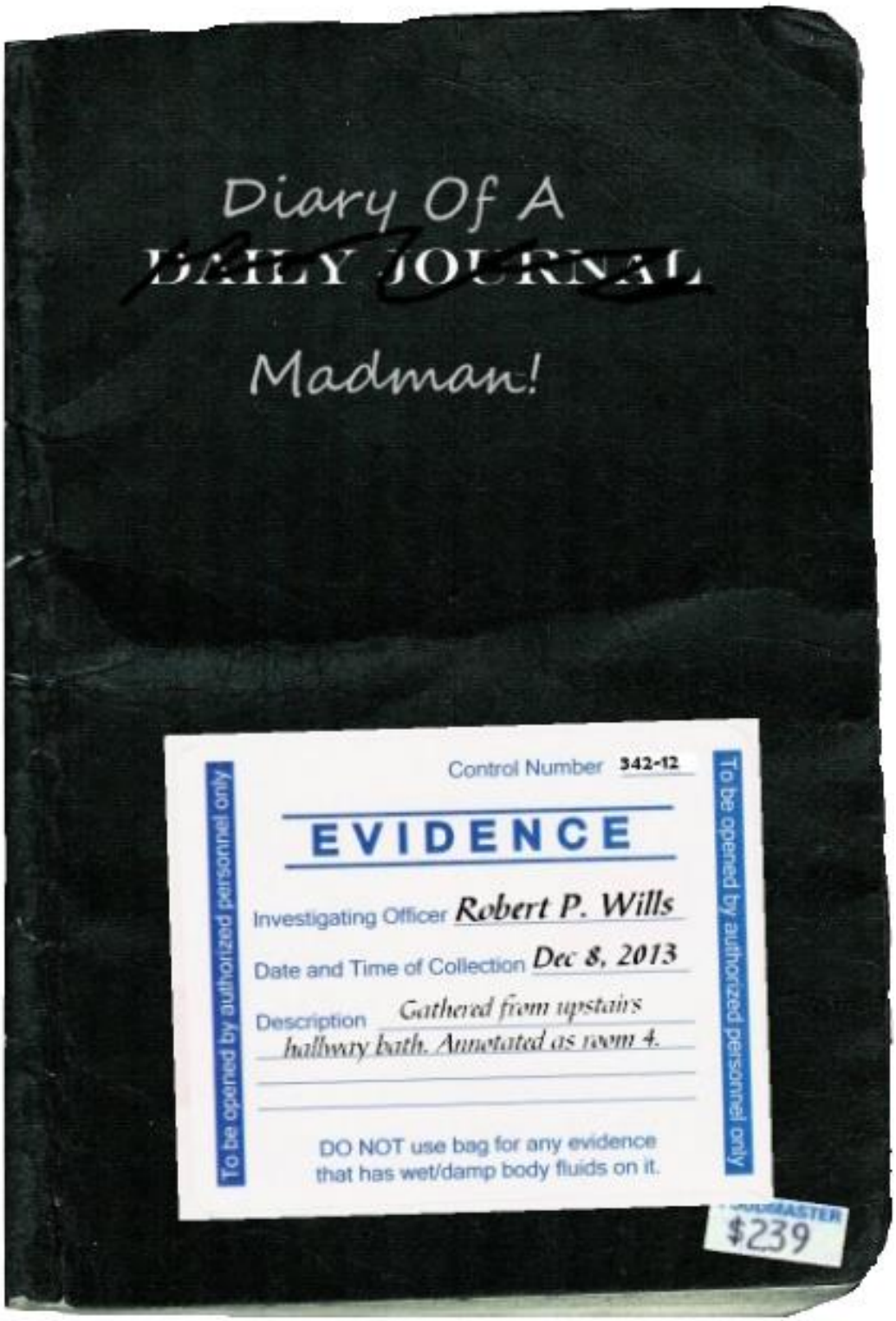
~~12 Month Daily Journal~~

The Diary Of A Madman!

by Terrance Brushwood

(As found by Detective Robert P. Wills)

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Diary Of A
DAILY JOURNAL
Madman!
Control Number 342-12
EVIDENCE
Investigating Officer Robert P. Wills
Date and Time of Collection Dec 8, 2013
Description Gathered from upstairs hallway bath. Annotated as room 4.
DO NOT use bag for any evidence that has wet/damp body fluids on it.
To be opened by authorized personnel only
To be opened by authorized personnel only
$239

14 July

So what a load of crap this is. I would say shit, but since my mom is going to read this after the shrink, she told me not to curse. Whatever. If you don't want to read my cursing, then don't read this, Mom. It's a load of shit. This shrink said I needed to keep a journal of what's happening to me so he can figure out how to fix it. I told Doctor Stadvarius or as I like to call him Sad Hairy Ass that he can't fix it because it's not in my head. He said "Right, Terrance. I know that. But doing this will help me help you." He says doctor shit like that all the time. "I want you to help me help you". Thanks Sad Hairy Ass. Except there's nothing wrong with me.

