

20.10

New town, new house, new life, huh? I've moved to my new place a couple of hours ago and still can't believe it's actually MY new place. I mean, I love it and all but this just seems too good to be true. The house is just stunning – big, old and vintage. The atmosphere inside is incomparable to any place I have ever been to. It still requires some renovation, you know, that aged wallpaper in the hallway is cute but not really when it comes off the walls. There's no central heating as well, just fireplaces in most of rooms so it's a bit chilly in here as it's been a while since it's been inhabited by anybody. Planks of the wooden floor are also creaking when you step on them. Creepy but bearable. I also found salt spilled, like, everywhere. There's lots of it on the floor, especially in the bedroom. I have no idea why it was there but cleaning that mess was first thing I did after entering this house. I haven't unpacked my stuff yet BUT I already got the most important thing over with. I'll definitely place my atelier in that room with the huge window on the second floor. I've already brought all of my tools there. I can't wait till I start painting!

I actually appreciate my new place is away from all that hustle and bustle of the city. My neighborhood consists of about 4 other houses so I'm just elated I won't have to deal with many people. Am I ready to start everything all over again? I hope so.

21.10

Today I met one of my neighbors – Daniel. At first he seemed a bit brazen but turned out being nice. He invited me over to his place for a cup of tea. He asked me the whole “standard-questions-when-you-meet-somebody-set” – where did I live before, do I like my new house, do I like the surroundings, blah, blah, that kind of things. I just LOVE these pointless small-talks. And to not to come out as a jerk, I had to do the same. Anyway, can't say I wasted my time cause after about a half of an hour he proposed he would help me with carrying the boxes with my stuff, YAY!

All in all, almost everything is unpacked and I can pat myself on the back for choosing big-window-room for my atelier – best lighting I could even imagine and the view for a forest actually gives creativity boost. More of that and developing my artistic career will be a piece of cake.

22.10.

Today Daniel invited me over again. I wasn't very eager to visit him but after helping me I couldn't just turn him down and my God, that was a mistake. He's nice but sooo boring. Who collects spoons, for god's sake?! Meanwhile he decided to tell the story of the previous owner of my house who was a schizophrenic old lady and started to jabber what a weirdo she was but he shut up for good when I told him she was my grandma (actually, she wasn't but he doesn't need to know it ☺). One freak moved in after another. Ha-ha, not funny.

I'm starting to doubt rightness of Dr. Marino's recommendations that “changing my surroundings and meeting new people will help with my final recovery”. Oh c'mon, I stopped taking my meds already! I'm fine! But if I'll have to spend more time with THAT GUY, I'm not sure I won't need to start taking them again.

And the other news is that I probably have rats in my house – I've been hearing rustling and scratching whole night. I guess I'll have to call an exterminator.

24.10

I've been hearing those weird noises from the upstairs 3 nights straight. Since they got louder, I started to suspect those noisemakers were not rats but raccoons. However exterminator arrived this morning and after searching the house he said he found no signs of any pests. Not even cockroaches. If there's no vermin, then what was making those sounds?

25.10

Last night I decided to check out what was making those noises. This time they were so loud I couldn't sleep because of them. And then... then I saw it. I heard wooden floor creaking before I left my bedroom. I took my flashlight. I was passing by the living room when I saw a movement around the corner. I flashed to that direction and I just froze. I saw bare human foot. A burglar? Ha! I wish it was. But NO. Why on earth something THIS normal was supposed to happen to me? I took a step forward and then I saw a hoof. Lifted my head to see a pair of glowing green eyes. I dropped my flashlight and the creature disappeared.



It's happening again. They said the meds would help me but it's happening again. Why? The last year was peaceful, SO WHY THE HECK IS THIS HAPPENING AGAIN?! WHY?! WHAT HAVE I DONE WRONG?! THE MEDS WERE SUPPOSED TO HELP ME! WHAT HAVE I DONE WRONG?! THOSE DAMN DOCS WERE STUFFING WITH THEIR PILLS, MAKING A FOOL OUT OF ME! THEY LIED TO ME! They lied to me...

They said my treatment was over, right? So I am ok now, right? I'm not crazy. I'm not crazy. I'm not crazy...

16.11

I visited Dr. Marino today. He said it's normal. He explained to me why but I couldn't understand anything out of his psychiatric babble. He prescribed me new pills and said if my condition will get worse, I'll be back to the asylum. As if I'd let that happen, jerk. No way I'm coming back to those lunatics. Hope your stupid meds will work this time.

19.11

I've been taking this new drug for... 3 days? I don't know. I don't even care. I'm on psychotropic high right now. My head is spinning. At least I haven't seen anything weird lately.

25.11

I'm just sleepy. So sleepy.

30.11

Today I saw another one on them. I went down to the kitchen to get myself something to drink. When I closed fridge's door I saw that weird birdlike thingy standing in the gap between the fridge and the wall, staring at me.

