

Inner Demons

Madison Scott-Clary

October 7, 2015

Contents

Contents	2
I Act 1	3
1 Early August	4
II Act 2	6
2 Early November	7
III Act 3	8
3 Tuesday, December 22nd – Evening	9
4 Wednesday, December 23 – Midnight	15
5 Wednesday, December 23 – 1:00 AM	16
6 Wednesday, December 23rd – 3:00 AM	17
IV Epilogue	18
7 A Letter to my Daughter	19

Part I

Act 1

Chapter 1

Early August

Sleeping in a new place was always disorienting to Jeff. The fact that it was his same old bed, same old covers, didn't do anything to cover that up. The smell of him lingered on the comforter, which he hadn't had time to wash beforehand, but the smells of the room itself were new. All new.

It would take weeks or months of living there, maybe even longer, before the scents of him and his two children had permeated the place enough to call it their own. Until then, it would be late nights surrounded by the tough odor of latex paint and spackle, of carpet cleaning and of not-his-memories. Until then it would be lying awake at night, learning the new smells, the new creaks and groans of the new house, finding all of the new patterns in the texture of the ceiling before he could actually manage to let sleep overcome him.

It was Kayla who had adapted fastest out of the three of them. Not only had the seven year-old hustled into the house with more happiness than tiredness (for Jeff) or apathy (for Justin, his older son), but she had immediately found all of the interesting places to hide and sequestered herself in her room, laying on her undressed bed with her colored pencils and a sheet of paper. Jeff had had an additional few days to scope the place out before moving there, but that had been a month and a half ago, and more than once, he found himself calling for his daughter, confounded by unexpected corners.

Justin had had the hardest time, and Jeff suspected that that was an issue of maturity.

As an adult, he'd been through his fair share of moves, and had the benefit of being the one who had gotten the new job out here on the east coast. Justin had been pulled from his junior year of school, where he had established friendships and toiled through countless classes; as a kid (and, Jeff reminded himself, he *was* still a kid), Justin had the benefit of none of this. He may still be adaptive in time, as Kayla had been, but for now, he was stuck finishing out his tenure in high school in a strange and new place, surrounded by new people and with suddenly altered college prospects: what was in-state before was seemingly out of reach within the span of a few short months.

For now, though, Jeff vowed to help his eldest to adapt as best as he could, and maybe rope Kayla into that as well. He would only have a portion of the time with his children that he used to, having gone from being an unemployed single father to the new and improved Dad-With-A-Job.

He had meant to take that time off, as he'd told himself and his kids countless times. A few years of helping to get Kayla into preschool and then into grade school after that, months of helping Justin with his homework. The pay-out from Karen's life insurance had more than covered the fifty grand they had still owed on the house, giving him the leeway to take the occasional consulting gig, but otherwise to spend the time with his kids.

The money hadn't run out, necessarily – not yet, at least – but his patience for being a stay-at-home father had. He loved his kids, dearly so, but the long days alone with only the occasional bit of shopping or consulting to break up the time had been so counter to how he felt he operated best, that when the opportunity for permanent employment with a pretty decent firm had come up, he'd leapt at it. The pay was good, but, he made sure to remind himself, it wasn't about that. It was getting the kids a good chance at life, and getting himself up and moving again.

Being an adult, Jeff suspected, was all about setting up hoops that you would then have to jump through. He envied Kayla, whose duties were simplified to finding the best hiding place in the house and drawing, always drawing.

Jeff wasn't sure when it was that he'd fallen asleep, other than the last time he'd managed to check the time, it was nearing three in the morning, and that the light under Justin's door still hadn't gone out. He'd long since given up policing bed times for his eldest. There were measures – getting up on time, doing well in school – that Justin always seemed to meet or exceed, anyway.

#

Part II

Act 2

Chapter 2

Early November

Part III

Act 3

Chapter 3

Tuesday, December 22nd – Evening

Justin didn't show up for dinner.

With the way that the weekend had gone, Jeff halfway expected him to be gone, back to the house across the street. Even so, he made sure he got Kayla fed with some simple out-of-the-box macaroni and cheese with some broccoli steamed in the microwave. He shovelled a quick few bites of dinner into his mouth, knowing that that, as much as his coat, would help keep him from freezing in the deep cold that he was learning would permeate the east coast throughout the cold winter months.

