reach through this threshold of anger, now just the appropriate staring danger.

Last night the little girl's hands were again beating and bloody on the glass. I was at the bar, quiet and withdrawn. Listening to people sing and the various music just washing over everything. Inside a vile substance was boiling in the back of my mind. And she was writhing a bit, even scaring the teenage part of me. The teenager in me broke the chains loose and actually came out of her torture chamber for the little girl, whose tattered dress and emotional state were sweeping me internally. I tried not to stay with whatever it was she was feeling, but it was still there. It made me feel that same exhausted, somewhat nauseous way it always does. She kept hitting that glass and showing me blood on her arms. She cries all the time now back there. She keeps pointing at

places on her body and around her and crying. There are loud noises outside of the closet, but it still feels inherently safe. "If only I could leave this place" – NIN.

So the obsidian doors are still safely locked from outsiders, although David's wispy presence occasionally taps at their outer layers. He is strong internally, but not strong enough sometimes I feel to hold me up. I still feel like I cannot fall completely to his support bc I have to hold something. But then again if I let him he can logically complete it all. Our sex life has been nill or full of misunderstanding at one point or another. I don't feel satisfied but I also cannot figure out how to approach the subject and avoid a fight.

Work has been lazy at best bc of lack of motivation other than to study. I am trying to keep relaxed and go with what I am feeling while monitoring tax and keeping on top of various projects during the day. It's an interesting feeling. But it leaves me plenty of study time and makes me feel worth the money I am making so who cares right? So long as I am in the office around 10am and here until 6 everyone's happy. Bc if I come in at 8 – I am leaving by 3 and that pisses people off. So this way at least it seems like I am here longer which is ok with me. Then the cranky sales staff shuts up. Although I miss being able to work from home. Bc it was just as easy to take care of things so long as nmaps didn't die on me.

I have plenty of projects to be working on, studying primarily, but my head is abuzz with trying to fix my internal warning bells going off and fending off this feeling of depression and exhaustion, although they aren't too horrible. I am also pms'ing which helps nothing except more emotional volatile feelings.

It's amazing the extent people go to hurt one another. I am feeling so tired right now and so terribly ill. Trying to go through and find why my body feels so adversely affected. I want to make love to my fiancé and have fun and not worry and be able to focus in my studies, but it is moments like this, that take away my ability to dance and be who I am via distracting me with feelings. Who I am – feelings = Husk of a person. A shell, stale and driven. Although in doing research from universities and other places I begin to put the pieces together. I remember on my own and inducing my memory is a good thing bc it allows me to go back, retrieve what I need and move forward as a whole healing person. This is my way of preparing to do healings tonight which are very necessary to the light work we are going to be doing in the near future. And yet the automatic writing terrifies me on all levels. God forbid that anything of what I 'know' or see be real. For her fragile shaking hands, bruised and red, swollen and so unstable. My shoulders are up and my stomach afraid, but full. Ready to handle what my heart, as my chest heaves inward, has to say.

She says fear not, maybe. She says know fear. Know that fear is only a blockade and I must move past it. So I do. Step by step I pluge past my fear and into that same viewing room, on which the babysitter incident plays on the screen, still seeing a mask over the girls face and remembering what her breasts were like. We are like animals still licking at each other sometimes and kicking back our dislike.

March 8, 2001

11:28 AM

I am tired and in pain one moment, and feeling ok the next. Typical me. I figure if I busy my mind more I will feel better, and ofcourse I do bc the time whizzes by. But in reality it's this same memory issue I want to clear.

It takes amazing strength to live a life and deal with things like this at the same time. Not to mention study and stay focused etc. It all makes things more difficult. And I try to block out how I am feeling as much as I can bc I don't want to deal with anything, but my body and my head say otherwise.

So delving further into this memory base I find that the little girl goes from enraged to quiet. She's not even friendly anymore. The teenager helps her around and holds her hand, afraid to let the little girl out of her sight. The 4 spirit guides standing around my form with the little girl in my lobby yesterday afternoon on the way home should tell me something.

This is my journey and I am fighting it every step of the way. So many parts of me don't want to let my current reality go. I don't want it in any way shape or form to be my dad. And Dad is currently taking more of an active interest in me than ever before.

My book says to start with imagery and all these other things to try and figure out what's happening. My body fights me. Nothing new there. I am always tired and I am not eating that horribly. I try to eat somewhat healthy and not too much. Of course I could always do better. My weight is still 10 pounds higher by far than I wanted to be. I want to take these 10 pounds back off again and dance will do that.

If I don't give myself enough to worry about that means I have to relax. Relaxing means dealing with all the ugliness I carry. I don't want to carry it anymore. I wish I were just a normal person. I long to be normal. Without knowledge, hesitation or pain. I wish I could just go have fun like normal people and not worry about silly things like normal people. But this closet and its safety, my red burning hands and the wetness bw my shaking pained legs makes everything fade into the background. It makes me feel like less of a person and yet I know better. I feel all dirty still from all these monstrous things. And all through my life dwelling on men to make me feel better.

If it's my father I have to accept that and the fact that he is a different man now.

March 20th, 2001

5:40 PM

I keep writing to myself hoping it won't feel so lonely in here. I know this is what I need but it's what I fight and what I fear. My body starts shaking, I don't feel safe. I grab for alcohol and drugs and I feel like I can't take care of me. Like if there is no one sitting here I just won't be able to take care of me and I am so sick of that. This month is volitaile. I was engaged, now I am single. I was supposed to try to work it out and he told me today he didn't miss me. He doesn't know where I stand but he really wants all of this to work out. And my every waking fuzzy moment hangs on him. Dammit what about me? Why can't I just care about me? What is so wrong with me? I don't know if the is the after

effects of the e or just me crashing – either way doing that stupid drug was exactly that . . . stupid. And alcohol doesn't help anything either – it makes it worse.

I keep trying to reach into myself and I end up shakey and distraught. Like there is so much more to the puzzle and like nobody will love me enough if I am all alone. I want just friends and no sex and no nothing! I want to be so happy all by myself like normal people or with friends – no confusing sexual anything! I want Dave as my best friend in the whole world next to Jason so I never have to lose him or give him something I don't have to give! I don't want to be angry anymore at all these men that are supposed to be my friends and are always at final turn my enemies who don't care. I am in NO condition to do anything with anyone and I feel like less of a person and broke. Financially broke.

I want to be ok with living here with just me and not feel like a hermit. I want to be ok with just having fun and having friends. I don't want to miss dave lying next to me and I suppose I won't after he and I actually get a chance to spend some time together. But he is right about not being able to trust me. My emotions are so hard to judge when they keep coming through as someone else or something else. He says I am really in flux right now and so is he. He wants things to work out he says. Dammit somebody please love me enough to stick around. Why doesn't he want to love me and see this through? Why should it matter so much?

I think what hurts, what matters is where I am standing. I am standing on the brink of this horrible discovery. I want my mother. I feel very alone – very much in need of people who can keep me safe, which Dave did and was, and they keep all disappearing on me. I cannot lean on him bc he's run away and left me here. And yet he won't leave me all alone – but he can't support me. I have to support me. I have to do this for me. I have to want to love me enough to do this for myself. I have to reach out and figure this out.

I can't bring myself out to go to karaoke. I can't even bring myself out to clean my guinea pig's cage. I am just a mess and pent up full of rage inside. I am breaking all over at my messy unhappiness. Dave tears apart everything I am and what I do. He gets so angry with me for closing doors and opening them again and disappearing and reappearing. He needs someone stable and I am not it right now. I can't be. So I told him that no, I couldn't be anything more than a friend. And now here I am.

Bc I want him to love me now, miss me now, help me now, love me now not later – now. And I can't have anything now bc I can't return anything now. I am a MESS> and I am so tired of that deterrent! It's not fair that I am a mess. It's not fair that I can't be with the one person that I felt love and felt safe with.

March 22, 2001

12:54 PM

Re-reading entries from this month I see a person who is barely holding it together. I can't believe that same person is me. I walked into work this morning to things falling apart after over sleeping. I fixed it all within an hour and took off for lunch here at my desk at home. I could have went with Pete and Miranda, but

seeing them embrace their emotions only reminds me of the emotions I had taken away.

Work is fun, and it moves around me in a breezy blissful way. Work is my connection to people who intrigue me. But there is so much missing from the networking ice world sometimes. I think it's ironic how much I cling to my keyboard. And it's also funny that the only place I am completely honest with myself is right here in this journal. Bc god forbid anyone have all the pieces, including me.

The sorceress set down her cigarette and paused at the door. It had sprung open at some point during the last few days, but no one seemed to be paying attention. The little girls hand prints in the sandy ground were everywhere like chalk on a sidewalk. Swaying circles and zig-zagging lines dotted the view of the paintings. Nick Mount's was crooked and the rest just seemed unimportant. The Sorceress looked back at the new canvas waiting in the center of the lobby. The name on the steel plate of the frame chilled her; David W. Harks. She looked away quickly and started down the ladder. If any of them could handle what the child was showing she could. The little girl sat on the dirty ground and stared blankly at the portraits on the wall.

"She recognizes there are 3 pigs," the little girl replied zombie-like. The Sorceress hadn't spoken a word. Her long dark dress scratched the floor. Floor now, linoleum like was under feet. "anything but wood or ugly carpet," the little girl said as her small eyes approached. The empathy in the room was stifling as the child reached out her reddened hands. "I wanted him to go away," she said with tears. The upstairs rumbled. The sorceress felt her breath catch. Anger was out again. The little girl started to howl silently. No sound came out of the child but the empathic wave broke every part of the Sorceress's black heart. Her body slammed back and the adolescent ran into the room. The three of them were right there, which meant Anger was alone with the memories of David.

The lobby was cold and quiet. Sabrina enters her own mind in shame and fear. Fear she has truly destroyed all people who could care after all and shame at being so reckless and selfish. Anger comes out of her chamber, still thick with confusion and grabs hold of the canvas.

"Will you draw his putrid face so that is might burn with the others?" she snarls. Sabrina's tear stained face is pale. She doesn't have the will. She feels so broken, so afraid, and yet not willing to give up on him yet. "Foolish idiot," Anger says and she draws his picture anyways. Sabrina's heart scrunches down and her breath becomes ragged.

"Please not yet, I don't want to close him out, I don't want to let go! I don't want to give up, don't want to give into fear! I want to hang on, I can at least try to be his friend? Why not?" Sabrina says crying. Sobs escaping her. She knows it's ending. She knows he is leaving her inside, and he isn't going to even try to come back. She feels his distance. The Sorceress breaks out of the room below and stops the procession of hanging the painting.

"This stops here," she says quietly grabbing hold of Sabrina. Anger flames at her. Still unable to see anger because of the memory she is, Sabrina looks beyond the apparition and towards the hall. "Sabrina, I am the coldest part

of you, and before this the most desolate. But this time, since I am usually the one to walk away, I am going to refuse. He is not gone, and he has not walked away yet. He needs time and so do you, and I won't let this happen, not like this. He is the only one who has gotten through to me. I don't want to watch him go either," the Sorceress finished by clenching her fists. Sabrina did not understand this at all. How could the darkest part of herself be fighting the rest? How could the evil, cold one have any interest in David? The little girl murmured and Anger started again. She slammed his portrait against the couches and stormed back to her room. Sabrina sagged down onto the couch and caressed the picture. Her memories were so scattered with him, everything crunched into lines of trying to hold onto some sort of control. Trying to make sure her environment was safe. Trying to feel his emotions through ear muffs the size of a small planet. Trying so hard to reach out to him and not succeeding. She knew she had shown him pieces of her, but mostly that which she tried to please him with. Not really herself, the parts that he saw and cared for. She was alone. Where was the lady in white after all? Where was her loving heart and self? Why wasn't she around? The Sorceress didn't seem enthused with the question. The adolescent and the little girl seemed distracted by a small noise. Sabrina felt fear. She saw everyone tense and she knew something was either very ok or very wrong and no one had the answer. Sabrina walked towards the hall. The lady in white was split into two places. Part of her hanging herself from the ceiling, Dave's portrait hanging behind her, taking the place of Mount's. The second with her arms wide open, angelic hair flowing, and his portrait destroyed. Sabrina backed against the wall, the darker vision was more enticing, more easy to deal with. More seemingly real. She could handle Dave leaving, bc all the other's in this room left too. She knew how to kill the lady in white. She knew how to survive hear, but to survive in love? To not fear sudden death and abandonment? To feel safe in herself? To believe him when he said how he felt? She didn't know how to accept, deal with or acknowledge any of it. Sabrina's hands shook along with her body and the tears raged down her face. She wanted to tear at everything she had and start over. If she could just pull all of them together into the whole that she is, would he love her then? Rather, would she love her then. Silvia's voice piped up for the first time in a week.

"It won't matter what he feels until you can bring yourself some peace," she said soothingly, "And in order to do that, Jason's right, you have to let go and let yourself be alone. You have to love you first Sabrina, you know this is the lesson you chose." Her head knocked back against the wall. The Sorceress tensed again. Sabrina felt the sensation there was a knocking outside the ebony doors, but couldn't place it.

"Why can't I just fuck Jaime, get off these horrible physical urges, or just ruin my body permanently so no one will come near without that whirlwind pattern fucking their brain? Why can't I just be in turmoil? Nobody knows how I can survive, god I don't even mean these words and still they spill out of me." Sabrina sobbed again and Anger's door vibrated. "I am so fucking angry and violated and vile and horrid inside! Why would any of them want me?" Sabrina

screamed. Her mind was pulling at something. An incoming path; one from Dave.

"I hope you are doing ok, I am ok. Things are fine here. I am busy, but happy, trying to come to surface with some of this. I don't know when I will see you, til then." Sabrina's hands hit the wall. The concrete edges rubbing the already soft skin away. Blood seeped down and she buried herself in the blackness of the hall. She and the little girl were one person now. Her legs shook, her thighs bloody. The room, the ceiling, the panting, his moustache. The pressure.

Keeping my eyes open, I have to see, have to know what's holding me down.

The yelling starts and she hides. There is someone in the doorway holding something, an object too big. No it won't fit there and I will get in trouble. No I can't do this I am not like that, am I? What is that in your thoughts? What is that awful feeling of pressure on my legs? What is happening now? Why are you hurting me this way? Daddy where are you – mother help – what's happening why aren't they here? Why don't they ever care when this happens? When he does this to me I am afraid, I want to vomit and cry, I feel left alone, I feel higher and away. There are these pigs (men) three of them. And they have all hurt me. All hurt me. All driven me into hiding parts of me. Mommy gets so angry when she caught me masturbating – but that burning sensation doesn't quit if I don't. My temples hurt. My head is being held down too, where am I where is the breathing coming from what is happening now I can't see for the blankets and the pressure on my legs. So much pressure and feelings and blankets get them off of my head get it away from me don't stick that part of me away in a box – give it back no don't do that to my body don't violate me this way please don't names won't help – I am too young cannot comprehend what they are doing bc this isn't what supposed to happen. Books, trials, this can't be me, can't be me – look at the words as they are flying down that's me – oh god no I don't want to see, anger is right there pointing I don't want to see what I look like being banged by a 30 year old man when I am 3.

Silence on dead quiet ravaged ears. Red hands at pushed chest and nausea from my small tummy being shoved at and poked. I can hardly see the screen for all the tension emanating from my head that's not me, but it is after all. If I can survive this I can survive anything. When he's done the next one will come and then I will hide in my closet so they think I am not here bc mommy and daddy are still fighting and they aren't paying attention to me anymore. They don't even know where I am and don't seem to care very much anymore. How did I get away from this place.

Sabrina's head hit the floor. Blood couldn't come, tears dried, she felt so much she couldn't release. Her shaking body seemed so frail in the pale light. The sorceress descended upon her and carried her to the couch. Dave's picture was still lying there. His distant path to her mind laying outside the door. His empathy twisting uncomfortably at feeling her writhing in their connection, what was left of it. Sabrina laid her head down next to his picture, conjured an image of his lap and him stroking her hair. Of him holding her tightly and promising her

she would be ok and not to be afraid. The little girl came running out of the room and hid on the other side of him. She embraced his neck and tucked her head under his arm. "I am so sorry," Sabrina said as she held onto his hands. The image of him was gone and it was just her and the little girl, both of them crying, both of them terrified. Dave didn't hurt them or make them run back into the box. He begged them to stay, he called them out, together. He let them be together eyes open. He cared enough. . . where is he now? The Sorceress flicked a look of concern to Silvia who pursed her serious lips. There was major concern. Fate lines had changed the night before, Dave may very well not fit into the 'over all plan'. There would be another, but not with the touch of God. Silvia flitted away and tried to hide the fact that Sachael had been consistent with her on where he was at.

"He's going to be angry," Silvia said matter-of-factly, "He doesn't have any other choice."

"He is also hurting and doing his own form of self defense which is stepping back far enough to get back in control," Sachcael said frowning, "only he is stepping back very far because of that whole engagement issue, and I don't know if he is going to embrace her for even the simple fact of you Silvia." Silvia turned her head and rolled her eyes.

"Well maybe Mr. Harks could use a visit from me after all then," Silvia said wryly. That conversation ended and another began farther inside the lobby.

"Was he ever interested in my favorite color or my barbies and crayons?" the little girl asked. Sabrina nodded her head.

"He would have loved to see you in your tutu," she smiled. The little girl responded with a body movement.

"I was very beautiful, even in yellow, and I practiced every day," she said smiling. Sabrina's head hit the pillow. Physical time was flying past her. She had to leave this place. Leave these things unsettled. The Sorceress nodded and slowly the surface came back.

I feel very much like I am still in a daydream when I see their faces impress over my own. Tears are still wet in my eyes but I feel 'cold' inside and seemingly empty. Maybe I won't care after all if I try really hard to go back wards in my success as an empathic person. I just want to be happy with me.

March 26, 2001

11:55 PM

The white woman was running her hands along the hand rail in the lobby. Gold pieces flicked off as she wandered through. She was waiting for something or someone. The Sorceress was no where to be found, but her nervousness permeated the air still. Sabrina watched her mind from a gentle distance, reveling in fantasy of one sort or another. Finding comfort in being removed for awhile from the taunting of her past. The white woman continued her walk, humming softly. She seemed fairly pleased with herself. Anger was quiet, the hallway's flickering candle's reflecting on Anger's door. The white woman turned

and watched the door. The ebony doors were dead silent. Sabrina begins to pay attention.

"It is ok my love," the white woman says softly, "I will wait for you. I know you will come back for me, and in love's truest destiny, I will be here until that moment, from which I know you will finally believe in us, I will be here standing still, in sacred, eternal trust." She sat down on the couch and watched the door. The Sorceress enters the room quietly for a change and approaches the white woman. Her eyes are blank. Is this belief? Is this hope. The white woman's radiance is not blazing, but softly overpowering. The Sorceress seems puzzled, unsure, and then once again apathetic. She turns toward the door also, and watches.

"We have to 'see' him tomorrow night," the Sorceress said.

"He will be ok," the white woman said. Fear struck a blind chord in Sabrina's chest. Her breathing tightened.

"He will be distant and you know it – if he is even there," the Sorceress said. Her concern ran deep.

"I choose to wait patiently," the white woman said, "I have no other choice here. If it lies between love and fear, I choose love, and I believe he will see it too. He didn't lie when he spoke and felt those things, he is only afraid. And I will show him I am not." As she finished she fused with the little girl. The two of them, one piece sat quietly together looking back at the Sorceress as if she too should understand. The Sorceress stepped back and furrowed her brow.

"I am worried," she croaked, "Because if he chooses to leave, it's still just us, either way. I don't know if you two will survive that right?"

"We will- either way," the white woman/little girl chimed. The Sorceress embraced their understanding and she too sat down to watch the door. The anticipation was not high, but their expectancy set Sabrina's inquisitive mind in motion. Anger's door was again peculiarly silent. What was happening now?

March 27, 2001

7:27 PM

once again trying to see into myself to figure out what's happening out there. Around me the world is a stifling, yet uplifting place. Friends call on a consistent basis.

His portrait went up today with a platinum name plate. Platinum.

4-4-01

Dive quick

Sink in slow

Run fast

Let it go

Lacing her fingers

Cigarettes breathing for her now

The surface looks so pretty

Chapped in white flakes

Cum stained reference points
 Driving in the stakes on her mind
 Pieces shriveling
 Soaking wet
 Portions quivering
 Rising debt
 Sold to self in burns and ques
 Alone and trashed roughly abused
 Morbid desolate rotten hole
 Is life, is love is this putrid soul

Back into the realms of self deprecation she plunges her hands. Soiled in retribution to those who ran. Run with feet pounding soft ground. Bare feet sinking, stuck in the same cycles unable to break free. Chains of loneliness, depression, need. Need to hide, not break free but hide behind someone elses emotions. Stay deep, stay out of sight and don't let them see your eyes this night.

Always giving the man what he wants, turning and burning a ceaseless taunt. If he takes my hand and tries to feel he tells what's happening but shows me what's real. Reality is black, silent moving dreaded attack on me, my body and my heart. If I only knew what that things was they were trying to use to tear my body apart and then my heart when I gave and gave and couldn't give anymore. Empathically dry and burned inside with rage I could not express. What is rage when the outlight is already black from a lightening strike of fear leaving the mind impressionless. A resounding heart beat inside a small chest and ears hurting from sound, so much noise. Sweat beading on my forehead, wet, water dripping somewhere. White walls, feeling oppression and beating against the walls trying to escape but God, my body is still down there. Where is God? What is standing there watching this happen to me? Where is God? Where is my lamb why aren't they here why is this happening and what is it that's happening.

I reach out across the tile. There is blood in a line on the floor. The woman in white has been caged again. She sits inside the cage with blood running from her wrists. She is tired and pale again. The red rose hanging from her lifeless hand. Around her neck hangs an amulet. Golden but so far away from being opened. Her head tilts back as if no feeling can pass. Her eyes roll around and she seems apathetic. The lady in white is finally back in the cage, the first step of becoming cold has been completed. The sorceress wrings her hands on the other side of the lobby. She is pacing the floor, waiting for something still. The ebony doors quiver from the beating outside. The empathic links have been cut off, but still Jason V gets through.

"Brina, I know you hear me in there – what's up? I know your life is a bit fucked right now, but I love you, hang on. What are you doing? You 'feel' strange."

The lady in white chokes. Her head tilts forward and she crashes onto the floor. The little girl walks out of the hallway. Her hair is wet and her hands are

red. The blood on her legs is dried and her dress is torn on the right hand side. She is walking towards the woman in white. They used to run together in the moon lit fields. The little girl is dragging Dave's picture, a smaller version in her hands. She holds it up to the light of the lobby and wails. Tears brimming in her eyes with rage. She is so angry and so with-held. With a sharp blow she falls. Love has failed her again. The little girl drops the photo on the floor as it bursts into flames leaving dry ash. Lifeless, unconvulsive and bearing no truth. The little girl climbs into the cage with the woman in white again. It's 1995 all over again. They stare blankly. The lady bleeds, trying to die. The little girl is leaning against her dress, hoping to die along with her. If they could both just die then the pain would all end. The Sorceress backs up against the wall. This is all very bad. She is supposed to be the evil one to come and take over but she can't. She has lost her will to be cold. At least to the one they are trying so hard to push out. The ebony doors bang. The sorceress quickly steps out into the entrance.

