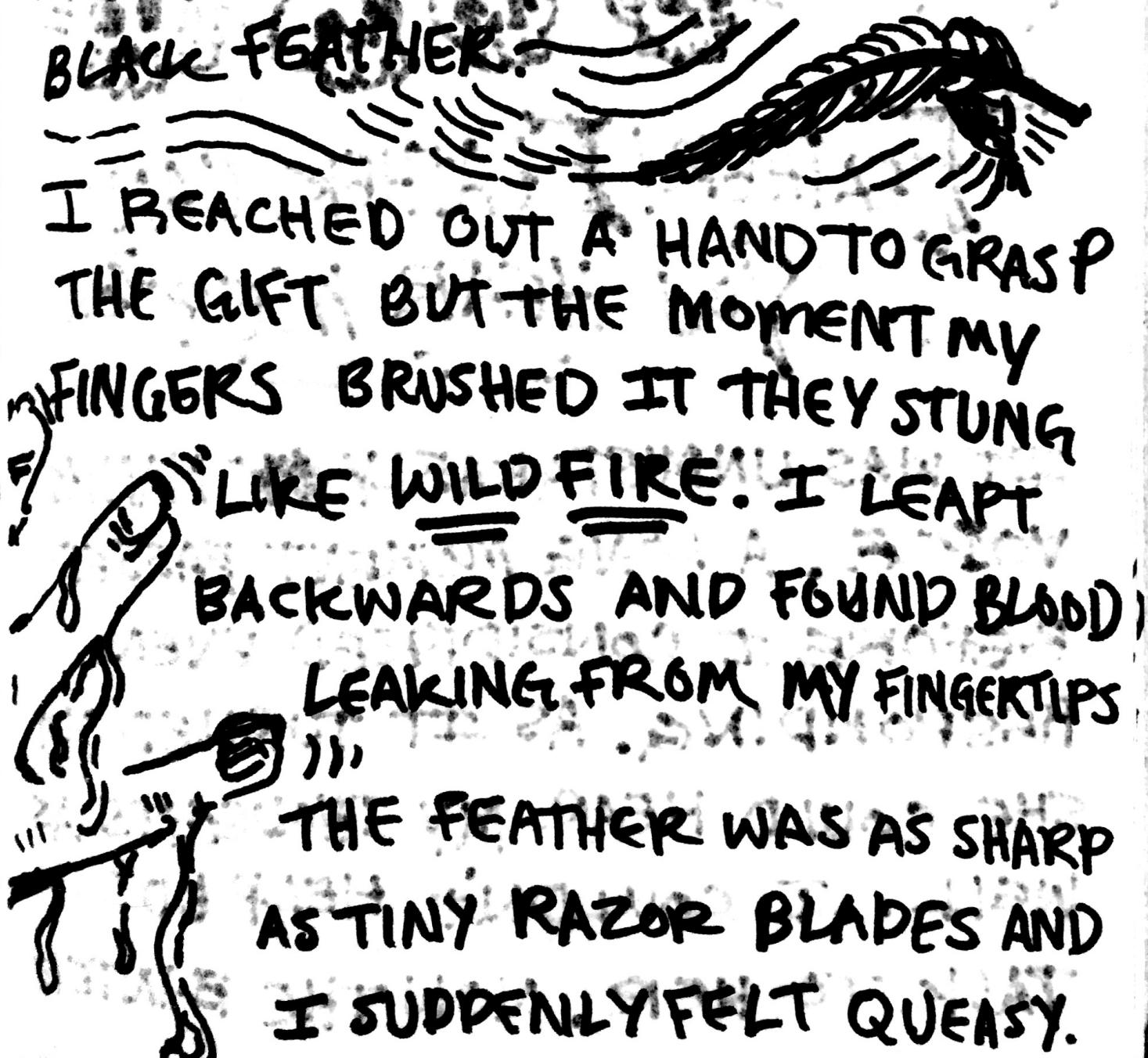


I RAN THROUGH TRAFFIC. I GOT HOME LATE. I FOUND OUT THAT NANI HAD PASSED. I WENT OUTSIDE. I CAME BACK TO MY ROOM. I COLLAPSED ONTO MY BED. I HEARD A CRUNCH AND FOUND I'D FALLEN ON THE LONG BLACK FEATHER.



