

Sometimes, when I'm sad, I like to walk through the marsh near my home.
Only sometimes, though.

It gets scary there at night, which is usually when I get sad.

Things move around me. I can feel things touching me that aren't there.

It's fine, eventually. I get used to it.

My therapist told me that I "adapt well, to a fault."

I think it might be something related to that.

When I was younger, much younger, I recognised that I adapted well. I even recognised it to be a problem.

It's okay if you hurt me. I know parts of my body that hurt the least. Hurt me there. I know the things you can say that won't hurt me as bad. I'll tell you them as if they do hurt me. I can pretend for you.

I think I got it from my mother.

I got a lot of things from my mother.

Sometimes, when I'm sad, I like to sit in the bathroom with the light off.
Maybe a little more than just sometimes.

It's dark in there. Easier to hear my thoughts. Easier to hear them.

Them.

It's not always good that I can hear them, not when I'm sad.

That gives the mean thoughts more clarity.

Like the shadows in the dark room constricting me, holding me down. I can never leave the room, not until somebody else does it for me.

I sit there, letting the voices tear me to pieces. It hurts. It really, really hurts.

They know how to hurt me, the things that really hurt. The parts of me that are most vulnerable.

They got it from me.

They got all of their pain, their anger, their disgust. All of it from me.

I feel bad for them.

Sometimes, when I'm sad, I stand on my balcony.
Sorry, I lied. It's a lot more than just sometimes.
I'm sorry.

I look down at the row of cars parked at the front of the apartment block's doors.

It's not enough of a drop to kill me, even if I landed on my head.

I checked.

Again, and again I checked.
Just to make sure, of course.

But it wouldn't kill me.

It's similar to the bathroom.

It's clearer out there, in my mind.

I can hear the thoughts better, but they aren't as overwhelming.

I have a chance to respond. To talk.

To tell them no.
I won't kill myself.
Stop telling me to hurt myself.
Please.
I'm sorry I hurt you.
I'm sorry you got hurt when you came into my head.

They don't care.

I get it.

I'd do the same thing, really.

They got it from me.