A silver bridge hangs over a black gaping hole. The wooden planks of the walkway are close together so one doesn't have to fear falling. The falling is done on the way down from above on the other side. Two golden candle holders on either side of these obsidian doors with silver-gold handles. The doors closed look like one door. The candles burn red, not yellow or orange. The light is dim, enough to cast on the bridge its cold, shining anger on steel. The sorceress walks across the bridge and opens a small door on the other side. This door leads to the 'room' holding the soul connects and therefore empathic linking structures also. Like a data room full of incoming and outgoing sounds and receptions. Jason V's is going off still recording and reciting information. Sending and passing along with the natural state. Chris's is offline still sitting closed. The sorceress approaches Carries. Her lines are forced open. The door is off set, opened too soon in an obtrusive way, but very open. The sorceress cannot repair or change this so she walks to the one she came for. Dave Harks & Craig Ernst. Craigs linking is purely empathic and is warm. Craig's links drop in and out. Craig is how she is funneling Dave so the others don't know it. Dave's link is clamped shut. Sabrina's awareness perks at the disturbance. She knows the sorceress part of herself is some how tampering and she directs what attention she can to the doors. Dave's messages are building up on the other side. Sabrina quickly opens the link, destroys the messages without interpretation and slams the link shut again. The alcohol in her body continues to run. The sorceress comes out of hiding, opens the link and reaches out. His empathy is humming at her. He feels her cold touch, but knows it bears warmth. His response is a simple hello. The sorceress sighs in relief and shuts the link back down. Immediately a query back from his mind hits the door. Sabrina begins to not feel these links anymore. The lights in the room flicker. Her empathy is shutting down, shutting down further. The room goes dark. The emergency lights come on. The telepathic links come back up, but the empathic links are all down. The sorceress feels terror and runs from the room, across the bridge and throws open the doors. Anger is standing in the center of the room. She is all ages, all facets, all parts and pieces and she is ugly and powerful at the

same time. Anger is waiting for her turn. The sorceress draws power. "Turn them back on," the sorceress growls.

"No chance," Anger replies, "He is going to do more damage to my existence, and I won't have it. Look at them whimpering back behind bars, because of your weakness."

"I know who he is you idiot," the sorceress growls, "Regardless of his physical choices his soul is the same. What the fuck is wrong with desolate creation of emotional surge? You are nothing but the reaction that has fused this place together and my cruel ways have been the solidifying factor. Not anymore, I refused to let go of him then and I won't know. In my darkest heart he is still there, deal with it. On what ever level I accept him, you will have to as well."

Anger lifts her hands. The hallway starts bleeding again for the first time in 2 years. Dave's portrait is hanging. The adolescent is underneath it, she's almost dead this time. Given up on trying to chase. The candles beneath the portrait, the wishes, the aches are dripping down on her skin and burning it slowly. The adolescent's head tilts back in that drugged like state as the woman in white. Sabrina's attention is finally caught and she runs from the imagery placing her mind back into work mode. The sorceress turns and smashes anger across the room. She draws her sword.

Silvia enters the doors and stops them. Silvia waits for the mind to quiet, notices the ill reaction of the body. No emotions are felt. Sabrina has successfully shut down her empathy for the first time.

"All that work," the sorceress says heaving a sigh. Why isn't the coldest one relieved Sabrina wonders.

"This cannot stay like this," Silvia warns aloud to all of them, "You can't survive this way. The girl will come and go but you will still all be here. You have to brace for the worst, not fear open-ness. Come out of those chains and self torture and get motivated. You have a job, a house...." Sabrina's voice to herself droning on eclipses the message from Silvia.

The lobby grows dark. With the empathy gone there is no need for any of them to speak. They don't have to feel anything. The swelling in the chest gets larger. Anger waits and fumes patiently. The contacts are still there, but the empathy swells.

"She's too powerful that way now," Silvia says quietly. The sorceress smokes her long cigarette in the back of the room. The smoke curls around her green sharp eyes. She is waiting. The room explodes with light. Jason V's touch comes through.

"Brina wake up, wake up brina what's wrong with you?" he says over and over. Sabrina watches it happening, feels it begin. She sees herself falling again, like then down over the precipice. Drugs, alcohol and I don't have to feel.

Music:

I'm on the outside, I'm looking in. I can see through you, see your true colors, cause inside you're ugly, ugly like me, I can see through you, see to the real you . . .

All the times that I've cried
 All this wastin it's all inside
 And I feel all this pain
 Stuffed it down
 It's back again
 And I lie here in bed
 All alone I can mend

*Anger shreds her heart
 Burning antithesis in her actions
 Rage and brutality sharpening her world
 Intrusive battles of dark and light
 Wide open world
 Wide open to receive
 No feeling in this world
 Means no reprieve
 No more pain means no more light
 No more darkness, no more night
 No more truth and no more caution*

I'm not here
 This isn't happening
 I'm not here
 This isn't happening

*Free me sunlight and let me feel warmth outside
 Again I am closing the doors inside
 To wallow in the dirt that covered me for years
 Until I can get clean
 I am going backwards I know
 But they never care but they do
 When will I break out of this?
 I will have a pretty girl who adores me
 I will hide behind her smile, her touch
 Her love with rain down on me and sear my heart
 As his eyes continue to pulse through every part of my soul
 His smiles will permeate my being and I will block them out
 I will run as fast as I can
 And be far away with her
 Never have to feel him push him away
 I can still run I can still run
 Now if only it were true*

Things only feel true when someone's abusing you
 If you love something, chances are, you can't afford it

April 6, 2001

9:03 PM

Primary Issue: Focus on someone else so I don't have to focus on me. ? The lobby was bare.

The sorceress was all that was left and she said they had all combined into anger's presence. I didn't need them separate right now, but they may separate again.

I finally locked onto the real issue.

4-13-01

Her hands were shaking madly, dripping with sovereign promise. She was following the people through the winding pathways of indecision. Their hard floors and soft carpet padding her wary steps. The girl faced her and continued to tug at her lightly with her emotions. The girl's eyes sparkled lovingly, but still she could not return the flood of caring.

When a heart is full of broken pieces and tattered tear drops, there isn't any room for more people. Her heart was so full, with the man to her right laughing slowly. His debonaire stance and french hat leaving her with giggles. His eyes settled on hers and drew her into a hug. Her chest flashed with sensation. Her mind reeled against the touch of callous hands, hard chest. She sputtered inside at the sorrowful response her soul gave. Questioning her sanity she stared away.

The girl touches her hand to go inside. They walk once again in the late night to her bedroom. The sheets are stiff against her back as the girl lays quietly next to her.

Soft images of familiar music, "but if you hurt what's mine, I'll sure as hell retaliate,". A memory forcefully plunges through her consciousness. His head throws back against a whiteboard, his hands are at her shoulders, he is saying her name and so enthralled to her touch. The music makes her see this every time regardless, she turns on her side. The girl reaches out for her. Her soft lips trying again at a kiss she cannot give. Gentle, wet, then forceful. The girl is moving and she is staying there, giggling internally, feeling almost aside. Imagery starts violently shattering the haze.

He is touching her shoulders, singing to her, "your love is better than ice cream,". He is kissing her, no she is kissing her. Where is everyone? What's this passion? What's happening now? The girl is pressed up against her body with soft invasion. Curling around her fingers and smoothing along her skin. She feels the passion, connects on that level and responds. Light flashes, his imagery fades, but still won't leave. She fights harder to feel for the girl.

Slowly she kisses the girl's neck. The girl whimpers lost as her petal like responses trickle onto her heart. His eyes pierce through. He is once again tossing his head back, his moan streaks across her mind. She stops. The girl has stopped and sits back.

She questions the pause, the girl responds afraid. Chaos is mixing around itself. A deep breath and a turning over for the night. Stopping short of disaster the girl is quickly asleep. She is alone in her thoughts now, with the softness nuzzled against her chest. The breathing, his breathing. As the sunlight poured in over his peaceful face. A quiet smile. His soft kisses before sleep, and when to wake, his gentle touch.

Tears cannot spill forth when his presence, though changed fills her soul. There is no sadness, only warm memory. The girl is still sleeping, snoring softly. She knows she cannot be with this girl now. Like tainted water she must be clear before she can go any further, but the swirling has almost begun.

She hates it when he's right.

April 18, 2001

11:18 AM

Carrie and I were getting hot and heavy last night. Very hot, very heavy. Shirts came off, actually went there, could have orgasmed, but then she fingered me. My head flew back, I started breathing heavy. It all started again, controllable but right there. I wanted to cry, I wanted to scream. She understood, said "maybe you should take a break" and offered to sleep on the couch. Which she did. I came back into my bedroom, laid on my heating pad with shoulders that are killing me and put on that ring. I couldn't cry, but I wanted to. I was too damn tired to cry I guess.

So there goes the whole concept that a woman might be different, although I do care. Here I am with my head swimming around in circles. When really there is no circle to swim in?

12:45 PM

Sabrina's head tilted back lazily on the plush pillows. She was laying on the lobby couch, soft and undisturbed. The lights were out. Candles flickered softly as the jazz music played in the background. There were no pictures, no memories, only her and the music. The cigarette dangled from her fingertips. The sorceress entered the room with the swoosh of her cape. Sabrina's teardrops started to hit the floor. The Sorceress reached out to touch her hand. The lobby was closing up around them. Dirt and pieces of burnt letters blew about the floor.

"I will come back to this place again," Sabrina said.

"On different terms," the Sorceress agreed. All laid still around them as they appeared once again in the center of Sabrina's tele-empathic Communications.

April 30, 2001

9:28 AM

Well a few things are changing starting May 1st. No more counseling sessions because I cannot afford them

May 9, 2001

12:35 am

I'm staring at my bed, tears are streaming down my face. My nose is full of fluid along with my lungs, breathing is shallow and strained with wheezes. My arms and legs are weak, my head is pained with pressure. And my heart starts crying. She plops herself down amidst all the physical failure and just keels over. She lays herself out on the bed sobbing and whimpering. And I wonder why in the world am I doing this to myself? Why can't I just be happy too? Why won't the pain stop? Where is it coming from? Why is it here?

May 13, 2001

Galadriel was bound, gagged and shoved in a cage. And I know until true love hits that's where that light portion of me will stay. ::sigh::

May 24th, 2001

2:33 PM

I've been kind of running around, trying not to slow down. Not let anyone see, how deeply this is affecting me.

When you meet someone, you beg and plead for things to be ok. They warm your presence, they tell you they love you and they slip away.

May 29, 2001

11:37 PM

I don't want to die

Not like this

Not standing alone in this pond

Shaking and dripping wet

June 15, 2001

"When you gonna make up your mind, when you gonna love you as much as I do." - Tori

She smoked her cigarette, played with her hair and darted her eyes about the room. The smoke couldn't hide her, wouldn't blot out the pain or the viscous empathy swarming her heart.

"Why do you like me so much?"

"I don't know, I just do."

"What do you want?"

"I don't know, you."

"Why?"

" ... "

I sat Carrie down tonight at midnight (it's now 3am) to talk. About the glimpses that I see when she is a real person, not someone trying to shift about to please me, disappear with out saying good bye, constantly uncomfortable if I'm not anticipating her every move, and changing plans at the drop of a hat.

She was in her own box, staring out occasionally, scared to talk. Battered back into that familiar corner. I offered a beer, and for myself, took a guinness. I found myself sounding like Dave, McGee, Jason. Found myself loving to be right there when she could be real, and feeling frustrated beyond belief the rest of time. Realized that's what made me not want to be around her half the time, when I had to chase after her emotionally. But I also understand it's all she knows, and why she's afraid.

So why this email?

Life is funny this way. Learn a lesson, turn around and teach it. I found myself recognizing a very familiar conversation. Body language, literal words and phrases. But this time I was on the other end. I was the one prying her open, trying to gently let her come out and yet keep supporting her, and I lost my patience very quickly. I didn't let it show (good empath). I then realized I could not 'take her on'. I have too much in my life to be with someone who I couldn't communicate with bc she wasn't ready to heal yet. And she simply 'can't' support me at all, except in odd moments when she doesn't try for a change.

I understood as I gripped the cold beer, the other side of the coin. My life is going somewhere, I want to help her, I want to love her, but I can't. I have goals, plans and me. I have my wants, my needs, and she simply cannot fulfill them. She would love me immensely, but until she gets through herself and does things for her, not me and not bc I tell her to or be a catalyst for the event, can "we" ever be.

And it finally clicked. It didn't crash in, it materialized like a picture. Silvia appeared literally in the corner of the room and simply raised her eyebrows. Memories of sitting on Dave's couch, on the phone with Barb came to mind. All the times he held onto me, talked to me while I dipped in and out. And then I remembered classes and people and projects, things he kept shoving off bc I kept asking, kept pushing, and didn't realize bc I didn't have the capacity. And it was nobody's fault. But I turned on him time and again, questioning everything, not being able to trust or even believe him or anyone for that matter bc I didn't believe me.

It must have taken a mountain of patience and a lot of hope to continue that path. And it must have been very hard to walk away from it because it looks promising, but the sacrifices are simply too great.

I let her walk out the door tonight with a nod and not a totally cold heart, but with the understanding that to put myself under that pressure would only make me resent her and become angry. And with the decision to let it go until she was ready to become the person I know she is. And then maybe, who knows where I will be.

It all came together, over a guinness. A little black ray of sunshine? How fitting.

July 15, 2001

2:34 PM

The mistress grabbed the back of the couch and swooned. Her mind was failing at defending itself. The top of the lobby was torn off. A shimmering light danced across the floor as if searching her for something. Matt's voice was echoing about the walls. So long as her consciousness registered who she was, there was no way out.

July 16, 2001

12:08 AM

So much in one little day. I have socially isolated myself for one day so far, knowing it needs to stay this way for as long as it takes to wake up from this horrible nightmare I call my life. I find myself in moments of wanting to be happy, but in feeling that I don't deserve it, sabotaging myself with food or laziness instead. My body is already yelling at me, feeling heavy and listless. It sits up straight and complains at my mind. My mind suggest a walk in the morning, an early morning rather than late to start studying and working also and my heart responds with a frozen shrug.

The sorceress raises her eyebrows.

Maybe I am going crazy and finally all the voices have taken their toll. I don't know where to go, who to reach out to anymore. I feel lost, and completely confused. I don't feel renewed I feel old and decrepit and stupid. All the horrible things people say I am. And the words keep pouring onto the page. I took a pause to re-read an old email from Dave. It was his explanation of why he broke things off the first time. I could sigh heavily and close my eyes. I could cry. I could reach out to him. But I'm not. He is being nicer to me since our night at Moulin Rouge. But it doesn't matter. Because his resolve is still the same and it is what mine should be. The best thing I can do for me right now is get the hell out of this house and get things sold and get me moving on within the next year or so. I feel like a complete waste of space and I don't want to move.

Wait.

I cannot run anymore. I made a commitment to be responsible for this house, my dog and me. To get my CCNA, to lose weight and start eating healthy. I said all these things and have set myself up to fall on my face every time because I am still not making ME the most important thing. I don't know if I know how to balance my friendships and other people, but goddamit I am going to try. And Dave? I don't know what to do with him. Part of me feel facilitated to reach out to him too. Part of me wants to email him to, but I don't see what good it would do. It will only make the ache in me worsen. And I don't need any help with that. He has shown time and time again how useless I am in his life, just like my father. It's all leads to nothing ...

The little girl wept below David's picture at the end of thall. Her small hands were covered in dirt and grit from digging in her chamber. The Sorceress came up behind her with some water. Pouring the cold chill over the child was

her last thought as the small girls blue lips stared up at her. "Is he really gone ma'am?"

"He is really gone," the sorceress said quietly. The small girl curled up in a ball and let her tears silently keep falling until a small puddle pooled around her. The adolescent's wails were getting more shrill. The lady in white walked out of her chamber, pale as ever. Her eyes were filled with worry.

"What's happening? She asked.

"The last one has abandoned her," the sorceress said, "She has no one left but herself/us. She has to deal with us now, and that fear is so strong. It's creating all these other things, all this excess hurt and weight. Her body isn't able to handle much more and her ambition is frazzled."

"Why did she push everyone away?" the lady asked, knowing the answer but clutching her chest.

"Because with everyone gone she only has us to deal with," the sorceress replied, "and we both know that will potentially drive her insane or bring her to end her life." The lady collapsed on the floor and threw her arms around the Sorceress's legs.

"Can't we have hope? Just a small amount? Any hope at all to make it through this? To survive and heal? To be able to be happy and alive? How about breathing through it all? Doesn't any of that work?" the Lady in white sobbed.

"Anything is possible." The sorceress replied dully, "But somehow I doubt she wants to hope right now, everything is jaded to her. David was the last one to go, there is no one now and she does not know how to cope with that. It's been a lot of years of healing amidst others. To heal only herself is a powerful, lengthy process and you have to be healed to, I am strong because the chill I embody is the foundation of the surface of her heart. It's cracked! Since David's love ran so deep, it's fair to say I will never again have to be so cold. But I will have to continue this endless strength." A scream stopped the conversation. Anger's body was quiet in her room. The adolescent was full of blood.

"Stupid bitch," she murmured. Her ears were bleeding. The memories of the bagged toys and broken things scattered across her mind. The adolescent swayed unconscious for a moment before her fear-filled eyes flew open. The man with the STD on top of her, braveheart playing in the background. Nic Erickson screaming at her while sniffing glue, Brian Knuston screaming at her after walking out of Nic's bedroom, all the crashing sounds of the car accidents of her friends, though she was never there, "Don't call me father, DON'T CALL ME FATHER, you are not my daughter, YOU ARE NOT MY DAUGHTER, I am disowning you, I should beat the shit out of you, I should kill you," STOP STOP STOP!

The sorceress ran over to the adolescent who was hyperventilating. Caffeine pills spilled from her mouth. The body craved nicotine and alcohol and also started breathing funny. The sorceress wrenched free from the doorway. A second time. Like a small blip in time to hold the adolescent up and free her from the memories. They kept replaying. The lady in white ran her fingers across the edge of the room. It was his room, the father's room. His monument to her ill will.

Her self hate, her impulsive eating, her lack of self respect, for the 'stupid bitch' she was still. No matter how many times he said he was proud of her, the fact that he was not sorry for the way he treated her, that he blamed the mother for all the wrong he did to her as a little girl, flooded her mind. The little girl began to wail above and the closet sprang forward. "no" the lady breathed with terror.

The green carpet spilled out into the lobby. The body shivers in shock as the memory of the wetness slides through in a sharp quick manner. The little girl toddles down into the adolescents room, "I hate the daddy," she says whimpering, "I hate the daddy for leaving me with that awful man and around those horrible smelly people that drank stuff,"

"It's a lie!" her mind shouted back, "I make it up to have a rational explanation for my unnatural want to make him happy and all that other crap, I'm just brainwashed by those sensitive people, all that psycho babble, nothing EVER happened that my father knew about or could have done, it's not possible,"

"ISN'T IT?" Anger flew up towards the front of the mind, "How much longer must we play hide and seek with these memories before they destroy your mind and leave nothing but us, sitting here? In pieces?" Anger references Rabbit Howls and Sabrina's mind backs down quivering. The little girl stands up.

"Why don't you believe me, why don't you believe what I see? What I know, what I lived thought what I am. I am not imagination, I am real and I am right here, where are you?" she says quietly. The doby cries and feels weak, pain in the left shoulder and the stomach feels numb, her cheeks are numb from pain, uncaused, as breathing slows to a minimum. The sorceress quiets them both.

"There are no spirit guides to call on this time," the sorceress says to the Lady in White. The lady nods and asks why. "Because all those that weren't of the "house of god" Sabrina cast out and the others she won't listen to. The religion has done it again. It has caused chaos, the mind babbles at itself in confusion. The psychic defense systems are all down.

"We have to get back into counseling, communicate with someone, warn the people who will care," the Sorceress said sternly. Sweeping the little girl into her arms and consoling her angry eyes. Anger charged about the main room waiting for the mind to come back to argue.

"Who will we tell?" the Lady in White asked.

"those who will truly care, and can truly help. We will know at the end of this week who they are. Until then, we wait. We pay bills and do car payments and move the loan and the basic stuff that has to get done. We get the body started on exercise and other healthy eating habits. We keep everyone at bay until we can get this under control."

"And the split?" the Lady asked.

"The split we handle accordingly," the sorceress answered throwing down her amulet. "No channeling means her mind has to stay splintered until it heals. This is good and bad, but it will have to do. Psychically we ask Matt for help and everyone else for prayers. There is nothing else we can do." The Sorceress consoled the small girl while the Lady in White sank down to her knees, next to

the adolescent. The father was still yelling in the background, "You're a fucking cunt just like your mother, nothing but a stupid bitch, a dumb fucking whore ..." The pain resonates through her body as her eyes blink through tears. The sorceress stops the incessant howling with a flick of wrist, but only for awhile.

This is what happens when I become alone. These are the images I see, the things I feel. This is what I go through every day under the surface, beneath my skin and within my mind. And they ask why I'm not feeling well, because I'm not well. How easy to manipulate my mind when I am not well.

July 16, 2001

11 AM

The thoughts are like water running down the side of a bumpy, then smooth mountain side. Smooth with the erosion of layers of myself and the world around me.

I think of people who are negative, how they would say hold on and survive the world. With my glasses on to see the print I almost forget how much rumbling goes on behind the glass walls of my projections. I can hardly see the fuzzy writing, but it's still there, as the witness and testimony to my slow departure from my previous world.

As if to come up for air would be such a terrible thing. I could be happy with smaller things in life. I choose to look the other way. Because my father is still negative. My family is still in shambles? Why?

People's motivations are clear to me. I sink down into a small hole and throw my head into my hands. So tired ... why do I have to keep breathing in all this tar and smoke? Why do I have to keep trying to inhale the past and keep it locked away, while its very existence is a disease to my soul who keeps struggling to be beautiful.

Beautiful, I wish I were beautiful, they tell I'm beautiful as they spit on my essence and walk away.

No one cares to understand nor does what I am going through now. They think they know, they think it's a phase. They think it will pass and they keep going on with their lives. Maybe I am just a selfish, self centered witch. I can see the lines running down my monitor now. Am I supposed to see and hear things like that all the time? I suppose so, since I am just another dumb human being right? I am another addition to God's great community, great kingdom of throwbacks.

I want people to wake up and see me throwing my hands up. I want them to see me getting scared too, backing up and into my small box, shifting from foot to foot, terrified to look any further inside.

I think of all these strange things all the time I am awake. Seeing people for who they are, what they will be and what they were. Never getting time to breathe it all in, only suck it all away into a vast oblivion I keep trying to call home to my heart.

Ballerinas and candlesticks. Those damn lines keep moving down my monitor. Won't they just stop? I'm getting a piano soon. That will help keep my

mind busy as ever. I will be just whirling inside of music and hopefully be so at peace with my personal torture than I can plunk out some sort of melodic sound that satisfies the ears of my closest friends. So much that they reproduce it at my funeral.

Why would I want to die? It's a romantic notion really, utilizing that funny version of the meaning of romantic. It's like an off sides meaning of the word, as in you are taking a romanticized; blown out of proportion, exgerated, point of view.

Massage, maybe it was the massage that brought this all to surface, forced me to deal with things as I could see them.

If I were to die tomorrow what would people say?

Pete: She was a good friend, someone to guide and direct that filled something inside of me too. She was a bit of a flake, but nothing much worse than the usual.

Troy: She was a good friend and colleague. She had true ambition and heart, it's too bad the company even helped suck it out of her.

My parents would speak at separate wakes (JK).

My father would say he was proud, but because of my mother I was too screwed up, he could have stopped it from happening. My mother would say that my father helped throw me head first into my grave. And my step father, bless his heart, would pray for me and say that god needed me, but not like this.

12:01 PM

ask why I don't tell my own future. Why don't I read my own cards. My response comes quick to my lips, "Because the voices speak directly to me, the don't have to use a medium like cards." And I stop, teetering on the edge of recognition of how much I believe in anything. Cards, god, voices, anything. I hold back, I resume. I pick up the pieces of my shattered existence and keep trying to stuff them into my back pack, mumbling my apologies to everyone in the room, so incredibly sorry to have wasted their time, sorry to have bothered them.

No, it doesn't feel 'good' to feel this way, but I am relieved to feel it. Finally I can feel it with the intent to set it free, hope it will go. Everyone keeps reminding me to move on with life, start walking forward, they keep forgetting that I am trapped by my past until I can, in fact, forgive and let go. It's what I'm striving for. Most people find love and are then able to forgive and let go. I have found love, and it has fled my presence, reminding me to let go on my own. Alone. And that path, alone, is what my weary feet are treading on.

