



Dear Reader:

If this book is your first encounter with _asylum_, I bid you a fond welcome.

The _asylum_ is a volunteer run online community that gives people of all ages and backgrounds a place to call home. _Asylum_ is a place where everyone talk about anything they need to. From grieving over a lost loved one, to working with ongoing mental illnesses, to simply a place to post creative distractions, _asylum_ has a little bit of everything. Our goal is that no one ever feels alone. Our dedicated staff keeps the conversations safe, helpful and fun to grow a community of support. We do our best to have someone online and available whenever we are needed by members, or "residents", to talk on the phone, chatting on instant messenger or over email ... or simply giving our imput where needed on the community.

This book is a compilation of work in which _asylum_ residents were asked to submit stories, artwork, poems and any other original creative work that deals somehow with him or her and their life dealing with mental illness. We asked that they give us a pseudonym other than their real name, email handle or livejournal name so that anonymity will be guaranteed. We felt that this method would allow everyone to be completely open and honest. I have combined it with photos from asylum based photoshoots that I have created in the past 3 years. I hope you will enjoy this creative cross-section of our community, and that you will reach a better understanding of what it means to deal with mental illness--be it either a temporary state or a state that one must live with daily. With this in mind, all views expressed are that of the artist alone and may not reflect that of the staff.

Please keep an open mind and heart as you walk through our _asylum_. And always remember that there is room in _asylum_ for you too. Should you need us, you will always have a home with us.



Sincerely, Head Nurse Stillbourne Dear Resident,

I hope this book and letter finds you happy and well. In the following pages you will find what was submitted for the first _asylum_ book. I hope it gives you much as much joy as it has given to me while making it. We have some wonderful artists in our community. Enjoy, but please remember some imagery or words may be triggering in this book. Stay as safe as you can.

This book is in commemoration of completing our 5th year as an _asylum_. I would like to thank "GoAskJennifer" for compiling all of your work and posting it to its own read-only community. I would also like to thank "SapphireRoseIvy" for maintaining it when she could not. I would like to thank the contributing artists: Without you, I could not have made this beautiful book. Great job!

I would like to thank our current staff: "OneWho", "SplitPeach", "DementedHeather", and "MiseryxRevenant" for keeping up with everyone & giving their all to make _asylum_ the best it can be. I would like to thank the past staff for all their hard work to get it where it is today. I would also like to thank "TikiGods" for giving _asylum_ its original start. Also, I would like to thank the long term residents who continue to keep the place lively, fun and active. I would like to thank and welcome our newest residents: I hope you find what you need in our home and plan to stick around and be part of the family.

Finally I would like to thank YOU. Thank you for being a part of our community. Thank you for sharing your love and friendship, as well as your sorrows and pain. Thank you for being you. I wish you the best that life has to offer and send all of my love. Never stop being you. YOU are important and loved. You will always have a home with us on _asylum_. You will never be alone ever again...You have us.



Sincerely, Head Nurse Stillbourne COMFORT ONLY COMES FROM CUTTING

EVERYTHING ELSE FAILS

PEOPLE LET YOU DOWN

THINGS BREAK AND GET STOLEN

THERE IS NO SAFE PLACE

FROM THE TORMENT

TAUNTING TERROR

TURMOIL

THAT IS ME

BUT

WHEN IT ALL BLEEDS AWAY

BLEED IT ALL OUT

THERE IS NO MORE ANYTHING

NO NOISE FROM OTHERS
NO STRESS
NO THREAT

JUST THE SOFT GENTLE PULL

"HEAT-THROB"

AND THE SLIGHT STING THAT REMINDS:

"YOU

ARE

STILL

ALIVE."

BY: RASH DECISIONS



"The price of vengeance"

When fortune smiles on something as violent and ugly as revenge, it seems proof like no other, that God exists, and not only does He exist, you're doing His will. Or are you?

A wise man once said that the road to vengeance is a dense forest. When you want one tree sometimes it's necessary to cut down the rest...

It is a cycle from which there is no beginning and no end. Each tree that is cut down to get to the one, others rise to take it's place.

Vengeance is itself a double edged sword. It can help motivate one, and even keep one alive.

But at what price? What risk? When your vengeance is over, another's is just beginning.

Violence begets violence, hatred begets hatred, death begets death. And so the cycle continues. Neverending.

It is as simple as you drawing a line where it suits you. For some, it's a very short line in which they who seek retribution from the past dare others to cross, for others, it's a very long line that takes ages to get past.

What will happen in one's life is already written, but one must choose to be there. But one must choose carefully what road he wishes to travel, for whatever his choice may be, be it good or ill, will forever dominate one's destiny.





"ABANDON"

FEEL THE MOLECULAR STAB OF PAIN, WE THRUST
IN WOUNDED BLISS AND ANIMAL FURY, IN GOD WE TRUST
FUCK RETRIBUTION, INFINITY DRAWS ME IN
SHUTS ITS WINGS AND BRINGS ME NEAR

SHUDDER LIKE A NEW SPARK
BORN INTO AN ENDLESS DREAM
HITTING BOTTOM IS NOT A WEEKEND RETREAT
SO LIKE ICE WE BLUR AND SHIFT

LOSING ALL HOPE IS FREEDOM
TWENTY-ONE FURIOUS GUNS ALL SCREAMING,
"SALUTE ME!"

THE MONA LISA FALLS APART
LIKE A TEENAGE WHORE'S BROKEN HEART
FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR POST-MODERN ART
OF BREAKING DOWN

A PIERCING VOICE SPLITS THE MIST OF PAIN
FAST-FORWARD TO THE NEXT PAGE
OUT ON THE FRONT LINES OF THE BATTLEFIELD
I DON'T HAVE A MIND, I'M A HUMAN SHEILD

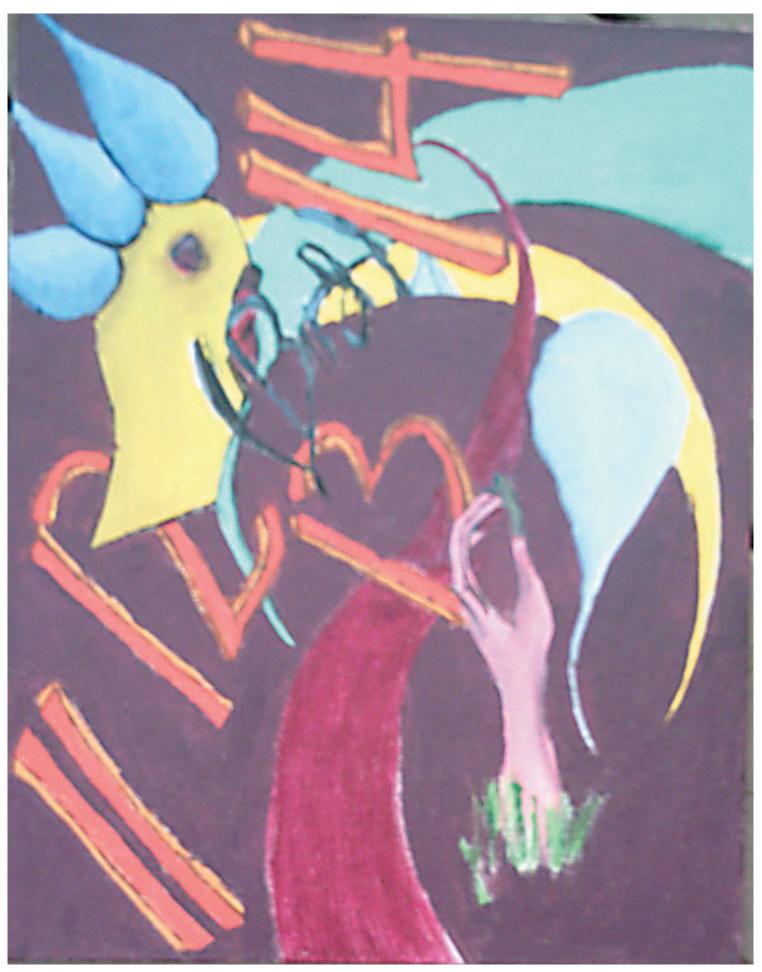
A SPIRAL OF SNOW AWAITS US
I'VE CROSSED THE LINE FROM SANE TO NOT
THIS SIDE IS BETTER, BUT BETTER THAN WHAT?

