

Another one
WAKES
Another one
DIES

THE MANOR

The Scissor Man:

Tall, gangly man. Can't seem to recall head/face. Met near the scissor device, possibly related (?). Maybe the head - in the machine was his. Hard to tell. Face was gaunt, pale - long black hair. Anyway back to Scissor man. Chest had metal protruding from it. Rather beater and cut looking. Groin covered by strips of cloth - arms and legs longer than they should be. Fingers very "scissor-like." But not in the "Edward scissorhands" look. See image.

Scissor Machine:

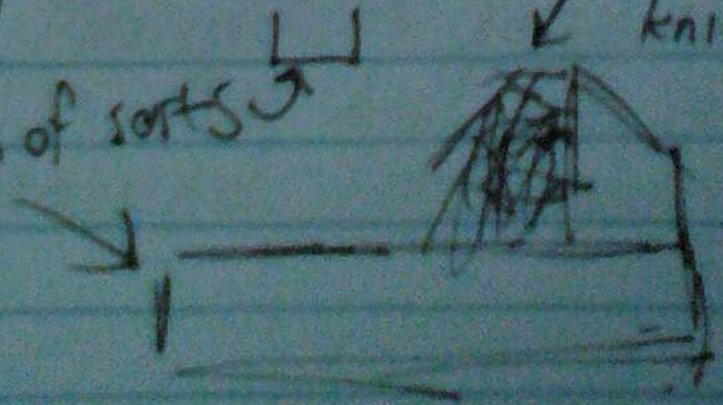
Same room as the scissor man and the circle of people.

side view

small amount of water in the basin. Head found near the scissors.