Oh and thanks Mom for buying the cheapest junk journal you could find at the grocery store. Because that's where people go to buy journals. Shit. So I'm supposed to keep track of what's happening. Then when they read this, they can all say 'Poor Terrance. That boy sure is bat shit crazy.'

So Sad Hairy Ass said I needed an introduction for the start of my journal. I refuse to call it a diary like some 12 year old girl: "Dear Diary, I wish Tommy Fewless would notice me" Shit like that. Whatever. Hey- get some tits and Tommy will notice you! Hah hah. Sorry Mom. Don't hold it against me. I'm crazy, remember?

So here goes my introduction. I'm Terrance Brushwood and I'm 15 years old. And according to my parents, I'm bat shit crazy. They all say that because of the things I have been seeing for the past year. The kick is I have been seeing these things longer than a year. Sorry Mom. Every time I talk to Sad Hairy Ass, I learn that no one else sees most of the things I see. Go ahead and say it Mom: "Oh dear me, my son is bat shit crazy!" Plus my craziness is making her crazy so she said I need to stop being crazy. To help with that they have me talking to Sad Hairy Ass. And he told me to keep this journal. That's about it. How's that introduction, Sad Hairy Ass? Good enough? I hope so because that's all you're going to get. Now on with the crazy. To be honest with you, I hope I don't have anything to write about for a long time, but I know that's not going to happen.

15 July

What is up? Nothing is happening anymore. I get this journal and things stop cold? That dear readers, is some crazy shit.

July 20

So I get this journal and nothing happens for a week! After the third day I thought I was done with the crazy. Hey Stadvarius you're a genius! All I needed was this little book to carry around and everything was cool!

I guess not. The strings are back. Sad Hairy Ass (sorry you're back to that because I'm not cured) said that I need to explain everything so I can't just say 'the strings are back' or "I saw the face again' or 'the figure was standing in my room when I woke up'. Some of the stuff I see is hard to explain. Some of it I don't want to write down. Like the stuff I hear the voices say.

Strings are one of the things I see that Sad Hairy Ass said no one else sees, so here goes. So there are these long strings that seem to float in the air that I see except they aren't strings. They twist and bend around but

they don't touch the ceiling or the floor. They aren't as thick as ribbons but they are kind of flat on one side sort of. I see them a lot out of the corner of my eye. They are kind of like floaters you see sometimes, except floaters are on your eye. These are actually out in the room and you can walk around them. If you move your head up and down, floaters in your eye seem to stay in place and move slowly because they're on your eye. I got that. I'm not a moron. These things are in the room. And I can hear them whispering. And they're mean sometimes. Theses ones were in my room when I woke up.

The first one was over by the closet. There was another one by the door. I tried to ignore them because that makes them go away sometimes. Why? Who the hell knows? As usual I was in bed when I first saw them. I used to think everyone saw them when they were waking up. Sad Hairy Ass looked at me like I was crazy when I said "Well, it's like the strings you see when you are waking up except I see them during the day too". He said 'What strings?'. And I said "You know. The ones you see when you're waking up. You know, the strings." That's when he said he never saw them. So I started asking around and no one else sees them. Sad Hairy Ass said 'But Terrance, how could you not think they were in your head?" So I said "Hairy Ass, do you go around telling people that you think the water feels wet on your hand when you wash your face?"

Sad Hairy Ass said 'No, why would I do that?' So I told him "Well, that's because you think everyone knows that the water feels wet. What if it's just you and to everyone else water feels like a warm blanket? Why would you go around telling people something that you think they already know? It's like saying 'I woke up today and right before I did, my eyes were closed! Isn't that weird? People would look at you like you were nuts.' Then Sad Hairy Ass looked at me like I was nuts.

You're an ass clown Sad Hairy Ass.

