

The nightmares it dreams of

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Prologue

The deepest inner self

The deepest inner self, the soul, rotten to its deepest soils, gives birth to the madness, swirling, abominable manifestations of the evil within, and loses itself, in its being lost, in its blossom.

My name is Madison and I remember the moment, on which I was officially declared insane, as if it happened yesterday. The truth revealed itself to me with malicious delight and has anchored itself deep within my memory. Like a wild animal, which has victimized its prey with its mercilessness, it still feeds on my memories gluttonously.

Motionlessly, sunken away deep into a big, black chair, made of synthetic leather, I was sitting in front of her, prominent psychologist Luna Zaraya, and waiting for her to speak. From behind the high backrest of the chair, from far beyond the limits of my sight, I felt the suffocating breath of the warder passing my strengthless shoulders and squeezing my throat shut. His intimidating presence paralyzed me and his shadow, falling over me like a lurking evil, intoxicated me and put an ice-cold blanket of fog over my eyes.

From the seat right in front of me, from behind her brown, oak-wooden glasses, from which the small, rectangular lenses were reflecting the in darkness shrouded figure behind me, she was looking noticeably insecure at the unfathomable look in my slightly pinched eyes. Her straight, blonde hairs framed her equally beautiful face, where a smooth and silky skin dressed the sweet and innocent personality it spoke. Like pale moonlight it scattered its warmth upon the early fallen, ice-cold winter evening.

My eyes wandered away from her and tried to evade the grasping look in her bright green eyes, in an attempt to prevent them from unfolding what I keep inside.

Slowly my sight was carried away by the fallen silence, past the large, neatly organized desk, the hideous painting on the wall and the depressing wallpaper enclosing it. The wall displayed her degrees and certificates, repeatedly they shouted her name at me. Luna Zaraya. The corners of my mouth crawled upwards willingly and while my eyes carved her appearance into my retinas again, I felt a grin looming. While I looked deep into her bright green eyes, I attempted to touch and feel her soul. Tenderly I whispered her name, whereafter she tried to swallow and hide the sincere fear making a vain attempt to flee her frightened face. She clearly realized that the coffee table, a thin plate of glass on a relatively low, iron frame, was the only thing separating her from the beast sitting in the chair in front of her and which she feared justifiably. She knew very well, that if fate would have decided to strengthen its thunder, the warder, who was looking down on me, with an absolutely misplaced arrogance and self-confidence, from behind the backrest of my chair, never would have been able to protect her against the teeth of the fatal end. She looked over my head and asked him, with an anxious and begging facial expression, to be ready to react to my unpredictability, an unspoken cry for help, to prevent the imminent doom from devouring her, fled her face.

Not surprised by the sudden awakening of her tirade, I embraced the fury of its nature. With great difficulty she succeeded to push her words, her diagnosis, her verdict, past her silky, crimson lips into the great, infinite void, whereafter they endlessly seemed to echo inside my head. They were sharp as knives and thrown at my head without any cautiousness. At first they hurt, as if they were scorching the flesh off my ears.

For a moment I even thought to feel a light tingling caressing the lacrimal punctum of my right eye and an expression of sorrow seemed to attempt to climb down the landscapes of my cheek. But soon I became immune for the pain, like snow underneath the warm sunlight it vanished and made place for a, obviously totally misplaced, feeling of pleasure.

Flattered by the truth she threw at me, a whirling storm of words, which no normal human being would ever have wanted to hear, I put my elbows tenderly on my upper legs. As if I was lost, I leaned forward and slowly let my face disappear behind my hands. The dull light, which fell out of the ceiling as if it was dying and seemed to bleed the soul of a fallen one, descended like angel dust upon me. Past my fingers, I looked at the glass of water on the coffee table. It seemed to sing its sinner song to me. Its elegant appearance was like a poetic serenade and amiably seduced me to a last dance. With trembling voice Luna sang her song and summarized the results of her examinations and observations, but her words could hardly reach my ears. Viciously they cut past my face, but they did not succeed to give their content any meaning.

There, on my throne made of synthetic leather, hidden behind my slightly trembling hands, I felt how the adrenaline raged through my body eagerly. The sweat covering my palms warmed my face and sensual tingles slid down my neck. A beastly growl crawled, from the deepest depths of my lungs, aggressively upwards through my burning pharynx and caressed my hungry tongue and lips. With tunnel vision my eyes carved the half full glass of water into my retinas, while the world around it vanished in the haze increasing my heartbeat.

After that, everything sank into the darkness that was casted upon my eyes and the claws of a sweeping fire enflamed my back. My whole body drowned in a state of ecstasy, when I jumped off my throne and reached to the glass on the coffee table. I saw how Luna started to scream and disappeared behind her arms and hands. I heard the warder behind me say something, but his words were empty and did not transfer any of their meaningless content to my ears. Not much later he caught my shoulder in his iron grasp and I was knocked down to the dark blue carpet with an unimaginable amount of strength. I had never felt such an intense pain before, it was as if all the nerves in my body were torn apart.

Although he tried to get on top of me, I was still able to kiss his vulnerable face with the singing glass. His skin must have been made of steel, because the glass shattered into many pieces. While screaming because of the pain, the warder crawled away from me and when I saw him laying there, vulnerable as he was and helplessly lost on the floor, I felt how the fire, the evil within, ignited. With the broken glass in my hand I walked up to him, whereafter the floor turned more and more into a swirling, red sea. The shards were swimming gluttonously and eagerly, like fish in the water, in the landscapes of his mortal body. Every hit was a golden sound in the music caressing my ears.

The shrill screaming of Luna in the background, but soon dominating everything else, was soft as silk. The cries of pain of the warder faded quickly and was replaced by Luna's crying, whereafter it vanished with her fleeing feet into the hallway.

Only a few moments later, the victory of my frenzy came to an end. I was kicked down by the warders violently, who had entered Luna Zaraya's office, whereafter a nurse injected me with some kind of drug.

Almost immediately I felt how my energy flowed out of my body and my physical resistance became completely strengthless. From whatever happened next, I cannot remember anything. When I awakened, I had no idea where I was and what they were going to do to me. But one thing I knew for sure: I would never leave here again.