

A STRANGENESS IN MY MIND

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My mind is an endless abyss of tempestuous depths. It scares me to look in there. I've lived all my life afraid of the horrors that it holds. Every child sleeps in fear of the bogeyman in the closet. I never slept because I was afraid of the monster in myself.

All these years, now I'm finally a grown man and yet I shiver to open the doors to my mind. If there was a way to quantify horror, it would still fail at the profoundness of the crazy inside of me.

One of the very first incidents I remember was when I was 8 years old. I was playing with my baby sister. Mom and dad were out for their anniversary dinner. We were left under the care of the 15 year old neighbor who would rather spend more time talking to her boyfriend over our phone than noticing us.

We were playing house, and I felt a strange darkness blanket me. My mind went numb and I lost consciousness.

When I awoke, I had a strange taste in my unusually wet mouth and a tired jaw. The lights were off so I couldn't make out what had happened.

I called out my baby sister's name time and again. There was no answer. I even called out for our babysitter who did not answer either. I proceeded to find the lights. I tumbled over and fell on my face.

In the faint glimmer of the moonlight through the shades I could make out the lamp in front of me which I turned on. I turned around to see the object that tripped me. My limbs went numb and my throat dried up.

There lay the headless corpse of my baby sister severed at her neck. It appeared as though someone had bitten through her neckline.

That's when I realized the horror. I placed a finger inside my mouth and checked the cause of the wetness.

Crimson.....Crimson.....

After a few years in the psych ward, I was let out again despite my constant objections to be unleashed into the world. I was given a second chance at life at the town theatre as a props boy.

Through God's twisted game, the sympathies of the theater folk fell upon me, particularly the lead actress who took a liking towards me.

It did not help that her hair was bright blond and eyes radiant blue, just like my baby sister. I would avoid her as much as I could. I even tried to tell her that I was a patient who murdered his own sister at the age of 8. My constant objections came across as attempts to reject myself of forgiveness. The beautiful soul that she was, just like my baby sister, came closer and closer as I pushed her away.

Like all humans, who spent their lives locked away devoid of affection, I too fell into the web of roses that she spun for me. I remember what the doctor told me.

Never let go.....Your mind is a prison.....It holds some terrible prisoners at bay.....Never let your guard down...

But as fate would have it, I began to adore her as she did me. I began to even think of a future with this woman. This gorgeous kind woman who can love a monster like me.

We were married in a year, and not long before that she was pregnant. I did not welcome the possibility of a legacy coming into my life but instead dreaded it.

For I had spawned the seed of evil.

The doctors said it was going to be a baby boy.

His very thought horrified me and I knew the monster that he would grow up to be, if he was anything like his father.

I did not sleep since that night. Every day I would watch her. Every inch that her stomach grew, every sound that she made warned me of the monster that he was growing into.

Until one fine day, I couldn't take it anymore. The last line had been crossed and I could not stand by anymore.

I walked over to the kitchen and held the knife in my hands. Gripping it seemed different this time.

I stood over her bedside and watched my sweet angel sleep.

Oh, how much I love her.....She'll understand.....Some day she will.....

I raised the blade and thrust it repeatedly onto her tummy as she screamed in helpless horror.

I kept apologizing as I cleansed her.

It wasn't long before the cops came and took me away.

Now I'm back in the psych ward but I do not understand why no one would believe me. What I did, I did it so that this would never happen again.

You tell me, was I wrong? Was I wrong to have taken my child's life?

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