At the coat closet, he was pleased to see Justin's coat missing. His son hadn't talked in days, had barely slept, barely ate, but at least he had the sense to bring his coat with him.

Shrugging into his parka, he leaned down to kiss Kalya atop her head. "Daddy's going to go look for Justin. I'll clean up the dishes when I get back. I won't be long, Kay-bear, he's probably just across the street."

Kayla was silent as she looked up to her father.

Jeff hesitated, then leaned down to give one more kiss against his daughter's forehead. "I'll be back soon, promise."

When the silence continued, Jeff offered a weak smile before turning and twisting the arms of his parka to let it sit more comfortably around his arms. He made his way toward the door as he worked on zipping up.

#

He felt torn between his two children and the seemingly vast difference in their needs. Both had adopted a sort of impenetrable silence since the move, something that they seemed loath to crack while at home. Bringing them out to eat elsewhere would see that silence thaw somewhat, but by the time they made their way back home, they would clam up once more.

Kayla, always the artist, would soon find her way back to the kitchen table with a small sheaf of papers, intensely drawing flower after flower after flower. Columbines, lilies, countless flowers that I couldn't name. They started as simple doodles, spiraling petals around an indistinct core that children have been drawing for what must be centuries, but the more I saw her digging through her book of local flowers, and doing what must've obviously been research on her phone, the more intricate the drawings got.

The drawings were beautiful, sometimes taking up entire sheets of paper with the weaving tendrils of morning glories, sometimes a simple doodle in the corner of a sheet of what might have otherwise been homework. They were never finished, however. She never erased any of the lines that she drew, leading to the correct lines being drawn in darker than the ones that she had deemed in correct. They were never in color, always the simple, shining gray of her mechanical pencil. Often, this added to their beauty in an austere sort of way, but most of the times, Jeff felt vaguely unnerved by the art that his daughter seemed to be churning out. It was cold. It was as lacking in depth as their conversation.

Justin was even more of an enigma to him. He would come home and trudge upstairs to his room and quietly shut the door without a word to his father or sister. He would usually sleep – Jeff would hear him snoring quietly – and stay asleep until after Jeff and Kayla went to bed.

The first few times that Justin had done this, Jeff stayed awake until Justin had woken up, some time around two or three in the morning. When he awoke, Justin would creep downstairs and help himself to a small plate of whatever Jeff had prepared for dinner, head back up to his room, and eat there. Occasionally, there would be music, just barely audible, heard above the soft tink of fork against plate.

Jeff had stopped staying up after a while.

#

Bustling out of the door and shutting it carefully behind him, he stood on the front step of the house under the warm glow of the porch light and stared up. The sky was closed in by a dense layer of cloud, reflecting back a pale yellow glow from the lights of the neighborhood. *It might snow before Christmas*, he thought, *though the sky has been socked in like this for the last week and a half*.

He shook himself out of his reverie and peered across the street without dark-adjusted eyes, struggling to discern any speck of light among the pale framing of the unfinished house, cold in the evening air.

He was frightened, he realized. He had been frightened for months. All of the strange and awful feelings that surrounded living in this new place, all of the ways that his children had withdrawn

from him, made him realize in one shining moment that he had no idea what it was that was going on. No idea, and that terrified him.

He felt his heart drawn to the lonely hulk of the unfinished house. It was painful, not knowing what he could do to help his eldest, and the terror seemed only to build within him. He wanted only to find Justin and bring him back home, wrap his two kids and himself up in a comforter in front of the TV and watch a movie, let them fall asleep against each side of him.

Damnit, Jeff, he shook his head once more and stomped his feet to make sure they hadn't fallen asleep. *Dawdling*. He stood still and huffed out a few more steamy breaths into the night, wondering why it was that he didn't actually want to cross the street. He didn't want to go to his son.

He didn't want to go to his son.

He wanted his son to never have left. He didn't want to go to him.

Justin.

The thought took his breath away. His heart ached for Justin, craved the idea of having him back home, and yet he did not want to go. He was horrified – horrified at himself, terrified of crossing the street. Every bit of his soul strained toward where he now knew his son must be hiding, and yet it felt as though every fiber of his being craved collapsing back into the house behind him, where it might be safe.

