

I LEFT HEART OF ART. I GOT HOME LATE. I FOUND OUT SHE WAS GONE. I GOT SCREAMED AT BY ANA. I WENT OUTSIDE. I CAME BACK TO MY ROOM. I COLLAPSED ONTO MY BED. I HEARD A CRUNCH AND FOUND I'D FALLEN ON THE LONG BLACK FEATHER.



I REACHED OUT A HAND TO GRASP THE GIFT BUT THE MOMENT MY FINGERS BRUSHED IT THEY STUNG LIKE WILDFIRE. I LEAPT BACKWARDS AND FOUND BLOOD LEAKING FROM MY FINGERTIPS.



THE FEATHER WAS AS SHARP AS
TINY RAZOR BLADES AND I
SUDDENLY FELT QUEASY.

NOT A MOMENT LATER THE VOICE
STARTED IN ON ME. AT FIRST
I THOUGHT I WAS GOING INSANE,
IT SOUNDED LIKE THE VOICE WAS
COMING FROM INSIDE MY VERY
SKULL.

"FEATHER! FEATHER CAN

"YOU HEAR ME?"

IT WAS UNMISTAKABLY NANI'S
VOICE. A LONG MOMENT PASSED
BEFORE I CONSIDERED RESPONDING.
AS IT TURNED OUT, SHE COULD
HEAR MY THOUGHTS AS WELL,

I COULDN'T HELP BUT TALK TO HER.

NOW THE BANTER IS CONSTANT,
EVERY TINY LITTLE THING THAT
I DO IS COMMENTED ON, SHE
TRIES TO MAKE ME LOOK BOTH
WAVES BEFORE CROSSING THE
STREET, IT'S 100% IMPOSSIBLE
TO WATCH PORN,
TALKING TO ARI IS OUT OF THE
QUESTION, AND SHE'S ASKED ME AT
LEAST THREE TIMES TO SUCCUMB TO
HER CREEPY DIRECTIVES TO 'FOLLOW
MY DESTINY' AND CLIMB DOWN A
SEWER DRAIN OR SOME SHIT.



SHE IS QUITE LITERALLY DRIVING
ME OUT OF MY FUCKING MIND

AND YES IM
ALLOWED TO SWEAR
I AM 21 YEARS OLD 
JESUS = CHRISTO!!!

AS IT TURNS OUT, FOLLOWING THE
INSTRUCTIONS OF A CREEPY GHOST
VOICE IN YOUR HEAD CAN GET YOU
INTO TROUBLE. TODAY, SHE
ACCIDENTALLY HELPED ME STEAL A
GUITAR FROM THE BACK OF A
CLOSET IN THE MUSIC COMPLEX

THAT HAS LIKELY BEEN SITTING THERE
COLLECTING DUST FOR MILLENNIA.

I CAN'T HONESTLY SAY THAT I FEEL
GUILTY ABOUT TAKING IT BECAUSE-
SERIOUSLY WHO IS THIS ACTUALLY
HARMING? AND IT'S A PRETTY
GREAT OLD ACOUSTIC/ELECTRIC
THAT DOESN'T DESERVE THIS SORT
OF NEGLECT.

MY FAMILY HAD A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT
ATTITUDE UPON SEEING THE GUITAR
COME HOME WITH ME. THEY'VE BEEN
QUESTIONING ME FOR HOURS
KNOWING THAT WE COULDN'T
POSSIBLY AFFORD TO BUY SUCH A

THING. NOW I'VE HAD AN
EARFUL AND A HALF OF MY UNCLE
GUILT TRIPPING ME AND I CAN'T
FOR THE LIFE OF ME EXPLAIN WHAT
HAPPENED WITHOUT THEM SENDING
ME TO A LOONEY BIN. S

SITTING ON MY BED PLAYING
THIS GUITAR I FEEL LIKE
MAYBE THIS IS WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO GO INSANE? N



IM CONVINCED THAT
WHAT IM EXPERIENCING
IS REAL BUT HOW
CAN I EVER PROVE
IT TO ANYONE?..