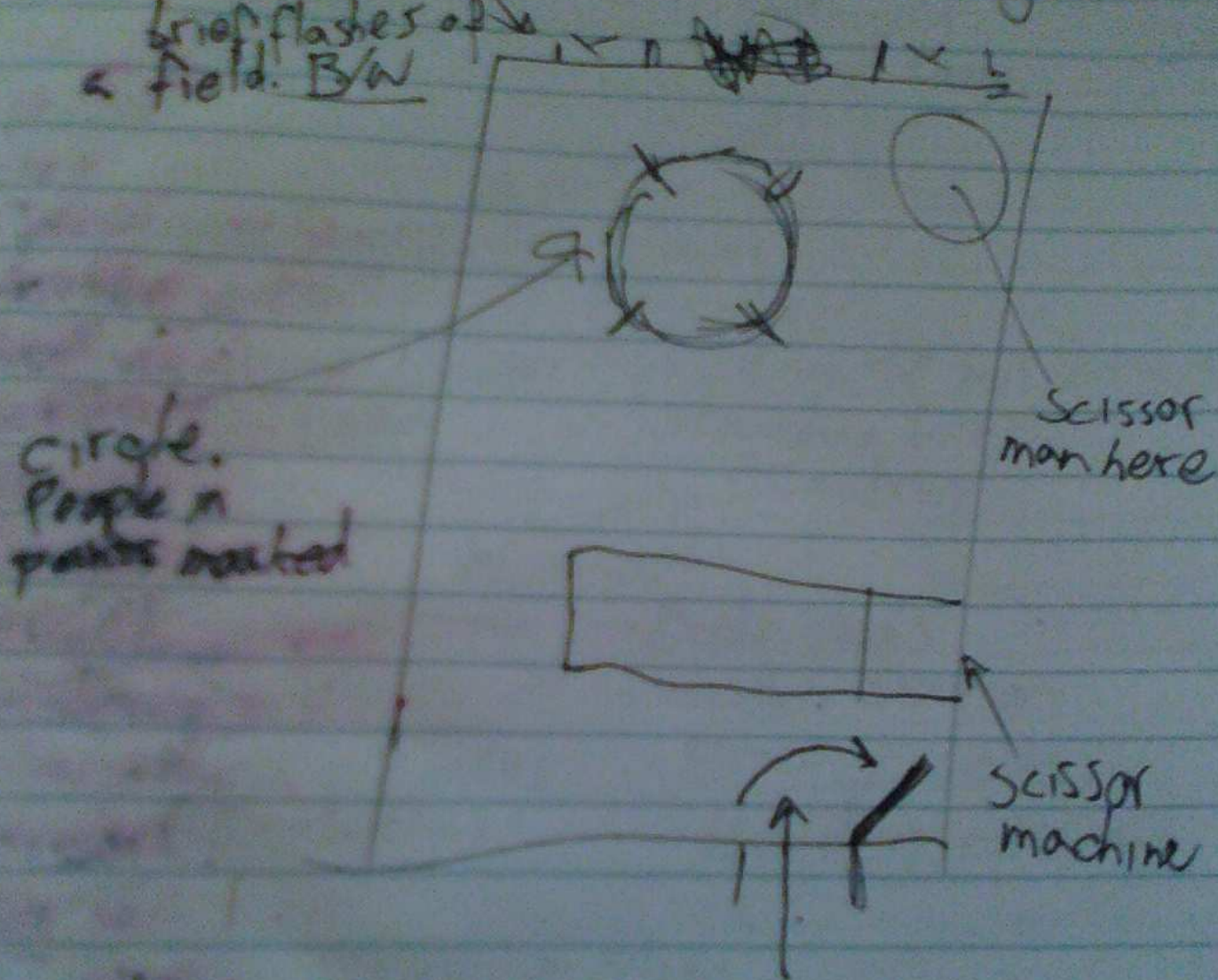
dish of sorts

scissors? knives



Windows.
Static outside.
Brief flashes of
a field. B/W

Scissor room Layout



Room seemed to be connected to a hall, that lead to the courtyard. Memory is fuzzy as to what was in the hall. The scissor room itself contained bookshelves, and an old TV.

- ✓ Scissor man
- ✓ Scissor machine
- ✓ Corpse tree
- ✓ circle
- ✓ people

* THE MANOR -

- courtyard
- ✓ Scissor Room

* Vallid -

- ✓ plague binger
- ✓ the gate
- ✓ Enhanced Abilities
- ✓ forever forest
- Tower
- Bridge
- Havel on the hill (outskirts)
- ✓ Surrounding forest
- Caverns

* Canals -

- fire
- library roof
- Corpse
- White creatures (2 = Mule)
- Body pools
- Wooden section
- Bricked section
- Building adjacent

* Theatre -

- Hatbox
- top tiers
- stage

* Misc. -

- Black creatures
- Hunter
- Sentiency
- White creatures

THE ASYLUM

- corridors
- outer areas
- objects

Entry 1

It's curious that my mind would do this. Make everything... Interlink. I'd not go as far as to say it's supernatural, merely a manifestation of my psyche. In itself a small story emerges, but I've yet to piece together all the pieces.

Maybe my mind is healing? Maybe this entire world is my mind and the things happening within are my feuding emotions fighting it out. Black and White - a stark comparison, but I suppose I've never been one to beat about the bush. But then what of the horror? The strange places like the Manor and canals. Perhaps they're symbolic of my humanity - twisted, dead, scarred beyond all belief. And yet they still exist - mark areas, showing how I use them to pretend. And yet in this dream world I can see them for what they are - cold. Dead.

Perhaps I need to
rebuild.

the Circle.

As I looked up from the scissor machine I saw this. At the time the scissor man wasn't there. 4 people sat around it, their heads bound in iron boxes and chains. Upon approaching they began to clank. Words unknown, sounded static-y. Scissor man was then in the room, and he came towards me. Made hissing sound. Moved erratically, like frames were missing. Upon thinking back now, I remember it leaning forward, mouth open. OH god. I remember the face.



After this, I awoke.

- If it had a head, then who did the head in the machine belong to? • Was it me?

Fucking hell what am I on to here

THE ASYLUM

3/9/09

Recently i've been making return trips to the asylum. A large, industrious building, stands in the middle of a barren wasteland, with smaller off-shoots comprised of labs and tunnels. The asylum itself seems to be in order, the labs around the outside though. When i first visited they were in a state of disarray; strange creatures running rampant, people running in fear, some fighting back. I've come to believe the asylum is my minds attempt to rebuild. Over time it's becoming more organised, and the featured screams from the inpatients and experiments grows fainter and fainter.

But they're still there. Locked away in rooms, being dissected by "scientists" (possibly a manifestation of my curiosity towards the subject, pulling apart and analyzing my monstrosity).

- Labs
- Core
- Cube?