Just when he thought he might actually collapse, there was the feeling of something letting go, releasing him. It came with a rush of warmth travelling up his neck to his face, brushing past him in one smooth wave that left him feeling suddenly clear-headed. He stumbled against the jamb of the door and shook his head, clearing the last of the cobwebs away.

He was certain Justin was across the street, now. He was certain that he had to get him.

#

Jeff stumbled off the front stoop and down the path that lead to the driveway, doing his best not to break into a run for reasons that he didn't entirely fathom, himself. He took the corner almost drunkenly and brushed against the passenger side of the car in the drive before finally hurrying down the rest of the way to the curb.

And stopped.

The rebound did make him fall, this time, and he landed back on his rear with his hands catching the last bit of momentum. He sat, stunned, looking at the scraped and raw palms of his hands in bewilderment, as if they had been the fault of all of this.

He had run up against something that had given way only an inch or two before refusing to yield any further, causing him to tumble backwards.

Jeff shakily rose to his feet once again, leveraging himself up with one arm, feeling the cold grit of the concrete below his hand, the sensation familiar from the scratches at the heel of his palm. He stood once more and opened his eyes as wide as he could, as if that might allow him to see what it was that he ran into.

He reached out a hand to touch the air before him, feeling that same sense of resistance: giving for a few inches, and then unyielding.

There was nothing to see, no stretch of clear plastic or anything else that his eyes could discern as he explored the boundary between him and the street.

It had no texture. As far as his stinging fingertips could tell, he was simply pressing against air that would not let him pass. And yet, the tactile sense of a barrier was still there, compressing the flesh of his fingers and lending the sense of touch. He pressed hard, and then harder. Nothing.

Justin.

He had to get through. He had to get to his son and bring him home. He had to reach Justin.

The tentative presses against the barrier became pushes, and then became shoves. He strained against the invisible wall, his anger growing by the second. He threw his shoulder against the boundary and, finding it as unyielding as ever, recoiled once more. More prepared this time, he simply stumbled back against the rear fender of the car, his face a tense knot of anger and frustration.

More.

He had to make it through. He had to get to his son.

His anger became frantic and he alternated between pushing, beating with his fists, and throwing his shoulder against the wall. *To hell with this stupid house, and to hell with all that goes with it*, he raged, clawing at the thin film that kept him standing just at the curb of the sidewalk.

His fingernails compressed against his fingertips, but without friction from the surface of the air, they simply bent and folded against flesh – a gentle ache.

A growl rose within his chest as he threw himself bodily against the wall that kept him within the boundary of his property. He felt the shout well up within him, powered by a burning ember of anger that propelled it from his chest.

“Let. Me. Through!”

And with that, he fell forward.

With the way he had been throwing himself against the wall, he landed on his shoulder with a jarring thump against the asphalt just beyond the gutter. He felt lucky to wind up with only scuffed palms and a bruised shoulder – feeling the resistance give way, he had thrown out an arm and avoided landing on his head against the equally unyielding road.

A hot flush wove over him, this time reaching all the way down from below his collarbones and coursing up over his shoulders and over his face, hotter than before. It was a blush, but so much more, a heat from within intense enough to make his brow prickle with sweat.

#

“Wh...what the hell...” Jeff panted, struggling back to his feet once more, rubbing his shoulder with his free hand. He had no explanation for the barrier that had kept him from the street.

Standing awkwardly, Jeff gave a tentative reach forward, finding no boundary in front of him. Reaching back revealed that the barrier between the gutter and the curb had disappeared, leaving the area filled simply with air. The anger threatened to flare within him once more, but he swallowed the hot ball of emotion, keeping it deep within him. He didn’t want to meet Justin feeling nothing but rage, no matter the forces that might try and keep him from his son.

Justin.

The thought of his son shifted the sting from his palms and shoulder to his eyes. There was the taste of ash in his mouth and a cold numbness that spread over his body, replacing the flush of warmth with the frigidity of the surrounding air.

Swaying slightly, he took a shaky step toward the vacant house. The anger within him was slowly quenched by something more akin to sadness. Jeff initially labeled it anguish or despair, but it was far more base than those words implied.

He was, simply, sad.

He wanted to get to his son – his firstborn – his baby. He needed to do whatever was in his power to retrieve his son. His heart ached for him.