I tried to reproduce it's look the best I could. I was wearing something like... straitjacket. It told myself "Oh, c'mon, Megan. It's just another hallucination. Check it yourself, try touching." So I tried cause I could never touch them before. But when I reached for it... it pecked me. I could feel it's touch, it was real! Then it screeched like no animal I know. It came out of the gap and rushed on me, flapping sleeves of the jacket like wings. Being dazed by meds, I stumbled and nearly got overtaken by that creature but in panic I started to throw anything that came to my hands at it. I grabbed an apple but it dodged it. The same was with a plate and my lunchbox. The only thing left was salt cellar. I aimed it at the monster and threw it. The creature ducked again but salt spilled all over it while being in flight. It squealed an in pain and stepped back frantically.



I dashed out of the house immediately. Now I'm at Daniel's place. I didn't tell him what happened, he let me stay, though. I asked him to lend me his phone since I had left mine in my atelier. I need to call Tom. I can't stay in this cursed house any longer, he for sure will let me stay at his flat for a while.

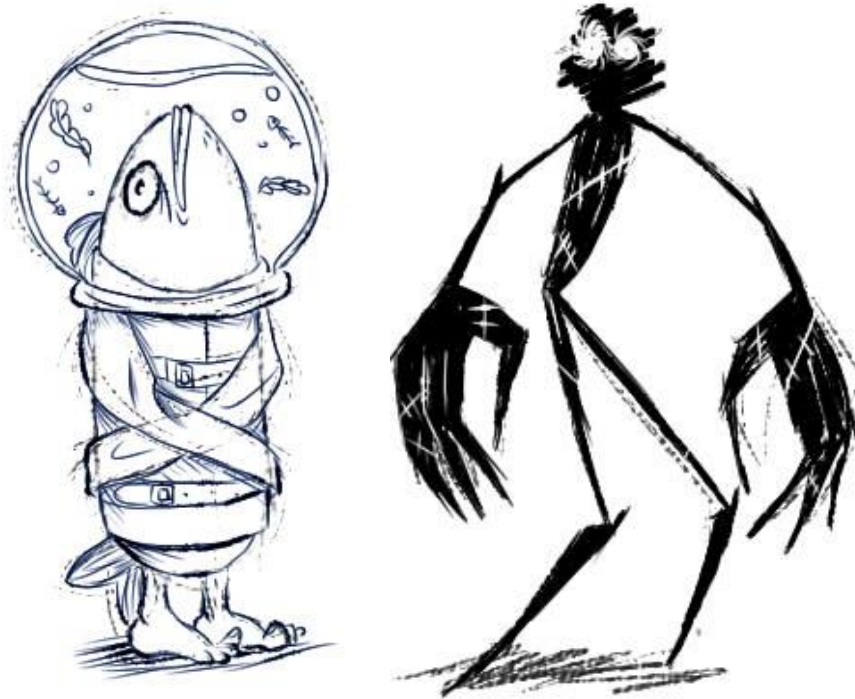
I'm not crazy, now I'm sure of it. The monsters I saw aren't just creations of my mind. They ARE real. And because of the pills one of them almost got me. I must stop taking them for my own good.

01.12

I made a mistake. I dossed at Daniel's house last night and since he seemed so concerned about me, on the spur of the moment I told him what I saw the day before. He of course believed me and helped me to expel all of the evil spirits out of my house, haha, NOPE. He tried to look as if everything was ok but you could clearly see he didn't believe and thought I was a total cray-cray. I wonder why, haha. On the top of that, Tom said I can't stay at his place because HIS GIRLFRIEND wants to stay over. O come on, I'm fighting for my life here, what kind of friend is he?! My parents live on the opposite side of the country, I can't afford staying in a hotel (since I invested all my savings in THIS HOUSE) and Tom was the only person I could turn to. Great.

05.12

In the last few days I've encountered more of these nightmares. One of them being half-fish and the other one being... I don't know how to describe it, it was just terrifying. It had giant razor sharp claws. I saw it cutting the wallpaper in the hallway. Now I know why it's coming off the walls.



Fishy thingy and creepy thingy

On the bright side I think I found their weakness. When I spilled salt over that birdlike thing it stepped back. I noticed I hadn't clean some of the salt from between the planks in front of my bedroom and the creeper couldn't step any further. It turns out salt is my weapon against them. And I'm going to fight them.

20.12.

I was fighting persistently. I could defeat them. But I can't do it now, not anymore. I'm back in the asylum. That prick Daniel called Tom and told him everything he heard from me. They found out I stopped taking meds. Doc said my condition got worse and I need more "intense treatment". And now I'm back here.

Tom drove to my place to take some of my things I'd need here. He wasn't coming back for few days and his car was still parked in front of my house. They found his corpse in the hallway. His chest was torn as by some claws. They told me he was killed by some wild animal from the nearby forest. But I know the truth.