prologue

I’ve always thought my life couldn’t be worse. I’m 17 now and I have to say my life could have been worse. I’ve never known my parents they say my mother died giving birth to me. No one knows who my father may be. I grew up as an orphan always changing family’s because I always got thrown out. They all thought I was strange seeing things in the dark, then screaming for help. But help never came they didn’t understand me. And yes I was different. But not in the way they thought. On my 9th birthday there came a new family. And from that moment I kept silent. They didn’t have to know about the shadows I was seeing. And the darkness drawing to me. It felt horrible lying to the people I became to love. I tried to be good. And I succeeded. My new parents saw me as their child. I got some friends on the school I went to. And my life looked lighter on the outside. While it became darker on the inside. I never told anyone my secrets. It was too dangerous. Scared, to be separated from this life once again. That is where I am now. one week before I turn eighteen. The shadows visit me more frequently for the last year. But I haven’t seen it for a month now, While I’m still lying to everyone I love. The funny thing is that I already tell you more than to anyone else. You know some of my darkest secrets. But you don’t even know my name. so that’s what I’m going to tell you now. My name is Quelme. A funny name isn’t it? I have no idea what it means so don’t ask me. Now I’ve told you about my past. More I can’t tell you of course because the rest didn’t happen yet. My life will still be black and white, good and bad and the one most close to me, dark and light.