THAT IS WHAT WE HAVE ARMIES FOR

THAT IS WHAT WE HAVE ARMIES FOR

THAT IS WHAT WE HAVE ARMIES FOR

THE GRADUATE



by: Squishy

Hi, I am anneinside and I wanted to share my bipolar history with you.

I an 51 and have been diagnosed as bipolar, type II. I see my psychologist weekly and my psychiatrist monthly, usually. I was diagnosed when I was 45 but I've had symptoms of bipolar since my first depressive episode at the age of 9 and was put in therapy. The next time I can recall being depressed, I was in my early teens and attempted suicide by overdose. I took enough pills but threw up so the only effect of the pills was that I slept all weekend. No one noticed because I didn't miss any school.

During a majority of my adulthood, I occasionally had short periods of depression and episodes of hypomania in which I obsessed about something until I mastered it. The turning point was in the fall of 1992 when I was 41. First, my husband left me for another woman. He said he wasn't coming home because he didn't' like the carpeting in the bedroom. In a mixed episode, I took out all the carpeting, removed all the staples, filled the holes, sanded and varnished the floor while working fulltime and not eating at all. (I lost 20 pounds in 21 days) I was put in the hospital after I became suicidal and stayed there for a month. Two months later on December 30th, while my ex was driving, my only child, my sixteen year old daughter was killed. Depression dropped like a ten ton weight. Once I tried suicide by attempting to inject air into my veins. That is when I discovered that cutting myself and bleeding made me feel better. I became a self-injurer.

I continued to work until the following fall (I was a special education teacher). Then I finally fell apart and was put on disability for two years. During that time, I tried suicide by overdosing twice and was saved once because my mother called and the other time because after I was under the influence, I called a hospital ER to see if I had taken enough pills (LOL). During a hypomanic episode, I once bought a new car because I had to have leather seats. At the end of the two years, I decided to go back to school and earn a doctorate. I was okay during the three years I worked on the doctorate except for short hypomanic episodes and occasional anxiety attacks.

I accepted my first job as a professor at a Florida college and had anxiety/depression "attacks" which were mixed episodes about every 3 to 4 months during the two years I taught there. I then moved to Minnesota and continued the same pattern for about three years when I finally fell into a black hole. I was hospitalized numerous times (12+) for suicidal depression during the next two years. Finally, my depression became immobilizing and my psychiatrist put me on leave for disability. I came back the next year half-time for fall semester and did okay. Then back to fulltime in the spring. About four weeks into the semester I was unable to get in front of a class, I couldn't remember what I was going to say about each powerpoint slide...I couldn't think, concentrate or smile.... I couldn't teach anymore. I was put back on leave of absence for a medical disability.

It's been two years since I was put on total disability. I have been put in the hospital once and a crisis center twice for active suicidal thoughts. I had ECT with maintenance ECT weekly for six months ending last October. In the last two or three years, I have been on lithium, wellbrutrin, effexor, prozac, tofranil, trazadone, cymbalta, lexapro, depakote, lamictal, seroquel, abilify, anafranil, zoloft, concerta, ambien, xanax, adivan, and probably more that I can't remember. Right now I am just coming out of a depressive episode which followed a hypomanic episode in which I spent over \$700 in one week on doll making supplies (at least not as bad as when I spent \$10,000 on siding I had to have for the house).

Right now, I live alone with two small dogs, a papillon and a yorkie. I volunteer twice a week at an organization that refurbishes computers for people with low income, on disability and the elderly. I meet a friend at a local diner for breakfast Monday through Saturday. I go to a bipolar support group twice a month and see my therapist every week. Other than that, I stay home and feel content with my life (when I'm not depressed). When I look at ads for special education professors, I become anxious and overwhelmed. I don't know if I can ever return to teaching but I haven't gotten rid of all my planning materials. For now, I am on SSD and have a quiet life.

Just being a kid, I try to understand, the reasons why, Impressionable I may be, I fail to see, The sun is bright, the sky is blue, This is the part where I say I miss you.
But I don't miss anybody, would you like to know why? I wouldn't let anybody hear me cry.

Thoughts and feelings rushing onto the page,
The diary which is now lost in a blaze,
The secrets too dire, to let out into the world,
My Pandora's box shall be never be unfurled.
I laugh at the way I used to think,
My laugh was innocent, my bedroom pink.

Now the sunlight beating onto my face, I stare into space, Thinking of you all, putting you in your place, Compass point drawing across my skin, The cut is bleeding, HAH I win, I can hurt more than you ever know, My school uniform will conceal, it'll never show.

Months later the scars still not fading,
When I am wading,
Through a sea of thoughts.
Pain. Torture. Rebellion. Hate.
Where are the ideas that make me wait,
And think, and wonder, and know what you might feel,
When once again your friendship I steal.

But your feelings don't matter, mine haven't before
As I lie here crying upon the floor,
Guilt shall be my constant friend now,
Drowned in your sea of grey blood, I cause you pain,
And it felt good, but now it's too late
Rebellion sucks. And now I see,
This world may simply not be ready for me.



I HEAR YOU I SEE YOU I SMELL YOU

AM I EVIL?

YOU SOUND VULNERABLE YOU LOOK WEAK YOU SMELL LIKE FEAR

AM I EVIL?

I HEAR YOUR PAIN I SEE YOUR VICES I SMELL YOUR DESIRES

AM I EVIL?

I STUDY YOUR MOTION, YOUR GRACE, YOUR RESPONSES I WATCH YOUR PLACES, YOUR ACT-ING, YOUR FRIENDS I KNOW YOUR COLORS, PALETTES, IMAGES, AND CHOICES

AM I EVIL?

I USE YOUR HOPES AGAINST YOU I LEVERAGE PEOPLE AGAINST YOU I PUSH YOUR PERSONAL FEARS

AM I EVIL?

I ENJOY YOUR PAIN I REVEL IN YOUR VICES I TASTE YOUR DESIRES

AM I EVIL?

I PAINT WITH YOUR THOUGHTS AND
FEELINGS
I PAINT YOUR SAVE PLACES AND
PEOPLE
I PAINT A MOSAIC OF DARKNESS OUT
OF YOU

AM I EVIL?

I WONDER, WHAT IF IT WERE ME?
I STOP, HOW DOES IT FEEL?
I THINK, WHAT DOES THIS MAKE ME?

AM I EVIL?

WHAT DO I CHOOSE?

I CHOOSE POWER.



Stolen Roses

He heard it in my voice, And asked me what was wrong... He said I sounded like a child, And we talked all night, About the night my rose was stolen. I told him I didnt have a choice that night, Because the man stole my rose, And it hurt much more than I thought. I wasnt old enough to have a choice, He sent me to a man, a man I didnt know, The older man gave the younger man some money, And said to come back in an hour. I cried and begged to be let go... he hurt me more, and said "I was a bitch and deserved it." I wanted my mom to hold me. I needed someone. I screamed with pain, and realized I lost... my rose again...

I step outside, backpack heavily on my back, bulging with books, some 20 lbs worth, and shuffle along. At least its not raining today. I don't mind the rain, but lately it's been so muggy, the rain was no respite. Even the cargo shorts and thin pale T-Shirt will not save me today. I know by the time I am 1/2 way to work, I will have sweat through my T to my backpack and have sweat running down my back, ugh.

The gravel on the side of the road crunches distantly underfoot.

