

survival 101: you're already in the sequel

This country is a horror movie. They taught us how to hide, not how to fight, so I sharpen my voice like a kitchen knife. We don't live in haunted houses, but houses haunted by the fear of waking up each morning. Because you can't tell me this movie will end when the end credits haven't rolled. We're not paranoid, we're losing control. The script doesn't change, it just gets slicker, it isn't a happy ending when the killer's the victor. They masked up long before Halloween, the real horror's always been routine. We're trapped in a sequel, the one we didn't survive the first time, dying in the same old, bloody, chalk lines. Every law they pass is just a jump scare in disguise, it looks harmless till it drags another body off screen, its eyes red, its teeth sharp and grinning. They don't need a chainsaw when silence does the job. Just cut the funding, ending it all. They wear suits like its skin, and smile like Jason behind a mask, cold, quiet, and always coming back with a bigger knife to do the task. Every town has an Elm Street now, and the American dream is just Freddy's nightmare, hunting us in our sleep. Michael doesn't need to run, neither does Congress, they both move slow and hunt the honest. They told me to call 911, but the lines have been dead since the first act, ghostface is on the other end, quoting laws like they're hashtags. This ain't Camp Crystal Lake, but there's still blood in the water, and they keep sending kids back like lambs to the slaughter. We all play the final girl now, running barefoot through systems built to bleed us, not save us. They don't chase us, they wait for us, like a killer in the closet, knowing fear will make us open the door ourselves. This isn't survival, it's a horror loop, where we screamed, we ran, we bled. They lock the exits, they leave the knife in the wound, no plot twist, no savior, covered in blood they pretend not to see. They filmed our deaths like cold, broadcasted shows, but ghosts don't rest, they rise to expose.