Anyway, so these lines were in my room when I woke up. They were black lines. I've seen grey ones and tan ones too. Those seem pretty safe. The black lines cut you. So there you go Mom. It's not me cutting my arms, it's the black lines. The one by the closet stayed there. That shit was waiting for me to try to get my clothes. I know the other one was waiting by the door for me to go out. If you look at the black lines they stick to you and they burn so I was trying to look at the floor when I went to the door. I had to take a leak really bad so I had to get out of the room. I used to just piss out my window but Mom went through the roof when she found out. So I reached for the nob and the string cut my arm. It's never really deep but it hurts like shit anyway. Thanks Mom. I should go back to pissing on your roses. This one didn't follow me out of the room so that was good. So I'm writing this while I'm taking a dump. Safe and sound in the bathroom! I covered the mirror first though. That was a mistake I only made once. Maybe the lines are afraid of the smell of shit. So if that other one stays by the closet I'm going to school in my pajamas again.

July 22

Last night I saw the face. I was in bed and it was about 11PM. I opened my eyes to look at the clock and there it was. It was the old face again. It was looking at me. I don't know why most of these things don't do anything if I'm not looking at them. Maybe Sad Hairy Ass can explain that. I tried to close my eyes real quick but it was too late. The face came over and bit me on my leg right through my blankets. Mom gives me a hard time of having three fans in my room and sleeping under a blanket. This face bastard is one of the reasons why. So I'm trying to get it off my leg and I can feel its teeth through the blanket. I start yelling at it

to let go and trying to punch the bastard in the head but my hand goes right through it. So I can't hit this thing but it can bite me? What is up with that?

So I'm trying to hit it and yelling at it when Mom comes in. She starts to give me that "Were you having a nightmare?" speech. This thing is still on my leg but she can't see it. So I'm yelling at her to get it off and she can't see it so she starts crying that I'm having a nightmare. I get the thing wrapped up in my blanket and throw it in a corner. I swear I see the thing roll around but of course Mom doesn't see anything because she's crying. I show her my leg where there is this huge bruise now and tell her the head was biting me. She just says I was bouncing around and did it. Whatever. So I go to sleep without the blanket because I know that the head is still in it. Welcome to my word Sad Hairy Ass.

July 24

So I'm back on the shitter writing in this stupid journal. I pretty much leave this thing in here because I can't do any writing in my room or anywhere else in the house. Maybe it's the smell that keeps them out of here. Outside isn't too bad as long as there aren't an trees or bushes around. Maybe I'll get a can of that Fart in a Can stuff from the Barefoot Mailman at the mall. It's worth a shot, right? I think I'll stick some in my room and see if that helps. Maybe I'll just start sleeping in here.

July 28

I scared the shit out of Mom today. We were standing in the kitchen talking about stuff. Girls I think it was. She was leaning against the island and I was leaning on the counter. Nothing weird, just a conversation all normal like. When all of a sudden something ran between us. No Sad Hair Ass I don't know what the hell it was. It was something dark and big bigger than me and it ran between us like it was late for something important. So I jumped back onto the counter to get out of its way and when I did, Mom jumped back too. I thought for a second that she had seen it too so I said "holy shit mom, did you see that?"

Then she starts to cry and says she jumped because I jumped and there was nothing there. So much for the friendly conversation. I hope that thing got to where it was going and doesn't come back pissed at me. That thing was big.

August 1

So it's a Saturday and I get to sleep in. I was up until around 3 last night. Sorry shrink, I couldn't write anything down then because I was busy being scared out of my skin. And my journal was in the toilet. Them's the breaks. So what happened. I had some strings in my room. They were grey I think. It was dark and they leaved me alone so I think they were greys. So there were three of them floating around the room when I opened my eyes. And before you say it after reading this "Why do you open your eyes, Terrance? Why don't you just keep them closed?"

It's not that simple. Have you ever been someplace and felt like you were being watched? It's a creepy skin on the back of your neck getting goosebumps kind of feeling. That's what I get. So I'm squeezing my eyes as tight as I can but I just have to look. My eyes will explode if I don't look. It gets worse and worse until I do. I won't go to sleep. I can't do anything else. I can fight all I want but I always look.

The figure was standing over by the corner of my room over by the window. And before you say it Hairy Ass, no, there is nothing there. NOTHING. I have emptied out my room. Everything EVERYTHING is in my closet, even my dresser. My room is my bed a light and that's it so don't tell me it's something I left standing in the corner. Because even if I left something in the corner, it wouldn't be something big and black and standing there and you can see it breathing as it watches me. It wasn't that thing that ran past me in the kitchen though. No, I don't know how because they are both big and dark spots where there's no light. I just know, alright? So I get this empty feeling inside while it watches me. The longer it looks at me, the emptier I feel. I don't let it go on too long because it's a scary feeling so I always hit the light switch and it disappears. No, I can't sleep with the light on, before you ask. I tried that once. I don't know how to describe what I saw around 3AM but it made me piss my bed. It was big and mean looking and was coming down out of the light. It was all bright but in a grey kind of bright. That's another mistake I won't make again. The light goes off and I do the best I can because Mister I'm Pissed Because The Lights Are On scares the living shit out of me. Or piss, I guess is more like it.