The Manor
- Courtyard

The courtyard seemed to connect to other areas, however, I only visited the scissor room before I was jolted awake. In the center of the courtyard was a large, dead tree - it reached rather high into the air, and from its decaying branches hung numerous corpses, some from the neck, old and wrinkled bodies with nothing but bin cloth to cover them. On the highest branch hung an old rickety bedframe, cradled by other smaller branches.

• Perhaps the tree symbolised my human socialisation. My "ties" if you will to other humans, how fake and dead they truly are. To me, it is a dead tree - a ~~dead~~ impersonation of a real tree, bearing fruit.

- I need to replace this tree with a real tree. But how?
Humans regular humans repulse me. All but one.

- That being said, why does she not manifest in these dreams?

Timeline

as of 3/9/09

1000y, 000s. - Black creatures invading dreams.

Entering and exiting of the stage: ~~growing~~ creatures.

Library. Encounter with first sentient creature. Black/white?

- Library burnt down.

- RL: Life moderately recovering. White creatures in dreams.

- Korted Vallid. Creatures stop attacking

- First trip to manor. Courtyard.

- Second trip to manor. Scissor room.

- Repeated trips to the canals.

- Began writing.

- Asylum trips. Chaos.

- Asylum trips. Halls.

- Asylum trip. Core.

- The cube.