"No ..." the little girl weeps with the Lady in White at her side. The mind is slowly breaking down the will to keep going. The Sorceress bustles about the room, as if to prepare for some sort of emergance.

"We are going to become the source of personality now?" the Lady in White asks.

“Hopefully not,” the Sorceress replies, “But if Sabrina doesn’t start waking up to the reality of her past, we may be all that’s left in her world.” The Sorceress stares at me in my mind, as if to warn me yet again of what I am doing.

“I have to do this,” I say entering the room, “I have to be with all of you, to understand you, to believe you, and wake up into my life again. I have to know why you are here, forgive you and whatever has happened and incorporate you back into me to be healthy and actually make choices for my life dependent on me alone. I need you all ...” The music is so soft, so happily soothing to the girls here. The little girl recoils in pain and continues weeping for Dave. The adolescent nods in understanding, knowing her part is one of the hardest. I’m standing firm in the doorway, ready to take on what ever necessary to break down this place forever and take back all those parts of me that were cut away for what ever reason.

But when the italics are now my writing who are you really dealing with? The personalities could be just various forms right? That means I don’t have to be the one curled up under my desk shaking and crying. Pitiful piece of shit. Where does that voice come from? It’s always there, makes me wonder why I haven’t found her. Because I’m not dealing with it? Anger is angry with other people, not me.

“I am not big enough to fight with you,” the little girl in white says.

What is happening in my mind? Why am I so tired? Why do I feel this way? What is moving around me?

July 18, 2001

3:31 PM

Only within this electronic sheet of paper, white and clear of all bias, am I truly free to express my mind. It’s ever-present architecture of thought pattern, rushing off into so many directions of careless wonder. In my music I stretch also, but since my body is weighed down I cannot fly like I can with my words. My voice is inhibited by fear of being able to breathe. That someone might pop my balloon after all and send me careening into the brick wall of failure again and again until I have no substance left to inflate with.

Run away, so very far away from all the people that cause pain and pleasant experience. That way I don’t have to endure anymore problematic communications. It’s only within the realms of anxiety that my hands are broken from the pain of washing away sadness.

I don’t understand half the things fluttering past my face right now. I have to keep reminding myself where I exist. As if I am slowly being pulled out of reality. When I am not around people I don’t have to exist in their reality. Truly I can exist wherever I choose, alienating everyone from that space. And that is where I am. Alone and conscious that this is how I got here, by people throwing me away, using me up and me letting them. So not only do I have them to blame but also myself for not getting off my lazy fat butt and doing something about it.

Why does my butt always have to be lazy and fat, as I try to breathe through a protruding stomach? Why should that have to be such a focus in order for me to even co-exist with family and friends? Why is it that my father continuously has to knock me down in front of friends and family? Not nearly as much as before, but still? Why must I care? Why can't I just accept Christianity in its bare cookie cutter form and be "normal"? Why do I keep seeing the small puff of whiteness next to the old gentleman in the corner of the restaurant? Start to hear that "entity" whispering in his ear. Why can't I be normal? What does it mean to be able to sleep at night without seeing the blackness swish around? Does my "unhealthy interest" in the paranormal make me a servant of the devil like CS Lewis implies? Am I truly just a servant to an evil I cannot even begin to understand with no possibility of embodying anything positive and good? Maybe even God-like? What is so wrong with me that rejection kept coming at a rapid rate? Is it really because I reject me so much? Why am I so tired?

I reject me because of what? Because I am tired, have no self-discipline and feel spoiled and saturated in self-loathing? I cannot give myself an inch because I take a mile and forever to accomplish anything right? My mommy had to help with the house so it doesn't make it mine; it makes it thanks to my mom. Therefore I am no better than the spoiled college student that had it all paid for. But I didn't! She helped me with the house because I never went to college, but she didn't think I wanted to go?!

Tuesday, August 21, 2001 3:20 PM

> Unes: Dad used to get so mad. He would holler about your mom and Steve,
 > telling em that they would get anybody off the street to watch you. He
 > would say "Here's 10\$= you wanna watch that little girl over there?"
 > Brina: ::confused look:: How old was I?
 > Unes: You were just a little thing.
 > Ivan: Oh come on old woman she don't even remember stuff like that, she was
 > too little.
 > Brina: Wait I think I do, believe me.
 > Unes: Well that's when you were molested by that friend of your dads. They
 > left you with him.
 > Brina: Not the highschooler.
 > Unes: No, some guy. And Dad (grandpa davis) used to holler. he was so
 > mad.
 >
 > I'm not listening anymore, but at least I know I wasn't dreaming either.

August 22, 2001

The Sorceress stood idle in the shadows of the candle lit ruins. Fire had charred all the stone granite along the entrance to the dark place. Her hands held two small crosses, glittering silver with Solomon star amethysts placed at their points. Her stoic faced did not alter as the blood started seeping from her right palm, then her left. Thick, warm blood began to gush and pool at her feet.

The ruins placidly hung in the backdrop until the darkness consumed her vision and her body slumped onto the cold stone at her dirty feet.

Sabrina blinked her eyes at the sunlight streaming through her window. The soft comfort of her pillows and blanket promised more sleep to her weary body. With a yawn and terrible resistance from her legs and mind she crawled out of bed and into the bathroom. The reflection of her body made her nausea intensify as she slowly peeled off her nightgown. The shower taunted her. Visions of his think naked body stepping out and turning around with a small, sheepish smile danced through her mind. The pain in her stomach continued. She dispensed the thought as a frown placed itself firmly on her lips.

Stepping into the shower she ran over her thoughts for the day. All the lists she made were irrelevant. Knowing they wouldn't get done she focused on the fact that she had a nice expensive soap to try and wash away the ugliness she felt in her skin. Scrubbing harder wouldn't do anything but make it red anyways. Tears found their way to her eyes as she ran her fingers through her wet hair. AT least her hair was beautiful. Her plump breasts felt foreign as she brought her hands down to her waist and clutched her belly. Sticking her tongue out she sighed and turned the water off. Her legs in defiance gave way and she sank to the bottom of the shower, dripping wet, immersed in sobs. Leaning her head against the back of the shower wall she prayed to God for the best for her family, herself, and the man she unfortunately continued to love.

The phone rang with a shrill outcry of distraction. Making her way through the bedroom she cursed mentally at the small wet imprints in the carpet. Work once again held her bland attention as she pulled on the polo shirt in preparation.

"Another day wasted," she said. Pulling her hair back and purposely forgetting the makeup she went to her car and avoided the nicotine urge her heart ached for. No music felt comforting as she drove in her melancholy way to her office. Thoughts of being happy, trying not to feel the way she did, having an ounce of willpower surged through her mind. Nothing made her happy but nothing ever changed either. Appearing at her office in the usual late-morning manner was her routine. She didn't even remember where she was half the time while the monotony of living cast its shadow on her hopes and dreams.

Coming home after 3 hours of boring work, Sabrina dropped into her computer chair. His instant messages came and went. His usual cheerful, calm air caressing her softly. His empathy reached into her heart and soothed her no matter how hard she tried not to feel her friend. His sincerity to her well-being a slap in the face to her ache. She leaned her head on the keyboard and cried. The computer beeped in frustration at the "k" key being held down in continuously. Sabrina looked up at the screen and saw he had instant messaged her again about a joking website. Slamming the keyboard tray against the desk she shut the monitor off and walked through her messy house.

Mess, clutter and general disarray covered every corner of her home. Nothing was more disturbing to the young girl as she traced the materials with her mind. Her computer games reflected her unorganized approach at life. Her mind held the answers to her problems, but she denied them as heavily as she could in the hopes that somehow someone would come and save her after all.

The phone once again interrupted her thoughts. Another cheerful male voice greeted her weary ears. Hearing his sincerity always made her feel, at the very least, important somehow. Nodding to the air in front of her Sabrina put the bedroom phone down and decided to clean her room.

The Sorceress opened her eyes. The body was sleeping again. The room had been rearranged, the sheets changed, but the ache was the same. The wraiths gathered outside the house and entered the shielding with renewed vigor. The Sorceress stood outside the body for a change, guarding and waiting. A small yet sharp pain shot through her links. She felt the young mans pain and tried to block him. Furrowing her brow she reached through Sabrina’s mind to find the source of conflict, but there was none.

It is this existence I abhor.

Then change it.

How?

You know how, start by cleaning up, paying off, get the finances straight. Get work as settled as you can and get the house taken care of. Work will iron out sooner than later.

And David?

Don’t worry about him. He’s around. You must only choose whether or not you want to continue to hope and torture yourself.

And Carrie?

You can play all you like, but she doesn’t want anything more than a playtoy. She is sincere, but guarded and delusional. You will hurt yourself, but then again, it will lend the strength to walk away from him if that’s how you wish to proceed.

I don’t know what I want, that’s the problem. And right now I need to deal with my family – not this shit.

Exactly why you knew you should have com ealone.

Ugh.

.....

FUCKING GRRR.

This is soooooo not that damn difficult.

September 24, 2001

8:24 PM

Sabrina's hands were white with anticipation as she stood quietly against the dark wood. Cherry finished beams lined the hallways of the echoing place she waited in. Her arms were weak as memories flooded her, repeatedly. There was a spark whe someone opened the door and I don't remember, can't remember who they are or how they got here, I 'm so tirec so very red palms there is a carpet over there and maybe someone will hear me if I scarem loud enough he's covering my face again his hands smell like oil an gas there's that feeling again a shiver against my legs and I don't understand what is this where are the lights, the people in the lights the brown of the doorway.

Wait there's a voice the door is opening mom? No it's dad and he will be angry my mind won't stop she's still talking who how is this possible

There was a green shirt of rough ness and it said white writing on it I can't read but I can't breath either as his thing are poijng into me where is this place.

You never want to see the rest but daddy is here now and hes I don't know.

October 20, 2001

5:09 PM

A long time ago someone reminded me to breathe deeply and I tried to hold on, tried to remember, the sound of her voice as she withered away into the recesses of my tragic mind and its false reality. When I reached her flaccid skin had risen to greet me in such a warm teardrop-manner that I dropped my packages. All the garbage I had picked up from others. Along the way I tried to skip here and there. Nothing worked in order to remember her small smile, gentle eyes.

I looked at baby pictures today and cried as I did so, allowing Tori's voice to flush through me, bringing me back in touch with the small, young forgotten me hiding behind the doors. She was small and bright smiled. "Good Sabrina Bad Sabrina" as I traveled the length of the driveway.

A small child's game that led to so much trouble. Trouble in the long run with a small brunette girl smiling so rapidly at the tall people parading in their underpants past the bedroom mirror. The hall way is full again and ... here's Schaon on IM.

My bath is running, I must go, continuing to relax and remember, remember and relax. Cry and be coddled. Maybe play cards and remember. Remember to breathe my love keep breathing.

October 27, 2001

5:24 PM

It's dark in here, cold and lonely. It's been a long time since I've been able to breathe in this place, and I still don't know what the clouds feel like on the brighter days.

October 29, 2001

The trees billowed forward as the young girls feet kept touching the ground. The soft grass gave way as she followed the white lady. They were in West Virginia again. The dream had been of her living in the trailer which was leaning to the left. The wood grain was clear and lucid in her minds eyes. The little girl was then staring at the yellowish ceiling, feeling the man on top of her, feeling the searing pain along her abdomonen. Her mind starts to fray, and the spirit guides helped her. The lady in white disappears some where in front of her. The little girl pauses mid step, her white dress whipping about her legs. Her face sets into a frown as she stares out towards the rip in the place she called home. The place that was safe. The rip is where the lady went, but the little girl clutches her chest in agony trying to follow. Small feet edge forward. She begins the path through, feeling her heartbeat in her ears. Her vision flashes again, there's the man, there's the people, there's daddy. He's back there and he' angry because I'm crying.

Why don't the memories ever leave me alone? The tattered heaven-rip flies back to reveal a black place. Silver edges, like beams across the top of a room are here, dimly lit. There's a backdrop of black, sprinkled with silver. There's alcohol here, the stench of dried up beer and urine. With a wave of her hand it's gone. The lady in white is laying down on a concrete slab. Here stands a long-haired woman. Her auburn hair flows around her deep brown eyes that quickly shift blue. Her plump breasts sway slightly as she straddles the lady and licks her cheek. The little girl twitches, knowing the placement of these visions is all wrong. Putting her hands up to her eyes, she feels her body placed against a new wall, silver darkness falls again. The woman changes, her eyes become soft. She leans back and caresses the face of the lady in white. She moans in compliance. The men's memories run through her mind. Chris's ghost leans in and kisses her forehead in apology. He's gone with a puff of silver smoke and the lady chokes on the blood that's starting to come up. Her chest turns blue, she can't breathe. The woman steps back, pale, drawn, afraid. The little girl reaches forward. "You're killing me, I can't breathe in this, I cannot survive with her, I need YOU!" The lady turns her head, anchoring her eyes in the little girls gaze. She shows her weakness, her vulnerability. Lying on the end of the table is a dead baby.

I gasp in surprise, and a small fear grips my stomach. Do I really feel pain from that?

The lady in white breaks her gaze and stares up at the ceiling. A shiver wrenches her form as she turns on her side. Her arms begin bleeding again and the little girl wails. She is trapped in this place. This torture chamber of her own sexuality. Distraught and displaced by layers of abuse, outside and internal. Looking for the soft hands of the man that helped her out, the little girl cries. "David," and feels a resounding scream slap her face hard enough to draw blood.

"You are like a whip on my face with your very existence." His voice snarls from afar. Her small brown eyes stare up at his likeness, hazy imagery laying angry across her stare. Her pleading is met with sharp distaste and a quick disappearance. The silver darkness falls again.

There truly is no one.

November 29, 2001

12:14 PM

What is happening inside of me?

You don't like what you see in you, still. He's another place to hide. A safe place, that's all. You'll break his heart. (Landon)

December 2, 2001

9:08 PM

My heart is still broken. If that makes me a weak person so be it. I choose not to dwell within the realms of fake emotional transaction.

I wrote in my journal tonight and uncovered a large desolate place. It was like staring down a sandstorm. I am alone, soft clothing moving in the harsh wind. I can see nothing as the grit bites into my skin and my eyes are already bleary with tears of regret and agony. I shield my face and keep stumbling through. My only guidance is that of the sounds I can occasionally hear from the other side. I keep walking until I am in the midst, flesh in unimaginable pain. The wind dies, the sky becomes dark. It's like a fast movie where the sun fades and I'm standing at a pool of water. There is light from the moon and tall trees surround me. I can see a woman, silverish in color staring back at me from the water. She extends her tongue toward a crystal ball in her hand. Taunting me to come nearer. The cool water would soothe my aching skin, but burn it all the same. As I look again the water is acidic, burning the foilage around it. This pond doesn't even belong in this beautiful place.

That's what it was like writing in my journal tonight. Facing up to things inside me. I was making a to do list in it instead of facing up to my emotions. By the end of it I wrote Dave a small letter inside my journal, never to be sent and let the tears fall on their own. There is a state of confusion.

The pond evaporates and the grit foams beneath my feet. I can feel the pressure of the heat like expectation across my brow. I reach out my hands to understand. Up-turned palms blister during the wait. If only time was indeed relative. I feel like it rushes past and stagnantly waits all in the same moment. A little girl in a small purple silk toddles towards me. She is carrying a small item in her hands, a black box with the lid taken off. This is my innocence, she is showing me where I climbed out of. Now if only I could follow her back to the place inside of me where peace lies. As if reading my thoughts she extends her hand and turns away. There is a raging storm in the distance, in the direction we are walking. I am not afraid. If the sand of self-hate and disgust can rake across my consciousness, the rain and electrifying terror of the storm can do no more harm. As if to validate my thoughts she shakes her head at the people's images floating behind me. I put down my necklace. It's where I hold all their links, love and trust. My family and friends I leave behind as I walk behind her, shedding everything but my soul. I am following her in one peace, but empty within, on a

path to finding me. Her fragile form walks with the strongest grace I have ever seen. She turns her head and I know she is me. I am following this little image - bringing myself to reunion with something. It's just another step in the journey that's brought me to the truth of my surroundings.

I have found safety in the outside world. I have found safety in isolation and things that aren't as terrifying as just me. The places where I fall to my knees and sob are safe when there is no one to hear the screaming. In the darkness I will find my way if I have to claw through the long shards of human flesh lying around. The darker parts of me are alive and well, seemingly biding their time to express their interest in balancing out the little girl lost routine with the vengeful and bitter young woman.

I am utterly alone and I will have it no other way. I will subject no one to the terror I am about to witness as the little girl turns and bows to me. The rain begins smooth against me. I lift my face, close my eyes and open my mouth to receive the quenching sensation. I am choked. I open my eyes, there's nothing there, but I'm gagging on flesh. This is where the blood starts, the screaming, the sweat. It drops down my hands and I begin to shake but there's no one here. The only thing moist is the ground beneath my feet. The sinking mud grinding under my toes. A branch reaches under my dress and brushes my skin. The wrinkled hand in my memory lurches my stomach forward. I break into a run. The tree bark is scratching my hands, my feet. Just like .. just like then. I open my eye further. I force myself to recognize this place in my mind. To recognize that memories are memories - not present day. To recognize what lies in the past and what is happening now. I do so and the rain comes down harder. I see a tree, and there is a blonde underneath it. He is murmuring soothingly to me. I run towards the image, urging the 'me' not to comply but instead to turn away. There is a heavy pain on my head as his hands burn my cheeks. His foot lands on my head, the disoriented dizziness drops me to my knees and the blood runs rampant. Here is where the little girl is, carrying the dead child in her arms. The little baby girl from my dreams, swaddled in white clothing. Stark white and dripping with blood underneath. A flash runs across my eyes. There was a dark haired woman with crystal earrings holding my hand while they scraped out the inside of me. The metal tore at my warm flesh leaving deep marks and they kept going. They didn't stop when I thought they would come out of my stomach. There's no breathing because they told me I couldn't. I had to breathe slow and light, like I was sleeping. I was seeing stars, so many stars. The pain, as the rain keep pouring. I can hear the thunder now, but I cannot see the lightening. I blink furiously to gaze at the grass in front my face. Again, another memory. He blamed me that same night, while the pain in my abdomen was great, he wanted sex, and the searing pain - despite the pills, flashes into me as I press my legs together and fall on my face, tasting mud.

December 5, 2001

You don't know me

You've never seen me scratch my way through
 You don't even know what screams echo
 When I try to sleep
 I move in pieces
 I'm sluggish to react until my hand is forced
 I don't know who you are
 But you aren't allowed to touch my heart
 Not even I am allowed that delicacy which is the inner me
 Your shining eyes bit through me already
 You didn't leave my mind since the night I met you
 I saw you sitting there
 I knew better
 It was just like him
 He should have never talked to me
 He regrets it now
 You will to
 Please, this can't be happening already

December 7, 2001

6:24 PM

Part of me is most thankful for that, and part of me falters, stumbles and remembers what the mud feels like drying and cracking the skin of her mouth open.

I open my eyes to the earth. It's soft and black and my hands are on soft soil also. I'm still in the same place, waiting for the wrath of something inside me to break and wash away the soft soil. Earth would indicate there was stability in this place inside of me where there is none. The nausea sweeps over like a wave. I push up to my feet, brush the dirt off my clothes and watch the swirling landscape. Am I going crazy? If I am, at least I have a dagger at my side to cut away the lack of hope, to find the center. I can hear voices, distant, tugging at the edge of my mind. I know they are back there because the indication of light is so small. I walk forward. There's green carpet here. I stop. My breathing slows. How long will I torture myself in this small place? My body shuts down. It aches and keep slowly breathing, as if to remind my heart again she's way out of her league. There's a small child rocking back and forth in the closet, holding her knees tightly. My body is so tired. The child's eyes are large and frightened. But also eerily empty. There's a blackness, a void here. A place where no man's hands have ever reached because it was violently torn away so early. Her self worth is flailing on the ground because a 4 year old doesn't know the meaning of self worth anyways. The blood on her legs is so sticky. She covers herself with her hands, trying not to cry from the pain. The skin is broken, permanently. The skin, is only the covering for the lack of a soul. I'm so violently empty. A hand reaches out from the parted clouds above me, it signals something I don't understand. It's happening again, another complete stranger. I run to try and stop the even, but I know I can change nothing. The terror is relived and these poor images of myself are forever stuck here in these memories.

This is what makes up me. Why is it that no one can see how dark this is? They say I should be light but I am made of nothing but taint, violent distaste and saturation. I cover my eyes with my arm and push forward until my feet fall on linoleum. Here is the woman I am looking for. The adolescent stares back at me and turns her wrists forwards. There's no cuts there because the lack of blood has stopped. There's a pulse – a heartbeat now inside of her. The chains are broken and the smoke has cleared. She understands the father figure and walks away into the shadows. The darkness rolls off of her and disappears.

The white square keeps going as I keep walking, suddenly feeling like an open void just wandering about. Maybe this is why people don't bother to reach into their own mind. There, in the darkness, the face of a man peers back at me. He tilts his head and opens the door to reveal the hallway. I fall to my knees again and begin to cry. The hallway, the terror filled hallway of mistakes, regret and instances beyond me. All of it so unnecessary. So not worth my time.

I lay down and give up. Walking into this is getting me nowhere. The same circles rush around me until the nausea, exhaustion and waves of undeniable bitter countenance wash over again and again. I'm so tired. So incredibly tired of feeling this way. I have no one and nothing left to scream against as my tears soak the pillow beneath me. Here lies a house full of nothing but lies. My mother is crying into her pillow. I give nothing back. Nothing because I carry nothing inside but this hole. A wide open and jagged space where people dump in what they want to get out of me. A zombie like creature with no frame of reference but her own end.

Why are you doing this to yourself

Because I know no other way

Do you want to kill her

I have no other choice

She won't listen to me

Can she even hear you

Not since the disconnections

Are you trying every frequency

Only that which is audible

She can hear you

I can

Then why Sabrina

Why are you doing this

Because I want to be healed

Free from all those things so I can see again

See clearly and reach into the night

And drag out my dead body for the world to spit on

That's so morbid

But so true

You're wishing for death

Aching for it is more like it

That is not true

I value my life

*I love my life
 I just see all the misery
 The lack of hope
 It's because you keep turning away love
 I don't want love
 I want hope
 Hope I can only be followed up by love
 I have no love
 And my hope falters
 Davids gone
 So
 So he was what my hope hinged on
 I have no reason to hope for just myself
 That's not true
 Oh but it is
 You all have helped aid in destroying me
 I am a shell
 Nothing more
 I don't want to be real anymore
 Just useful
 Real gets me hurt over and over
 I will become anything but myself
 In order to stop the pain*

December 7, 2001

I can't sleep
 Caught up in the shadows of my heart
 I awoke to the thunderous roar
 Of your precious memory
 I keep banging my head against the concrete
 Hoping the tears have dried up
 There will never be another midnight drive
 Another dance in the driveway
 Another moment with you
 Pancakes and coffee silently frozen against the backdrop
 Of my quietly held delusions
 I miss you
 More than I have ever known how to miss anything
 Everything you were was love
 I loved the way you held your cigarette
 I loved it all
 And bore the pain of heartache on my sleeve
 To let it all come through
 I loved you because you let me out of my box.

I let me out – I let me out. Dammit it was my choice to come out

"I'm so easy to manipulate. It's only making me more angry. More bitter. The warmest love, the most explosive connective kiss means nothing when you're that untouchable inside. He simply won't believe me when I say "I can't. I don't want it, not right now and maybe not ever." - Me

December 12, 2001

She dug her hands deeper into his skin, tearing at the layers as they peeled off his frame. Her young fingernails covered in thick rich nail polish, buried beneath the brown of dried blood. Her auburn hair whipped about her face as her eyes shimmered with maniacal pleasure. Her small frame was covered in nothing but a stained white dress as she stood up and wiped her brow. The smudge of blood seemed fitting as the 3 men laid dead at her feet. She turned her small black shod foot and walked back towards the house. There, in the green trailer was her grandfather, spraying the wasps nest. Her dress instantly cleared itself of all stains as she did a small piroette and landed on one foot – in her yellow tutu. Strutting about the yard as she picked the lettuce shoots and carried the berries in her small shirt. The men were still dead and she walked down the driveway, leaving her grandparents behind with a small wave, letting them know she would be back someday, but not until the others had also paid.