August 2

Sunday and mom is out of the house. Mom is out going to the store and I really didn't feel like looking at furniture so I stayed home. I'm in the livingroom as I write this. How's that shrink? A non-toilet written entry! Maybe you can frame it. So this is happening as I write this. I know someone is watching me. I just know it. I'm sitting on the couch trying to watch some football with it turned up real loud so I can't hear the whispers. Oh, there's a string down here but it's leaving me alone so I am sure as hell leaving it alone. But that's not the

So now I'm back in the toilet. The TV is still going but I had a hand reach out and grab my shoulder. Even after all the times it happens I jump like a girl who had a snake shoved down her pants. A real snake. Get your mind out of the gutter Hairy Ass. So I know no one is home because the door is next to the tv in the corner of the room so there's no way anyone is in the house but me and I can see the driveway from where I was sitting. I am home alone. Except for whoever grabbed my shoulder.

I can see shadows moving under the door. No we don't have a damned cat or dog. There is like two or three of them out there. They're not trying to get in, What is it about bathrooms? I swear to god, I'm going to just live in this bathroom! Mom you can slide food under the door. So I just heard the front door open and the tv is getting turned down so the rent is home. I'll give her a pretend flush and go out there.

August 3

So Mom and I had a fight tonight. A big one. She came home from a date. She sure as hell isn't bringing any guy over here. "Hey potential man, this is my bat shit crazy son. Want a beer?" That's going to work. So she gets home around 11PM and every light in the house is on. Then she starts with the did you turn on all the lights? You're god damned right I did! They can't stay on while I'm trying to sleep but while I'm awake they sure as shit stay on. Why Sad Hairy Ass? I'll tell you. It's another one of those 'I thought everyone saw them' things.

So when I go into a room and it's dark and I turn on the light, right as the light comes on I can see these figures in the room. They're black and they disappear almost as fast as the light going on but not exactly. It's like an image of some people standing around that fades out real quick. Sometimes there is only one or two. Once I saw a whole crowd in the living room. I mean shit. This house isn't that old and it sure as hell isn't built on some Indian cemetery or anything like that from the movies. What they are doing standing around my house all day long is for you to figure out Sad Hairy Ass. Make it quick because Mom is pissed about the light bills because I go around and turn on every light as soon as she leaves the house. There's like fifty of those things spread around the house in all the rooms and hallways. What the hell? Oh, except the upstairs bathroom. My bathroom. I mean I never see them in there. Don't ghosts take a shit? I guess not. So nothing to report except Mom is pissed at me and the house is full of a bunch of damned people that stand around all day. Unemployed fucking ghosts. Same as always.

September 1

What an awesome month August was. I didn't see a damned thing after that argument with Mom. Maybe we need to argue more. Or maybe I'm getting better? The visit with Hairy Ass sure didn't help with him or is it you since I'm writing this for you. I guess I'll use you. You sure didn't help Hairy Ass when when you made me dig up all the shit that happened before. Can't you just be happy August was a quiet month? No I don't know what's different. YOU'RE THE EXPERT! You figure it out. If this keeps up I'm going to tell Mom to have me stop seeing your sorry ass.

September 2

Its three Am and I'm under the bed as I write this. I swear I thought these things had gone away. I'm turning 16 in a couple of months so I figured I was outgrowing all this insane shit. I guess not. So I can hear something moving on my bed. When I opened my eyes. I always open my eyes remember? There was the black figure and it was standing right over me leaning over the bed. I rolled off the bed and under it. I always swing my pillow at the things I see but it just goes right through them. So I keep my bed away from the walls. You would think that having your bed against a wall would give you a little security. Well it sure as hell doesn't. What it does is get you stuck between a head that's tryin to bite you and a wall. Or some figure that's trying to press down on you and the wall. Pretty much anything crazy and the wall. No thanks. So I'm under the bed and this thing is sitting on my bed. Or rolling up there. Or something. I'm sure as hell not going to look at what it's doing. I think that maybe

November 3

You're an ass Sad Hairy Ass. A real prick. So are you going to read this? I don't see why since you're the bastard that put me away for an entire month and a half. Yeah, lets' take the kid who sees things and put him away on drugs and strap him down to the bed so he can't hurt himself. Surprise Hairy Ass. Stupid Hairy Ass, surprise. So if I'm tied down how in the hell did I get those marks on me? You don't want to know. No, really. You don't want to know. Because I've told you and you don't believe me. You just want to sit me there while I'm high as hell and try to talk to me about my feelings. Want to know my feelings, shrink? Piss off. Those are my feelings.