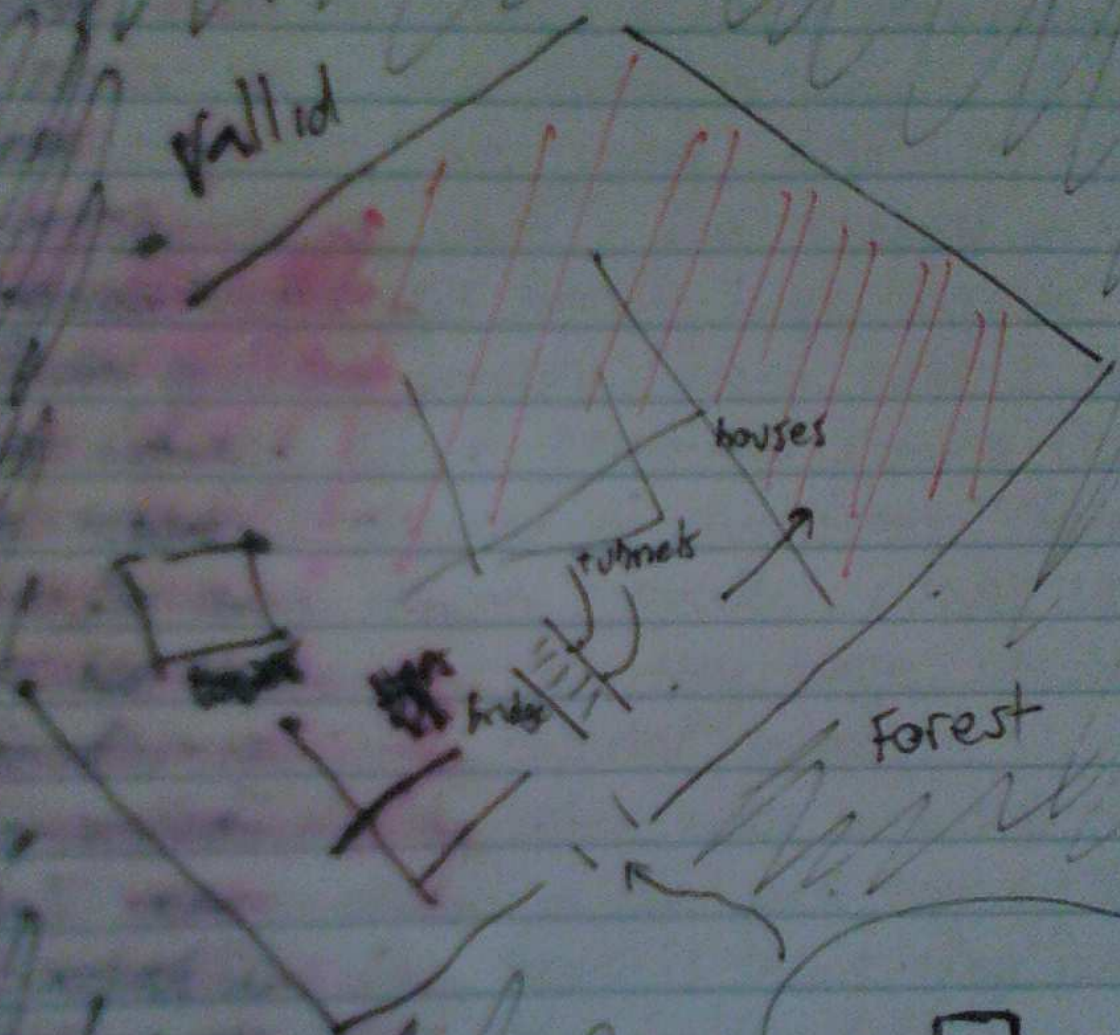
Entry 2

All of this began with the black creatures. ~~Awakening~~ my dreams, they lashed out at me in ~~random~~, preventing me from waking. At the time I ~~was convinced~~ thought it was paranormal. ~~It was~~ ~~not~~ ~~right~~. I dreamt I was standing on the ~~roof~~ ~~of~~ a theatre. I could see the stage below, and although it was lit not a soul was to be seen. However, up on the ~~roof~~, were black creatures. Growing from black void, they ~~were~~ crawling around on the roof, ~~like~~ ~~the~~ ~~ants~~. Some were even dropping down onto the stage. But for some reason, they didn't notice me. I ~~tried~~ ~~myself~~ to awake, only to drift back into the same scene. This happened many times. It was then I realised that it may be my mind. My ~~conscience~~ ~~was~~ ~~visiting~~. But I still thought the black things were paranormal. Oh how wrong I was.

hazy details, houses, 17th century
sketch

East

Wall id

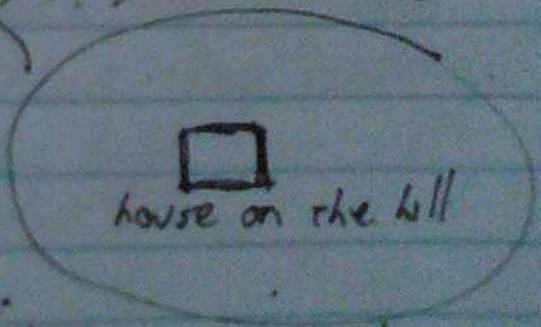


houses

rubbish

houses

Forest



house on the hill

Im assuming the
catacombs under the
house spanned under the
forest.

East

I feel that this area is worth mentioning, since it is where I first came in contact with these creatures. I was young, and was having a nightmare in which I was trapped in a tunnel spanning under that horrible house. However, the dream suddenly became lucid and I noticed the hulking black creatures coming from the tunnels. I managed to run from them, and for some reason I couldn't wake up for some time - as if they were drawing me into my own twisted mind.

The creatures themselves were somewhat of a recurring dream in the past anyway. They collected in the house - I think they portrayed the secret terror the building held.



Background

By definition I suppose I'm what most people would define as a sociopath. Or Schizophrenic. Or both - either way I'm far from normal. Ever since I was young I'd considered myself different from other children my age - like I didn't belong. Like I was more... mature. Of course if I had acted the way I felt I'd be considered an outcast, so I created my facade of immaturity. When I was young I didn't understand what I was - as a child I simply thought that's what I was - a man. However as I got older I began to understand my facade. I started fresh in a new school, I tested my abilities, and it worked. About then my psyche was still shattered from trauma. I truly realised I felt nothing, and at first I had believed it to be aspergers - I had done research and the shoe fit. However, around then since I was beginning to regain control of my twisted psyche, I realised I could control it. My shades began converging, and more and more I grew into a perfect monster. Not human, simply a cloud of ideologies.

wrapped in the guise of a man. I learnt
how to control my surroundings, how to
appeal to people, how to mould their weak
little minds like putty. By now my mind
had put itself mostly together, and was
split into three personalities - positive, neutral
and negative. Positive was in control of
me, appearing happy. Positive loved the world
and all in it, and wanted to make
people happy. Neutral was my base-state,
a personality in which I simply wanted
to achieve goals quickly and efficiently.
Negative had goals of bad, had to act.
And negative, well, Negative hated weak-
winded human people who were of no
use to anyone. Negative was truly me, all
of my hatred from trauma, all of my
dehumanising callousness that was
hidden away when positive or neutral
was in control. These three voices
shaped my mind.