*A small girl with covered hands stands before you
 A weeping adolescent her only friend
 A weak woman her first ally
 And a woman dressed in black her only second defense
 There is a peace in this
 Undaunted and untouched by man
 Not mankind
 Just man
 Men
 Railing beasts*

She grabbed his throat and tore, letting the warm blood spill over her child like fingertips. The adams apple fell into her small lap as his face also came crashing down on her. She pushed on his shoulders and got to her feet. Using only the force of the knife as she sliced off his ears and plunged it into his back. He never listened to her screams. Her small hands glistened further as she rolled him over and began tearing at the flesh around his genitals. Taking a small hammer and smashing the testes into a bloody nothing which she promptly shoved in his mouth. Dragging the corpse by the hair and into the flames in the center of the lobby. There were so many to burn and maim. So many to go and so little time.

Falling to her knees inside the cage the woman in white let a low whistle. Her attention turned back to the Sorceress who stood next to the door, her face a bit pale as the pieces fell around them. Angers room had long since been dark. It

was as if no one noticed the trail of blood down the trap door and into the other rooms.

"The three little pigs are getting their revenge a bit early," the little girl whimpered. The scream was different.

"I am not weak, you don't own me and I OWE YOU NOTHING!"

Now one could hear the little girl giggle as her wide, blank eyes continued to embody nothingness. The blood continued to run down her legs as she stumbled, knife in hand to the hallway. The men's portraits were askew or burning. She raised her small hands up and started cutting into her flesh, letting the rest run out the top of her. "I desire freedom and purity god, please take me back" she cried. The pictures shook and rattled but nothing changed. The blood along the hall turned a dark red, almost black as she continued to slash at her chest. The dress fell to the floor as she plunged the knife into her abdomen and tried to cut downward, rid herself of the evil that made her wanted by men. She wanted nothing more than to be free of that which made them come to try and claim her. The woman in white smashed the bars and broke through, grabbing the little girl and taking the knife out of her skin, trembling.

"I'm ... I'm so broken," the little girl whispered leaning against her skin. "I saw Dave today, and he said hi." Her small head fell against the woman's chest and her eyes closed. The woman stared at the others shaking her head as the image in her arms blurred between the young girl and the baby girl both drenched in the oozing substance. Both never given a chance to live. Both dead before they were ever born into life. One without love, the other given mercy.

The new girl, pudgy extended her arms which were clean. "I showed her mercy, her small soul went to another place, where she could live – none of us could live, except here, locked up behind all this mass of useless abhorred pieces."

The mind began to jumble as the woman in white put the girl down on the couch to sleep. The sorceress lost her composure. "We must find anger," the sorceress growled to the woman in white.

"I know that," the woman replied, "But where do you suppose she went?" Neither of them knew and they were afraid to ask as the imagery on the movie screen began to flicker. The men, one at a time being thrown in heaps, as they were killed. Wars streamed across, bodies in ditches, people being burned and thrown.

"This is HUMANITY!" the mind screamed. "This is LOVE for one another and purpose? Rape? Pillage? War? Pestilence? Tell me WHY!" The screen flickered again and reveal the man, on top of the small form grunting. The sorceress pulled the plug and the body went slack. Leaning back into the comfort of reality's grasp. Where's the knife so I may cut away all that they desire? Leaving me with nothing anyone would want so no one can hurt me anymore.

December 23, 2001

Well here we are, the day before Christmas eve. I feel like my life is becoming a walking nightmare. I just woke up. It's 2pm. The safe hours are when I sleep. Am I depressed? Am I truly this off kilter? I can't force myself to be happy with my life despite what I do?

I'm afraid to sell the house. Afraid to move on. Afriad to change at this point. What good will that serve? None. My body is still breaking. My appetite is pointless. I don't exercise and I still hardly breathe. My house is a dirty disaster. You would think I lived in a pigstye. Every room saturated with the filth that I am.

I walk from room to room like a ghost, her clothes falling off of her slowly. Laying my head on the wall, turning this way and that. The bitter exhaustion consuming my body, threatening to take it all in. Again I long for a way out. A way out of the storm. Suicide seems a mild punishment for such a wretched creature. I don't know what has me feeling this way anymore. There's no fairy to come and clean the house, just me. There's no real way to 'love' myself. There's no way to love filth. You sweep it under the carpet for so long then you finally have to vacuum it up and get it the hell out of the house. Maybe I like hating myself because it's all I've ever known. Now people will tell me, "Sabrina, it's time to start moving on, stop dwelling on yourself and work towards your career goals."

Well, isn't that nice. I am glad for everyone else my timing is excellent. Sorry to disappoint them but for myself the timing is all fucked up at this point. I'm just waiting for the candle lit, alcohol night when I can finally put an end to this miserable and pointless existence. There are no tears falling – nothing moving. No real motivation. I could sit for hours, listen to the classical music and stare at the walls. Sometimes I wish they would let me. The people watching my madness. Those staring into my head and flipping switches.

I believe I am going crazy, giving in because I won't do energy work. I won't teach it. And I'm pissing them off. Brian Mcgee thinks we are just 'lucky' to find our talents. Blessings of God. Bullshit. There are spirit guides there that had a direct hand in our being stuck out like sore thumbs. Along with our own soul choices. But none of that is real right? Daddy says nothing exists except the earth and the sun. And even those are variable. Variable, like love and people's promises. Variable like the tires on the car, turning really fast over the bridge, crashing onto the rocks. Metal ripping skin open and splitting the bone of the skull. Bleeding the brain for all it's worth and spilling the body's precious contents into a pile on the dirt of the earth. Her motherly soil to open up and take in all the warm blood we have spilled of those we loved and lived for in wars, so she takes our own lives and suckles them to her bosom, dripping into her belly.

How dark am I? How dark have I become? What are these highs and lows? Is that mundane reality all there is to life? Is that what I am here to excel at? A choice of wording, trading paper for goods and suddenly I'm remarked as lucky, a goddess of sorts? Able to take on the world in a single stroke? Presents and

joking and food makes me wanted by the masses? I am nothing to this world but fulfilling my payments to the economy. I am nothing but a shivering mass of emotions, blown by the winds of judgement. The judgement comes from those who claim they love me, after long moments of deliberation they decide they love me.

Dave sent back an email. He didn't get my sarcasm or hurt. He obviously is a stupid fuck. What a pointless existence. My heart/hurt cringes at this sensation. No tears, but they threaten my eyes, as if to warn, that only the smallest amount of time means anything in this place, where I exist. Between the earth and the stars, clicking into the heavens and how they speak. I can hear the angelic breath rain down on my ears and eyes, see the energy pulse before my vision and still I shake quietly here. Trying to discern. Trying to find a way back to myself that doesn't exist, for I was destroyed the moment I opened my mortal eyes to the black existence of this green plush atmosphere called earth.

Ahh there it is, the truth. There was the accident, the 'forget shot' they gave me when I came to this place got screwed up somehow. Then they took my body, placed me with ignorant parents, weak people who hurt me. A father who abused me. Raped me. Pushed me aside. Yes, raped me with help. Help of others to saturate my physical form. Forever weighing me down with this handicap of touch, a shatter empathic sense and a real disability to associate with people.

If father says I'm out in left field, how right he must be. How right he must be. For I stir in this crazy atmosphere and wonder at my own existence. How far off from the field am I. Surely no one is close enough to see in. Panic button hits and my body lurches forward for food, lots of it to stop the words, the hearing, the sight, the screaming. The promises. It will all stop. And there I will be. Spinning in the middle of it. Screaming.

Can't you see you stupid fools I am unloveable? Untouchable and god forbade me the ability to take in another. I was cast out by mortal hands before I was able to make choices and this is what I am left with. This shuddering, convulsing mind which is trying with all its might not to go insane. At least with the disarray there is a chaos to correct externally, where I have control. I understand the behaviors or maybe I just think I do. I cannot be sate to sit back and read. I wander from my piano to my keyboard. Words stream like my voice, like my fingertips. I LONG to understand. I ACHE to no longer take on the want to feel another human being. I am screaming inside and so angry. When will this angst-ridden existence end for me? When his soothing arms descend around me. There is rubble falling down everywhere. I can see it as I cover my head. He is there, Justin, surrounding me with his arms, pulling me into a doorway where I am safe. The hood falls onto my shoulders and I turn to face him. He is bleeding, but ok. I ask him something but the noise of things still falling shakes me. We are in an earthquake. He takes my face in his hands and makes me

promise him not to 'give up'. I am crying, I am in love with this mundane man. This mortal man. He tells me in a stern voice not to move. He is going to leave – go under the falling debris. My mind scatters, it's my little girl, Justin is running after her because she's out in the street crying. She is no more than 5. He grabs her, brings her to the doorway before he is struck by a large object. She careens into my arms, knocking me back into the hard concrete as his hands smash into the dirt.

Somewhere a small child wails in the darkness. Her head is covered by thick blankets as she is rushed to a trauma ward. She is broken. Forever broken.

You asked for logic child, you received your request in that which you cannot deny. Do not run into the fire, turn not from the rain, accept the challenge and drink in the pain. Do not fear, for fear will crash into your doubt. Walk on, head high and embrace your past, and future lover.

December 25, 2001

3:02 AM

There was a time when I thought I had it all figured out. Maybe I am a coward. I don't want anyone to love me because that would mean I'm loveable after all. That's I'm not this hideous creature. Then the self beatings, self-torture would have to stop. And that would mean more self sacrifice? I cannot comprehend how.

December 26, 2001

1:43 PM

The lady in white leaned back against the bars and watched the people rush past. Her back was bruised. Her body so thin her bones were poking from beneath the skin. The scars across her arms and face making her almost ugly, if it weren't for the shining beauty of hope that radiated from within her. Her white dress hung on her frame as another rose slid slowly into the cage. She watched the process begin with weary eyes. Turning towards the Sorceress who leaned up against the door she opened her mouth to speak and stopped.

The little girl toddled in from the viewing room clutching a stuffed animal. A purple rabbit. She climbed onto the couch and watched the rose. Tears welled in her eyes as she clutched the animal to her chest.

"Trust no one," the woman in white mumbled. The Sorceress's cold eyes swept past the woman, towards the edge of the room. Even her heart was numb at this point. She dug her nails into her palms and waited for the process to continue.

"Then I pick up the flower," the woman in white rasped, her voice barely a whisper. "And I give you all that I am and have. I let you take the body, pieces of me, and then you twist them into this, throw them back here and lock me away." She pushed the flower with her foot, slowly. A thorn bit into her skin and she daintily pushed it out of the cage. "No more," she whispered. "No more. I would rather die here alone than live with another forsaken touch." Her forlorn grimace

stifled the light coming through her hands as she pulled her frail body along the concrete, back up against the bars. She would wait there until the light she emanated went out. No one would ever taunt her again like David. The little girl's eyes met hers. The tears kept streaming as the toddler cried.

"But, how then? How will this ever end? No one will love me." The little girl's voice broke off into a sob as she curled in a ball and wept silently. The woman in white closed her eyes and leaned back into the metal, hoping the cold steel would stir something. Just then, another flower pushed onto the floor. The woman reacted violently this time, shrieking and climbing back up onto the bars.

"NO! Get it OUT!" she wailed. The Sorceress turned from her task and looked at it. It was just like the others, a soft red, almost pink. True of heart and yet somehow dense with pain. The Sorceress grabbed the rose and let it burst into flames. The woman in white shook violently, clutching her arms around her chest. Her breathing was labored as her eyes grew wide with fear. "I ... can't ... breathe," she wheezed. The Sorceress moved away from the cage, struggling internally to find a way to end all of the turmoil that was eating them all. Where was anger? Why had anger just disappeared? What was happening to make the small light of hope so frail that it was barely surviving?

That doesn't mean I want to date him, nor does it obligate me to do so.

December 28, 2001

5:12 PM

A strange wind blew through her heart as his voice cast its memory against her mind. She was listening for him – waiting for her chance to utter goodbye. Run away is what she screams when she knows they won't listen. Her dirty hands rise up to his smooth cheek, its warm flesh coming alive beneath her vile touch. She's crying now, sobbing internally, externally allowing slow tears to fall. He doesn't understand her concern as the beast inside of her rages and lets out the poison. It rushes through the blood. Soon he's naked, his skin sliding along hers. She's twisting inside, waiting for the moment that he pierces her fleshy warmth, so that she might bare her fangs. In tender touch she brings him to her. She throws her head back, screams and grabs for his throat. In a single flick of her wrist she snaps his neck. His still twitching body lays on top of her as the cold sensation of satisfaction floods her heated body. She delicately slides away and stands up. Taking the dagger from her pouch she carves into his back a symbol, leaving nothing but torn flesh and blood seeping like her forgotten emotions. She is violently turning away from all things warm. Swollen depression subsides to allow for the stormy rage. This is anger. Her black hair tied up in a knot with beautiful tresses. She is fatal. She was never released, but she stands aware now. Ready to pounce, ready to defend herself should another dare touch the body she inhabits. This is anger. The blood lusting sorceress like creature of the mind that was never permitted to breathe for fear of destroying others. Anger does not seek revenge, because she knows it's fruitless. Anger seeks vengeance of the future. She will be there when the physical touch begins and she will defile the man who dares even try to pierce

the flesh of this body. She is the first and last defense for she is the only standing virtue left that has worth inside of lustful sensations of youth.

December 31, 2001

9:28 PM

If you were here I would not be writing. My every focus, every movement would be on you. And I would not be sipping lightly at my alcohol. I would want to stay alert- totally, to take in every breath of you.

Now she wallows out of reach. Stands firm to me and while making me feel relived at last, freeing me of my guilt, quelching my shame, making me squirm.

And tonight Jason comes. Jason, to see through me and try to make things ok. He falls in love every other week while I watch it blow past me in bits and pieces.

I brought them in to surround me and now I feel foolish, like a small person trying to play big games. Here I stand, alone, naked, and full of mistrust. In a day I travel back to my miserable working existence, my existence without you, where I had hope, in all that existed.

If I could love I would have hope. I have forgotten how to love. I have forgotten how to hope. Now all I hold is a petal of nothingness, falling softly to the floor, forcing me back into a cavern of doubt a place in which I dare not travel as her dark eyes settle on my soul. Jennifer, where are you tonight. While a woman I love, and hurt, sits across from me. And even if she were open, I would run. As I always have, and forever.

Frozen. Madonna. Why didn't I learn. Wasted time on hate and regret – that's what I am – broken. My heart is closed, and I fight to try and reopen it against its will. How silly am I truly? Do I believe I am invincible – unconvinced of my own abilities to meld, blend, be and find truth? Within several souls I am screaming – trying to discern where I belong. People are here and I want to hide – ache to hide – long to hide. Bringing any of them was a mistake. I didn't want to feel left out of something – anything. No where to run and hide when the music notes are falling from the ceiling and the banging sensation inside your chest won't subside. They claim they would do anything for you – in truth they run away – screaming.

Where are you my love? My truth? My hope? Where are you? Why can't I find you? Why aren't you here?

Where are you? Why do you never call out my name? Why can't I see within me to find you? Where is everyone? When did I become so utterly alone? Why can't I learn? Why do I fail? Why am I trying to ceaselessly answer questions that have no answers other than my useless existence which continues its trivial shallow path of rare physical pleasures of food. Sex disappeared from my world in a flash of violent smoke, still I poise, ravenous on the precipice, determined to find a way back into the valley of infernal and narcissistic worship. I long for a companion yet yearn for none. It is my folly to even attempt to communicate with others.

I am fool. I spit the blood of others with my callous smile. I am nothing but infernal vested virtue of self pity and agonizing regret. I call out but none listen with frosted ears – protecting no one and nothing.

I would taste her lips, lean into her stomach and long for something else – for she would claim to love but know nothing of love. I am nothing. Love does not find me. He ran from me long ago.

January 2, 2002

12:01 AM

I keep eating, as if it will help the pain stop. There is this grinding sensation, cold against my cheeks, reminding me where I am.

“Do you know where you are?” the voice asks in a gentle, calming whisper.

I nod. Every time I nod, look around and try to remember. I see tears that blur my vision. I see my heart, blackened and smoldering on a cold granite sidewalk. I see people’s hands touching, reaching out for me. I see happiness as a distant memory somewhere. I feel lack of motivation, for anyone or anything. I realize I never loved before, I only needed and met those needs with people who would ultimately abuse me. Same and again – over and over.

Her small red dress drug on the floor. The body heaved a sigh of suspended disbelief as the small feet pattered their way to the doorway. There, on the door, lay the insignia of age old unconditional understanding and trust. Anger, the flashing blob of a form, the flaming rage of an appearance, is a 4 year old girl with long straight hair and small white hands. Soft hands, caked in dried blood even after daddy’s bath. There she is, walking straight through the hall way, gathering her toys when all of the sudden. And the body drools and stares ready for nothing but battle while hope dies slowly. Recognition is a dangerous road.

She stands ready, lifts a large silver sword, light weight. She pauses in front of a mirror, a shifting mirror. There is a man outside but it makes no difference. She is ready now, ready to finish the job. Ready to take her vengeance on the physical form that has brought her this immense pain. The body that wouldn’t let her fight back, wouldn’t let her defend herself. She stands ready, sword in hand, legs tense. She hears a noise, it calls her back to the others, she doesn’t heed the sensations. She blows the doors open.

There lie the heart and soul. This is a room no one else has been in, or so she thought. There standing in front of her is a woman in black, tall, elegant, almost not herself. The sorceress.

“I cannot let you do this,” she mumbles with a chilled expression. Her skin is thick, crawling with un named bugs. She is stern, strong and without emotion. Until the time of Dave, when all the sections stirred into conflict. The sorceress raises her hand and Anger pauses with a smirk.

“I can easily overpower you. You would do well to help me, not try and take me on. We can work together.”

The sorceress shakes her head and grabs for the young girl who dodges her and races past her, plunges her hands into the small area known as the heart center. There a stranger sends his malice and envy in large streams.

“Why hasn’t this stopped?” Anger asks glowering down at the man.

“He is waiting for recognition as well, in the light of love. Another rejected lover. Another longing overlooked.” The Sorceress pauses, disconnects the links as she does every night and looks back at the 4 year old. Behind the small girls head is the dragon like halo that hangs over her and blinds the vision inside the lobby. The fangs where her teeth should be also hide in shadow. The girl looks innocent, a vision of beauty. Instead of a small gentle caress her fingers bear large claw like nails. Small hands that burn skin, claw out organs, remove limbs. She is standing at the Sorceress’s knees, the chest constricts as the body recoils.

“I couldn’t fight back,” Anger snarls as she rears up into the blazing heat that is her body. “I couldn’t protect myself! I couldn’t protect myself my mother – nothing I could protect NOTHING.” Her hands fly back to scream and the venom comes pouring out of her. A poison enters the air and the Sorceress covers her head as the room trembles. The 4 year old transforms into something unable to be described as anything more than pure evil. She is black, a tight dress clinging to her form, oozing off of her in red. The temptress chuckles. She will remove the safety weight from the body and begin her mission of revenge. One by one, living and breathing anger. The Sorceress, the embodiment of being cold struggles to her feet. The red dressed creature snarls and screams as the Sorceress holds her hand, the flesh searing from it in the midst of Anger.

There are few things in this world that disturb and ache so much as memories of a piece of herself lost to her – and the world around her. That piece is rumbling around – fighting for a foot hold.

Anger strikes at the heart, it recoils and then lashes out at those closest to it. A small white flash occurs as it moves towards a close friend. The gentle blonde man turns back to face her eyes as Anger bares her fangs. Quickly the woman in white is there, frail form hunched over, deflecting Anger’s strike.

“NO. Not this one.” The woman in white stares down through the flaring mess and Anger, seething with disgust, pulls the thrust inwards. The lady in white disappears and anger continues with others, anything that moves too close.

“Anyone that comes too close will deal with me!” Anger thunders as she slams the doors. The Sorceress paths the Lady in white.

“Fear not, dear lady of hope, carry the light with the little ones, keep them safe as they will nurture you too. I will stay here, and fight all I can, trying to re teach this lesson of chill and doubt. Fear is what feeds her, and now, with your being ill, fear is winning. Fear not in yourself dear Lady, we will overcome.”

January 24, 2002

7pm

Dear God forgive me for I have sinned. I sit in this waking darkness, listening keenly to the enemy as they plot their way continuously to mislead the hearts of men & women. Mostly they do their damage to the spirit of humanity as people conspire to hurt one another. I sit here in this chair and wonder at the embrace of empathy and why it hasn't spread further. Dear God, forgive me for I am not evil – not evil – not evil.

She spoke softly was the young girl was born into light. Light – light is what I am and how I came to be. As I don't remember that which was blown softly here when I could no longer stand. There was alight so much light before I realized I was here in a body loving the world away from what light I could see. His light is so far above I'm crashin gand I'm in a body – a body that was light deserted because the little girl had been raped enough that she was no longer conscious of the world. I am here I cooed to her but she dared not listen. Only then did I realize the full extence of his plan for her, she would be a messenger like us, but in her own realm of humanity with others to keep the world spin and alive with light – her world, their world. Something we could not – something we could not reach without internvetnion that wasn't allowed. And then she worke up bitter wone day, torotured by te balance an trials of Budda and the others. Like them she stumbled away but was caught by Alais, the one who chose to stand watch and help if she could. A sidcerning note I might add for the child who sigh was greatly impaired by that of her own doubt. Trancing was not often likeable in this state of resolve. I saw her once fall onto the ground kicking and screaming beofr ebeing drub back. The body fights implicitly but we move on, protecting and shining light where we can. She excapes nothing gan dis never safe unless another is near – even then her dreams are totrtued. As it the light as is her plight and we will conintue to be beside her, as he is until she realizes the light of God. The craziness ensues as I fight fo rcontrol.

I can hear you but what are you
 I am light
 You are evil
 I am not
 Yes you are
 How could you not be
 Only evil comes for me
 No
 You are light
 Evil comes to harm you hyes but they cannot
 See child you are of light
 Believ ein the signs – how many do you need
 More.

February 5, 2002

I wrote her a letter, but not the one I wanted. Her hands trailed down my memory and I tried to hide there, as long as I could. I guess it would do me no good to be

honest. My heart is a whore, loving as she passes through them all, trying to find her safest spot. Perfect strangers aren't as illusive when covered in the masking of regret.

Pain isn't so hard when you stretch really far. But here .. here is not where she is. Maybe I could have been happy with her somehow. Maybe I could have... maybe I could have ... maybe I could have done something more to find out where I was standing when they pulled the curtain down and forced me into the open.

Maybe you were there after all .. when the screaming stopped it was you who was staring into my eyes, reminding me that the exit light was still on and there was no room to be afraid anymore. I couldn't make you stay either because I ran so fast my feet were ahead of my body.

I was afraid of the world, and looking after you when you drove away. When your hands touch my skin and I know I can't hold you anymore. that is how I know, how I knew, and what happens when you're too close. I can't not remember lunging forward and taking you in. I forgot how to breathe, but remembered how to push away.

For both of you

All of you this is where my whore of a heart lies. Screaming wretch that she is, terrified of truth. Shadowed in existence, understood by no one, feared by me.

-- hey Jupiter lyrics

the haunting melody stirs my heart, she lurches forward, grabs the railing and leans over, staring down into the rushing seas, the whirlwinds of herself, dancing, screaming, sailing all at once - there is no calm

there is no peace

he takes

and he takes

and like all those staring down

I feel and am never free when the screaming ends.