There are bad things that happen to people, things like car accidents, plane crashes, kitchen accidents, etc. Like this street, now that my path has ended, but there is a new one on the other side, and I need to cross anyways, I will J-Walk now, and get to that path, after this white beat up pick-up with the painter's logo passes on my side and the blue Ford Taurus and new yellow VW Bug pass on the other side, I will go. These drivers here are kinda crazy, they swerve around someone walking down the side of the street, but should you try to cross, even a cross-walk they try to run you down. I am glad my family doesn't cross around here, if they did one could get hit. I know I could see some stupid lady with here cell over her shoulder, arguing with someone, other hand brushing her mussed dyed blonde hair with her other. Going nearly the speed limit, and swerving slightly, she could just slightly go over to the path to the side of the road while my older daughter is walking along holding my hand, her little soft hand wrapped loosely around my pinky. Suddenly I feel her hand jump off my finger as I hear a deafening crack. Something splatters my glasses, but my eyes instinctively shut, so I don't see what it was. In this same brief millisecond instant, i hear both a soft, muffled crunch of something glass being broken and a kinda metallic thud, like thick sheet metal being banged with a rubber mallet. Right after this, I

hear the sound of car tires trying in vain to grip the road in a stinky roar of burning rubber. Then as I open my eyes, all I see is red. I run to the broken body on the floor, a tangled mess of limbs, pretty pink clothes, blood and matted curly blonde hair. One eye is 1/2 open, staring up at the sky, the other, appears missing. Now I can't see. I am suddenly hot, like my shirt were heated by the sun and I had run in the desert. I can't breathe. I turn to the car, the driver is staring at me and my daughter with an opened mouth expression of bewilderment and indignant horror. Like I did it. She looks at me like 'why would I walk with my daughter in the street like that'. That is the last look I see on her face. I suddenly run at her and punch her in the throat with all my might. I feel something break behind my larger, scarred left knuckles, and a soft squishy gurgle come from her throat. I am still not looking at her face, I can't. If I do, I will only see my daughter's face, all deformed and broken. As she slumps down on the ground, I wrench off the side-view mirror and slowly, but with all my might, start to beat in her face, until I can look at it again. Until I can see the pavement through it. Then I fall down and cry, for my daughter, for this lady

I don't even know, for me.

"I Could Tell You A Thing Or Two"

I could tell you a thing or two
About all the world will put you through

I could tell you a thing or two
But nothing I say will apply to you

I could tell you how to pass that test
Study real hard, but get plenty of rest
Teachers school you on how to get through life
People will respect you only if you try

I could tell you how to get that boy
Don't play with his heart, acting too cute and coy
Tell him exactly how you feel right then
Don't be afraid if he just wants to be friends

Friends, I say, are all one needs
Best friends are like your family
But I can't tell you how to make friends
The best friendships will just happen

Smile like you mean it everyday
Write thank you notes right away
The little things shouldn't be cast off for being small
The trifles in our lives make the biggest difference of all

I could tell you how to gain control
But I wouldn't recommend it, it costs your soul
I could tell you how to fail real quick
Just do exactly as I always did

I could tell you how to lose friends faster than gain
Just tell yourself they were the ones that changed
Be sarcastic and mean, care not for their pain
You'll never get your way giving yourself away

I could tell you how to be real cool
But I'm just a fool who sometimes follows the rules
The cooler I got, the colder I became
But my heart's too warm to stay so caged

I could tell you how to get through life
But I can't be the bearer of your strife
Just remember, slow down, you'll have your time
Maybe one day we'll both get it right

I could tell you a thing or two
Maybe understand what you're going through
But I'm not smart, what I write isn't wise
Sometimes I fail to take my own advice
-The Graduate

"HELL'S CONSCIENCE"

ON THE NIGHT OF MY PARENTS' FUNERAL, THE PRIEST'S WORDS GAVE TO ME NO COMFORT. OF COURSE, THERE IT WAS ON MY MOTHER'S DESK, THE DIARY. SHE HAD

WRITTEN IN IT EVERY DAY SINCE I WAS BORN...BUT NOW..SHE WOULD NEVER WRITE IN IT AGAIN.

I REMEMBER I RAN OUT INTO THE STORM TRYING IN VAIN TO OUTRUN THE RAGE..THE PAIN..THE GRIEF; MY SCREAMS BARELY AUDIBLE OVER THE ROAR OF THE STORM. AND THEN I FELL...I FELL FOREVER. THE CAVE WAS MONSTROUS..IT MUST HAVE LAIN HIDDEN FOR CENTURIES, AND THERE DEEP IN THE SHADOWS..I SAW IT. IT WAS COMING TOWARDS ME. I WAS FRIGHTENED AT FIRST..BUT ONLY AT FIRST; THEN I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND. THE MAN IN THE DARK WAS MY DESTINY..

FUTURE. IT WAS THE ANSWER I NEEDED TO CORRECT THE PAST. I WOULD USE THE IMAGE TO SPREAD FEAR AND MISERY TO THE OTHERS WHO WOULD TRY TO PREY ON

THE INNOCENT. I WOULD ENSURE THAT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO ME WOULD NEVER HAPPEN TO ANYONE ELSE.

I WOULD HAVE MY REVENGE.



Cascading down, around, and spin, to win again; I've found boxes full of boxes full of infinity. A trinity in symmetry? (Fractally) An end of starts may start an end. An affinity for spirals, fires trend, I spend my time in space and then, my space and time unwind, evade, cascade. -Kai'enne Tyrmerik



by: Squishy

"Rabbits"
The rabbits attack,
My room becomes a huvvle;
Steal my sanity.

First off I would like to start off with the simple basics. I was diagnosed with bi-polarism, schizophrenia, depression, and some psychotic personality disorder.

My parents are "divorced" although I don't think its fair to say that cause they weren't ever married. I have two older half sisters, and we have never really gotten along.

As a child I was made fun of for being fat, ugly, "un-cool", and the list goes on. It was hard on me growing up without my mom around, because she was a drug addict. I remember to many times in which I was waiting at my window cause I could see the road, and I was crying. I would be crying because I would be waiting for my mom for hours and hours. Eventually my step dad would call and tell me my mom was having period cramps. Yeah, bull fucking shit. Now, at my age I understand it was because she was coming down off of something. I would be in Elementary school crying, and someone would come up and ask me why I was crying and it was always the same deal "Because my mommy isn't coming this weekend."

My mom has always been a huge part of why I have so many problems. Well, I tend to blame her for it. I'm really into psychology and discovering the reasons why we are who we are.

Well, anyways....So this all goes on throughout middle school. Some other crap happens. She disappears for a year or two, and misses a bunch of important birthdays she said she would be there for. Then I start high school, and it seems like everything changes.

People actually start to find me attractive! I get a boyfriend, and more friends, and I am doing good in school. Yeah happiness doesn't last long for me.

My boyfriend turns out to be a an asshole. At the age of 14.....Ok so at the age of 14 on a hot day we decide to go swimming. Well he suggests we get changed in the public bathroom together, which I have never been to comfortable with. Well, once I get naked he starts kissing me, and touching me. Well I start to back off, and say "Hey I am not ready". He starts acting like he doesn't love me, and backing away from me totally. So I of coarse being the love hungry teenager....say "ok fine". The whole time I cried and he didn't stop. So this continues on our whole relationship. I think I only enjoyed having sex with him once. He eventually starting getting pushy, and when we would fight he would push me around, and grab me by the wrists. He lied to me about liking my best friend our whole relationship, and about a BUNCH of other crap. He really kind of fucked with my emotionally. Eventually I fell for another guy and broke it off with him. He stalked me for quite a while, and threatened to kill me twice in which I had him sentenced to a year of anger management for.

Eventually I started dating this one guy. Being with him was so strange. It was a very awkward part in my life. He was insane. I won't even get into it. But he was a huge liar, and really insane.

Before I carry on with this part of my story, I want to stop and talk about my family issues at the time. At this point I was living at my best friend Emma's house until I moved in with my mom in a whole new state. Well my mom was basically doped up on pain killers the whole time, and we left together back home. She was gonna live with me in my room at my dads, and I was gonna stay part time with Emma. Well my parents were fighting and doing weird crap. My dad by the way is a major pill popper, and was constantly doped up. Hence why I moved in with my mom to get away from all his crap. So eventually my mom got super drunk and told me all this crap like "You are the spawn of satan, you were a mistake, I wish I had never had you". I went and stayed with Emma lots more after that. But, eventually Emma failed me too. One day she just out of the blue decided to tell me "You're ruining my life". I didn't speak to her after that for about 9 months or so.

Now that I have cleared THAT up, I can continue on with the rest of my story. So I would like to talk about why I am considered insane.

I am vindictive, manipulative, selfish, and who knows what else. I seem to fail at every relationship I have ever been in. I find I am this way because I am so scared of someone leaving me that I destroy the relationship I am in. If you think about it...everyone who has ever said I love you to me....Has left me, or failed me. So I tend to do very underhanded things, and hurt and push the people who do actually love me away. I can't help I am this way. I try really hard to change this, but I can't. Oh, and I see things! All the time...Ill see random things that I know probably are not there.

So where was I? Well I guess this is really a closing to my story. I could have gone way more into detail about every little fucked up flake of my life. Like I got raped by that psycho mentioned above. I eventually broke up with him... Blah blah blah...

