Chapter One

The sunlight hurt my eyes, I was set out to kill the light. It had to stop. It had to end. Mama came home early that day, for some reason I will never know. Mama said she had a funny feeling and that she just had to get home as soon as possible. I couldn’t blame her. Had she known what I was thinking, well let’s just say she wouldn’t be pleased.

So she found me. I was tied up in the basement. My arms far away from my body. I did this so I couldn’t hurt myself again. The razor marks were still running along my arms from the last time I tried to commit suicide. It wasn’t something I was pleased with by no means. I was ashamed of the fact. So ashamed.

Mama was understanding. Picking me up, she took me someplace safe. We took a long car ride to a far away place. I kept asking her where we were going, but she wouldn’t answer. It wasn’t long before I was crying for her to tell me where we were going. I began screaming at her. Calling her names. Names I would later regret, much much later. I was twenty when I finally said I was sorry, but it was too late by that point. She was dead.

The doctor that met me at the gate ushered me into the hospital. It was rather large, I’ve since learned that it had been built in the 1930s, it was suppose to be haunted, but well I never believed in that. I didn’t have any kind of supernatural experience while I was there. To be honest I was rather disappointed by the whole event. I wanted to see ghosts dammit, and there wasn’t one to be found.

The nurse that checked me in was strange. Well beyond strange. She had issues. I only knew of the issues because I could read minds. Well not all minds, just the ones screaming out for help the loudest. That nurse’s mind was screaming so loud I couldn’t help but hear her. I didn’t always have this gift, I noticed it had come out more recently over the past couple of years.

I was eighteen years old and my future was ahead of me. All of my future was ahead of me. At least that’s what they kept telling me. The doctors at the hospital made sure I knew I was loved and that I needed to take care of my special power.

Hell, I just wanted them to quiet the voices in my head. Do you think they could do that? Nope. They couldn’t even come close to making the voices be quiet.

I quit the place after six months. I decided to hit the road. I needed to get out of there. My first destination was the East coast. Florida seemed like a perfect place. It was then I met the girl of my dreams. Her name was Amanda.

Amanda was a dream. She wanted everything to do with me. We fell in love almost immediately. It was something unique and precious to me. I couldn’t read her mind. It was amazing! For years I had been forced to suffer and live with people who had so many things going on through their mind. I couldn’t read hers. It was like a dream come true.