Day 1

I woke up. Well, not really. I've been awake for a while actually. I was having a hard time sleeping tonight again. Nevertheless, the sun was shining bright through the window. It would be a shame to waste such a day, wouldn't it? My body seemed to agree, getting out of my bed with ease. Like second nature, I moved on my own, room to room, closing and opening drawers for no apparent reason. Eventually I found the closet, putting on some fresh clothing. I made my way to the bathroom, clumsily brushing my hair and my teeth before applying a hefty amount of deodorant to my skin. My stomach felt very empty today, so I thought about making a quick meal, though my body passed the kitchen without a second thought. Oh well, I suppose I can skip some of the morning necessities today. With a confident stride, I walked to the front door before pushing it open, ready to start another day.

Day 2

I woke up again. Wait, no, I didn't sleep again did I? Maybe I should take a little nap. Though, It would be a shame to waste such a day, wouldn't it? My body seemed to agree with the second part, getting out of my bed with ease. I got up from my bed again, changing out of my clothes and putting on another pair of the same outfit. In the bathroom I repeated the same routine as yesterday, brush my hair, clean my teeth, and apply more deodorant. Unfortunately I forgot to make breakfast again, which was a shame because I was still hungry. Eh, I'll do it later. With a confident stride, I walked to the front door before pushing it open, ready to start another day.

Day 3

I woke up again. Ha, just kidding, I stayed up late again. Maybe it's because I haven't been taking my medicine lately. I'm not sure though, I've always found it hard to tell how it changes me. Does it even work? Whatever, maybe I'll try to sleep earlier today. I once again got up and changed, heading to the bathroom to make myself a bit more presentable with the same old brush, clean, cologne routine. As I stood there in the bathroom, I glanced at the mirror in front of my sink, noticing that my eyes seemed a little dimmer than usual. It's probably just from my terrible sleep schedule, nothing to worry about. I finished up quickly, heading down to the kitchen… and passing by it completely, skipping breakfast again. Whatever, it's fine to go this long without eating. I think so. No time to worry about that stuff, I have a lot to do today. With a confident stride, I walked to the front door before pushing it open, ready to start another day.

Day 4

I laid in bed for the night. No sleep, no dreams, nothing. Just me staring at the ceiling until the day began. My body moved without me thinking when the sun came up, having the same consistency as ever when readying itself. I mean, if my body is working fine, then this can't be that bad right? Puberty 2, adult edition. Haha. Oh, I'm in the bathroom. I didn't realize I moved when I was thinking about… huh. My skin looks a bit off colour. Weird. Is it the lighting? I haven't changed the bulbs in a while I guess. I should stop worrying so much about this, at most two

people are going to notice. Nothing wrong with having darker skin anyway, right? Maybe that's the problem, that I'm not getting out much. Yeah, I should stay out there longer today, feel the wind in my hair and sun hit my skin. I can't waste another second standing here and whining. With a confident stride, I walked to the front door before pushing it open, ready to start another day.

Day 5

I couldn't sleep, but this time I knew why. Something was wrong. I unwillingly let my body stand up again, clumsily changing in and out of my clothing, tossing the used in a pile that had been forming for the last few days. I hope my body lets me clean them eventually. I made it to the bathroom in an uneven walk, staring at what was assumed to be my reflection. I put a hand to the missing patch of hair on the right. It started to fall out over the night without me realizing. My skin was only getting worse, turning into a shade that resembles one of a rotten apple's core. People started to notice the changes, giving confused looks and brief comments about it all. I tried to reassure them that I was fine, but my words felt hollow. What will they say to me now? And what am I going to say to them? I don't know. I don't want to leave my house, but my body won't let me. I try my best to make myself look presentable, rubbing my body with increasingly large amounts of cologne to ward off the smell. I just need to act normal. Just for once I need to act like how a regular person acts. I walked to the front door before pushing it open, starting another day.

Day 6

It's getting worse. It's getting so much worse. I couldn't lie down, it didn't let me lie down. Not when I looked like this. It so desperately tried to cover myself, hide it, to no avail. I can still remember how they looked at me, like I wasn't even human to them. I don't blame them, and I hate that. It walked back to the bathroom once again, forcing us to look at ourselves. All of my hair was completely gone. My corroding teeth seemed to be heading towards a similar fate, feeling loose from the tender gums that held them in their place. The worst was my skin. An unnatural hue of dark purple colored my flesh now, with its dry texture not helping how revolting I looked. I could see its white, glowing eyes look through my empty sockets, being the only part of it that was visible to the outside. In this brief moment, I felt as if we were connected by this shared feeling of fear. But it stubbornly hung onto its fantasy, that this could work still, that this wasn't for nothing. It walked to the front door before pushing it open, starting another day.

Day 7

I could hear them now. It was faint, but their voices surfaced, sounding like I was hearing a conversation through a wall. They all sounded young, like children bickering at recess. That probably explains why they haven't moved from my bed yet, too busy discussing with each other about what to do now. I would be mad, but I can't imagine what it must be like for them. To be stuck at an age for so long in a place like that. To have the only chance of living a normal life lead you back to where you started. Then I heard a different voice. A familiar one. I couldn't hear

what they said, but it sounded definitive. Authoritative. It brings back a thought I had in my mind since this happened. Why did he bring me there? This isn't what he promised. This isn't freedom. This isn't what I wanted. This isn't what anyone wanted. So why? Why did you do this to me? I did everything you asked me to do, so why does it feel so wrong? Why did I do this? Why did you do this? Why couldn't you just let me choose? Why did you tell me to act that way? Why can't I see them anymore? Why do you make me do things I didn't want to do? Why can't I learn like everyone else? Why do I feel different? Why did you hit me for saying that? Why did you go away? Why don't you love me? Why do y

I grew up in a secluded area surrounded by trees with my family when I was little. Sometimes when my father wasn't home I would go out and explore it a bit. I remember seeing one tree that didn't have leaves on it despite it being springtime. I came back to it again and again every few months, and while the others changed, it remained barren of any foliage. It made me wonder, will it always stay like this? Is it okay for it to be like that? Does it just need some time to grow? If so, how long will it take?

Maybe I should see it again. For old times sake.

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