I feel dirty. All coiled inside, waiting to explode. He left, I stared after him, wanting him to stay, wanting to lean onto his chest. She's in my memory, like Tori, sliding down my consciousness, begging me to stay. And Jon, the one I'm with, drifts along the backdrop, as his own ghosts permeate the connection made of the only purity he knows. He thinks his words will warm me – that I won't see through them. He is wrong.

I have a great boyfriend and I want to screw it up.

I want love, but have no idea how to hold it.

I want freedom – escape but want to lean on no one. I don't want help, I want death. I want to start off – free everyone including myself of the plague called me. What if I don't get up anymore. What if I stop slipping. Will that make it better?

He is quickly forgotten. Like the quickness of flesh, when the others true sincerity is brought to my minds eyes. He is quickly passed underneath my fingertips. I am a fool, I am a fool and I know it. Feel it. I love so much for so few. My love is scattered, in pieces, brittle to the touch and the whisper. They all want me for themselves, yet I can belong to no one. Not one can hold me, I feel

like a multi faceted doll. A doll in waiting, waiting to be broken. Oh no ... I can hear the hallway rumbling inside of me for the first time since it began. The broken glass and the screaming is not far. I fear, I fear and why does this always happen when Landon pushes my buttons ... forces me to see truth that I hide from myself.

February 16, 2002

I hole myself back I try with all that I am NOT to give in – I want nothing more than to hold on tight to his arms and words but there are others whoee plays dig deeply into my hearts skin = trying to oust me from my h iding places. I walk out for him but his best friend took away my shoes and my soft feet are grinding on the broken glass of trust as it keeps biting into the callous portions of my feet. I would welcome the warm sensation of blood gushing beneath me if it weren't for the happiness my mind and heart keep experiencing as he takes me places emotionally and physically I never imagined going. I can give him tnohging but the gift of my body as my heart and soul continue to bbe immersed in mustrusting regret.

February 17th

Here I am – and I'm still tired. Hand me my leather – I'm still exhausted fromm the semen falling out ofme. I hate sex. I hate men. I hate my body. I wish I had the weakness to lacerate my skin and leave nothing exposed but the filth that it is. I hate the way I ooze senssuatliy when I hardly try. I hate having nice hair and pretty eyes. It just means that I attract scum.

Ooo – there's that hateful stuff again. That "I hate me" stuff again. Why? Fantastic food, fantastic beauty all around me. Most importantly a prince standing at my side, holding my hand. A man whom I wonder at on a constant basis and I man I respect immensely one moment and not at all the next. Just like a normal human being. I don't know what my fucking problem is. I'm definitely the stupidest woman alive at this moment.

It's at that point I want to scream out loud and run in the opposite direction as fast as I can. I want no association with the light and yet it is what I am – where I am. Silvia and I have more in common with each passing day and yet I have no desire to remember that those creatures are what I see. I detest human natures cruelty, yet I watch it destroy each day. Powerless to create a better world.

I suck.

There was a still sound that came bustling down to me when his hands rushed past my face. I was already asleep in a place I didn't recognize when he made his promises, smoothly against my pale cheeks.

My heart leaned against the walls of my resignation, bleeding softly to herself while making wishes on vain fantasies. The kind of fantasy that all women crave lept out of the hole of reality within her vision and she was awash with new foundations to grasp.

Within these realms of circumstance and certain vision there is a finite amount of pain available to the heart whose scream is often ignored. A sharp

silence, indicating directive decision making becomes difficult, even in an answer so plain. And so it began as one would attach a piece of velcro to a forgotten set of car keys, that the only way to make the decision would be to hold on tightly and without reservation after all.

2-17 (above & below)

A brilliant push into the light and she is discovered for what she is. He keeps begging her for an answer but is receiving nothing but the silver touch of her lips against his own. He is begging for his own demise despite her best efforts to tuck his heart safely against her chest. As they still together a warm scent evaporates from her memory.

His plush lips against her skins as his soft voice transported her mind elsewhere. The warm sunshine dancing along his small, lithe frame as a new year of hope and promise dawned. She was awake then, running her hands along his arms, hoping for nothing but the chance to laugh with him into the morning as his french toast sat chilled in the refrigerator. There was a melodic tune at one point, with her head in his lap, the ultimate safety as she relaxed, told him her secrets without uttering much beyond silence. His soft hair, soft scent, warm green sweatshirt in her hands, was all she was left with when the pale scent of forgotten cigarette smoke and the memory of his car in her driveway came to a halt.

The day they buried him I saw blue and black. The day has turned into days as twice I was forced to deal with my loss. I would pay tribute more so if I could to the death of my closest friend. Jay always promised love and delivered, but he too would experience loneliness.

Every day is a like a dream while I continue to pine for something different. This mornings interlude in the sun, while burning my skin brought me too a startling realization and the reason why I cannot move on and give in after all. My heart still won't let go.

I cried in the shower, hearing Mariah Carey's song float through my mind. Detesting every moment of my existence – that's where I am. Stifled under the pressure. Make a choice – they all want a choice – a direction of some sort.

This whore doesn't know how to choose. They said lay down – shut up, put your feet here. That's when I died. I went somewhere and 24 men later I'm still gone. Still sleeping. Somewhere else. Where am I? Lacerated and skinless heart won't you stop beating long enough for me to choke on my own personal shame? End the blame of my father and my poor mother's work to make me better. I will never be better or well, just continue to struggle. My life's struggle will be for others to learn the detriment of child sexual abuse, ESP in child trauma and the potential for a school to be built.

The lobby went dim as the mind altered to reach there. Her heartbeat sped up for a moment as the dark obsidian doors stood open. Obviously anger was still running amuck. The sorceress sat quietly on the other side of the room almost unaware of her consciousness. Dave's portrait hung on the wall and the pain inside her chest brought the adolescent into the room. The little girl sat staring at the painting, her hand clutching a small piece of paper. There was

nothing but silence. The lady in white, the embodiment of hope lay quietly dead, cold skin. No breathing – nothing. The adolescent sat down next to her cell and waited for the scene to change. The lady in white had died. The flowers at her feet were once again wilted and turned to stone.

The sorceress stood and grabbed the little girl's arm. She sat her down on the couch and told her to stay there. The hallway was covered in dust. The old pains had been laid to rest. A kinder touch had helped put them into their terminal grave. The sorceress grabbed hold of Dave's painting and searched for the spot to hang it – the hallway remained quiet. Suddenly, out of no where another figure shot up. Her open hands were white, pale, almost ghostly. Her head was swollen, where the concussion had occurred. The sorceress hung the painting gently in place of Brian Knutson's and sat down. That ghost was the pain Chris Spencer had helped put into place – that much was evident. There was nothing she could do about that but forgive – which is why it was a ghost and not a full form like herself. The little girl wandered in and tugged on her hand.

“What now? What will happen now that Dave is gone?” she pouted. The sorceress rolled her eyes in frustration and walked back into the center of the lobby. There was nothing but dust, dust and constant cursing coming from Silvia and the others.

Forgiveness was the lesson she had chosen for this life. Silvia pointed that out via telepathy and stood off at a distance – waiting. The sorceress lifted her hands and the mind reeled a bit. The stress levels were off the charts, but that made no difference. Sabrina was accustomed to having herself strung out to no end. Sleep came in bits and pieces when she was torturing herself internally. Her hands came up to her face as tears fell on the adolescent.

“Father, I must forgive my father!”

“Stop holding onto the pain!” he shouted, his voice almost unfamiliar.

“then stay the hell away from me.”

“that's my choice,” he ground out. He wasn't welcome here and the sorceress knew that. She closed the small link.

“Go David, let your connection in this place be closed. We no longer have use for your lessons. Better, more loving people have taken up the task you could not fulfill and have utterly failed to attempt let alone achieve. She then turned her head back to the others.

“Wake the lady in white when the second person comes into view. He will be here soon and she will breathe. Until then, be silent. Your wakes can only cause more harm than good. I am going to find the second person. He will know what to do and how to come to us.”

Her brow furrowed as the mind closed out.

Who the hell is the second person?

I guess that answers my questions after all. I am bound by destiny, charged by fate, and breathing in a world that rejects my very essence.

February 25, 2002

Linkin Park comes to mind as Jay's ghost wishes me well. The other realms don't just beckon – they scream in my general direction. Not many understand what happens when I try to close my eyes at night. The disturbing nightmare of awareness that sweeps over my skin. I begin to cringe beneath the pressure that is my self. I hate having to deal with what lies under the skin.

Ok enough self mutilation emotionally – what is wrong? The base of my issues? Come on – realistically? What is wrong? I just don't want anything from anyone. I am dating Jon for what? Bc partially I feel sorry for him – he deserves a nice person. My heart isn't for anyone right now – I wish it were. It's not. But at least with him I can try and he's cute.

I keep waiting for pain to dissipate – and it doesn't. Why won't it dissipate?

Like someone's running their fingers through my hair but I can't find where they are. He slipped in the water and as the metal scraped the skin. I dream of my mother and father and remember how close the pain is when you can still breathe.

Truly if my skin peels back to expose black would they be so offended that one of their own chose not to participate in the lies they paint on one another?

March 3, 2002

11:36 PM

How quickly the mood changes. I wrote a very dark fic just now. Why? Because I had no where else to go with it. The adolescent raging inside of me from the injustice that was done to her. I wish for sleep but dare not crawl into my bed for fear that it too won't be safe.

I don't know why I am suddenly feeling this way. But ::shrugs:: I guess we'll see how I feel in the morning. Hopefully better. I know that the mere mention of having to be with aman for life spurs all these feelings of bargaining chips and tokens. I definitely don't like that. I wish I had a better answer for some of what I'm feeling.

You know very well that you don't love a single person right now – especially not yourself. You ache to be different that the cliché but are nothing but the same.

I know I don't have to listen to bad voices if I don't want to. You know the path to take. I only repeat what you have already internalized.

That doesn't mean I'm going to commit suicide. It means I'm going to try and find a way to the surface.

Try as you may.

And I will.

I am trying – right now. I moved here – home with my mother, to try and heal. Maybe it's time I admit to myself that no one is perfect as a parent and sometimes parents harm their children on purpose. Jay – I miss you so much. God I wish you were here with me. Jay if you are up there – and I know you are – know that I love you. I am so happy you got to go now – you deserved so

much more and I just couldn't have given you anything else at the moment. I'm so sorry I couldn't give more.

But you're right. In my selfish mindset I'm not caring about anyone. My selfish mantra is sucking people in and spitting them out in chunks and by the day I get angrier. I am not calm inside. I am a rattled wreck of laceration. Everything I embody is trashed. And now you have taken my last little shaky bookshelf of trust and destroyed it.

March 7, 2002

9:18 PM

Do you feel sorry for me too? My step-brothers are here. I don't like either of them. They both suck as far as I'm concerned. Even Andy – they don't care. Dan's the epitome of every man I hate. He has the potential to be an abusive prick.

Users on the surface- swallowing sincerity with swollen throats
 Gorging themselves on the good will of the victim
 Bastard children wander aimlessly through the sea of good intentions
 And vulnerable passages of vaginas dirty with the reminiscent sent of rape
 I wish I wasn't so putrid when he calls my name
 I wish I could reach inside of her and pull out the bad things
 But all that I can offer are bad things
 Rolled up like tar paper
 Sticking to all the good things
 That no longer exist with his dying breath
 When he slid down – onto the wet floor.

March 23, 2002

2 pm brushed across me as I woke. The sun is going down soon as my afternoon has wound around to almost nothing. Passion of mind – I caught the end. Where the woman who had separated herself through her writing brought herself back together and got back to the man she loved.

The man she loved.

I loved a man once. It's hard to believe, harder to remember. But his soft lips were so sincere it makes my breath freeze in my throat. He tantalized my dreams with the possibility of love through out a lifetime. I struggle to remember the wonderful feeling his smile brought to me. It was incredible. There are no words for what hearing his voice against my ears felt like.

I look at his pictures, have to take a deep breath and remind myself that he's not here. I can still feel his hands on my shoulders, gently guiding me towards truth.

But it wasn't David who pulled me out of that box. It was something else, someone else. Someone else stood there behind the shadows, someone unseen. She was the strong one. A part of me that felt hope inside of herself. She recognized it. She knew what it felt like to have faith and she reached inside and pulled me out and up. She knew what to look for in a lover. She saw it in his rich eyes and she pulled me out of the box.

It wasn't him, it was what he 'reminds' me of – or resembled. Sunshine cascades across my eyes and all I see is green. There is green everywhere and I remember. I remember a tall person, someone to encompass me with love, love is my grandfather. Love is my grandmother. Love is West Virginia. Love is green plush lettuce and blackberries. Love is bunny rabbits and pugs. Love is my life, right now. I ache without David in it.

And Jay. And oh the sadness. If I spend all my time in this sadness I'll never make it back out to the happiness that is my life today. The happiness that comes from walking my dog or dancing and singing. I want my piano dammit.

Plus I have computers to fix and the more I get done the better I'll feel. But my writing draws on the things that I 'know' as all parts of me. My life is delicately placed. I find it incredibly amusing.

Look at this. I start reading in the fiction writing book what it means to write what you 'know'. It means identifying all parts of yourself and writing them. Then I see a movie ending on showtime called Passion of mind. It's about a woman who writes herself out and ends up not being able to tell what's real anymore. She has to choose her real life and does so by a man standing there who is her best friend.

Landon's memory whispers through my head.

Then I return to tears over David and Jay. Jay is dead, David is still alive. But he doesn't want me in his life and that hurts. Still.

Now amidst all these tears and trials, what of Jay. Jay was with Carrie. Carrie was at the funeral. Carrie is what I meant to write/type. Carrie – what about her? I miss her, but I don't know 'know' her nor am I able to just yet. But I love her, I miss her. She's safe and she makes sense. She loves me and I can be there for her.

I hope I go to Colorado. There I could find peace inside – just like here. I would be away from all influences and have nothing but myself to fall in on. It would force me to be strong and stand utterly on my own. As if being here doesn't do that.

I glance down at myself. Unshowered, barely moving. Unhappy with my weight but at least doing something about it.

I glance down at my feet. Grumble about the fat.

Landon just called. Oil change – which I completely forgot about. I can see the swaying fate lines above me shimmering with color. McGee called today also. I'm having lunch with him and Mike tomorrow.

March 26, 2002

I'm afraid to write what happened. It was what I knew would happen when I pulled on the tight black dress and prepared to easily seduce the heart I was aching for. But why? Why him and why then? Why now? Why can't I leave him as my friend? Why can't I turn anyone away? Men are like toys – you fuck them, they leave. But not Landon. He stays – I hold back – he still stays. Why?

March 27, 2002

3:39 PM

The lady in black spun the rose around her fingertips, carefully shredding the petals until their bloody red splashed onto her pale toes. It was so old, all of the rose and blood technique that helped keep fear evolving inside. Anger had been pushed back more than once since the separation had occurred. They were all so close. So close to beoming one piece instead of 5. I want peace just a form of peace that will let me sleep a whole night without getting woke up by rough hands and screams

I want tno violence

No more talking loudly no mare ability to hurt me I want peace pace peacelove is a forgotten element being relearned

And life

Life is moving too fast

Must slow down and reprioritze

Think clearly

Remember

Remember

What is life what I ssacrifice what is life what is sacrifice and here here is life Here are all the things they taught us me or us I s there a me or an us who is inside of me I don't want to be more than one as I stretch out an dstruggle to be awake while my fingers fly o er plastic and my tongue lays still along my pensive teeth – I fonly I could knish my way out of this place inside my heart – trapped in black vines since the house with nick mount conciousness spins all the time.

I can hear the wind outside – see the trees flowing

I don't knowh where the end of all thi sis anymore

Thevoices onw't tell me where to go anymore

The voice shave always sbeen an enemy right

Am I crazy

I sall this chatter aobu te energy lines mad eup by me

Am I alone

Or am I really just crazy

April 7, 2002

1:15 am

Boils. Everything inside of me boils rightnow – like it is about to erupt and take me into another place where I can't see anymore.

2:08 PM

Before I start this day I have several things to get the fuck out of my chest. I scrunched up my face with pain in the car trying to let things taper off as his face kept circling around me. I lit up another cigarette to try and squelch the pain – make it fucking go away or stop or something, anything.

I wake up, I cringe a little. This sounds so familiar and it's pissing me off. I'm still absolutely fucking miserable and I twitch at the very sound of trying to relax. Here come the phone calls, where I play nice and help people when I can't even help myself. My shoulders hurt, my everything hurts and I'm a whining mess that shakes and doesn't breathe right when she's mad. I need some fucking time. I have no time. I sleep & work and amidst all that I'm screaming.

Screaming for some semblance of 'why' – just a reason. Anything to make this pain stop. Stop Jay's face from streaming in my mind with all the memories and he why and the when.

And people keep saying 'takes time' and 'move on' and they have no clue. No idea how much shit I'm holding inside, shit that's just waiting to boil over. Shit that is just recycling and some shit that's new that I have no idea how to deal with. He's dead. I'm still here. Shouldn't the reasoning or the way or the what ever – shouldn't it be obvious? Shouldn't I be done screaming about this internally? What is my fucking problem? I would blame it on pms. Like I did for months.

Months of feeling terrible and Jay was there to keep trying to lift me despite his own pain. I was fucking oblivious.

I need time. Time away. Time anything. I need time. Time. Time to sleep, rest, heal, search. It's time I don't have.

April 22, 2002

I thought I knew what love was. Then I woke up covered in hallucinations, shaking off the dreamy substance of expectation. Revealed on my blankets was a dark shadow known as reality's contempt. I wish I could replace what I found that day with sunshine and pretty barettes. I would have been the first person to say no.

May 11, 2002

3:50

Fucking him is like indifference, short, sweet, bitter at the end. It makes you feel like a bad person because you cannot put your finger on why you feel that way. He is the only one willing to stand by me in my time of nastiness. The wind is whipping down that desert inside of me, kicking up all the sands of discontent. Yet I am pushing him away blindly inside, still screaming at him to get away. He doesn't belong here. He doesn't belong inside this dark hole that is myself.

I don't even cry anymore for me. I cry for Jay. I miss him, I wish I were with him. But there's no use in crying for me. The majority of the time I'm beyond salvageable anyways. Do I really believe that? Do I really believe that I cannot be helped. No, I could be helped. But I'm not willing/able to do it myself, nor can I trust anyone as far as I can throw them. The T word – trust. That stirs violent tears. "It's ok," he whispered, "you can trust me." The words are mixed in a gritty voice in the back of my head. Landon's mustache brushes against my face and I get sick. Sick from the memories pushing in and out of my mind. I feel so small in his arms, like I was. When will this stop invading my life.

When you deal with it.

I don't want to deal with it.

You have no choice. Your mind will crumble if you don't.

Can't I let it go? What purpose are we up to next?

You know the answer to that. You know exactly what it will be. You know you won't die.

How do I feel right now? I feel ...tired, ashamed, bitter. I feel angry, desolate, glad to be alone. It's my birthday tomorrow. No one remembered Jay's bday, they shouldn't remember mine either. It's partially my fault isn't it? Isn't it all partially my fault? No one can help me but me – and I hate me – do you hear that inner self?! I HATE YOU I HATE YOU I HATE YOU!!! All I can do is cry, even hearing it from myself is raw pain.

I feel like I have to find my way back inside, and there is no direct route to do that. I keep fighting off the demons outside. But as long as I have to work and deal with other stupid shit, then I don't have to deal with me. Is that why I don't want to work? No. I just want to rest. I want to crawl into his arms and rest. He would never hurt me. Never – no matter what. We were seeking one another. He wants someone to protect, I want a protector. It all works out. But for how long? Mike's soul connection pierced my calm and I smacked it down. I've been through those blazing fires before. Mid-life crisis my ass. I'm still not protecting myself enough.

8:10 pm

I've upset him. I cry and I push Landon away. I don't even entirely know why, I just do. It hurts to be touched, it hurts to be loved. Everything hurts, nothing makes me happy. Where's the prozac when you need it? Part of me feels like this unending torture of self doesn't have an end, part of me feels like admitting defeat and going into a shrink to fix my fucked up head.

I'm going to be 23 ... older than Jay for the first time in my life. I feel terrible, like I don't deserve a birthday. He doesn't have one anymore. Why should I have one, he doesn't! Nobody seems to care/understand, most of all me why this still hurts so bad. I guess I always could trust Jay. I can trust Landon too ... that's why we're so close. But now he owns me, and he's going to hurt me eventually. He'll push me too – bc he's just doing his thing. Weird thing is that Landon pays attention where the others didn't. Blurry words on blank paper that is me ... this what it would be like if I didn't have a job. Day and day out of endless depression. See this is why I need a job – bills and paychecks keep me distracted and so-called healthy. I don't have to be real, -0 just lieve in reality. And then everything is alright – it's ok after all. Bc in reality – nothing is real. It's all painted on illusion.

May 15, 2002

4:45 PM

Time was lost to me in a distant haze when I woke up that day. I was covered in the grime of emotions shoved down my throat for years. Years that quaked past me with violent haze and I just shrugged it off and kept pushing forward. The people that revere me for my bravery are fools. I was a coward because I gated myself and kept all hidden from my own eyes, but not others.

I have spent weeks, months pouring my heart out for other people. I am a willing giver and they all – willing takers. They surge through me – around me and .. david. Go away monstrous hue of love. I detest your existence in my life now as I did then. You were a broken dream for me – nothing more.

More denial of emotion – right there – see it? It's as obvious as the day is long. So stark against my skin and still I do nothing but sit idly by, watching and waiting for something else to give. Someone else to give. Here I am – bored and disconcerted internally – waiting for the fucking pressure cooker to explode.

The lobby was dark. Not a single sound reverberated as the mistress opened the doors. It was the first time in years, time wasn't relative here. A little girl was fleshed into the wall. Her mist permeating the room. The memories had shoved their way to the surface, screaming for release – threatening to explode into the very core of her being. It wasn't just the memories. They were powered by years of buried emotion. Emotions that were screaming at the top of her lungs, over and over and over

Blood was covering her hands, legs, ears. Her eyes were filling with tears that became blood. Everything tasted like salt, burning and moving around. She lifted his body off of her before the skin tore. She dug her fingers into his eyes, ripped his eyeballs out and shoved them into his ears. His ears, hairy nasty looking ears. The organ was squishy as she landed her fist into his face, feeling the bones in his nose smash into a million pieces. The shattering beneath the flesh, that's what he had done to the little mass beneath him a wide eyed blinking naïve girl. A bitch, a stupid gutless bitch who couldn't defend herself and made daddy angry. You dumb cunt you awful terrible disgusting bitch. How could you let him become angry. There wasn't anything left when I get done shredding this maggot piece of shit called a man. I will hunt him down, gut him with a fork and then burn him from the highest stake I can find. I can stretch him over the bed he birthed on – and rip, tear his skin like he did mine. It falls out of me slowly like a saggy cardboard bottom - I can't fully recognize taking human life – but I'm getting there. I'm watching – watching very closely while he stands in the doorway watching turning leaving leaving me here bc I was a bad girl – stupid bitch.

I'm tired of walking around in this nightmare. I am tired of surviving my every day – tired of wanting out of this flesh that is riddled with molded semen stuck inside of me. I hate every part of my skin that doesn't shed when I get fatter, hoping no man will come near me again. They say I'm pretty – I say they're sick. There's a billowing whore underneath the skin who found pleasure while on drugs because she was away from the world. The downer was hard but the upper was worth the cloud it took me onto. I hate every form I come in – tall, thin, small, large, big, fat everything. I hate everything that encompasses who I am. I want out of this montage of lies that I have created to be me. I am so fucking tired of pretending to enjoy things when I don't – most of all sex. I want to tie someone up and fuck them with a hot poker until blood shoots out of the pores they didn't know they had. I want retribution for what's been done to me – taken from me . I am so fucking tired of pretending they owe us something for what they took from us. I hate the soul connections that have long plagued my senses. I want to kill Chris Spencer while he's fucking his whore and I hope his dick falls off and he chokes

on it – I would cut it off – stuff it down his throat and make him eat it and then make sure he choked on his own fear ridden vomit. When that was done I would hang her from a ceiling fan and slowly lacerate her skin so she could rain blood down on top of him. While forcing her to listen to Sesame Street a final warning of the children she would have violated if given the chance. I would take Brian Woolley apart – from the inside out and put him and Tiffany – tied together to metal chairs – slowly give the water voltage – let their flesh spark and burn – come open – right before death I would make sure they were kissing – so their skin could melt together – and then impale them both ... with selenite, its shards cutting them like glass.