I am now pretty happy. I got my shit together. But I still find myself doing the same old things, and being hurt by the same stupid crap.



-Hope





"A Midwest Wake Up Call (Haiku)"
Another sunrise
Over your Wisconsin home
Burns love scorched wrists.
-The Graduate

by: Carrion_Heart





from the wall an actual asylum. More images like this on abandonedasylums.com

"Here's To Wishful Thinking" He could be that boy, but she's not that girl. & she knows it. & she shows it in the way she carries herself. Dark, distant, tormented. Pretentious. Head held high, but screaming inside, Kept up all by thoughts of a life with him. Thoughts of being loved by him, Thoughts thought upon too much unrequited make her happy & sad all at the same time. & her friends always tell her he's not worth it. & not to let him get to her, & pass exchange of glances & whispers of "the sad stalker chick" & her little obsessions. & others know it is best to be frightened rather than amused. & avoid all contact with her completely. But she pays them little attention.

She knows all they say about her isn't half as bad as she knows she is.

She shows it in her broken smile & exaggerated laugh.

She knows they understand who know him best.

She shows it in the hair & glasses she wears like a mask.

She shows it in the way she loves him.

She knows they're just jealous.

How sad her eyes become when he is mentioned & you remember her love is unreturned.

& their future together is the brightest thing in her world.

-The Graduate

She shows it.



- Samael

Detective Wayne entered the room slowly, edging his way in.

He could feel it. Feel there was something wrong.

He sniffed the air.

The stench of blood and sweat mingled in the air, clogging up the Oxygen.

He just knew that he wasn't going to like what he was going to find in this dank, cold, wet basement.

He considered going back, all the way up the stairs, out the front door of the once popular Laugh-A-Minute joke

store, into the car and back to the flat.

But he couldn't. Something in him stopped him.

Curiosity? Wonder?
Or was it something deeper?

Compassion, perhaps?

He edged further in. The stench got stronger.

He covered his mouth with a gloved hand and closed his eyes tight.

Get a grip Bruce! a little voice in his head told him.

Never before had he felt...felt...fear...like this.

He knew he was going to find a body. Dead or alive, he didn't know.

But he knew someone was in there.

He knew she was in there.

He removed his hand from his mouth, took a deep breath, and opened his eyes. It didn't help much.

There wasn't much light.

He stepped fully into the basement. He froze at a small, muffled sound.

It sounded like...laughing?

Or was it crying? He gulped.

"Harley?"

He noise stopped.

He turned to face the furthest away wall. There was a small window, the basement window, near the ceiling.

The only source of light.

Or what little light the City streets could provide in days like this.

He saw her. He saw the shape of her body, slumped against the wall on the floor.

He could make out her arms moving, around her chest.

"Harley...it's me."

D'uh, he thought.

He stepped closer, the froze as he saw her features.

Her normally sparkling clean harlequin outfit was soaked through with blood.

Her head piece and mask were gone, and her golden blonde hair matted red.

Wayne stood, staring at her.

"Harley...what...what did he do?!"
There was a rage in his voice. But also sadness.

He grew puzzled as she shook her head. She lowered her arms.

Wayne knew what had happened.

He looked around the floor, making out the shapes.

He realised why she sounded muffled when he first entered the room.

Lying by her on the floor, her tongue,

freshly cut out, blood

Surrounding is sordid place on the floor. He looked up at her, and tried to meet her eyes.

But he couldn't.

All that was there was the empty sockets.

He took a step closer, holding his breath. Yes. He had thought as much.

r

She had stitched her own ears to her head, to try and block out as much sound as she could.

He jumped back as she raised her arms to her chest. He realised what she was doing when he saw the knife in her hands.

"Harley...I'm...I'm...sorry..."

He turned and left the room.

He walked as quickly as he could up the stairs and to his car.

It was parked in the alleyway.
Just as well.

Wayne pulled off his cowl and heaved as much as his stomach could hold.

Once he had vomited as much as he felt he had within his stomach, he sat in his car.

He knew there were tears dripping down his cheeks. But he didn't bother to wipe them away.

His cowl would cover his face once Comissioner Jordon got here.

He had also sent a message to Roberts, his partner, to get him here as soon as possible.

He knew he couldn't drive home himself.

"Dear Lord", Jordon said, as the coroners put the body into the back of the van. "You do realize what she's done, don't you Jim?" Wayne asked, in a barely audible whisper.

Commissioner Gordon looked at him. He had arrived only ten minutes before. He had barely looked at the

body. First sight and he threw up.

Robin had arrived soon after. He had refused to look.

He now stood close by Batman.

He felt confused. He could sense something from his mentor.

Sadness?

"After tonights heist," Wayne began,
"Napier, yet again, tossed Harley aside. I
was on his trail when I watched their van
crash into MacGregors Bakers, next to the
Laugh-A-Minute store. He blamed her, as
usual.

But this time she didn't follow him after he threw her away."

"She came here?" Robin asked.

"Yes", He took a deep breath, "I think she couldn't take anymore. By the time I got here she had sewn her own ears closed...so she would never have to hear his laughter again."

"And cut out her tongue so she wouldn't speak of him again." Jordon said, understanding in his voice.

"And clawed out her own eyes so she would never see him again." Roberts added.

Wayne nodded and sighed.
"When I got here, she was cutting open her chest."

"Why?" Gordon asked.
"So she would never love him again."

They all stood in silence.

It began to rain.

"I think you should go," Jordon said, patting Waynes shoulder.

Roberts nodded and guided Wayne to the car...passenger seat.

They never spoke of the nights events all the way home.

Bruce Wayne, knew he would never be able to speak of it again.





"LAST NIGHT" LAST NIGHT YOU FRIGHTENED ME YOU WERE DIFFERENT YOU WERE UNHINGED DRUNK ON MOUNTAIN DEW AND VODKA YOUR OWN HYDE FORMULA I KNEW YOU WERE A BIOCHEMIST, BUT, THIS I DIDN'T, EXPECT. TO SEE YOU HERE, LIKE THIS IN THIS STATE, IT ALL SEEMS SO STRANGE YOU SAID YOU WERE AN ALCOHOLIC BUT, YOU SWORE, YOU WERE RECOVERING I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY IS THERE ANYTHING TO SAY, IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'LL REMEMBER ANY OF IT I THINK I SHOULD BE MAD, OR ATLEAST MORE MAD THAN I AM AFTER ALL'I KNOW, THAT, YOU LIED NOT JUST ONCE YOUR FRIEND EXPLAINED THIS PATTERN OF BEHAVIOR HAD BEEN GOING ON FOR WEEKS, MONTHS, BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND YOUR LIE MADE ME LIE TO YOUR EX-GIRLFRIEND YET, WITH ALL THE LIES I CAN'T SEEM TO CARE ALL'I KNOW IS WHAT I SEE HERE LAST NIGHT, YOU WERE ANOTHER PERSON YOU YELLED AND SCREAMED INCOHERENT RAMBLINGS ABOUT EVERYTHING AND NOTHING MORE EXTREME THAN YOUR USUAL INCOHERANCY SOME WORDS DIDN'T EVEN SOUND REAL THOUGH I'M SURE YOUR MIND HAS SOME COSMIC MEANING ATTACHED YOU CAN ALWAYS ATTACH MEANING TO THE MOST MEANINGLESS CHICKENS AND YOU CHANGED COMPLETELY FROM STATE TO ANOTHER MORE FREQUENTLY AND WITH MORE PASSION THAN ANY OTHER TIME

AT ONE POINT YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE IN THE ROOM

THEN YOU FORGOT WHO YOU WERE TALKING TO

YOU CALLED ME "CATHERINE" WHO'S SHE?

