

HERE TO WHERE?

I hear the crack of his skull before the spattering of blood reaches me. I stood in front of the white cottage. Almost everyone in the town knew it. The kids who played down the street called it the 'haunted house'. It was, in fact, haunted. Not in a way any normal person would assume it to be. It was haunted by the soul of the people who lived there. "Faye!" I jumped back a little only to see Jordan standing behind me. Jordan and I met back in middle school. Since then, he's the only person I confided in. He noticed my face dropping. "Let's go. Faye. It would be a waste of time to stand here and pick up on your wounds again and again". Maybe Jordan was right... I always loved to hurt myself. It was the only way for me to stay in touch with my past. When he was almost six years old, my



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... It's been six months since I got out of the asylum. Since then, Jordan has been my safe space. 'Nobody would wish to care for me anymore' - that's what I used to think everyday. But I was wrong. Sometimes home is not just a place. It might be a person, or a feeling, or both. Just because you were born into the ^{wrong} whole place doesn't mean that you have to spend the rest of your life there. Times change, people change. Someday you will find the right kind of people for you. As the saying goes...



... I stood in front of the round-edged mirror...
I have changed... My skin tone was uneven...
I wondered why... And that scar of on the left...
side of my face did no justice to my...
appearance... Maybe I had it since birth... I...
haven't looked at myself for a long time... I...
wondered why... Once you start to not care about
the world around you, you will probably end up
in this state... I washed my face and got to
bed... I opened my journal... I've had plenty of
them... I started to journal when I was eleven...
But there's only two of them with me right...
now... My mother burned them like she did to all
of my belongings... How could a mother do that to
her own child? Maybe I deserve all of this...
I closed my eyes, hoping I would wake up as a
kid one last time...
... "I would take an iced tea" I told the...
red-haired waitress at our town cafe... Jordan...



"What are you doing?" "My parents could be here at any moment." "I -" Jordan told me to shut up by signalling with his fingers: He got up and threw a journal at me. "Here's your journal. The one your mother burnt down to ashes. That's what you told me." I looked down at the old journal. A photograph flew out of it. As the I looked at it, I began to recollect some things. I told I got rid of It was not my fault. I was a child. My parents were the ones who left me six-year old with his sister and an unlicensed gun. It was not my fault. I pulled the trigger only to witness something horrible. I heard the crack of his skull before the spattering of blood reached me. I cried for a whole week. My parents began



..... He was right. He will always understand.....

"Times change, people change. It's quite normal to leave something in order to gain something".....

I tried to sound convincing.....

"I would like to ask you something." Jordan asked me.....

"Go on" I said.....

"Faye, I know the amount of trauma you had to suffer since you were a kid. You lost your brother. Your —" I stopped him before he managed to complete his sentence.....

"You don't have to beat around the bush, Jordan. Just tell me." I had to leave the cafe as soon as possible.....

"Once last time, I want you to go there — to that white cottage where you grew up..... I don't mean to ask anything else. Just come with me. We can fix things. It's never too late".....

I flinched as he mentioned that cottage.....



Item Code: 951

Participant Code: 103

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