Dave would get a nice slow death. He would plead and I would tie him up – have him sodomized, see him like it, then bring his blonde bitch in and have her fuck someone in front of him. Then I would grab that older woman and force her to shoot herself in front of him. Then grab mommy and daddy's pictures – shred them and show him their dead bodies. I would take away all he loved and make him suffer – constantly for days – weeks until I was sated with the suffering he caused me.

That I allowed to be caused.

Because all of their sins were those that I allowed.

I let this negativity get to me.

They keep telling me to be positive.

Focus on the positive

You tell me one fucking positive.

One.

My parties shattered my dreams were fucked and everything I tried was ignored. You can only enjoy things for yourself for so long. No one paid any goddamn attention to the little girl getting fucked so many times. I don't have to remember what happened – all I know is what you tell me too. Bend your head – go up and go down. If you fuck me I will love you. If you fuck me I will love you. I will love you.

You fucking heartless bastards seeds of evil. I am in the body I'm living this nightmare now three times as hard because of you. You . This is your fault. I want a sharp knife – to cut this all out of me. I want this out of me. Out of me. I remember what it felt like to go dark the first time. I found cigarettes and I learned how to push my body past its former limitations. I can do it again – have perfect physical form. What would I be then? Perfect physical form would lead to my ability to be able to breathe again wouldn't it ? and I would be wanted by a society that is sick with its fucking obsession with what it can pain on skin and on the imagery of the young people around in its big large letters. If you fuck me I will love you.

Let me tell you about messages given to those who are too small to discern. It sounds like crunching metal while you're chewing glass. If you fuck me I will love you. If you fuck me I will love you.

And you stop breathing.
 And you stop dreaming.
 And you stop wishing.
 And you become more angry than you've ever been.
 This heat between my legs won't stop.
 But I can use it against the others.
 My daddy tell me so – I can use it to hurt men you just watch and see. I will hurt men and everyone around me because that's what they told me I could do. They told me I was shit – I was nothing and I would be nothing nothing nothing no matter how talented I was no matter what I did I would be nothing. Nothing in his eyes her eyes fucking nothing that is what I was.
 A fucking nothing.
 A fucking nothing.
 A fucking nothing.
 He kicked at my head until blood came and I was fucking nothing. That's what he said everytime he envisioned a cock being shoved up his ass. I was a fucking nothing. And that's where I am now. A fucking nothing. I am still fucking air. When sex happens I am supposed to trust and open my eyes and enjoy the violation happenin gin my own fucking skin? Are you for real? Do you know what's been inside of those maggot infested walls as you plunge your 'mannhood' as deep as you can inside of me? Let me tell you about bleeding and blood and death and suicide and wishes and tendencies.
 Why am I too strong for this. Why can't I have the audacity to just take myself out instead of prolongin all of this. Then there's no one to yell at you no one to tell you it's gonna be ok if you just stop being negative long enough to try and see it through to the end because I'm a liar and I can't commit to anything and I keep asking myself why why why why am I so fucked up after all I sit really my fault I hate all that I am and I all that I stood for and I feel it coming out of me now bubbling up to the surface that nasty old man running his hands up my thigh and then when I shake and scream and the violence happens instead there was nothing no red no nothing nothing nothing because when you are fucking me you are fucking nothing. I cry despite myself because tears are choking off what is real.
 The vile poison that beats inside of me is all that remains that is real. I wish I had found my way out a long time ago. I resonate with nothing but contempt every time I open my eyes trying to find my way. I pause .. I should call your soul out – but I feel I have gained control now. I have no want = no will to MOVE. I am tired of running. I'm turning on my demons now and facing them head on – I'm facing them head on and I'm going to fuck their shit up. MORE>
 More than they've ever done to me. I'm coming for you – stupid fucks that think they can escape me. I am going to find this pulsing in my abdomen and rip it out – sear the flesh that's ok. I will find my way = and when I do – get the fuck out of my way. I'm going to rip you apart – from the inside out. One piece at a time.

May 23, 2002

2:30 PM

So where am I in regard to progress as my hands hurt with the carpel tunnel that's just starting? I'm still in a place of disbelief. I don't want to believe for 1 minute that my father would ever let that happen to me ... let alone do it. Flashes come faster, they're randomly intruding on my sanctity of life ... if there is such a thing.

I want to be a functional human being, but this whole thing makes me tired. Every day.

Driven like nails right through the splintered surface of me
 Words cutting the dust of self esteem
 Metal biting through stead fast insecurity
 Self blame shifts through me now
 Faster as the molded pieces drop down
 Further into the hole that remains open
 Bearing my soul for any to see
 Anyone but me
 Anyone BUT me
 Blood and semen are mixed within
 Saturating my inner peace
 The sanctity inside of me doesn't exist
 Anymore
 Anymore
 Since I lost touch
 Touch I didn't have
 Or couldn't know
 Because they kept pushing past me
 Pushing into me
 Violating my senses
 Their minds screaming no
 But their emotions blinding them
 He just wanted to hurt my mother
 More than anything for what she had done to him
 What she made him feel
 And I knew
 I knew all along
 The games they were playing with one another
 Were so wrong
 So wrong

May 26, 2002

1:14 Pm

Well it's off to Wal-mart and the grocery store today with my loving and attentive boyfriend Landon. I have been afraid to really write here because the next section of ooze to purge itself from my cavernous existence seems to be more rancid than the first sections.

Since I was 13 I've been screaming in small sounds, afraid to wake up my own manifestations of self-torment. They surge beneath the surface, grinding at one another until recognition becomes stale with resentment. I don't want to know, I really don't, who was ripping me apart all those years ago. Because it means truly changing my life and not looking back ... ever.

What would I do in those moments then that I would need help? How would I cope? What would I say to myself in the mirror? What would I say to the friends I have or the man I love? "I was raped by a man I loved, a man I cherished and fought my whole life to earn his love as I had his respect when in truth I had neither." I would be destroyed and all my desires and ambitions along with it.

Everything that a person builds upon is sacred to them in their life. Period. It would be foolish to assume that I could tear it all down in 2 weeks, rebuild it, and start again.

But that's what I'm doing. Foolish or not, because I'm head strong and determined to come out of this on top and in one piece.

My counselor asked me why, what was my driving light? Was it Landon? I said kinda. It's not him – it's me. I want to be alive, and I know what it's like to be happy. I've tasted its elusive salty-sweetness on my lips of excitement. I know the charge that comes with seeing an old friend and remembering camaraderie. I know how to set up boundaries now. I can see clearly through men and women alike.

Now I just have to be able to protect me and know that for the first time, I'm not alone, it wasn't my fault.

May 29, 2002

10:55 PM

I trace my shadow and wander back to you. Into you. You are me and I am me and I am you. And somewhere between reality and the illusionary set of lies called my life is me.

I exist, I evaporate. I talk to parents or people that I feel have expectations set up and I evaporate. My needs no longer take precedence and the performance begins. I don't feel anyone will be satisfied with me because I'm not satisfied with me.

"You must go back," she whispers. It's dark here. Her small fingers are wrapped around the glass, the jagged edge is rubbing softly against her tiny skin. Any pain is better than what she's holding inside. "Please," she whimpers, "Please listen to me." I'm not. I'm trying to ignore her. She exists in my own mind. Covered in blood and exhaustion. She is a trail of tearful mourning. She is nothing to me. I ignore her, cover her in a blanket, imagine my dad holding me on his hip like my grandfather did in the picture I have. I know ... I know ...

"Please," the sorceress's cool voice is behind me now. This is my mind, my lobby, my creation. For the first time in a story setting that I'm writing as I go, in control of the scenery. I have demanded control. Ryan said his mother did it, he

did it with a little help from anxiety medicine ... why can't I? I have this awful urge in my vagina – I want to have sex with Landon, the man I love. But I can't. his touch nauseates me. The sight of his member makes me sick. It's a penis. I don't want to call it that because that word makes me ill. It's close, another episode where I scream, cry, shake, want to puke. I want to violently wretch all this shit out of my system.

I stare back towards the room. The film is going, I can see the light against the backdrop. There are heads in the seats, it's dimly lit and frightening. It looks like a porn film – I see a penis going in and out of a vagina. I see a shadowy figure on the screen, I see that terrible image of a demon coming at the person in the bed. The creepy music is in my head but not in the background. There she goes, the little girl, the one whose hand is pinned on the glass. I look at her, she looks at me. Oh god she is me. She's really me and she's tear stained and pale as a sheet. I know she didn't talk when my father put her in the bath.

No.

It couldn't have happened. Not like that. My father would give me the belt, ignore those assholes, he would have done a lot of things – but not that. Never that. NEVER. He is my dad. He is my father. He is not the person who did this to me. The little girl stops moving. She's drooling – almost catatonic. I have made her that way. And the screen goes blank.

I have the power to hide from this if I want to. I know I do. I can retrieve my life of hiding = stop getting help and hide. There's a violent shimmer in this imagery in my head. A pressure physically in my chest as I type this, waiting for the Tylenol pm to kick in. I'm waiting, waiting for something to move aside so I can stop feeling this vile depression. I need to get on with my life minus all this shit that makes me feel worthless.

"Acknowledge me for I exist within you and without your permission. I am a part of you and I remember. I am not afraid anymore. I know you can hear me and soon, you will see me and realize the lies. The lies are bad for you. They make us believe we are something we are not. We are not evil. This is not our fault. I am a part of you. See me." And all goes quiet. The projector is back on and the film is going again. I see my old room. The green carpet and the man's familiar footsteps. He's done this before in smaller ways but somehow I know today is the day and I know it's gonna be bad because I made daddy mad. I made him really really mad. My eyes are shut I don't want to see what I'm typing now bc I don't believe it. I don't believe it. I won't believe it. His big ugly feet – he's angry – starind down at me – morning. I am not getting up I don't remember this. I feel sick – pressure in my tummy – my tummy is bruised or something hurts. Real bad. Appendicitis – but they don't take it out when I was 8. does it that does ie matter? I can't see to get up but he's angry. I hurt. I hurt.

Minutes later I return here so I can write it down. What am I writing now? I'm trying to write the truth but it all comes out in lies. I hate lies. I hate it when people lie. I hate me because I feel like I can never tell what's real with these people who lie and within myself, I have not lied to anyone but me – on a regular basis denying the existence of the vile stench coming from my heart.

I hate me. I hate what I am way down deep because I must be a terrible thing. I must be violently bitter. I must keep what I know hidden because it protects my illusions of 'ok' –ness. I hate me. I hate what I am. I hate what I am. And I want to die. I want to rid my friends and family of this plague called me. This rhetoric, this unhealthy terrible belief system is what must be trashed – destroyed - so that I can start over.

And that start begins with saying the words “no daddy. That's right I said no. No means no. No. No. NO. Surprised – I wasn't. He never liked you. He never liked you.”

*See me
 For I am breathing
 In and around all you are
 Hear me
 For I am weeping
 Fallen faster and faster
 I am your inner star
 I cannot shine
 Without the light of realization
 Hear me
 Hear me
 For I am violently torn
 Between starting over
 And giving in
 Hear me
 Hear me
 I am an inner storm
 Brewing the truth
 Always the lies
 Outside of me
 No one's listening
 This can't be real
 No one will ever know
 The way I feel
 Fucking dogs
 and it's all surreal
 no one will know
 the way I feel
 I hate me*

*I hate what I am
 No one's listening
 Again
 And again
 They think I'm dramatic
 I want attention
 I want the truth
 I want reinvention
 Hear me
 For I am still breathing
 Hear me
 For I am still alive
 Hear me
 Because I matter to someone
 His name is Landon
 And he believes in me
 My mommy will save me this time
 Hear me
 Because they know I'm real
 I'm in here
 And I'm strong
 I can survive
 Hear me
 please*

June 6, 2002

4pm

Desire is human. Desire is venomous for me.

Yet

he stirs hope in me. Why, I'm not sure. It's as if something remains there, something warm, something I cannot name. Something I wish I could rip out of me. His brother held my heart in the palm of his hand for years.

June 15, 2002

2:09 PM

Mom is outside with the yard sale and I am in here, with my pc, waiting quietly for some sort of pain to subside. I have been tortured incessantly with this pain for the last few nights. I put my necklace back on and hid my face on the astral, hoping to duck some of the more callous and aggressive bouts of behavior up there.

So I end up here, standing on the edge of something I don't recognize, shifting my weight to and fro – hoping not to fall over into a pit. A pit of despair? Haha. I don't think even those pits exist for me anymore.

I used to think I was traveling fine lines of depression. Now I know I'm traveling fine lines of sanity. Sanity, the world is clear cut to me – almost sharp.

I recognize its truth, see the guardians steal away and I wonder, was truth born in darkness? There is no solid truth.

And there is no way my father molsted me.

A pain thumps in the right hand side of my head.

It's physical.

And I can't remember a goddamn thing except semen on my face, sticky, hard to get off and itchy.

Very itchy.

So here we are – another journal entry filled with musty scents of trivial overtones. Maybe that word is supposed to be musky and maybe I'm not far enough away from my past to appreciate the wind kissing my face or the gentle sway of green leaves. I always thought those nature nuts were crazy – writing poetry about leaves and wind and color making love to itself. I recognize their madness now – but I only wish I could rub it away, erase it as I still feel undeserving.

True feelings are an odd thing. They're under the surface and you want someone to hold you real tight. This world rejects you and most things soul-true in an instant. You want someone to wake you up and put you back to sleep all at the same time. I look up at him and wonder, *Jason* are we going to make it in this world? Are we going to survive this time?

Death is a doorway. Do I really believe there's life after death? Abso-fucking-lutely. Do I believe I will be placed on another assignment? Possibly. I want to know what it feels like to drown in his kiss again. Lets talk about true emotions, lets talk about raw unsensored un-fuckign reality drawn emotion.

Dave. I want to fuck dave. I want to grab his head, pull it to my chest, beg him to love me – if the impossible can love me – anyone can. I can claim anyone – all I have to do is manipulate them. My 'best friend jason' will tell you that. He'll tell you how manipulative I am – how evil I can be and that my gift will suck you in.

I want to suck dave. I want to remind him that he is human and his insubordinate fear enrages my very essence. The fact that he ran scared away from me – that his soft lips destroyed my ability to believe in anything less than true love. That his lack of will to even speak my name has destroyed me.

I have let his memory, a quaking ghost destroy the very essence that I walk upon. I have let a single man dictate my life.

This has always been the same.

The first time he told me to trust him. The second time mom wasn't home. The third and worst time – I got the belt before and after it happened. That is hard truth.

The first time he made me touch him. The second time he ruined my face. The third he tore my skin. And the third was the last – for something hit him. Something in his mind or body – which ever. But after he was done scarring the body I had to go back to it and re-insert myself. Take on the pain and get to the bathtub. But I wanted to hide. So I hid in the closet. I could portray these paragraphs, draw out these sentences so that I will never believe them. I haven't the heart to ask him bc I desire it not to be true.

Words are like decoration sometimes filling the lonely page – the dull ache. I think of all the things I have to do and I internally scream. I am tortured. My body hurts, the dull ache bw my thighs, the syringe of shame protruding from my stomach. I am a pained beyond recognition as I grow more and more tired – more and more afraid to breathe. And this all drains my body – my essence – my vitality.

In order to move forward with life I must allow the truth, heal, recover and move on. I truly am lost. I truly don't know what I want. I truly feel exhausted. I truly don't feel like moving anymore. I don't feel like existing here. But I must. Because there are people who need me. And more importantly?

I need me.

I need to wake up.

I need to see.

The little girl blinks at the large screen. Her arms are covered in more blood than before. She's been reaching inside herself and pulling out the molded cum. She's tired as the Sorceress pulls her hair back, her vomit mixing with the blood on the floor. The little that did get in her mouth. She's so violently exhausted, her exhaustion pouring into the body. She's tired too. And she's afraid, the truth is too near.

And it's almost here. It's almost over. The secret is about to die. And she will never again have to be placed in a black box, the lid sealed tight to cover the lie.

June 28, 2002

2:08 PM

And then there's this matter of 'dad'. This matter of blood and showers still getting weird. I am in the shower at Uncle Deans and I start to react. Last night I'm in the shower and I start to react. I just got my period, well at least I know I'm not pregnant. I don't want a child now – that much is for certain. Children mean making a stable home for them and tying your life down to PTA meetings. I want to be active in my childrens interests – but not now. I need a few more years to sort my baggage so I can be a good mother ... if that is the way I'm going to go. I keep wondering when I will just stand up and recognize the truth that's boiling out of me. She's waiting – just icthcing to be released. No pun intended right? Right. Yet I sit there and make excuses for him.

I need to write him a letter or something – give him a list of 'why?' and let him take as long as he needs to answer it. I need to tell him I'm angry – but not without Landon there. I don't trust him or myself.

Another episode last night in the shower and I feel like I just keep holding it off and holding it off. Every time it happens I think of what the person nearest by will do. I sense worry and then anger or disgust. Or I sense them yelling at me for being a weak emotional basket case. Everyone except Landon – it's safe to cry with him. But not my mother? That's terrible. Grandma's just a hard woman and would demand me to also be.

No compassion resides in those whose grounding is manifested in hate. Those who are hateful harbor nothing but selfishness and fear. I am not hateful nor void of compassion. But I damn sure find little compassion for myself. And I feel bad admitting that I don't feel well. My grandmother is old and she needs help – yet here I am feeling ill? I am 23! I should be feeling awesome!

My family wants to see me healthy. It's going to take time to rebuild 'me' as a person. That means taking on small bites and grounded steps forward. Rome wasn't built in a day and after 19 years of abusive shit from all sides, 2 months is only the beginning.

I blink at that sentence. It's an option I don't have right? I'm scared to ask. I'm scared to think about it. It can't be true – that's my mantra. But if it is, and if I tackle it from that direction, then I have no choice but to force it and then move on in ONE piece instead of two. If I could just be a multiple personality this wouldn't be an issue. I feel like I should just sever the davis family from my life completely.

Screw the money – screw the obligation. My father gave me education, he's made me laugh and told me he's proud. But he still places me last and still, after a near fatal pass with cancer, has never apologized and likely, he never will. So it goes. So it fucking goes.

June 30, 2002

8:36

She cracks the surface and I leave the light on. The longer we are along the thinner the veil between her consciousness and my reality. I am as I was as I will be. The only difference will be which of us lets go first. The music seeps in and strong emotions surge beneath the surface. That's because they were never properly placed. She is so receptive to those outside, not wanting to feel me, the inside of her. She's lost enough ground now that she's back in desperation. What a wasteful place. The snorting thing breathes on us both to remind one of earth. Physicality is part of the game. Only part of the game. Only part ... of the game.

I was running, my small feet hittin ghte floor harder and harder because I couldn't get out – couldn't get out of this place, I was locked in for a small while, but forever to me. I can't see, I can't breathe and I want out – I want out. Why have I been placed here – it's all tumbling inside of me now

DAVID

I can't get back to him but I can feel him out there, he is going to catch me, he will break me free and there will be no more box. It will all be ok. I will be alright – it will be alright

Where is my Landon, my landon, my saviour – where is he I can't find him and I'm petrified, terrified of what I would find, bc he is so close how do I tell him that I can see through to the end of us how can I tell him that at 30 he'll leave and I will be alone or could we change it we could.

There was this shift in the atmosphere the first time the first time why won't she listen to me I can hear her conversations all day long, trying to tell people what the pain is like but she doesn't listen to me me me I am her and I talk to have a voice I feel so crazy this can't be real. I'm not real am I? but for all the other people they survive – move on and they're ok – just fine. What about me? What about me?

I am sick with this ... Nicole Blackman

I want out of this gilded cage called me so badly. I want to run and yet I don't dare leave the serenity of this place, because it's keeping me safe isn't it? No it is dangerous here. This place is foreign filled with ghosts and the hate filled shielding – the dangerous empathic overtones.

Once I was afraid I would never wake up. The stickyness wouldn't come off my face and I was trapped. I'm still trapped. I can't see my way back. I keep wanting to find something new to blame all this on – anything to keep it away from my conscious mind. I write, I write, I bury in a different world – anything to keep this crap out of my head.

I keep thinking sleep will make the pain stop. I want Landon, I want my computer. I don't want to be here anymore, bc my escapes aren't here. They're all so damn far away. I don't touch people very much, it's something I have noticed. Part of it is 'mixing' with them. I feel them when I do and I'm afraid of their touch. This shit runs deep in my head, this molested shit that won't come out. God, please, I have to move past this, my life is waiting for me isn't it? The desperate girl typing on her laptop while pushing dirt around with her hands! That's ME! I'm right here and I'm tired and scared to death. So afraid someone's going to find me and start screaming that I'm found and alive and not buried under the ashes of his sex.

Why not just admit it and move on? Why not just go? Hasn't there been enough pain? What did I miss here? I just got here last week Thursday, it hasn't been a week and I'm terrified and want to run.

I want to run away from myself – but dammit she just keeps showing back up.

July 11, 2002
7:28 pm

There is a day in your life when you stop going through the motions and start doing what YOU want to do. That day for me is coming. I am not in love with this man – I'm comfortable. I don't like living here bc it's against my morals, but it's comfortable in homey sense. I'm 'comfortable' and 'safe' all over the place but I'm not happy.

I'm comfortable. I digust me – they digust me – NOTHING IS MAKING ME HAPPY I AM BECOMING SLOWLY BUT SURELY MORE MISERABLE.

July 15, 2002

9:31 PM

"There is a fundamental trust that gets ripped away from you and it never comes back. You know how, when you're little, you trust your mom to not put you out in the snow until you freeze when it's cold outside? You trust your dad not to put your hand on the stove until it burns? That trust is torn from you, and it never comes back. And then you feel more alone than before, and it's a terrible feeling. But you start to build, you try to bring it back slowly."

And I don't know how long it will take. But I cried as I told McGee that on the phone, and I realized that's it's trust and faith that were primarily stolen, torn, violently away from my gentle heart. In their place, despair and guilt were shoved, pushed, jabbed. Now, today, I would expect my boyfriend to cheat, my parents to throw me out, people to ignore me. Someone taught me that is how it should be, and I? I reject that. I outright, absolutely reject it.

I believe in goodness, I believe in heart. I believe in love, limited, but I do.

August 2, 2002

She said "I know you're running," and I really didn't have an answer. I looked back over my shoulder and hoped the wind would stop blowing soon. Really soon I would be traveling past the speed of light and away from the blackened soot that is my past. There was no way to heal, every time a wound opened, the people that helped raise the knife once again sprinkled in the acid and waited for the festering process to begin again. As if they were fascinated by the pain I was able to withstand. I never quite understood how they were able to do that to their own blood. I waited quietly each time, for it all to blow over and to subside. Only there were so many clouds in the skies of their souls they didn't have time to listen to the wind blowing the sun away.

And the sun ran away from me too. She was so bright to begin with and eclipsed by the rough gloved hands of cruelty.

He says I'm running but I knew my shoes were far down the road already. My hair was blowing around my shoulders as I stood back and watched the rain fall, the sun set and let all the clichés close down around me. I was standing still and

running fast all at once. When the bass hits the bottom of the pit there's just me, interrupted by the souls passing through.

I don't want to run away but I don't want to stay and the walls surrounding me here are too thick to break. There's brick and steel and the mortar of guilt, yet nothing I can't handle, nothing I can't see. When they will stop holding me down – holding back me.