SOMEONE NEW, SOMEONE YOU FAILED TO INTRODUCE

YOU'D THINK FEELINGS OF JEALOUSY WOULD ERUPT IN ME

AND I WOULD GET UP AND LEAVE

YOU CALLED HER A "WHORE"

YOU'D THINK THAT WOULD SET ME OFF, SEND ME PACKING OUT, THE DOOR

YOU WERE SOME DESPERATE, HOWLING, GROWLING DEMONS

SNARLING ON THE BINGE OF INSANITY AND GENIUS

YOU WERE MY FRIEND AND NOW YOU ARE THIS

THING WITH PALE, SICK SKIN AND HAIR ABLAZE

RED FIRE SCREACHING LIKE A PHOENIX

CLAWS REACHING OUT, LIMBS FLAILING ABOUT

LIKE SKELETAL REMAINS

BUT, WHAT, I FIND MOST STRANGE IS NOT YOUR MIND SO DERANGED

7/ATTENTION SPANS USUALLY SO ESTRANGED FROM ONE ANOTHER

NOW INTRODUCED BY ALCOHOL

ALL CULMINATING IN ONE OFF-OFF BROADWAY PERFORMANCE

FOR ONLY ME AND YOUR FRIEND TO SEE

HE'S BORED, HE'S APPARENTLY SEEN, THIS PLAY BEFORE

BUT ME, I JUST STAND THERE BEFORE THIS SPECTACLE OF DEPRAVITY

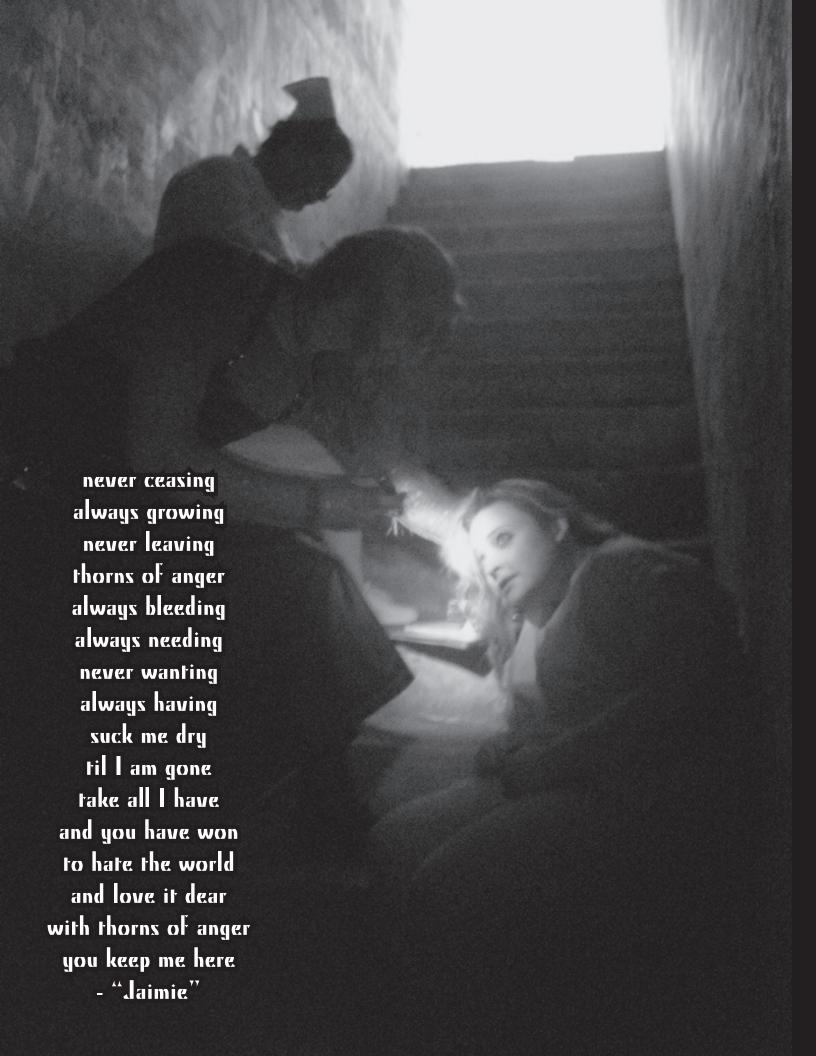
STARING SILENTLY, LETTING IT ALL SOAK IN

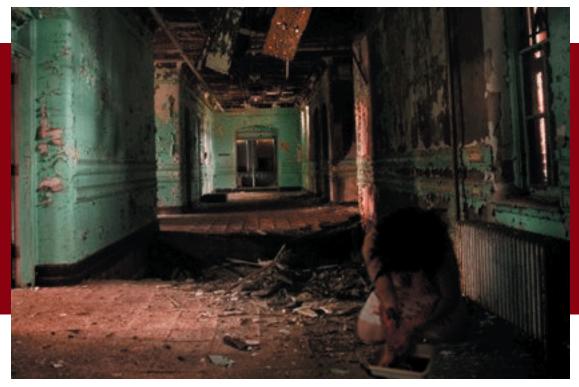
WAITING TO SEE HOW THIS DRAMA WOULD END

LAST NIGHT YOU FRIGHTENED ME...

DO IT AGAIN

THE GRADUATE





Mental Illness

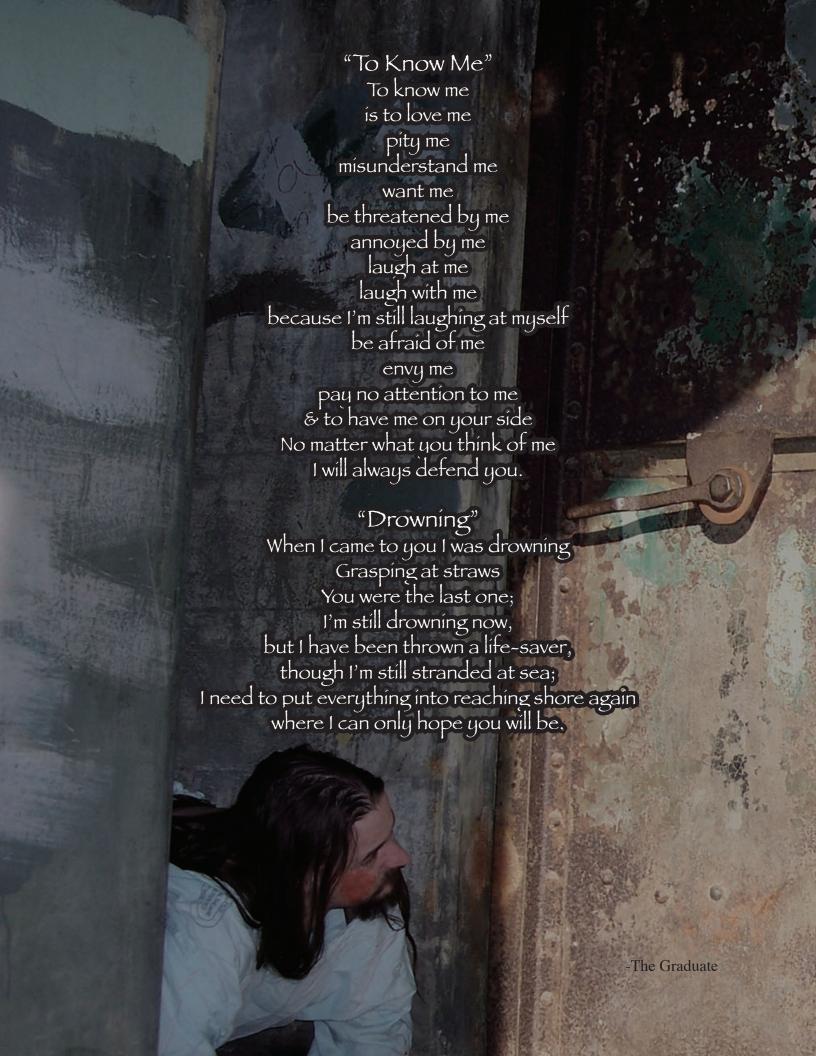
"Orianna Cassandra Dubois" Just your average girl just your average girl just your average girl except, ever since she could remember, which could have been forever ago she was haunted by strange thoughts Alarming, random exceedingly by nature At the age of five she wondered five year old girls do much of that wondering whether her parents were as bad as teacher said, or teacher was as bad as mommy and daddy said, or maybe the problem was these thoughts in her head that wouldn't go away Normal boys & girls don't think this way Matters of tigers Snarling beast cats and incense and older boys playing hounds from Hell

