Landmoor, 15th June 2013

I can't believe in what happened. What's wrong with me? My life is full of surprises but today's "adventure" is too much for me. My mind has been destroyed and would be at least over the next few weeks.

Yesterday, I read a story about a black cat. In brief, there was a man, who had a wife and a cat. He got angry with the pet, killed it and his spouse because of his madness and fear. Then he ensconced them inside a wall. Someone informed the police. While investigating his house, they heard a sound similar to child's cry which quickly grew into "a long scream of pain and horror". They broke the wall. There was dried blood everywhere and the cat sitting on the woman's body. A little creepy story (and contained drawings as well).

And what happened today? I should have foreseen it. I was sitting in my room. "Why is the front door opened?" - I thought. "I'll close it. Oh, wait. It's dark. Go on, nothing can go wrong. There is nothing to be afraid of." I forced myself to do it, grabbed the door handle and then... I froze. I couldn't take a breath, move, say or see anything. I was like a rabbit caught in the headlights. I had no idea what was going on. When I recovered my consciousness, I realised that a black cat (yes, a black cat!) has just jumped on me from under the wardrobe with a frightening shout and ran away through the door. It looked exactly the same as in my imagination while reading that book. I didn't even scream. I couldn't. I was really in consternation. I ran as fast as possible to the room where my mother was.

- What is going on? - she asked.

I tried to tell her but I was shivering greatly.

- Drink some water, calm down.

I followed her advice but it didn't help at all. My entire body was trembling constantly. When I finally regained my composure, I explained her what had just happened. She laughed sympathetically: "Why things like this always befall you?".

There is also a "ridiculous" point in all this. Well... I don't have a cat.

Landmoor, 2nd July 2013

My bosom buddy Nathaniel visited me today. We haven't seen each other for nearly three weeks. Seems like ages.

We went to my room and talked about completely unimportant things for a while. He sat at my computer.

- Close your eyes. - he told silently and cryptically.

I frowned with astonishment.

- For what?

- You will see. Trust me. Relax and do everything you'll hear. Remember not to panic. You have to be totally composed.

It was a bit weird situation. I doubtfully agreed.

- You're a little psycho. - I laughed.

- Haha, I know. So let's get started.

I closed my eyes and then he enabled some recording. I heard a deep male voice. It ordered me to reassure my breath, chill out, et cetera. I did everything it said.

I looked around. I was in a slight cosy cottage. I found a calendar. It was spring 1995. I decided to go outside. There was an enchanting village with an overgrown lake in the middle. I went for a walk. While going through a forest, I heard a muffled cry. It gave me chills. I wanted to turn back, but an inner voice told me to go in that direction. After a moment of marching, I saw a girl sitting next to a tree. She noticed me and stood up.

- Oh, how nice to see you. - It wasn't honest. Her face was angry and sad, too. - What are you doing here? Were you looking for me? What for? Never mind. I have to show you something. You will never forget it, I swear. Just keep in mind it's because of you. It's your fault!

- But...

- Shut up! Now watch and regret. - her eyes filled with tears.

I stopped dead. She took her pistol, aimed at her forehead and shot. I heard a deafening sound of the gun.

Suddenly, I opened my eyes.

- Juliet? What happened? Why are you crying? - I heard Nathaniel's calming voice.

- What was that?

- Your previous incarnation. Why are you so scared? - he hugged me and smiled comfortingly. - Describe to me what have you seen in your past life.

I told him about it.

- I'm really sorry. - he replied. - I am such a dumb.

- No, it's okay. I'm fine. For real. Do you believe in reincarnation and all this stuff?

- I don't know. I found this recording and it interested me. I did it a week ago and for me it was enjoyable, but for you... - he looked at me with pity.

- Don't worry! It was a curious experience. Let's go to the grocery. I want some food.

He left about half an hour ago. Still I can't recover from the shock. I am sitting on my bed motionless and staring at the wall with unseeing eyes. Certainly I "will never forget it". Indeed.

Landmoor, 19th July 2013

I was at my friend's house. She has a dog named Merci. Today we were sitting on the balcony when we spotted her drunk neighbour, who was going home. He was high as a kite. The dog began to run at this man. I shouted: "Merci! Merci!" because it wanted to bite him. The gentleman said: "Don't mention it! Vive la France!". We couldn't help laughing.

Landmoor, 1st August 2013

Someone was keeping me still. In front of me there was something made of cast iron, I think. It looked like a large barrel. A man with a hidden face opened it and poured a lot of white granules. Somebody was inside. "What's the matter?" - I thought. After a while I heard a hair-raising outcry of suffering. The mysterious person gave me a piercing glance. He mumbled with Russian accent: "Sodium hydroxide. Tell your people they will end up like this." He laughed and forced me to observe a dissolving body. It was a very traumatic sight. Ultimately they let me go. Thrilled, I went out and met my mates. I asked them:

- Where are we? What's the name of this place?

They gasped heavily.

- Katyn.

A shot caught my attention. I walked closer. The view was bloodcurdling. The Soviets were shooting Poles in the back of their heads, then throwing them into a cavity. A mass grave? They killed thousands of humans just in front of my eyes. Terrible. I felt utterly helpless. On the birch I saw an engraved inscription: "1940".

And then I woke up. I breathed a sigh of relief. Luckily, it was only in my head. Just a nightmare. But why about the Katyn massacre?

Landmoor, 23rd August 2013

I opened my eyes after a night repose. It was a little dark. I was astounded, because I appreciated that I was unable to move or speak. Lying supinely, I was senselessly trying to stir myself. My body didn't even flinch. I was sure I'm feeling a presence in my room. The situation has deteriorated when I discerned a black, appalling creature above my head. It looked like a combination of a spider (the irony is that I'm arachnophobic) and a monster or a demon. It was looking at me with its empty, dark eyes. I couldn't scream. It was sitting on my chest and crushing the breath out of me. It whispered to my ear: "Remember me. I will come back soon. Sounds good? I can't wait to see you again." and smiled diabolically. I heard an undefined noise, something like murmurs and wailings. I felt an unbearable ache all over my body. After a while everything ended. Seems like it lasted about an hour, but I'm sure in reality it was shorter.

From the beginning I knew that it was a sleep paralysis and there is no need to be scared. In layman's terms, it happened because my brain "woke up" before my body did. Just an ordinary thing. It was my first time. Even though I knew all the causes of this situation and what to do in case of it, I was petrified like never before and I couldn't get out of this. It shouldn't happen to a dog.