

Before the deafening silence there
were screams



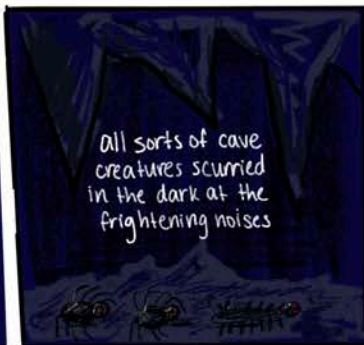
that made even the bats fly away

There were sounds of dishes breaking



and of holes being punched into walls.

All sorts of cave
creatures scurried
in the dark at the
frightening noises



and I was jealous of them.



I wished that I was a bat with wings,



or an eight-legged spider-

so that I too could escape this place.



But I knew deep inside that they didn't actually escape when they ran



They simply hid themselves in more corners of darkness.

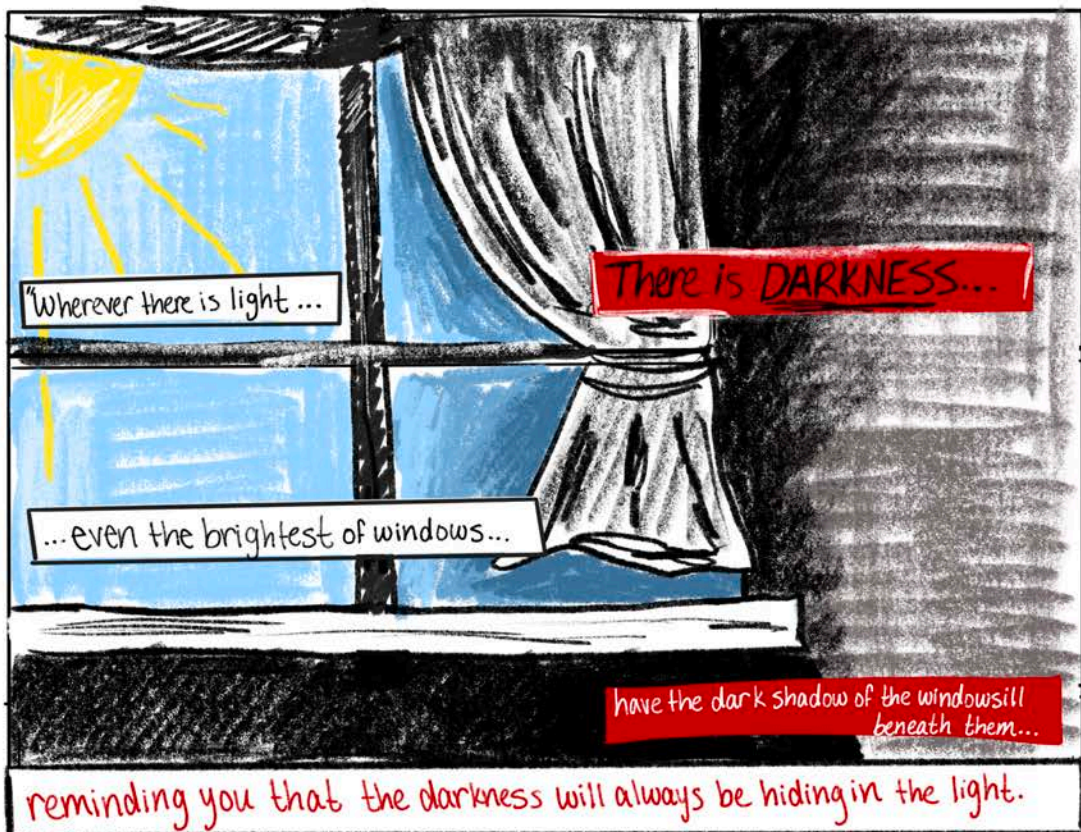
on especially scary nights, I often had strange dreams.



I once dreamed of a window



and an unfamiliar voice telling me...

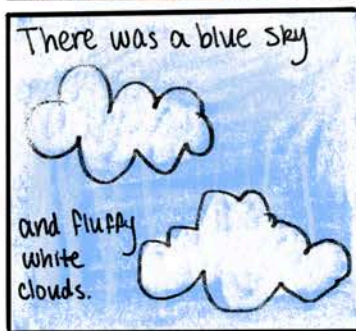




I dreamt of something I'd never seen before.



It was a bright and colorful world full of flowers and trees.



I could still smell the grass and pine when I woke up.

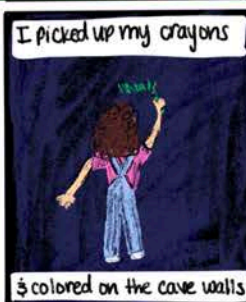


When I realized that the only thing I could smell was my rotten cave, my smile disappeared.

I wanted to go back to that beautiful place and stay there for as long as I could.



So I made it



I picked up my crayons

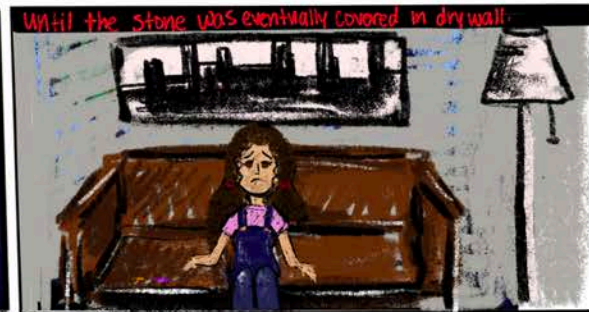
I colored on the cave walls



Pretty soon, the stone walls of my unfinished basement were covered in beauty.



The cave became an ESCAPE.



Until the stone was eventually covered in dry wall.

and my dreams were covered up, and forgotten-until I became older.

inner child
Deena Beydoun