

CRAZY (level 3 only)

DISRESPECT (4 entries)

My Ticking Clock

Inherited the cursed “privilege” today, straight from the last unlucky guy. I’d feel bad for my old man, but now I have the millstone around my neck. 39, eh? I was so close. Now, every damn tick of the clock feels like a slap in the face. Recording and witnessing others’ fates, for the little time I have left, what’s the point of it all? Toss ‘em in the river and call it a day, that’s what I think. I didn’t sign up for this.

Echoing Memories

I’ve been seeing more strange flashes. Memories. I think the ones earlier were my grandfather’s. Who’s messing with me, or is it just my mind decaying? No, the messed-up stuff in this place ain’t just an echo of the past; it’s alive. It’s eating away at me, making my ears bleed. I can’t shake the feeling of being watched by those long-dead. The lighthouse seems to hold onto every tragedy it’s witnessed in this damn place, and it’s like I’m reliving them all over again. I’m losing myself. Where’s the line between their visions and my reality? My conscience is screaming, but I can’t make out what it’s saying. Damn it all.

The Walls Speak

In the dark, it’s like the walls got mouths. They whisper all sorts of nonsense. Everything looks like a face, it’s a freakshow in my head. Ain’t they got better things to do than mess with me? What a sick sense of humor, playing these mind games. I just want some private space, a MOMENT of peace and quiet, so would you kindly SHUT UP! ! !

Bell. Silence

The bayou’s singing its mournful tune again, crying for the lost souls. The darkness and visions are smothering, but they’re nothing compared to the noise. The only time they let up is when the beam spans across me. It’s a tease, inviting me deeper with its promises of hope. Under the rhythm of its gaze, life flows and grows, but... will it cry for me? The shadows are murmuring