I REACHED OUT A HAND TO GRASP THE GIFT BUT THE MOMENT MY FINGERS BRUSHED IT THEY STUNG LIKE WILD FIRE. I LEAPT BACKWARDS AND FOUND BLOOD LEAKING FROM MY FINGERTIPS. THE FEATHER WAS AS SHARP AS TINY RAZOR BLADES AND I SUDDENLY FELT QUEASY.

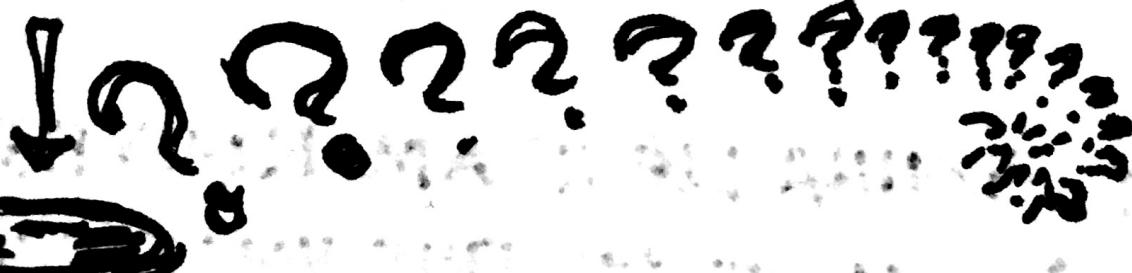
NOT A MOMENT LATER THE
VOICE STARTED IN ON ME. AT FIRST
I THOUGHT I WAS GOING INSANE, IT
SOUNDED LIKE ~~WHEEEEEE~~ THE VOICE
WAS COMING FROM INSIDE MY VERY
SKULL.



FATHER! FATHER CAN
YOU HEAR ME?

IT WAS UNMISTAKABLY ~~MY~~ NANI'S
VOICE. A LONG MOMENT PASSED
BEFORE I CONSIDERED EVEN
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 THING I
DO IS COMMENTED ON, SHE TRIES
TO MAKE ME LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE
CROSSING THE STREET, IT'S 100%
IMPOSSIBLE TO WATCH PORN,
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 I~~
~~I AM ALLOWED~~
TO SWEAR I AM
22 YEARS OLD
~~JESUS CRISTO!~~

NOT GONNA LIE I AM NOW PRETTY
CONVINCED THAT THIS VOICE KNOWS
WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT.
THAT BEING SAID, IT MAY
STILL NOT BE A GOOD IDEA
TO LISTEN TO HER. TODAY

WAS EVIDENCE ENOUGH OF THAT.
I ALMOST GOT CAUGHT SNEAKING
INTO BOVARD EARLIER BECAUSE
SHE GAVE ME SOME (ADMITTEDLY
LEGT) ACCESS CODES FOR NIKIAS'
PRIVATE SUITES. WHETHER THIS VOICE
IS ACTUALLY NANI OR NOT SHE'S
CERTAINLY IN ON SOME SECRETS
THAT NO ONE ELSE IS ...

ARI HAS TEXTED ME A FEW TIMES SINCE THE OTHER NIGHT BUT REALLY I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO RESPOND WITHOUT EITHER LYING OR SCARING HER AWAY BY CONVINCING HER I AM TOTALLY BATSHIT NUTS.

I MADE THE MISTAKE OF
TELLING ONE OF MY COUSINS
ABOUT THE VOICE A LITTLE BIT AGO
AND NOW SHE'S DOWNSTAIRS
BREWING UP SOME GROSS-ish
CONCOCTION FOR ME TO "MAKE
IT BETTER". I'M PRETTY SURE
I NEED TO ESCAPE THIS HOUSE
BEFORE THAT HAPPENS FOR THE
SAKE OF MY HEALTH. I WOULD
HARDLY TRUST MY COUSINS'
POTION-LIKE CONCOCTIONS IN
NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES LET
ALONE IN THIS GRIEF RIDDEN
ENVIRONMENT...

IF I DIE OF FOOD POISONING
THIS WILL BE THE ONLY SURVIVING
RECORD OF MY GENIUS.