**10.1.2017**

It all started yesterday. I had that weird dream. I was standing alone in the forest, surrounded by darkness. My ears were attacked by silent white noise .I could feel my body pulsating, like I was getting an heart attack any moment. I’ve felt incredibly heavy and then I saw it. The dark figure appeared in front of me. The Shape was standing there, looking at me with his white eyes. Even through it was dark I could part of his face, he looked…like me. I couldn’t move, he paralyzed me. He said something to me, I don’t remember now. Everything would be great except I woke up 2 days later, like nothing happened. Someone, or something took a day of my life and I don’t even remember it.

**11.1.2017**

Everything seemed untouched. I tried to ask If I acted somehow strange or unusual, but everyone said that I acted like usually. Usual Thomas, they said. Even my mother didn’t spot anything strange in my behavior. My friends from school also didn’t realize that someone else was talking to them that day. Only two things were left touched by someone else hand. My phone and monitor screen. Someone left a sticker note glued on my screen. Only one letter was written on it. “O”. My phone was filled with photos. Seven of them, exactly. Six of them were blanks, filled with darkness. But on seventh photo I saw a forest, maybe not exact one from my dream, but yes, a dark forest. Nothing weird taking the fact that I live next the one, but still that is some spooky stuff. The photos were taken at 17:37. I’m not very frightened. I always knew I was a little odd, and I’m taking hard medicine so, let’s say you will ignore it for now, all right Thomas?

**13.1.2017**

It happened again. Another dream, and another day from my life gone. This time I was sitting in chair, in a weird room made entirely out of brick. The room was empty except chairs and fireplace in the middle. I have to say, it was kinda comfy there, a warm feeling coming from the fireplace reminded me of home. Strangely, the room felt familiar. Then I realized that the Shape was sitting on the chair opposite of me. I still don’t remember if he was there the whole time. This time I could see him. He looked like me. He was dressed entirely black, but I could see his…well my face. White noise hit my ears once again, and the Shape started talking. Dammit, I can’t remember what he said, only that every world he spoke felt like nine inch nails piercing trough my chest. It’s Friday today, I had to go to school. Somehow waking up and walking out of home felt incredibly easy. School today passed extraordinary fast. After school, I went for a drink with my friends, Tyler and Jack. I haven’t told them anything about my dreams, they would think I’m crazy or something. I even met a girl named Sarah. It was strangely a good day, right Thomas? Right, unfortunately I found another piece of paper with a letter “N” written on it. We agreed to ignore it for now.

**14.1.2017**

Saturday. No dreams today, literally. I’ve always dreaming. Today, nothing. Went to sleep, woke up, nothing. I had some work to do. I’m a graphic designer and I signed to help my friend with his project. Then I realized that I’ve never actually checked my browser history. I use my computer everyday so I had to use it when he took control over me. It surprised me, it was…music. Lots of music. Little bit of everything but I knew every song from playlist. Person that listened to it had a very good taste in music.

**16.1.2017**

It’s Monday. Third day of my life, taken. The dream…it was…I don’t even know how to describe it. Everything felt so real. I was in some kind of dark alley. I could see the neon lights coming from the end of it. I slowly walked, trying to get out from the alley, but the Shape jumped out of nowhere and attacked me. It was a matter of few second. I was lying on the ground. I didn’t feel any pain, I don’t know what he has done to me. I remember that he took something from behind his back and wrote something on my arm. Then the Shape walked casually out of dark alley, into beautiful neon lights…so beautiful. After I woke up, I realized that my arm is hurt. Letter “L” was scratched on my skin. It wasn’t very deep cut, It didn’t hurt, but it was visible. I bandaged my arm and went to school. The “message” wasn’t bleeding but I didn’t want to draw any unnecessary attention. I came back very fast, I hadn't even realized that I was in school today. I looked into my phone. As it turned out I was calling Sarah multiple times. I didn't even take her phone number, so I don’t know how the hell he got it. I was humming that song for the whole day, “Blue Monday” by New Order. Like it was stuck into my mind. I’m starting to frighten, if you can hurt me, then you can kill me, and we like to live, thank you very much.

**17.1.2017**

Tuesday was weird, very weird I would say. I met Sarah, after school. I remember talking to her, but I couldn’t control myself. I watched myself talking to her but there was nothing I could do. I was simply standing next to them. I never actually realized that I looked like that, it was kinda funny. But then me looked at me. That sounds ridiculous. He smiled. I don’t remember anything after that. I woke up in my home filled with anger and fear, this is not what I meant when I said I want to fix my life. Is there even me anymore? The scratch in my hand changed. Now it’s “Y”. We need help.

**18.1.2017**

The deep scratch that the Shape left me literally disappeared. I see now he left me some kind of a message but it don’t really know what to do with it. Something tell me to just stop. Stop to worry about this, it’s going to sound crazy but I think its normal, somehow. It’s just the way it’s got to be. Saw my friends today, there was more of them, I slowly lose track of everything but it doesn’t seem like a problem to me. It’s weird, so many new things. My art have never been so good, and I actually remember making it. I begin to understand what is going on, and there is not much I can do to change the way it’s going to end.

**18.2.2017**

It is the last day, last page of my little diary, it’s time to end this. It’s been a long time, at least for me. I understand everything. The shape is real, real as the other person may be. He was created for something and for that I can’t be mad. I made him, gave him the power, let him inside my head. He’s not the brain tumor that can be simply cut off. He’s deeply settled inside my mind. Maybe I’m sick, hell I’m sure I’m sick. I can’t be helped. The only thing to do right now is go and enjoy my life, with him, at least as long as he lets me. I’m pretty sure he will take me anyway, but maybe I will have some quality time until then.

**17.6.2017**

It’s over, my time is up. Tomorrow it ends. I will go to the forest. My life as I know it is about to end. What a shame. I really enjoyed my last moments on this planet. It was fun…well fun is about to end. What a rotten way to die. I hope it’s not cold there.

**19.6.2017**

**It wasn’t. Leaving this world is not as scary as it sounds.**