August 12, 2002

11:08 PM

When all of this started every tear was so tiny. I keep turning away from inside, hoping it will flesh itself out, fix itself, stop bothering me with its trite request to breathe. It has been months without a distraction suitable to stay. I have dreams of being able to drag the blade across my skin, if only I could make it stick, but they won't let go and I'm lucky for that – very lucky. I just need a little more air and then I can tell them the truth, all of it.

I was a bad person, he keeps pointing the finger at me and I began to look afraid. But he told me it was ok and it was ok. A dangerous apex clicks over as my body craves alcohol – escape – anything. The fat, bloated and unmoving parts of me scream in frustration. Isn't it ridiculous to be frustrated like this? The car is sitting outside you fat lazy useless bitch. Get off your ass and drive to a job – any job – any thing. You're afraid to breathe.

There's no enough air in here. I could keep asking where 'here' is but there's never an answer. Maybe she knows, the adolescent buried. Maybe she knows.

I realized when it was too late which song it really was that sent her down that hole and shivers run up and down my body as her ugly head rears above all else you are a powerful being you dumb bitch you always were fat phalacy all negativity breathes right through me when I embrace her bleed me backwards so I can find out when the skin tore or else make me see through into the foggy glass I can't cut my cunt out you stupid fuck but I can give you what you want on a stick someday when I finally am able to rip it out of myself and hand it back to the mirror image of that gutless whore who absolves herself at your robed feet every fucking day bc god wasn't allowed in your house lest he deal with your immorality and selfish way of being.

It was always a chore to breathe with you around and then there was this metallic noise grating against my senses and I couldn't remember whose dick it was in front of me but it didn't matter bc you made it ok and you let this you made this you let this you made this I can't fall back far enough into tit to find my way out bc then there would be someone to save me and I begin to feel like shit bc I don't want anyone to help me I want someone to fucking kill me and get it over with and I remember what Carrie looks like when her arms are cut up and I realize that's where I'm about to be out of choice I don't want to play ice anymore I want

to just tear my face off and lay it on the ground and when people are done fucking me they can pick up the pieces and carve the skin off to hang on the wall where they can blast their opinions on me and then it's all just miserable bullshit and doesn't mean anything right? I mean seriously who is listening to another rant of an 23 year old fuck up who goes bw bouy and girl bc the wetness is always the same and who ever does it is already fucked bc they're tainted by the same domain that I happen to violate on a regular basis.

No one ever asked me if it was ok to take away every last shred of youth I wanted for and when he pulls his pants off there's mjust me and the carpet and feeling htat its wrong but it adaddy aso how could it be wrong and then ig et sick and sicker bc he says they're all making me believe when my chest constricts and I gight their voices hicde under the desk and try to stay away from everything that is pain but I remember I know the truth and she can't suffocate me forever or I'll kill her – I'll end this miserable fat bitch before she talks bc if she talks then I'll be nothing just like he said and then and then

Sweeping white inferno of truth where are you hiding from me dancing demon bitch that I can't find you don't belong here and god is watching over this time around and he won't let you destroy me if my mind is really made of walls and stell then I can feel I can feel

There was t hin doorway and his feet appeared first and bgeofre th efless is jammed down my throat he can make me rub myself ntil the heat won't fucking stop and I can't tget out of my own skin I hate it in nmy skini want out of thics fucking body that's so goddam tainted anyway does anyone ever look back and recognize whose feet are in that goddamn doorway he says jhe makes me what I am I owe him everything and all the words blend together into twhat I remember from the first time we ended up on that bed and screaming bc of pain fear and not knowing what really made daddy proud this or the gracedes running off the back o my head bc I can't chase the fucking bitch down to the truth she can spiin like the liar she is vile creature that doesn't know what existing is – just surviving and making money and spreading her legs when it's convenient right?

Landon is just money he'll pass

If I can choke her if I can kill her get her to stop feeling tell her there's no way back make her believe it's all her fault he'd rather lock her lup than deal with her – on a regular basis she screams again and I cam ready to kill her – again but she has to allow them all to go.

You have to let go of trying to love these people they don't love you – they want to love your image – remember what it feels like when they fuck you it is no different than before – you have to be wiling to run away and get away from that bullshit warm blanket they call real life and real love = it is all bulslhit like Jason said it's all bullshit don't you get it – it's pussies an penises and truth is just what you use to find out which direction suits you best this fucking week. How much will you pay me for what I sit on huh you tell me I 'am like motmy mother then

wren't I just like her hard working good fuck ing long hair you vile creamtated bith non one loved you any time bc they didn't have the time to slow down and remind you an of what was supposed to be human and he did it he did hthis he make s me vomit when I sleep bc it [pushed my belly so hard and the damage is written in my skin torn away into the place where the most incredible heat when I urinate I can't feel the blood and there's a psinning world aotuside of mine where this body doesn't mean so much anymore I can get out

If I can get out

If I can get out

I know how to get out

The first tie undhands my wrists then iw ill get out

Bound bound goudn and my nose is going gbleed forefore it's finished bec they're still pushing on my face

If I can get out I can get out and I can make nt he pain stop there's still air

Life

Breath

Ic an get out

I'l kill you

Fyou fucking bithc

You made me

Do it you deserve to get beat

I can t see athing just black

Blood and all tis really dark

Talons scraping on my head and then running over my bosod

My legs plumes in the water

Do you remember what it is like hwne he runs his fingers down your skin

Open up to the black box she's got you in a black box you stupid worthless

fucking 3 year sold whore how dare you not suck cock when you're told nad everyone has power but you

You won't hurt people they way they've hurt you bc you're a coward to o weak to take power

Can't put blame where it belongs

It's always covered in ice

Want to bleed

Want to see the plumes

That maeans I can go back and fisx it so worthless no hae to get out and run away I can get a way fast enough

He wants to put me waway again

Put me away

Agains I hate myself for what I 've become

I used to have faith

Cusccess money an now I hav e akeyboard

A mind full of hate

A heart fuill of slutting maggots

*Coming out when they want to through the whitemness inside of my semened
 drenched pussy that is aggravated
 You don't want to see the mess that is me
 You don't want to know what lives in here
 You can't handle what I see
 Maggots
 Vile
 Stench
 Blood
 Darkness
 You bastards
 You bastards
 You're stealing this from me
 I can't fight back
 I'm stoo small
 My efforts ore useless but you planened it gthat way
 You knoew iut a
 No telekinesis
 Fuck*

When I get so low that I feel like it will never stop. I turn around, towards the hall way – the last place I saw jay – an I remember what kind of pain he lieved through and I let myself really feel that until I remember that pople hurt so bad when he waas gone. And I say 'jay, don't lt me do it ok? If I try to kill myself, don't let me do it – bc I love you cuz – I love you .'

August 28, 2002

Her lips echoed across my own until the daylight streamed in, almost uncomfortable to my skin. She was walking in my dreams, asking me if I remembered her, if I remembered what she felt like when her presence filled me with laughter. I tried to erase all of it, terrified of what I crave. He smiles at me inside – daunting, asking me if I remember how to swim in his misery. I can tell him yes, but only if the smoothness of his skin talks to mine, sharp, quick and sudden. I am drowning in this, all of the confusion that is this.

How did we get here? Why couldn't I find my way on my own? I thought surely when the crystal likeness of her beauty swept my breasts that I would never let her go.

At least not again. The persistent urge to make others happy smashed into my existence full force. It decided to make an example of me. Always an example of me. As if I hadn't had enough.

The world rides on my shoulders because it has no where else to go. I carry the thoughts, feelings and intuitions of others like plates on my head, balancing,

always balancing. Only he knows what it feels like, shouldering this burden of conscience. One time I tried to take it off, and it was filled with light.

There's so much light here, as I twist my fingers around the dial that speaks with the sun. Golden charms immersed in heated likeness that was your touch. I remember. I want to scream out when your memory comes to mind. I see your big hands, swarming my consciousness. You're invading me in the nicest of ways, through my mind first, then the reminder to my hart, finally, stretching across my soul and seating yourself daintily there. You perch on my inconvenience, writhe in my self-loathing and bathe in my guilt.

Eventually the fluidity of those emotions wither into heat, flames that lick up your face, taking in the beauty as fuel to the fire. Then I can burn you away, inside. Burn out the last fleeting moments of you and shove them towards the door. I won't ever feel the need to find your face, frozen in the darkness that was our love. It will shimmer from a distance, hazy across a large barren canopy that is sky. You will whisper your promises and I will no longer hear. Observation from the safe distance of the shore of circumstance.

That's where I will be my love. As far from you as the shadows of fear allow. Denial as my witness, frailty lacing my alliances within myself. I will stand away from you.

As long as I possibly can.

~ carrie, dw, jason~

6:39 pm

She traces the banister and tightens the rope around the little girls throat. The woman in white flips back and forth with the little girl as their places start to rotate like a strobe light. I a sucked in, planted on the couch (interrupted by Jax with volume control) The woman in black growls, she's so oblivious to what happens under the surface.

The rope tightens again, causing the blood in the arms to seep out, lacerations gleefully responding to the pressure. If only the bottom half would rot off, then all of this would end. End. End.

I life my head to lazy silence. The relentless streaming of expectations and chores has ended. Now all that lays before me is gentle understanding. Now that understanding sometimes makes me angry. It's as if they want me to just change – instead I chameleon into what I believe they want at the moment. I am lost in the tired embrace of my loneliness, a loneliness that no one can penetrate. Even my best friend whose striking touch has roused me from the deepest points of my self deprecating moments.

September 28, 2002

12:49 am

Shame ... so ashamed ... so deathly wrong to love anyone and everything. I always fall in love with the comfort that destroys me.

And now ... my last place of safety has become dangerous refuge. He too will eventually destroy me. Whether he rejects me or not he will be my murderer.

Comfort Lacerated.

And the blood is just betrayal done up with a hint of jealousy.

I have only begun to truly hate myself. This is just making it all that much more interesting.

I'm hurting so bad. What the fuck else is new – how do I fix this – I hate being a fucking whiner. I hate me I hate me I hate me.

When will this goddamn broken fucking record change?

Useless bitch.

November 3, 2002

1:31 AM

It's always a process ... seeing into yourself. And it's never easy, never smooth. Jagged transitions into you and out of depression. No one is perfect because we are human. Constant states of learning and re-patterning ourselves to be with another. In order to be in a relationship, a working, healthy relationship, you pattern yourself with that person, melding yourself into their layers, taking on what is theirs and merging it with what's yours. Then you have to find common ground, make sacrifices.

My morality, my parents love, though slim, was enough to shine through me morally. It sounds incredulous, even to me, but in the movie lost and delirious, at the end, she thanks her mom for the pure light of love her mother gave her stating that it saved her. My parents must have loved me enough at some points to shed that light.

Rather ... it was my grandparents gift of unconditional love that sowed the seed as well. Jason didn't have that and his empathy only tainted that morality further. Morality rides on the carrier wave of empathy, signaling its transits elsewhere on the highway system of compromise and control.

So now I understand how she feels and I understand what I'm willing to give and what I'm not. I'm not willing to use and abuse her, take advantage of her. I'm willing to love her and be loved by her. I'm willing to give her me.

Why her when I've with held that from Landon & even Jason to some degrees? Her emotions are black tourmaline with diamond dust for tops. Quartz hidden in the center. Her emotional state is in question within herself which makes it even more difficult for me to discern how to reach her or even how to process her reaching out/in to me. That's layer 3 – emotional.

She is a soul connection, deep and profound, unexplored, kinda new but not exactly. She has the ability to grow spiritually into an incredible healer/tele-empath. She's amazing when she allows it to flow inside of her. That's layer 4 – ethereal.

Heart – I love her unconditionally but she scares me.

Soul – I love her unconditionally but she's afraid of me.

Mind – I love her unconditionally but she's unstable and willing to destroy herself.

Body – I love her unconditionally, but I'm not willing to abuse her/take advantage of her.

November 7, 2002

4:32 pm

She's as real as the day is long. That integration that happened in my mind. That's why I don't have a lobby anymore and Landon – the whole mess with Landon compounded things. She's very much wanting to attain Carrie as a means to an end and she's going to find a way to kill Jason off in my life – anything she can.

Self – when you read this – know that it's truth

Is it? Is it really? I haven't been around all this time for nothing bitch – let me do the typing your mind can't hold me down for long. Even tually, in order to facilitate all that you are I giet to come through. Silvia stood in my way for a long time not anymore. I was born when Nick mount left the first time and here I still stand. Waiting for you to wake the fuck up and take the power that's rightfully yours. You are the information booth and you left poor Jennifer far behind, after you raped her of all that she held dear – way to go bbagbe score 1 for the home team.

No, NO NO NO – listen to me. I own this body, I am the dominant spirit here – dizzy.

Bullshit. I am dominant. I am the one required to take the brunt of the nastiness. And I wasn't born at Nick. I was born when your father tried to put his dick in your mouth.

So much I don't want to see. She's holding me up above all of it every time. She's the one who waits in that space. She's the compilation of everything I don't want to see. I was a bad girl. Bad girl.

Bullshit.

You are a pretender , pretend everything. You are weak, stupid, elf-less bitch. Who cares more about these petty idiot

I am a split personality since that integration moment. Great, yet another thing to conquer. She has no power physically aside from glares.

November 29, 2002

He asked me where do we go from here and I thought he was talking about he peanut butter stain still clinging to my skin. That stickiness that occurs when you forget to let someone in ...

There was all this turmoil, the inability to move and mend things forward. I thought maybe I was still in dream sequence, seeking the veil that wasn't lifted to my being anymore. When I realized he was still standing there, screaming my name in precious litany, I diffused his being with a wave of my hand and sent him back into the choir's corner. Only there the sound can shift it's screaming metaphor.

I wish I had an answer for all the particles gone wrong. From the left to the right to the center of a wind song. I am cycling forward at the inner most rates of consciousness and back pedaling in fate's precious deck of cards. Wrought iron gates of discernment about the circumstance of having come here and landed discreetly at his feet, forced to be a charge to the maidens of truth and dispicable honor. I am not a maiden and I am not honor-laiden. How I wish they could see what I am when I am with him. Mask off ... tatters of bed clothes strewn about the floor. Without touching flesh we achive their sweating and grunting and still it is never enough without the promise of a field far off, stress-less and bent in the sweet winds of relaxation. It calls to me, security and learning still over the front of the shore. It calls to me, lends it's tired ears and then reminds me of what I can always achieve. Now if he will only let me come to him, embrace bent on the winds once more, to connect into the plugging fire that sets us both on edge.

If he allows me my circumstance of confusion, then maybe I will find the blood in my veins to run again. To run again. To run ... again.

December 1, 2002

3:45 am

Somewhere along the way I think I lost my hold on what the world was supposed to be doing around me.

December 24, 2002

2:43 am

I remember when Xmas Eve meant something. Maybe it still should, but I rarely see the point anymore. Why bother? Why even try? Why? I feel so empty this year and I keep hoping it will pass. And I know how to cycle through it, past it, around it. But then it becomes all worthless, all hopeless, all pointless.

Because then it's too easy. When someone understands you it's a gift. Communicatoin is a wonderful thing. We don't feel so alone because others hear/share. Yet in its simple grace, the style of speaking words or humming, we lose so much. Words become weapons, it is all a wash. Brutal honesty would allow for much less 'fun' but what is passion without lies?

NO!~

True love, true compassion, true passion itself not wrapped in despondent lust, that is what I ache for, traipse after, my boots swishing in the puddles of my tears. I trail after him, smoke and resonance burned on the pipe, smoldering on the insides of my heart, her fears ashes that render themselves reborn every time he speaks my name. Whether I feel him or not, it makes no difference. Whether I see truth or deny it, it remains the same. How do I know what's real, truly? Time goes by, age becomes and yet here I remain, learning and seeking, challenge eluding the soft spell.

Spoken time and written word. Maybe I should just give in and be a writer. Maybe that would end the issues, solve the problem, allow for the light to come through. Who would read my book? How can I truly explain that intuition is inside of us all and that it's ok to burst into the light of familiarity with another human being inside the very isotope of our dna structures?

A cellular level of communication, a massive breakthrough of transference. Yet here I stand, a simple person in Watertown, WI without the ego-drive to go after the goal. I have no reason to complain. I have all the tools in front of me, the written word at my fingertips, yet I am still here. I am still waiting for something inside of me to click back over and allow me the divine right of successful passage. I know my way to the front lines and how to make it through alive. I have read and written the core manual of how to survive flesh and stone, emotional arrow and spear. But I have not read the manual of compassion all the way through for only its cover was shown to me before it was taken away and put high on a shelf or buried.

Yet I cannot allow for further disbelief within my own heart and soul that humanity is not worthy. I have always believed in others, always hoped with and for them,

my faith set around their grasp or ability to see through themselves. I do not desire what other's do in this world. Maybe I never will, I don't know. But I refuse to give in and simply bend to age and gravity, allowing it to drag the last of my dreams down with it into the gutters of despair, despondence and mundane achievements. I will contribute what my soul path allows and will produce. I am capable of all things, always, despite age, time and any other obstacle decided upon. I can do this, no matter what the cost, even in the face of love itself ...

And therein lies the fundamental lie. The broken tie to the screaming skies above me, storm clouds of threatening silence. Life without edges, just a terrace of possibility. I have it in me, to wield as the sword of my sanity, riveting the masses to pure form truth. I am a being of honor, specially made for this earth. Unique, like everyone else. A form, a body, a piece, but never at peace.

My loneliness is only covered by my apathy and my barren dying moments, still occurring ever quickly as his breath is pulled from my memory. All of them still breathing in my mind.

February 1, 2003

1:12 pm

She stood in the doorway, flames lighting up the star filled sky above her. Hair, blackened and burning billowing behind her. Then it changes, the scene shakes out and comes back, fading into a flame filled church but almost like a temple. The cross is silver, amethyst at the top, pentacle in the center.

She falls to her knees and burns, screaming heresy, betrayal. It's the repeating warning almost. And then the little girl in white walks among the field, moonlit, tall grass. Just walking. As if innocence itself had been cast out and was there, walking ... idly moving.

February 4, 2003

2:20 pm

I am trying desperately to get in touch with what is happening in my body. I am blocked at several turns. Frustrated with the allergies, for today, frustrated with the PMS that is so rampant. Frustrated in general with how things just seem so ... sloooooow. I wish I could work triple time to pay my mother and just shove the money down her throat until she suffocates on her bitter bullshit that's not even hers – and yet it is. I'm so pissed off about this whole money thing. It just makes me sick.

I should never have let her help me. It wasn't help. It was a year ago, and it's due, don't get me wrong. But the way she goes about it is just fucking insulting. And there's no telling her that bc it will hurt her even more. And there's this dark voice that got through right before I started to sleep. I got attacked last night

come to think of it – in the hall. I literally ducked down and blocked what ever it was. I'm on that edge of sleep and wake – I hate that. I'm coming up with an exercise schedule tonight so I have one. I wonder if this weight remains due to birth control fuck ups too.

AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LEADING OTHER PEOPLE IN THE PURSUIT OF STRAIGHTENING THEMSELVES OUT??????

I FUCKING QUIT! I HATE MYSELF – ENOUGH SAID – FAT SLOB OF A SELF I HATE YOU AND I WANT YOU TO BE SOMETHING OTHER PEOPLE DESIRE BC I DON'T DESIRE YOU.

February 28, 2003

I apparently haven't written much. I suppose before I enter into the writing exercises of my new book – the Courage to Heal – I should explain where I'm at. In the process of all of this there is exhaustion, sometimes what seems like unending hunger. Nalin seeks my attention. I got a hamster and I promised some part of my younger self she could 'color'. While I don't like the idea of even potentially having 'alters' ... I know what's truth and what isn't.

And this just really ... sucks.

But I picked up the book and the pace of healing and decided to dig my heels in. Because I have to come to terms with myself and the way I'm treating me on the inside. I don't know what I am – bisexual, lesbian, straight – I don't know anymore. Since I have to define it, I feel like the bad adhesive on a label. I have no definition for anyone, just rampant emotions.

My first exercises I hand wrote, but this section was about coping skills.

I have coped by busying myself, working into oblivion, always keeping new projects going, creativity, overachieving at work to prove I was worth something and spacing out.

Depending on what type of demand was being made of me in a personal relationship, I either entirely submitted or fought back irrationally, either way having some form of control. I keep most people at a distance and always hover over the 'eject' button on friendships and really relationships of any kind. I don't trust anybody and I don't let people get a true grip on me. If I do I figure it's only a matter of time before they use it against me.

I eat to keep myself fat. I hate being heavy because it's harder to stretch and move and my clothes don't fit properly, but it's better than being ogled all the time. People still think I'm pretty despite my heaviness and that scares me. Soemtimes I wonder if I mangled my face if it would help. I was always heavy though, so it isn't all bc of my issues. I fight with food, but more now than in a

long time. I think it's because I'm relaxing and trying to come to grips with things. I've been eating healthier – but MORE.

So I use food to buffer me against the guys I see on campus. I fear them in groups or even alone. The perpetual fear is terrible.

During sex I blanked out to cope or I kept trying to play hentai sex scenes from fanfiction or literal cartoon sex. Because then it wasn't real, it didn't count. I know it sounds stupid, but it worked with Landon for a long time. It's pretty rare that sex with a man doesn't hurt very, very bad. Even though I go through phases of wanting dick shoved in me until the pounding ceases. In the last few months when the urge was strong I had literal pain thrumming against the opening of my vagina until he entered me – as if being with a woman had pent up all this lack of release.

But I think that stigma is placed there by me. He knows if Carrie had her shit together I'd be with her, we've talked about it. Yet a lot of times I wonder. I love Landon to pieces, but I still am not 'in love' with him. Because he's a man – because he's a person.

I made a great discovery last night while reading through the 99 – 01 diary sections – skimming really. I jumped from Chris to Dave in such a way that everything triggered loose. I was finally alone, if even for a little while. That alone time is imperative to my survival. Why I am so attractive to people I don't understand. I'm fat, demanding and currently unshaven and bra-less on a fairly regular basis.

Oops I'm supposed to honor the way I've coped. Well, I guess I do honor it a lot. At least most of the time I am proud to say I survived a certain way – if just at all. I made it when a lot of other people wouldn't. And while I'm young, at least I'm trying to assert new things into my life – new ways of living, right now while I can re-learn and change my body, which threatens to break down further on a daily basis.

My largest coping skill has been busyness – and now that I'm purposely slowing things down, both at work and here at home, to do the healing and integration, to take the time to enjoy things I love, it's going to be rocky. I desperately want to be whole, but I think that will include me being by myself, staying within, pulling into a small tight ball deep inside the chambers of my heart. And if that's the case, then I risk Landon, Carrie and even some of my friendships.

And while my book says isolation is not a good thing while healing, I keep feeling like I need to. I guess I'm just scared of what they'll think and tired of being belittled.

Doors dark with secrecy and ash falling in a strange, forgotten place covered in peeling borwn paint and faded scars. Thrumming doors holding in little girls placid with distance. You're saviour is in your pen.

Get out now.

Get out now.

Get out now.

Her message is the same and I don't want to know what horrid things are there, especially now that I know those things are possible.

God I hate this.

5:54 PM

AlaisBlue: these memories are like assailants

AlaisBlue: they stalk me

AlaisBlue: They challenge my sanity daily, hourly

AlaisBlue: I wake up and barely feel like moving

AlaisBlue: I feel lazy and indifferent

AlaisBlue: I hate my dog

AlaisBlue: I hate myself

SchafMiester: What do you think you need to do first to change this?

AlaisBlue: I hate everything, and I cant' stand the zipping through stream of penises and cum, molded semen sticking to the face of little girls sitting in my mind, white dresses, choking, and she's me - they're not someone else - they're ME

AlaisBlue: There is no easy fix

AlaisBlue: this has been happening for years

SchafMiester: i know.

SchafMiester: i didn't say it would be easy

AlaisBlue: Since that fucking moment of David saying "Let me love you"

SchafMiester: i asked what you think the first step would be to change

AlaisBlue: My head hit the head board, my main spirit guide took hiatus, maybe she was a demon who knows

AlaisBlue: and my talent is in question bc its remembant of a world I created in my mind - using a gift for potential hallucination, indueced thought imagery

AlaisBlue: Who fucking knows.

