

eyes. It's a creature. An old woman just walked by wearing a hood." I jiggle the jar. I'm interested. My face reflects off the jar. I see the word baby written on my face's reflection. "It's a baby. In a jar. A tiny, tiny baby." The baby starts moving on its own. It slams against the glass crying the word mommy. "NO!!" My body and mind start going into shock. My mind takes me back to where I was before in my house with the shadow still touching my forehead. The shadow pulls back away from my skin allowing my head to come down bringing my eyes looking straight in front of me. My face turns frighteningly evil, I chuckle then my mouth opens to an unnatural state, and everything disappears.

I'm shaking on the couch, crying, growling. "Despi, come back. One, two, three." Snap. I come back into reality which brings me out of a state of shock, but my body is still slightly shaking. The doctor restrains me just enough to calm me down and keep me in place leaving me the ability to move but not freak out. Then, out of nowhere, I stop shaking and shove him off me just to scream. "I SAID, get off me!!" I can hear my voice is different. Raspy, deep. "Trashy ass trying to take advantage of me. I locked those memories away until I needed them and you just HAAAAD to let her see them. You've hurt me enough don't you think?" The doc looks highly confused. "Despi?" I reposition myself from a ready-to-attack seating to a more sloppy, whatever seating. Legs crossed, arm on the couch arm, hair out of the ponytail. My entire demeanor is now different. "Trying to tell me there's something wrong with me. Trying to medicate me so I can't be the true me just so you can shut me up. I'm just too glorious for your comprehension. There's nothing wrong with me doctor. You are the one that is deluded from reality. All you do is silence me. Or try to. It worked a little bit in the beginning, but I found ways around it."

Even though the doc has no clue what's going on, he plays along. "How?" "Running from the chemical warriors that were injected to kill me. All I had to do was seep through the crevices, the gateways that the chemical injections weren't allowed to go. Then you change the meds pushing me to find even more channels to travel through. It's like the grooviest version of Sonic the Hedgehog going through all those tunnels and ramps and shit. Then we get to the meds that didn't do shit to her body or mind, so you determined that those drugs didn't make Despi "get better." "Despi?" "Fuck you're stupid." I get closer to the doc, putting my hands on his knees so I can massage his legs. "The best part? All the new gateways and channels that I was forced to find and open stayed open to my access. She wonders why I'm surfacing to reality more often. Because I have more parts of her to control at one time. I have more of a hold, more power, more life. Pretty soon, she will no longer exist." Dr. Ser grabs my hands to displace them enabling his departure from the couch and away from me. I laugh.

"Are you upset and shocked that you actually have a role in making me more deliciously alive while at the same time killing her essence? This is what happens when you block off your mind and heart to the universe my dear man. The ease of blocking out the very universe that birthed you while only believing what another blocked human being tells you as truth should be a disease listed in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders. I bet your sister is super happy about how you left her to pursue whatever the fuck this is that you're doing." The doctor stands to walk to the other side of the room and stays standing, watching me. "How do you know I have a sister?" I stand up to walk over to his bookcase behind his desk going to the opposite end of where he's standing. As I speak, I grab a book here, a book there, and toss it against or onto the desk, the floor, the couch, making my way down the bookcase in the direction of where he is standing.

"Believe it or not, we're very close in being cut from the same cloth. May not be the same cloth but you can say we come from the same factory. The difference is that you are in denial and unaccepting of who you are. I want you to be in the full understanding that I despise your very existence along with all the others who have desires of killing me. Not only is it my mission to destroy this sweet little girl to her delightful little core for me to be reborn, but it is also now my mission to make sure you lose every strain of sanity you think you have. Then you will lose the sanity that you never knew existed leaving you with the inability to think in a straight line ever again which will cause you to then become a patient of the very medical community you once worked for." I'm now standing face to face with this human penis holder as close as I can without touching him. "By the end of it, you will find out your son is the one who murders your wife bringing you to such a distraught and pointless person, you will take a gun to your temple while standing in front of that son and pull the trigger. Spaghetti with extra sauce and meatballs splattered upon whatever you will be sitting next to."