Justin, who had seemed to smile when he was born, though Jeff knew that wasn’t quite true. The sight of a smiling newborn clutching at Karen had been what convinced Jeff that parenthood would be okay.

Justin, who had run so quickly through the living room once he had learned to walk, that he had knocked himself flat on his back when he ran into an end table. The crying had been intense, but that hadn’t stopped him from running.

Justin, who was so excited for his first day of school, that he slipped the tiny stuffed wolf that Karen had given him into his backpack, just knowing that he needed something to share with the other kids. The wolf now lived atop his computer monitor.

Tears were streaming down Jeff’s face, and he stumbled blindly toward where he supposed the house would be.

The sadness moved beyond simple, happy memories of Justin as Jeff found himself weeping openly. The tears flowed as if forced from him, breaths coming in great, heaving gasps, shaking his frame. His sobs were quiet, tinged with the moans of the truly heartbroken.

A few more shuffling steps led him to the center of the street separating his house from the empty structure on the other side. He fell for the third time, landing hard on his kneecaps, feeling the pain shoot up through his thighs and into his lower back. Uncaring, he settled down to rest his rear against his heels.

It was long minutes – he couldn't tell how many – that he knelt there in the middle of the street, simply crying and feeling for his son. Just...()feeling. Occasional fleeting memories, without words, sharing his heart with his son as he had when the tiny baby boy had first entered the world.

The wracking sobs eventually settled down to a snot-ridden snuffle, and Jeff looked down for the first time in what felt like hours. His hands and sleeves were soaked through with tears torn from him over the feeling that his son had left him months before, when they had first moved east. His jeans were torn, once at each knee.

As he stood, the wave of heat hit him once more. It centered around his midsection and traveled up towards his face, hotter than could be explained by a simple flush of warmth originating within the body.

These are gates. Gates or...or rites, or something, Jeff thought

More.

Breathing heavily, the smoke of burning wood tickling at the back of his nostrils, Jeff gathered all the determination that he felt he had within him and struggled forward once more, moving on from the middle of the street, the place of tears.

#

Chapter 4

Wednesday, December 23 – Midnight

Chapter 5

Wednesday, December 23 – 1:00 AM

Chapter 6

Wednesday, December 23rd – 3:00 AM

Part IV

Epilogue

Chapter 7

A Letter to my Daughter

Kayla, my dear Kayla.

My lovely, beautiful daughter, Kayla.

I hope that living with your aunt has proven to be good move for you to make. Sometimes, I still have a hard time accepting the fact that that is what is best for you, but in the end, I think that it was healthier for you to move away from here, just as it was healthier for me to stay. I think we each have our own way of grieving.

For me, I needed to stay here and go through the motions of putting life back together. The house is paid off, and the market isn't right for me to try and sell it. I know this isn't the type of thing you want to here, but this is the type of thing that occupies my day-to-day thoughts – “What is the house worth?” “Could I get a decent deal on it in the market?” “Is it worth moving somewhere else within the same town to keep my job, or should I look for something else outside of this little neighborhood?”

I'm sure you're thinking about school, about the friends you've made, and about what you'll make, what you'll do. Everything moves so much faster when you're younger – you have less tying you down to one place, nothing except the grown-ups who seem to make all of the decisions for you.

I've been reading (I know, surprise surprise, right?), and I found your mother's old Bible. The first few pages inform me that it is the “Today's New International Version”, which seems like rather a mouthful to me. I've never read the bible, so I don't know about these things.

Did you know that your mother was a spiritual person? It's something that we had talked about early on during our courtship, but something which never seemed to come up during the time that we were raising you before her death. She wasn't practicing, if I'm getting that term right. She never went to church, and never mentioned her spirituality to either you or Justin as far as I knew. I never stopped her, but it seemed that my belief that there was no God was stronger than her belief in God, because we wound up raising you to be agnostic, and decidedly not Christian.

When she died, when Karen died, my atheism was strengthened. 'How could any just God put any just (for so I thought myself at the time) man through such torture?'

I didn't know the story of Job at the time.

... Well, okay, that's a bit of a stretch. I didn't know the story of Job, true, but I also think that I greatly misunderstood a lot of what went on behind the scenes of Christianity.