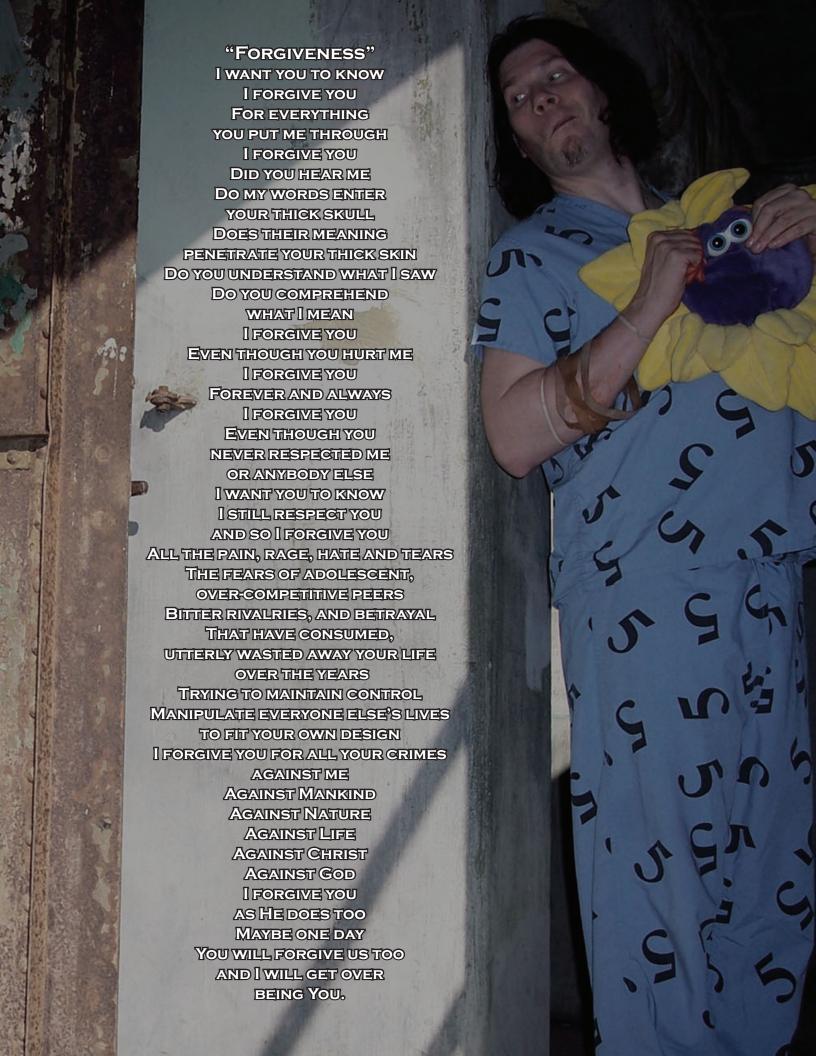
Unicorn rabbits build her fairy tales Rapunzal trapped in her tower mind with a bob Alice come out of her wonderland, through the looking glass Follow the white rabbit to the world each introduction to the world absorb another part of the world now the world is part of her world when she knows the ways of something she knows everything

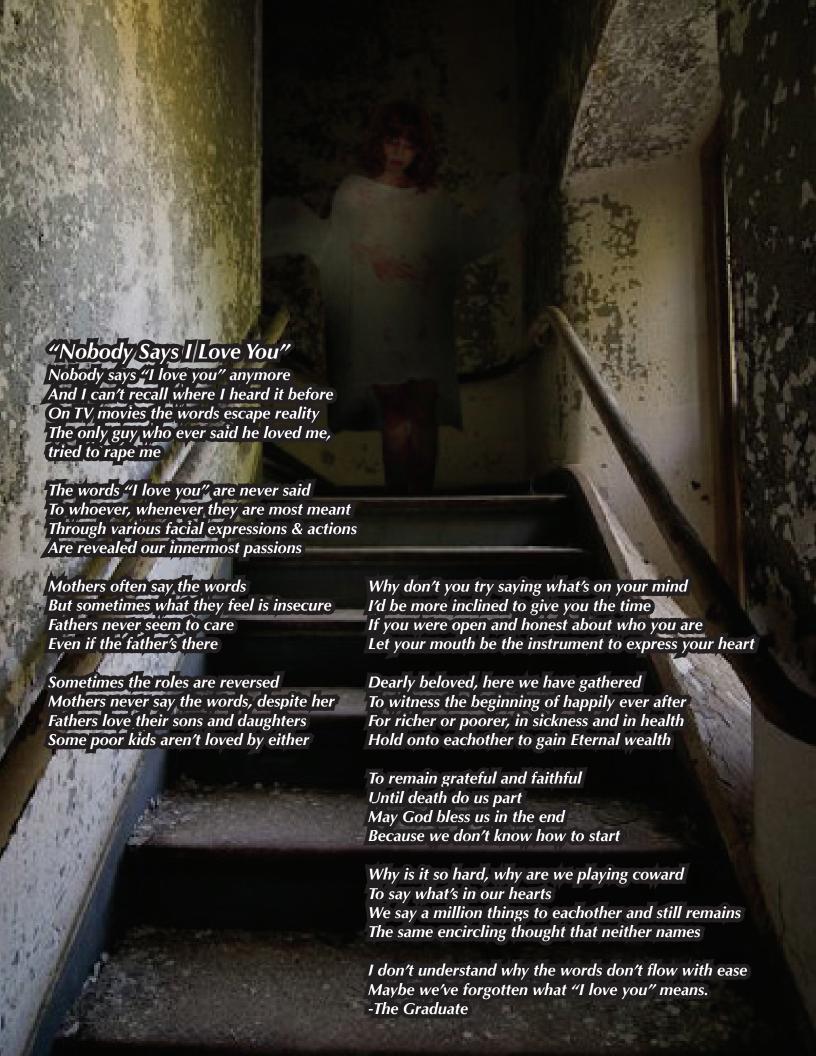
every single one of the intimate details, the little things and trifles She always sees such trifles She always remebers such trifles An old, recently divorced man with salt and pepper hair was arguing about a confusing phone call from a black man he didn't recognize And she took heed not to speak while her friend was studying, because her friend mentioned she did her best work in silence She could relate for the condition is often her bane

Awareness of everything cannot shut anything out has tried so many times tried but found she was only keeping herself in, k eeping herself in, keeping herself in Locked away in the tower again She has lists and lists recording lists of lists she needs to list on sticky notes reminding her to buy more sticky notes and her notebooks are full of sweet narcotic lyrics of a forgotten never written age of when sanity and poetry agreed Things pile up pretty quickly, so she is constantly cleaning, cleaning constantly cleaning, remodeling, renewing, renovating

Rebuilding and changing her mind. -The Graduate







"Sometimes Children Are The Only Good That Come From A Marriage"

He couldn't believe what he heard. "Your father and I are getting a divorce." Of course he couldn't say that he didn't see this coming. He'd not-so-secretly been wanting it and at the same time verbally fighting it for so long. But he never thought. He never thought he'd hear his mom speak the words out loud. Making it official. Though he knew how she had suffered. He needed no reminders. They were permanently pressed upon her face and hands. Were these what all those values were supposed to amount to? Doesn't anybody believe in true love anymore? He couldn't believe that she regretted the last 20 years of her life. Did she also regret the relationship that forced him to be born?

-The Graduate

"Give Me Pumpkin Pie, Or Give Me Death!"

Thanksgiving memories of a broken family that gives no thanks to me for all these vicarious activities It's hopeless telling me to hope less I'm not here

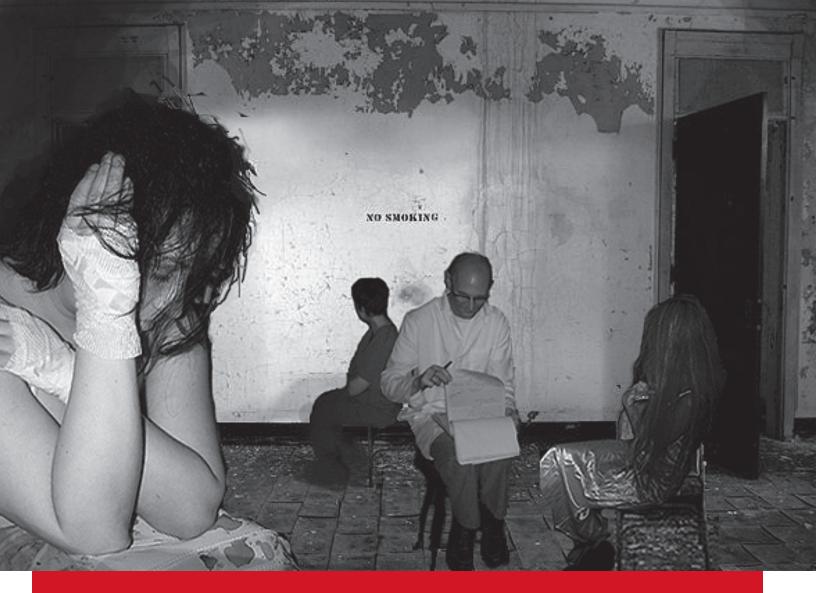
Kiss me kill me baa Baa black sheep Take me away I leased my fate in darkness

Father walked away
He walked away,
and I died inside
It's hopeless telling me to hope less
I leash my fate in darkness
Can you save me from you?

