

## Little girl's fear of the spirits

How does one end up in such a predicament?

Cocooned - battered and bruised, limbs raking at skin in despair, searching for leverage, a sense of materiality. Eyes two pools of nothingness, still black holes that portray no emotion, sanity buried too deeply.

Daisy called her childhood normal at a young age. An orphaned child of a dead mother and a nonexistent father, she lived with relatives. Although aware of the repulsing fact, she never felt any lack of love or understanding in the warm embrace of her kin. Her days were bathed in light and laughter, memories tracks of sunshine, birdsong and field flowers.

Half a decade passed, bearing a chubby raven child with a permanent smile on her face. She would frolic in the seas of sweet pea flowers, blowing dandelion seeds in spring and stacking leaf fortresses in fall. The girl would thrive in her little brown rain boots, stomping every puddle big enough to make a splash.

She would be so full of life, happy and content every second, until she would hit a wall.

At five years old, Daisy was brought into the local hospital for the first time. After a night filled with screams of a livid child, unresponsive, blind and deaf, the family begrudgingly sought out help.

Unable to walk on her wobbly, fat legs, the girl was carried into the sterile white walls, shaking and sobbing hours after returning to consciousness.

The therapist concluded her healthy. "A nightmare." He had said, dismissing the child that teetered in the big plastic chair.

And for months, it was deemed just that. An error in the system, possibly the child's natural affinity towards night terrors. A weakness for the horrid and the ugly.

After that, Daisy got better. She returned to laughter and happiness, though this time she was more reluctant, careful and a lot jumpier.

A year later would find her crawling off her bed at night, dragging her naked knees into the carpet, broken skin leaving a trail of blood on the rough surface. Her head cast up, the river of tears on her cheeks dripping off, mingling with the vile red substance.

At a snail's pace, the child would arrive at the door of her cousin's, wailing, calling out and banging her little fists against the wood of the door.

Hours later, she returned to the white walls.

As a child, Daisy had told the story dozens of times.

The story of a radiant frame, happy and content, getting struck to the ground, crushed and mauled.

She never really understood what was it that made her tears run dry every few months. Daisy would come conscious after every attack with only a few flicks of memories- distorted pictures and harrowing sounds.

But through the ever present fear of the next assault, she grew to become more aware. With every next time, her memories stayed clearer, her senses started working and the attack became more vivid. So after years of deliberate attunement, the gears in her head started turning.

By her third decade, Daisy was in ruins.

A life full of jittering turned the girl putrid, both inside and out. Afraid of judgement, she abandoned help and afraid of fear, she abandoned sanity. Illnesses like schizophrenia or psychosis were no match for the black tinted goggles strapped around her head. She was insane, fully undoubtedly mad and crazy.

Her hair turned to rot and her skin to ash, the canvas of her face morphing into a barren plain of holes- to see, to hear and to speak.

In the end it came as no surprise to the reader, that she reached out for a gun.



If you would take some time today, find Daisy and go to her, you should ask her a question. "How are you?", for an example. Ask her nicely, as nobody likes rude interlocutors.

She would most likely smile for you, possibly even grin. Her tone would be warm and her expression mellow. The words from her mouth would be something akin to *"Splendid."*

Now, after you ask that, remember her face. Her silky black hair, big blue vivid eyes and soft caramel skin. Have a bit of small talk and try to leave within an hour. Wave her goodbye and then never look for her again.

I made a mistake.

I didn't leave within an hour.

Daisy is a pleasant person. She offers home made pastries and tea. She owns a villa with a sunbathed guestroom. She loves lilacs and pillows.

Daisy is a murderer.

*"It's invigorating."* she told me.

*"You know, we people are interesting things. We work in ways that a child would never expect."* she took a sip of her tea.

*"My childhood was an unpleasant thing."*

*"People change. We learn. We adapt."* she put her cup down.

*"Do you believe in ghosts?"* she asked, then swatted her hand dismissively.

*"Doesn't matter. I know they exist."* she stood up.

*"I've never told this to anyone before."*

I'm not sure about ghosts, but I believe in Daisy.

Daisy is fueled by desperation.

Be it true or not, she claims to be a link between the material and the spiritual world. Her body is quite literally a passageway for the souls of the recently deceased.

Daisy is desperate for fear.

Ghosts remember pain. It's their strongest and most recent memory. The thing that drives them to pursue either oblivion or transcendence.

Daisy fears ghosts.

They are attracted to any living person nearby that possesses the link to the other side in their body.

*Have you ever had drugs?*

*Well I haven't, but still I know that I have found the next best thing.*

*Nowadays, it's a blessing.*

*Not sure if you know, but people who experience constant pain grow numb to it, going so far as to becoming dependant of it after some time.*

*Trust me, I know.*

*I've been killing for it.*