I'd been raised by an agnostic and an atheist, and, similar to what I mentioned about you two, the atheism won out. My father's staunch belief that there was no God was stronger than my mother's apathy, and that left me feeling as though there simply mustn't be a God. This is the power that fathers have over their sons.

When Karen died, it was confirmation, in some small way, that my father was right. No benevolent figure, however distant, could allow its creations to feel such pain.

I packed up so much of her stuff after that, because it was causing me so much pain just having it in my life. You never knew her that well – she passed when you were so young – but you did seem to treasure the pictures that I left out of her, the one on my desk, the one on the mantle, and the one on the wall by the stairs.

You were so curious about her. I would tell you stories about how we met, about what it was like raising Justin, about the life that we had together before we had you two. But I never talked to you about her death, except to say that she died, and I never talked to you about her spirituality.

I didn't understand it. I never had understood it, mostly because I had never tried. I accompanied her to church once or twice, before either you or Justin were born, but neither of us were much on the act of attending a religious ceremony like that. For her, it was a private thing, something that informed the way that she interacted with the world, but only on an internal level.

It was only after Justin's death and after you moved in with your aunt that I started to dig through the boxes that I'd hidden away from myself.

I found her bible, old and worn. She had obviously read it quite a bit through the years, and I'd either never noticed or she had read it on her own when I wasn't around.

Finding that little book and seeing the dog-eared pages and the frayed bookmark ribbon sewn into the pages, I realized how little I knew about her and how her faith worked, and that in turn made me realize just how little I had tried to understand her.

Determined, I sat down and began to read. I skimmed over a lot of the genealogy bits – I'd always found those so dry and uninspiring, and never understood why they were in there – and I powered through a lot of the rules and dictates from the early parts of the old testament. It wasn't until I started to get into the stories of the kings and leaders of the tribes of Israel that I learned more about what these stories actually teach.

I had to stop reading for the night once I came across this bit in 2 Samuel:

The king was shaken. He went up to the room over the gateway and wept. As he went, he said, "O my son Absalom! My son, my son Absalom! If only I had died instead of you – O Absalom, my son, my son!"

There is pain in the Bible. Real, earnest pain. The stories may just be stories, but the pain is there, and people hurt just as much as they do now. I don't think I'm much at risk of becoming a Christian just because I leafed through your mother's bible, but I think I understand it all a little better now.

Stories like this – all stories, not just biblical stories – teach us how to feel more of the human experience than we feel on our own. They teach us to know one another.

When I realized how little I actually knew Karen, it also made me realize how little I knew you, and how little I knew Justin. The thing that drove him to take his own life isn't something I think I'll ever understand or know. It's so hard to think about, Kayla. So hard. But I think that if there's one thing that I've learned from all that happened, it's that I need to try. I need to try and understand and really know you, because I didn't, with Justin. I didn't try hard enough, and I didn't really know him. I really didn't.

I know that's hard for you, too. I know it'll always be hard for us both, seeing what we saw and having lived through something no one but us can truly know, no one but us will believe. I'm sorry for that, Kay-bear, I really am.

I will be honest and say that I have heard from your aunt. I'm proud of you, Kayla, and all that you've been able to accomplish this last year. I want to see you, I really do, but I understand how difficult it will be for you to come back and visit me here. I'll make my way out there some day, out where it's clean and cool, out where I can walk with you down the block from the school to your house.

The house next door has been demolished, and some corporation has taken ownership of the land in some complex agreement with the homeowners' associataion that I don't understand. I haven't read to deeply into it, truthfully, for reasons that I'm sure you can appreciate. After the investigation, the police had the area cordoned off, and after the yellow tape disappeared, I couldn't bring myself over to the skeleton of a house, or the bare plot of land that it has become.

I know that this is hard for you, Kayla, that it must still be hard. Your aunt Alice has mentioned that you have only just begun talking to her, talking to anyone outside of school. I know that you're excelling in school, but I know that it's proved difficult for you to move on outside of school.

I know that it hurts, Kayla love. I still hurt; I hurt every day. I know that you and I share the problem of the doubt we get when we tell our story. Even so, I want you to keep trying. I want you to keep excelling at school, and I want you to keep trying to open up and make more friends, to open up to Alice. No one means you harm, and everyone is rooting for you to feel better.

I'll see you soon, Kay-bear, I promise. I'll get things sorted out and I'll see you soon.

Love,
Daddy