Like a fickle phoenix
You rise to give me
another chance to break your heart
I don't need you
I don't need you

-The Graduate

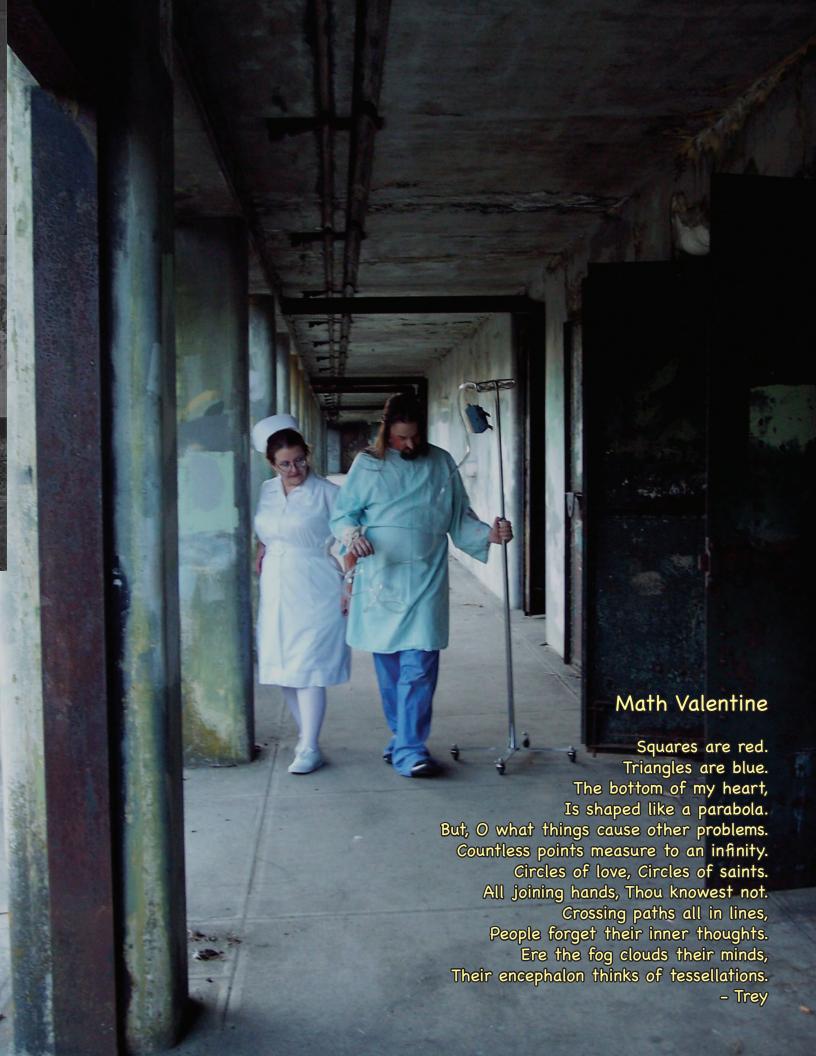




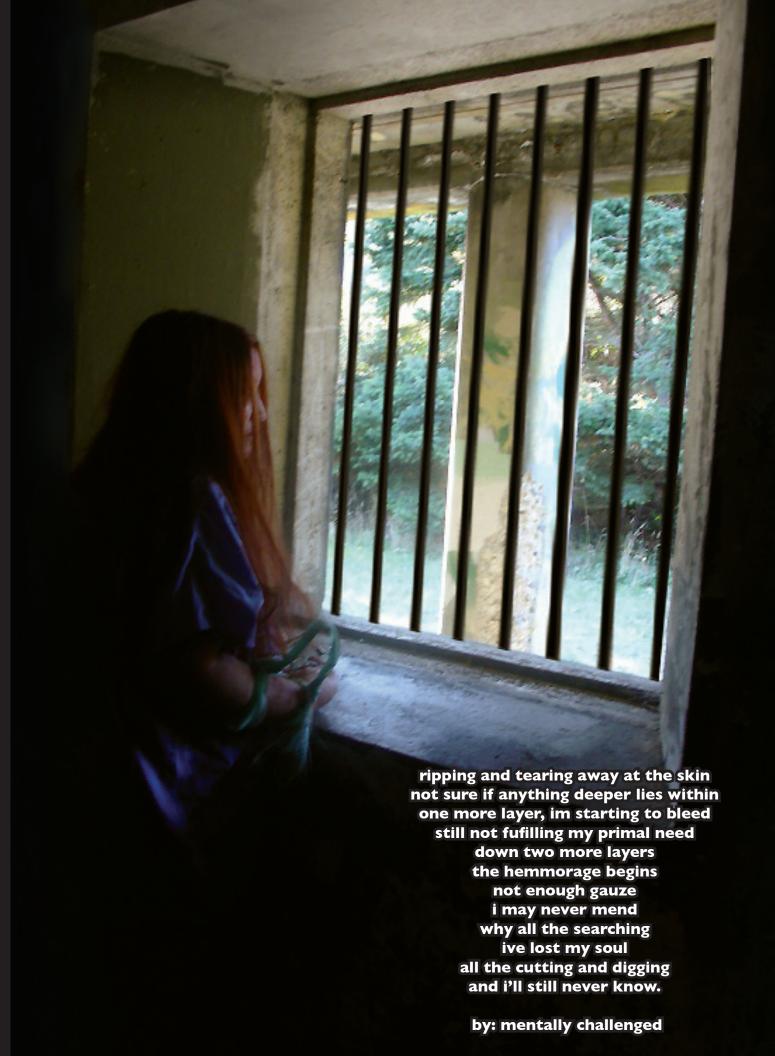
"If I Were Unattractive, You Wouldn't Hear A Word I Say"

The plain and pretty people hold a monopoly on the world's attention because ugly people don't identify with those who look like them Thank you, television Nothing makes a woman more pleased than seeing a woman heavier than her but only the insecure don't understand why a guy would love a heavy girl instead of the prettiest Fat girls hate fat women who are brave enough to stand alone Fat guys won't date women larger than a size 10 because of those comic book heroes and the women drawn out of proportion by guys who could never get a glance from the head cheerleader & it comes as no surprise that all the girls who identify with Christina Aguilera & sing along with all the songs written by guys they look more like & think they can be a star because they're too shallow to be anything else & Everybody knows girls like her Everybody tells her she sounds like Amy Lee or Avril because they're too afraid to tell her the plain ugly truth -- So she has to hear it from Simon Cowell Far be it for a fat person to know their limits but let's be realistic Just because you can you should not do a nude scene Cellulite produces a gag reflex that ruins the romance for the obese audience because none of them are able to accept the fact that everybody has it because they can't accept themselves because nobody accepted them You won't be taken seriously until you drop all your defenses & let yourself be frightening and pathetic It takes courage to be foolish Put your true self on full display You won't get attention by acting just like them Nobody wants to see a fake but if you open yourself up & let all those bottled feelings out People will identify with your pain We're all built & grow a different way Beauty is a vain & doubtful, fleeting thing && even pretty people can show ugliness at times The soul is all that matters it's who you are inside & other tired worn out cliché lines that everybody says but nobody really lives because the truth is when it comes down to it if I were unattractive, you wouldn't really care.

-The Graduate









I came back today
Nothing at all has changed,
except my best friend and I
don't speak anymore.
I lost you all over again
But this time it's permanent
Nothing is permanent
You said you would never leave
You said, "See you later."
I never said goodbye
I wish that I had said goodbye
Taking things for granted

That you would always be here
Tomorrow never came
We didn't say all we had to say
Dear God, give me one more day
To say what I never could before

And let me hear you say, you knew all along.