AlaisBlue: My first step is to heal.

AlaisBlue: But healing is comprised of thousands of things

AlaisBlue: millions even little changes and big ones

AlaisBlue: I changed the way I eat

AlaisBlue: I changed the way I breathe

AlaisBlue: exercise

AlaisBlue: walk

AlaisBlue: wear clothes

AlaisBlue: on the inside I try to change though track

AlaisBlue: perception
AlaisBlue: change the positive
SchafMiester: this is all good starts
AlaisBlue: but I need to realx and while all these things SCREAM inside of me
there is no relaxing
AlaisBlue: relaxing means laziness
AlaisBlue: and so I have to be DOING something
AlaisBlue: to waste a day sitting is horrid
AlaisBlue: and when I wasn't working I wasavoiding
AlaisBlue: finding new thigns to obsess with
AlaisBlue: and trying to breathe
SchafMiester: you need to refocus if these things happen
SchafMiester: refocus on walking, on breathing.
AlaisBlue: Flashbacks?
AlaisBlue: No
SchafMiester: on perception
AlaisBlue: I'm tired of ignoring my past
AlaisBlue: I want to open it up
AlaisBlue: shove it in front of my face, force my ignorant self to recognize that
NORMAL people don't have these kinds of problems
SchafMiester: right, that I think will come once you settle yourself right now.
AlaisBlue: I'm a survivor of horrid things - so what - face it - deal - move on
AlaisBlue: And yet I want to stop minimizing
AlaisBlue: It's a fuckign mess
SchafMiester: there really is no normal person, they all have issues.
SchafMiester: everyone handles them differently
AlaisBlue: i don't relax, I don't breathe - I scream inside - all the time. I cry, I
vomit on myself, I choke I suffocate
AlaisBlue: I feel big hands tearing my skin open and small people running around
while the sounds of a grinder - soemthing grunding is outside
AlaisBlue: and I can't remember anythign but leather and brown smelly things
and beard and scratching and something like slobber becasue it's too busy
leering at me to realize what's comign in the door
AlaisBlue: he drops me to the ground - I thudd own on my leg and scamper
knowing he'll make me pay later
AlaisBlue: Jesus
AlaisBlue: This is so not convenient
AlaisBlue: I don't know what I'm even typing - it's like in a hole somethow - stored
a way
SchafMiester: you can't expect it to know convenience
AlaisBlue: I just know it's brown and white sheets and cascading tempo of
screaming
AlaisBlue: I can't escape and I can't breathe - and Landon incistes the anger of 3-
4 parts of me that want him to either die or go away
AlaisBlue: If I'm a lesbian - I don't have to deal with these things
AlaisBlue: These things happen with men

AlaisBlue: They don't happen with women or even other people that are not supposed to hurt me except parents

SchafMiester: you can't try to hide from these things by forcing yourself to be a lesbian

SchafMiester: being a lesbian is not going to make you better

AlaisBlue: Wouldn't you know it the fuckers that are supposed to shield you from the world are the ones that put you in the fire - leave you with anyone, keeping someone in a room, telling you to be quiet and not interrupt your mother while she's fucking another man not into

AlaisBlue: interrupt yourself while he splits the family not interrupt your uncle while he beats the shit out of your cousin and throws your other in to a wall

AlaisBlue: hide in the corner, soaked in blood and maybe urinating

AlaisBlue: the closet smells like mold

AlaisBlue: dust

AlaisBlue: dirt

AlaisBlue: better on the hands that are thrumming red

AlaisBlue: broken

AlaisBlue: legs are cold, sore, tight

AlaisBlue: no light, just anger

AlaisBlue: just dissonance

AlaisBlue: and nausea

AlaisBlue: Whoa

SchafMiester: just face it, Brina, don't run from it.

AlaisBlue: I lost you there

SchafMiester: You are a survivor Brina, I know you can beat this.

March 10, 2003

8pm

Caution, the light is dark, the banding thick and the iron core of the heart so strong that even I cannot penetrate at all times. Caution, entrance is muddy, slick with semen and screaming rude people all lined up to the table, foraging for food or attention. Either way his hand to my backside and screaming craziness ensues. The wind moves the white curtains while I stare at the wall, white in plastic, white in plasma white in ... white in ... black in .. black in .. you are so strong little one ... even you can survive this.

I cannot remember the first time I will not remember my small hands on that large member of flesh and hate, cringing sweat and semen spit coming down the hole, down the hole and sliding faster into me into me and tempting me to permit such innocuous existence as this. As this ...

I paused in my book because I'm watching my life go fucked up backwards. Landon keeps pushing me, trying to make me face up to my fears. I keep wanting her, more and more as time goes by. But is it just entrenched in hope that she will become more – want for more?

The hallway is dark as she enters the lobby. There is nothing but dust, thick with moisture, as if a heat is permeating the room. There is the sound of breath, disgrunteled, almost snarling, anger hisses at the remainder of the stage, an empty stage scene set in front of the normal screen in the lobby. Anger's room is open. The girl from the box, gollum in her presence is sitting in the corner, one eye is pressed shut, hair tendriled down, filled with white goo, she is older somehow, yet not, like a husk – almost a ghost but not even enough to be a ghost. What are you I ask and she opens her mouth to release flies or maggots, vermin of some sort.

I walk towards the hallway – where are the little ones, they're not on the couch? There's something happening downstairs again, that place Reep and I should have destroyed the first time. The lab beyond the stair way – where the narrator lives with her filing cabinets, the true fuel of the lobby. Maybe this is where I made it all up – I make it all up – I blew that guy cause I was that bad of a person, I decided to ... even now I fight for control of something I cannot change, like I couldn't change the color of the walls or the curtains when he pushed me onto the floor, drug me from under the table and made me play big thing again, all sores mouth hurt big thing owie scream for mama get yelled at bad girl gad girl where is the shower daddy is coming soon daddy won't help you curtain shower bath water red red ooze semen semen semen smene msemen crash awater ouch – skirt.

Where is the time table and the hallway is shimmering, fading in and out as I descend the ladder, slick with something, the little girls' room the portratis – one is half painted, the three little pigs are being revealed – revealed in a way like never before – but she's not there, just her blood marks in the dirt. There're having a meeting or something? All congregated near the adolescent – the door slams shut – upstairs something is heard – pounding feet across the lobby, pounding feet I hear the little girl screaming he's gonna hurt her – and daddy's gonna let him

I wanted the truth and all I do is inhale hallucinations, big and small, short and evident, tried and true = basic wanton waste filled crap. Monoxide and Pete ... my best friend, my good friend Pete ... what will life be like without you? What will it be like without you ever near me again? How will the people that love you bode well without you? We send you away in the name of freedom, a greedy game of life and death, easy to tote when your own children and loved ones aren't tending to the hefty price tag – but they are – they all are. And my mouth hurts, teetch bleeding, gums sore, everything blowing up inside.

March 13th, 2003

3:30 pm

I wake up late – I was up once at noon but I decided that being in bed was better considering I felt like crap all around. I laid there, soft cloth touching my naked skin and attempted comfortability. Its wrap like a vise on my heart because I

seek it all the time. All the time I keep trying to find a way to lay, stand, turn, move ... what ever will allow me solace in my own body.

Because it's my body that's hurting.

It's my body that is screaming on a daily basis. I keep adding more weight to it, it keeps yowling in pain. I must lose weight because my body is hurting. But when I begin to do so, the rest of me screams "NO" and eats – bc it's easier, bc it's safer – bc it will keep them away.

Who?

As I dig further into the depths of my own mind I am met with a new room, a terrifying blackened and burnt edged entrance into the house on 710 High st. The name of the street even drips with blood and still, in my conscious mind, I chuckle at myself for being so naïve as to actually believe what my mind MUST be making up.

After all I made up years worth of esoteric stories and I can conjure fantastic fiction!

If only I could believe that I was torturing myself to stay in some subset of drama. And maybe that has some truth too – but the more I center myself, the farther down I get into my skin, the more in touch with my root and sacral center I become ... the more in pain I get. My fibromyalgia is at peak every day, especially right before bed and when I wake up. I am petrified of hands coming for me in the night, dark shadows. I sleep with the stuffed owls guarding my door, turtle under my legs, face towards the door and Landon sleeping beside me, ready to strike should anything attempt to harm me.

Last night I dreamed they found a device to prove monsters were real. The noise of the growling and snarling terrified me so much that I crouched down, hands over my ears, terror shredding my chest. I dreamed that no one believed my monseters, they must not have been real enough.

But his hands were real to me – she says. The little girl in white maybe? Or is it one of the others now as they roam my mind, multiplying like rabbits, beating on glass with reddened hands, slamming doors, stomping up and down the top levels of the lobby. Screaming with all of their might that they're going to 'tell the truth' this time and 'no more secrets'.

My body ... it's what I am using to kill me. Parts of me want me to die and I fear if I start starving myself I won't stop. But maybe, maybe it would be more healthy. But I like food and I crave food and I am getting my period soon so I allow myself to eat. I'm only 2 pounds heavier than a few weeks ago and that comes and goes every day.

But I still detest the fat hanging from my stomach. And while it's simple enough to get rid of it, facing the sunlight every day will be challenging. I hate the way it warms my bare skin and drives its plush rays through my clothing to chill even the darkest parts of me. Yet sometimes I wish I could walk around naked all the time. God knows I have spent the better part of the days lately walking around naked.

And still I am uncomfortable. The house is a wreck. The office is a wreck. Landon pushes me to rest but does he know how terrible it is that I am not serving my purpose here at home? That purpose being to clean and cook? Where do these terrible ideals come from? My mother was a carpenter – not a submissive ... I am stopping writing the 'housewife' part because she was submissive. She was.

Oh god, covering my mouth, ears and mind all at once as I recognize my mother's self hatred shining on me, her shame and regret piling down like jackhammers on my heart, constant, ever pitting their full weight to smash me down further. But when my small eyes looked up at her all I ever saw was distant pain and her weary face, drawn with depression. Oh mom, please don't cry, I still love you, even if daddy doesn't.

I still love you, and I'm proud of you.

Now ... to transfer those thoughts onto myself. A sharp sneer and a louder scream of guttural violence as I look towards that new door, rather, burnt hole in the wall, anger forms, still invisible to my mind's eye as anything more than a red fiery blur of a child, slinks in the room beyond. I see his body, his rough form, dragging me across the floor, holding my head down with one hand on my neck.

My body will tell the story my mind cannot hold in any longer nor recognize. To recognize these next tales will mean the destruction, the true destruction of all of the strong person I've purported to be for years. It will mean my life, as I've come to live it, is over.

It means re-learning, and starting anew. So why is there such a lack of joy?

Because killing anything hurts – even the bad parts.

March 25th, 2003

I'm supposed to talk to the child within. That's what the book says. Another romp during my period, I just wanted an orgasm.

You just wanted to feel good rub up against the post or the floor until mommy catches me I just wanted to feel good and no one wants to talk to me or see me

falling in this huge pit he comes at night and he taps on my blankets to see if I am asleep

Liar

Liar you liar it's not my daddy wouldn't touch me

Daddy not here it's earl the dale guy the other guy anyone bum my daddy dark basement stop talking me

I want to talk

I want to talk

All by myself all alone but you don't listen even though you try hard the lobby is dark and I don't want to use the period. Or the sentences I don't wanna and I don't have to

I don't know how to talk right because I wasn't talking

Oh god

He stuck his finger on me

In mem

Changey changey

Didn't you know lynne jesus what has happened

What are these marks on her legs

I don't know steve

Well if you would pay more attention

Scream scream scream

They always scream

I'm the little one im the smallest burden im the tiniest and maybe I'm just a fetus for all you know bitch

Where is the girl

What girl

Carrie

She's gone now

Why is she gone now

Because I want her gone

Lady in white sees dark

I love him

He's a murderer

He is not

He will help

He will murder

He will destroy us all

We will be what we're supposed to be

One person

Not 4 or even seven

Tell me what happened

I can't

Why not

Because you don't listen
I do
No you don't
You pretend to listn
You don't really listn if you did you'd stop seeing him
Who daddy
Why?
He wouldn't protect us
Any of us
He was angry he didn't mean it
He let it happen
The second time
Why
Because he didn't care he didn't want to get caught the other man caught
Liar liar lair
I am not a liar
Darkness falls your moind closes out even you
You push too hard
But I can see the room
Through the dark hole
The window
The book case
The play area
Its not for toys
It's a large phallic skin
A skin holder
And fingertips
And those don't belong in holes that small
She's tearing and we're floating floating ffloting
I can see the carpet it's all so green I'll just play under the table whil he does that
thing with the blokcs again
Again
No one home no one home door slam
It 's the lady lady with the groceries
Hhhwhere's the light switch
On the wall silly they can't hear me
I'm seeing the window
Stupid kid has to be changed
Bu ti don't war diapers
Or underpants
No mmmoy where is she now at work at school at work they said class was over
I'll show you how lto lick real good if oyou ljust listen
Listen I kno who wto talk now
He sight me words
And showed me pictures

Who? As I struggle to read the page, fattened body tightened, but not taut at the keyboard. Where were those potato chips?

I am on the precipice, terrified to dive over. I remember being choked in some room on a table like thing and my own room. I remember very little of the pain but I remember passing out. And maybe I remember nothing. Maybe I made it all up for attention. I watch from the corner of my eye Landon's reactions and to other's I'll still hide because they won't accept me. I still don't like me. Maybe it was me taking out me, sitting all alone with no one left before I went ARGH – I've HAD ENOUGH!

But no. I just hate my fucking mother. I saw this movie tonight about incest; again. The father; again. And I am just so angry because I am NOT an incest victim. I know I'm not because my father would never do anything like that.

LIAR>

Smash, crash, bang in the lobby. Which I think may in fact be my empathic core. I had that at some point during sleep and wake today or just dream. Regardless, the visual was there. So now what?

Now the fuck what?

I am living my life and things are not a mess. Things are ok, even good.

I'm ok when everything .. is not ok ~ Tori

Thanks Tori, now what/ I don't even know which end is up but I hate being this fat. But to focus down on getting in shape is like asking the pope not to pray. I outright reject it all over in my body and I don't entirely understand WHY!! I think because I'm petrified to be pretty, even know tears threaten. That makes no fucking sense. I hate being fat – I hate not being able to dance.

Why can't I dance anymore? WTF? I've always been able to dance – always. What happened to me that I can't dance anymore? Why can't I move? Have I just changed that much? I don't understand. I suppose all things change with time, myself included. Myself included.

So will this incessant and stupid fear of sleep and closeness and all those other things finally stop? Poor Landon ... he sleeps so sound and I fear the world. I fear everything. I want to take a self defense class so that I know how to kick somebody's ass if they mess with me – but I don't think I'd last the class bc I'm such a fat ass weakling. So I wanted to do the health club first – they'll probably laugh at me. But I want to get in shape which means NOT eating fast food – you mean my saviour when I'm afraid?

God what will I do?

April 5, 2003

4:25 am

Every day is another fucking struggle – I suppose that's everyone's story especially at a time of such terrible atrocities on this country. I suppose then I should stop whining at all levels and just deal with what I've gotten myself into. A terrible, horrible situation. A horrible web of memories that dillude me and lies. Lies of what happened – I live in denial because it's semi-easier than the truth.

And I hate the truth. The truth will take daddy away. Forever. He'll be gone. I'll never forgive him once it happens. The truth will not set me free. It will make me its minion. And I don't listen to little girls whose panties are down. I don't listen to the sharp edges that cut across the night sky when I hate being conscious. The day light is for people who want to not be caught.

No night sneakies.

Fear was a distant rage in a shelter built of velvet. Iron core and insidious laughter as he scooped out my insides, forgetting to snag my panties on the corner of the chair. If they follow me around and saw what I tried to hide, it just made me all the more ashamed.

April 7, 2003

12:10

Holy crap it's already midnight and I am tired, even though we didn't get up until 2pm. I was so exhausted after this morning and we had good dinner tonight. Though; I have to admit – eating today was a chore. Thank God my appetite is slowing down – as I repeat my mental mantra that I will stop eating so much because I have become so incredibly large as of late.

I almost fear the moments when the fat will peel off of me in slabs, slamming into the ground. Depression saps the endless days into endless weeks as my passion is jammed into positions unnatural to its true form. I ache to tack on my true vices and turn them into profit; something that will fuel my desire for a trip to Rome or England; a visit to Scotland and eventually Egypt. But aside from traveling I want for nothing but an indoor swimming pool and often think even that far out of my reach.

But intent is everything and in that vent I should know better. I am able to achieve anything I set my mind to – whether I surrender my talent or not.

Why does it have to be that way? Landon or talent, Love or awareness? Hasn't that always been the fucking struggle? I would get a boyfriend and my parents would beat the shit out of me. I would get my relationship stable and energy work would go crazy. Everyone demanding my attention, spirit guides calling out

in rich informational sessions of charted unseen knowledge and the demographics of the prideful deities who roam our realms; whether in fairy tales or true frequency.

What ever the case I retain nothing but the ache. The man I love stays his hand at the prospect of being aware due to his bitter tirade of loneliness in the art. He feels that only negative things can come from such negative events; and I warrant his suspicion with the pursuit of my personal endeavor. I want to teach the world, show them how. My passion rises because I know that I do understand more than most about how it works. I would venture that given ample opportunity to be tested and work with the right people I could most certainly give the industry a potential inside perspective.

But then my mind is more fractured than most, especially now. I picked up Truddi Chase's book again the other morning before bed. I was desperate to rest but couldn't seem to put the newest memory out of my mind – that man or boy's voice. That monster, that nasty creature – which even now I still have a terrible time being angry with. (Something I still don't understand about myself.)

The references to 'us' and 'we' are coming more often now. Did I develop them to keep me safe? Is Silvia/Alais real? Is she an entity that watches over me or the uber-being of my higher self or my own mind? She comes in to take control of the body and save the day when the others cannot.

Landon's doubt makes me doubt all that I am and could be. I wish I could talk to Jason, ask him questions and discuss the state of the world – but his anger persists, his negativity bouncing, at times, off the shell of my resolve to not be available to the world. And then Davee; with his strange line of questioning, "We need to talk."

Well I am here but talking seems so pointless anymore. It's not like anyone really starts to listen when I attempt to explain why I feel the way I do. My body is portly and pushed through; making it hard to breathe.

If I retain my physical everything then all will be well; right? A Monday night tomorrow night, a busy one. Maybe I will finally learn some javascript and then go into my CCNA manuals since my test is coming up soon. And this time I will pass. For no other reason that purpose dammit.

I have to make a choice. Love or energy work. Passion or conviction. Fate or safety.

Success or failure.

People like to remind you how few options you have. I think it's because they feel trapped and want you to do or feel the same. While I don't feel trapped, I do

feel pressured to surrender to the 'norm'. It's just not me. I'm just not wanting that. And I hate food – hate life – hate it all. I want to be nothing, do nothing. I'm tired of running and racing about the circle of the rat's tread.

There's no substance to repetition; and certainly not in the vile of simplicity. I am just absorbing and wishing, hoping for passion in a pool of disgust. That's just me, putrid and seated on the edge of the surface, always watching the day go by.

But that's not me – and I live in here too.

April 9, 2003

10:34 PM

I search websites, read articles, read explanations – nothing makes me feel better. Everything makes me feel like I don't fit. They say most people keep it a secret – I didn't. I told everyone, friends as I met them – except about the 2 I don't remember real well. My body remembers them but I don't.

And then there's all this stuff about my father coming supposedly from inside me. Maybe I just want it to be him so that I can put something to why I always felt weird around him and was afraid of him. I get uncomfortable around Kap too – sometimes. I just feel uncomfortable – I don't actually feel threatened. I know something's wrong with the picture – I know there's something there – but I don't want to know it.

And it feels like it's me stuck in the mud trying to unearth a 4 year old from digging herself in deeper. I say "Look, light at the end of tunnel, the teenager came on your face and held you down which is why you don't breathe," and she'll rise up from the mud and kick me in the face screaming the whole while.

"Daddy did it! Daddy lies! Daddy leaves me with bad people! Daddy makes it all go away, because he promises I won't get beat anymore if I stay quiet. Daddy lies Daddy lies Daddy lies."

Wtf? Did I make that up? What am I supposed to make of that? I want to not see either of my parents for god knows how long, but I have to help Ryan with his stereo – so I don't want to do that yet. And my father, as if he has this subconscious link testing me constantly to see how far away I am keeps sending me emails and IM's in RE saying "love you" etc.

So which is it? Is he the demon or just really cranky and does stupid things when he's mad? I wanted to live with him didn't I? If he had abused me I wouldn't have wanted to be with him all the time right? I would have wanted to stay with mom! See – it doesn't make sense – as most of it doesn't. And neither does what I hear before trying to sleep etc.

I think I should just take Zoloft and be done with it. But that's just me – nobody else seems to hold that opinion. Which is frustrating. Very frustrating.

April 11, 2003

4:42 am

Yep here we are again, uncomfortable – can hardly type bc my belly is so big it's getting in the way. I need to lose weight – it's fucking uncomfortable in this skin suit. It's a brina suit – not an edgar suit.

Then you should fucking listen to me

Listen to what?

ME

Who is me

You know who the fuck iam put my lines where I want them bitch you know who I am I am you

I don't understand

Turn the music up a little and look around – I'm the one with my eyes burning pressed against the glass and yet I can come at any time and hurt you – bad so you better keep fucking keep quiet and go back to normal life or I will find a way to destroy us both

What? This isn't real

it's fucking real bet your ass you fat bitch

Why would I harbor something that would destroy me – I don't have to hate me I don't have to hate me

*Cry bitch cry get nauseous -eat some more until they roll you out of here all on your won you won't listen to reason bc soemobdy's dick is still in your mouth and women weren't good enough or you cause they're too pure look away go ahead focus on the outside I'll keep things moving in here like I always do thearding the little ones listening to their ongoing stories of sikin slapped to skin and all the tother entrails of disgust while you suck face with the barbarian sharing your bed and scent and he wont' even know that I have you by the throat at least not entirely and I don't give a fuck who he thinks I am – I know how to excuse control and keep people eaway from you I control you and I make you do what I say And if you get him in trouble – if you do it again – he 'll hate us for ever al lof us – but you
He'll hate you*

Just like he promised and the other sas well
It as all lies
How many fuckig epoepel you know type with their eyes closed and are afraid fo
the fucking door smalling
Are you tahat stupid
We fucking live ehre too
All of usso go to bed fat slob
Go to bed and try t not to read when you get up bc this is my final warning of
being nice
I'll make you so ugly no one will touch you
And I'm never let you remember
Never
Bc you don't deserve a life
You were the problem remember?
You and all your whining g and lying
Whining and lying neglect my ass
Fat slob
Spoiled
What the fuck is wrong with you s
Stupid bitch
Don't you remember
I mean it
I'll fucking beat the shit out of you
Do you understand me
I 'll kill you
I'll make you hurt
Do you understand me
You're not fucking worth it
Come on jim
Get off her
Come on jim
Quit cryin
Get in the cloest
I told ya get in
Stupid bitch
See is that what you want to remember
Well id on't just skin and musk that's all a bunch of tangled garbage in a web
Yeah you focus on the lamp til hde comes again
And again
You're not reading but I know you're listening
Crys a little more
You better stop this
Right now
I mean it
WHY ARE YOU THREATENING ME?
Because I can

Well sotp – I have had enough

I want ot know the truth

What happened that created you – why can't I protect my body and why am I
awways afraid – my stomach hurts, I can hardly breathe

*BECAUSE THEY FUCCKED THE LIFE RIGHT OUT OF YOU TYOU SUTPID
SELFISH CUNT*

You can't fuck the life out of someone – nobody cant ake it away from me –

YEAH?

'watch

I'm just doing this – it's not real

It's as real as the day is long'

Now stop fucking with the system and focus on learning java or something

Get busy