

I was truly crazy. It's somewhat amusing; I woke up every day to either symphonic laughter or terrorizing screams. Nevertheless, I was only frightened of my dreams. After supper, I'd do anything to keep myself busy. I'd play cards or I'd draw, but nothing ever kept me entertained quite enough to keep me from sleeping. What I dreamt of was horrifying. All I knew was gone and all I needed was never there. Each night, I'd find myself becoming more traumatized. Each night brought me more fears. Each night I'd find it harder to wake up, until I reached a point, in which I simply couldn't. I was stuck in my nastiest nightmare, and what frightened me the most was that the nightmare was indeed real life.

Some may call my home a "mental institution". In my case it's true, but for others, it was just a place where they could stay and meet people, who were just as troubled as themselves. I didn't socialize with anybody; I'd never gained that privilege. I was kept in a small white room, the doors were locked, and I had no windows.

The only human interaction I truly had was with my nurse, Clara, she took respectable care of me I guess, she brought me cards to play with, and on last Christmas, she'd brought me a stuffed animal. My name was Elizabeth Paxton; third oldest daughter of seven, lived with my grandparents until a year ago, because my mother murdered her husband and only son, Lucca. She was executed when I was ten. I didn't understand why it was she couldn't have just gone to jail like any other assassin; I always thought it was because this town just wasn't fond of my family and our record of absolute psychopaths.

My sisters were Linda, Valery, Marissa, Zoe, Gabrielle, and Salome. As a child, my sisters would never play with me; they said I was peculiar, except for Marissa and Zoe. Whether they felt sorry for me or whether they actually liked me was never evident, but they were always relentlessly there for me.

Linda was the youngest and had murky brown hair that curled near her hazel eyes; she was like a clone of Gabrielle and Valery. They were all interested in men and fashion, but never

family. They hardly perturbed me in comparison to Salome. Salome had eyes like coal the locks of an amber fox. I remembered her laugh more than anything. She irritated me, because she made me feel small, even when I was beginning to believe I was big. I recall she would lock me out of our dynasty of a home and make me climb in through the third floor balcony window, as she and some of my other sisters laughed and mocked me. In their eyes I was freak, an abomination and downright disgrace to our family, but I don't have to deal with them any longer and it's not because I'm locked in this place. They all died four years ago. Every time I thought of my sisters, I curled myself in a ball, and rocked back and forth while staring blankly at the walls that kept me enclosed.

I was here, not because I was born crazy, but because they drove me to insanity. I killed them. Killed Linda, Valery, Gabrielle and Salome, simply because I couldn't stand to see them. Nobody knew it was me, I made it look like an incident and everything went as planned for a while- I even became quite a clever deceiver. But the thing is, even when they are physically gone the memories of them haunt me every night, they laugh in every one of my nightmares, making me scream. At first, I was fine, I felt relieved. But when, Karma caught on to what I did. I was damned. Marissa and Zoe were out with their friends one night, they were only 14 and 15 at the time. They fell into a cliff after a night of liquor, and it broke me.

The only people, who I'd ever loved, were gone. The only two people alive who had mercy on my reckless soul were gone and I knew that I deserved to be lonesome. I remember the endless nights I spent. That's when my nightmares got worse, that's when Salome's laugh would mock me as I saw them fall down that precipice. What I did next was stupid, it was the reason I was here. I lost control of myself, I let go of my knees, and screamed, "Why? Why them?" My Grandfather and Grandmother cursed into the air and yelled at each other back and forth for hours that night.

"She's following her mother's footsteps, Richard. The child needs to go." My affectionless Grandmother screamed at my Grandfather.

"What the hell do you mean Louise? She has nowhere to go!"

"We aren't safe with her in this house- soon enough we'll be dead and then what?"

“Her sisters are all dead, her half-brother? Murdered before he even turned six months, we are her Godparents therefore she is *our* responsibility.”

“She needs to go... please.” My Grandmother sobbed.

All I remember is being placed in my car’s backseat with a bag that I hadn’t packed. Then when I awoke I was here, that had been 683 days ago and if I was doing the math properly, which I always did, 16,392 hours ago and 983,520 minutes ago.

“Six-hundred eighty three days, sixteen thousand three hundred ninety two hours... *nine hundred eighty three thousand five hundred twenty minutes ago!*”

I heard the white wall slam open, “Relax! Elizabeth, relax!” Clara’s voice was serious and demanding, it knew what it wanted, but I didn’t know how to calm myself down. I felt my heartbeat’s tempo increase by the second, beating along to the tempo of a reckless marching band piece. I threw my arms around, scratching people, and aimlessly tearing anything I touched to pieces. “Why?” I sobbed. I jolted up, my eyes filled with memories and tears.

“Hush, Elizabeth, it’s all going to be okay.”

I did the only thing that I could do properly. I lost my temper. I threw my hands wildly in the air, and inhospitably hit Clara, “How do you know? How do you know I’ll be okay? Answer me!”

She looked at me, with eyes that were filled with trepidation. “I don’t know.”

“Then, to hell with you! To hell with every damn one of you!”

I and ran out of that room that had kept me enclosed for so long. I laughed like a maniac and ran straight into a glass hallway. I stopped once I saw my reflection. I saw a girl, who didn’t look 17. Bloodshot brown eyes glared back at me ferociously, my long knotted brown hair. I was wearing white pants, with a white shirt. All of the sudden I realized why I was here, I was mental.

I heard Clara calling out my name, “Elizabeth? Elizabeth!” once she found me, she didn’t yell at me, or grab me harshly, no, she pulled me into a hug.

“I’m sorry” I cried, “I’m sorry! I’m sorry, please, please forgive me, I’m sorry!” I felt my fingers shivering and I started screaming as loud as I could. “It was me! I killed them, I’m sorry...” a cloud of smoke blurred my vision as a mask was forced upon my nose and lips and I fell to the floor.

“Leave her alone! She’s a human! Don’t touch her like that!” it was Clara defending me after I attacked her, from the guys who were soon to execute me, just like they executed my mother.

Salome was the first one to go, I forced her to drink Vodka, and I threw a rock at her head, then pushed her down a waterfall; she died at sixteen. Linda followed, along with Valery, and Gabrielle, I saw them sneaking alcohol into their room one day and I put poison in it – the triplets – all died at thirteen. Zoe and Marissa later on passed away, the two people who’d kept me from becoming this, were gone, died at fifteen, and fourteen. Me, at seventeen, with a venomous needle pushing death through my veins; with hell awaiting my arrival.