Then I truly began to express
myself with Heather. Heather, although
human, wasn't something much more. For some
reasons when I'm with her, I have the

Capable to feel human emotion. She brought on a change in me, allowing me to feel normal. As my love for her grew and grew, and as I could express it to her more and more, my split shards dulled-down from the context brought with her, I began to turn into a normal human. However my darker side was/is still there. When I'm not with her I would return to my split-self, losing all feelings and resorting to my hollow self.

Now it's the present day. My three shards have become two - positive absorbing my humanity and becoming pure - a growing human mind, whereas negative absorbed neutrals ability to bond with humans. Now I am two selves residing - a kind, loving human being and a cold, heartless monster. Both love Heather and protect her, but both are very different people. I write this as both, a concerned person and an uncaring bastard, in the hope that if I can figure out my mind I will become whole - a feeling, loving person with all the wit and guile of a heartless abomination.

Perhaps truly being

The Library

The library was a turning point in the dreams. In retrospect it probably symbolised a turning point in my life. In one dream I came across a large building. Inside were rows and rows of bookshelves, all filled with books. Perhaps this was my common sense? I am unsure. Anyway.

Walking the isles was a black creature, however this one was different - it was more humanoid than beast. He also spoke (however what he said I cannot remember). Also, unlike his brethren, he didn't find the need to attack me. We talked for some time before I awoke, a few weeks later I again found myself at the library, however the building was ablaze, the sentient creature came from the flames, his inky blackness blotching into a pearly white. He said something to me as he stumbled towards me, some thing like "another one wakes, another one dies", before he screamed - and I woke up.

Not much to write today. I wanted to write more but I haven't actually had any of the dreams in the last few days. Perhaps my analysis of it is slowing it, like a form of self medication. Either way I feel rather normal today. This is probably a good thing.

Edith - I think I'm only interested since I know I get to see her today. It keeps me motivated to know I'll be spending time with her, even if it's only a weekend at a time. I'll have her read my journal put down so far. She has interest in my dreams background.

It just occurred to me that this is like some macabre Journal. Step aside Ann Frank.

Canals

The Canals are a place I seem to visit often. Each and every time I find myself wading through them, unable to climb out onto the dry ground. I've walked most of their length, and noticed some interesting things. One section seemed to pass through a town similar to Vallid in design, actually now that I think back it may actually have been Vallid. From the water I could see the town in ruin - buildings on fire, black and white beasts fighting one another in the rubble; a war scene in design. Bodies lie strewn across the town, and when one of the white creatures noticed me it approached the oval and howled at me. For some reason it couldn't enter the water - however I didn't want to press my luck so I pushed on.

In mind my complete journey took a few days of sleep.

The surrounding area soon changed - more wood seen here in design, and less like a canal and more like a river. Wooden walls protruded from the water, like a strange maze. Corpses floated atop the water, and it was here I stopped exploring.

Black Creatures

The Black creatures have been the most prevalent theme in my dreams. They vary in shape and size, but all of them are pitch black and ~~black~~ seem to be a mix of both solid and ethereal. All of them save for the librarian have been brutish and out for my blood. The creatures themselves are like nothing I have ever seen - monsters fabricated completely by my mind; original characters in my play of horrors. At the moment I believe these creatures represent my negative - my detachment and loathing for a vast majority of humankind. The fact that they attack me in my dreams would lead me to believe that somewhere, subconsciously, my sanity? wants to fight it off, or at least feels like the negative is taking over forcefully. The fact that they never kill me would mean that it hasn't won. Furthermore, since they're now fighting the white creatures, and there are less of them, would mean I have more control over them.

Had a patient today
at his age he was a
rather well-servient, serv
ice of his old and us over
-class, incapable. Helpless 5 15
This has to be my only
leaves. I've seen once, them who
by long their once brilliant
changed in a withering
idea words shavers down
thought of having to rely
my assistance looks me like
is something I wouldn't wish on

~~_____~~ about
~~_____~~ chair by the
sipping his tea and being himself
Although he still retains his sanity, ~~works~~
see cracks appearing in his mind.
signs of what will soon become his
~~worst~~ nightmare. Perhaps I would be
~~_____~~ if Heather were here. At
moments I feel nothing. I help him back
into his bed. "Thank you" he says, his vo
clear and true.

Perhaps control over
a point opposite is
better than

merging them into
one shard.

a whole.

perhaps im going about
it wrong.

or perhaps the
of me that doesn't want
to change thinks that.

Sketch
1/2/21