"Bleeding Memories"

I have kept these memories deep inside of me
But lately I feel my skin tearing at the seams
There is no state of mind I haven't tried, no place I haven't been
Because living is the one state I can't stand to be in

I know what I did, how I got this bad Never thought that I would fall this fast But deep down I guess I always knew One day I'd be bleeding all my memories of you

I was always taught that emotion can't be shown No one wants to know, so keep your face of stone The foundation laid, now I must be a pillar of strength But having to be so strong, takes so much out of me

Some say I was born ahead of my time
But when I run to catch up, I keep getting left behind
I keep dragging my feet, as the blood starts to flow
Because this fight is too hard to win on my own
-The Graduate

"Believe"

Running away from everything they want me to be
Rebelling against all labels of conformity
Pledge alledgiance to my own authority,
never be reborn
Maintain constant state of anarchy
But going against the grain never made reform

Living only for myself, kind of fun when I was twelve

Being held responsible for all my stupid actions
Slave to circumstance, trying every fashion
Wasting my life sleeping with pigs and then
Open my eyes to just a stranger in the mirror
Closing my mind for long, over-due repair

Manipulating people will not get you very far

Recognize my evil before it has a chance to start

Being honest with myself could never be a lie

If religion is an opiate, it's only in your mind

Wear my bleeding heart on a tattered sleeve
Willing to live, clutching the rosary beads
Never again deny all that I already
believed to be true
Why question everything when
all I need to know is You



Following Christ on the journey back to God
Believing in him to relearn how to love
Call it weak, call it lame, call it anything you want
This is me bowing on the alter, humbling my heart

I believe in God, Almighty, creator of the Earth

And through Him I finally see all that I am worth.

-The Graduate

"Hatred"

I'll stare the bastard in the face as he screams to God, and I'll laugh harder when he whimpers like a baby. And when his eyes go dead, the hell I send him to will seem like heaven after what I've done to him.

-Samael



"TRUTH WITHIN LIES"

THERE IS NO TRUTH IN LIFE.

BUT THERE IS TRUTH IN YOU.

FOR KNOW THAT MUCH MAY HAPPEN

HERE, AND ALWAYS IN MOTION IS THE

FUTURE,

YOU MAY TRUST IN ME.
THERE ARE DARK PLACES IN THE
WORLD WHERE FEW TREAD.
BUT I DID NOT WALK ALONE
FOR WE CRADLE EACH OTHERS' LIVES,
AND WHAT THREATENS ONE OF US
THREATENS US BOTH.

TO BE UNITED BY HATRED IS A... FRAG-ILE ALLIANCE AT BEST.

FOR THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF HATE, AND ALL OF THEM HAVE THE CALL OF THE

DARKNESS WITHIN THEM
YET, YOU MAY TRUST IN ME.
AND IF YOU FIND YOU CANNOT TRUST
ME,

THEN TRUST IN YOURSELF.

NEVER DOUBT WHAT YOU HAVE DONE.

LIFE IS YOUR OWN, TO LIVE YOUR OWN

WAY.

DON'T NOT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE SWAYED BY EMOTION.

FOR DOING SO, YOU WILL FALL TO THE WHIMS OF OTHERS;

BECOME THE TOOLS OF THEIR HANDS,
AND ACCOMPLISH WHAT THEIR HANDS
COULD NOT DO ON THEIR OWN.

-SAMAEL



"Like Unto A Leopard (Villanelle)"

Upon a throne of blood, my guardian resides In desperate isolation, he tailors my disguise I think I'm being bred to be the anti-christ

Like unto a leopard, the prophecy indites
The second coming usurps after the first has died
Upon a throne of blood, my guardian resides

With all outward appearances as of one beatified Timid and helpless, and passionately untried I think I'm being bred to be the anti-christ

Everybody wants to be different, to walk the thin lines Between changing the world, and rearranging your mind

Upon a throne of blood, my guardian resides

Escape into the world, I am shaken by a heist Of my ideals, and stolen from my kind Upon a throne of blood, my guardian resides I think I'm being bred to be the anti-christ

-The Graduate

"Awkward"

Who's that boy in the back of the room curly-brown hair and shifty eyes

he watches everybody what all does he see it escapes the rest

while they sing & dance
he writes his obituary
they all think he's really
weird
so awkward and withdrawn

so naive so unaware
the new girl sits beside
him
his smile brightens
their corner of the world

-The Graduate



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http://community.livejournal.com/_asylum_

Asylum is a volunteer community that is available to anyone worldwide. The staff are not professional psychologists nor counselors. We are a group of volunteers who lend support where necessary. All persons who need professional help above and beyond what we are capable of providing will be directed to the proper resources. All advice offered by the staff should not be taken as diagnosis or as a professional opinion. We are simply a group of concerned individuals available to lend a helping hand when needed. If you are in need of our assistance, please contact us:

All the staff:

livejournal: community.livejournal.com/nurse_station Livejournal; splitpeach.livejournal.com

Email: ljasylum@gmail.com

Myspace: www.myspace.com/_asylum_

Nurse Stillbourne:

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AIM: Dark onewho

Yahoo: onewho04

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Nurse Peach:

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Treatment Advocacy Center: Working to eliminate barriers to timely treatment of severe mental illness

http://www.charitynavigator.org/index.cfm?bay=search. summary&orgid=10200

National Self Harm Network:

http://www.nshn.co.uk

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If you feel that you have a serious mental illness, we suggest that you contact your general practitioner who can direct you to a mental health professional in your area who can be of assistance.

If you need immediate assistance, please call one of the following:

Suicide:

- 800-SUICIDE
- 800-273-TALK

Crisis:

- 800-442-HOPE (4673): National Youth Crisis Hotline
- 800-448-3000 Girls and Boys Town National Hotline
- 800-999-9999 Covenant House Hotline

Child abuse:

- 800-342-3009: Access to general information regarding Department programs and HEAP Hotline
- 800-732-5207: Day Care Complaint Line
- 800-342-3720: Child Abuse Hotline
- 800-25-ABUSE: National Child Abuse Hotline

Domestic Violence:

- 800-799-SAFE: National Domestic Violence/Child Abuse/ Sexual Abuse
- 800-942-6908 (Spanish)

Eating Disorder:

- 847-831-3438 (long distance): National Association of Anorexia Nervosa & Associated Disorders
- 800-969-6642: National Mental Health Association

Elder Abuse:

- 800-252-8966: Elder Abuse Hotline
- 800-621-0379: 8:30AM-4:00PM, Alzheimer's Association Hotline: Mon-Fri

HIV/AIDS/sexually transmitted diseases:

- 800-458-5231: The CDC (Center for Disease Control) National Prevention Information Network
- 800-342-AIDS (2437): 24/7 National AIDS Hotline
- 800-344-SIDA (7432): (AIDS Hotline in Spanish)
- 800-243-7889: (AIDS hotline for hearing impared)
- 800-227-8922: National Sexually Transmitted Disease Hotline (clinic info)
- 800-332-2437: Sexually Transmitted Disease & AIDS/HIV Information Hotline

Poison Control:

- 800-662-9886: Poison Control Any Kind of Substance
- 800-362-9922: Poison Control

Rape:

• 800-656-4673: Nationwide RAINN National Rape Crisis Hotline

Runaway/Exploited Children

- 800-235-3535: Missing Children Network
- 818-710-1181: The National Call Center for At-Risk Youth
- 800-843-5678: National Hotline for Missing and Exploited Children
- 800-621-4000: National Runaway Switchboard
- 800-I-AM-LOST (426.5678) : Child Find of America Hotline
- 800-231-6946: CONFIDENTIAL Runaway Hotline
- 800-292-9688: Parent Abduction Hotline

Substance Abuse/Alcoholism:

- 800-448-3000: Boys Town National Hotline
- 800-662-HELP (4357): National Drug Information Treatment and Referral Hotline
- 800-COCAINE (262-2463): National Cocaine Hotline
- 800-352-9996: Al-ateen
- 800-234-0246: Alcohol Abuse and Crisis Intervention
- 800-234-0420: Alcohol and Drug Abuse Helpline and Treatment
- 800-331-2900: Alcohol Hotline Support & Information

For other important numbers, please log into community.livejournal.com/_asylum_ and post that you need help. Our staff will help you get what you need ASAP.