November 4

I saw a Koblie today. It's been a few months since I've seen one. That's what I call them thanks to my dad. Thanks dad for telling me the story about Koblies when I was a kid. "You see them out of the corner of your eye but never straight on. They're small and mean. Dogs can see them that's why you'll see a dog looking at something that isn't there. Cats can see them too. Watch out for Koblies or they'll get you, Terrance."

Thanks dad. Did you think you were being funny? Why even mention them to me? I hadn't even seen one until you brought them up. Then the little bastards were all over my room. I think I slept a total of 10 hours in my bed the entire sixth grade. Wonder why I had to repeat the year dad? It was because I had to sleep in class instead. Or in detention.

I'm glad you're dead.

So now they're back again. I'll be asleep and all of a sudden I'll feel like twenty fists hitting me and shaking me. I jump awake with my heart going a thousand miles an hour. Or they'll push me off the bed. You know, Shrink, how sometimes when you're falling asleep you get this feeling that you're falling and you startle awake? That happens to me sometimes too. Other times, I am actually falling because I've been shoved off my bed. It's hard to go back to sleep after that happens. So now I'm sitting in the bathroom waiting for the sun to come up.

November 4

What the hell? A second entry in one day. I'm sure that's going to make your day Sad Hairy Ass. I woke up after falling asleep in the bathroom. Nothing bothered me the entire time. I might just sleep in here until Mom catches me. Maybe today will be a good day.

What the hell! So the sun comes up and I crawl out of the tub. I'm a little sore but at least I slept. I had a towel as a pillow and another as a blanket. Why am I writing this? Because I'm outside now. I opened the door to the bathroom to go get some breakfast and as soon as I opened it, the dark figure pounced on me. It was waiting outside the door the whole night I think. So I get knocked to the floor and hit my head on the sink as I go. I get out from under the thing and make a run for it. Mom's already left for work so I run straight through the living room and into the kitchen and out the back door. So I'm bleeding all down my shirt when I look up into my room. The face is looking down at me from my window. I guess it was waiting all night too. No homeschooling for me today. I'm going to sit out here until Mom comes home.

November 4

I don't know why I keep labeling this day since it's the same day. But I did so I'm leaving it. So about noon it started to rain. I kept watching the clouds roll in hoping they'd hold off. It seems the world is going to piss on me one way or another. There's no way in hell I'm going into the shed with all those tools so I'm in the living room. Some stupid game show is on and I got it full blast. Mom won't be home for another hour but it's already dark out because of the rain. She'll be pissed because every single light is on as usual. Holy hell I hate rain. It looks like it's going to storm all night. I hope Mom gets home soon.

November 4 but it's really the 5th

Screw you Sad Hairy Ass. Screw you good. Mom came home and said you called her because you were worried. So she took my notebook and read it. prick. So why am I writing? Because on top of everything she seems pissed that I slept in the bathroom last night and I'm doing it again now. I'm in the bathroom again. So what? I brought a blanket so now the tub is nice and cozy. Hey mom! No more pissing on your flowers, right? So I'm in the bathroom and I can see things moving from under the door. Why are things worse after 2AM? I don't get too close but there are things there. A lot of things. I don't know why they won't come in here and I sure as hell don't care. I'm just glad they don't. I'll stay in here until Mom comes and gets me in the morning. Having her yell at me is worth being able to sleep. The lightning flashing through the window scares the shit out of me but so far I'm not seeing anything in here. What the hell keeps them out of here?

OK Hairy Ass, I'm serious now. The door to the bathroom is rattling like something is pounding on it. What the hell is wrong with these things and why won't they leave me alone? Why the hell can't Mom hear any of it? I'm trying to sleep but I can't stop looking at the shadows under the door.

November 25

So I'm jumping on the trampoline. Trying to calm myself. It's not working. Yeah - I know what you're going to say Sad Hairy Ass "But Terrance, how were you bouncing on the trampoline AND writing in your journal?"

You'll do it with that eyebrow raised. The one I want to hit with a bat. I'm writing this AFTERWARDS. You want me to write? I'll write. Just don't hassle me about it. Got it?

So I'm bouncing on the trampoline. Calm like the bay.

That's what you told me, right doc? "Think of the nice calm bay, Terrance. The water is smooth and still. Just like you should be. Be like it."

I'm a tempest.

As I bounce, I can see the bay over the fence. It looks calm but I know if I walked to the bridge, the water would be choppy. The shore would be dirty with the refuse from San Francisco. And the farther down you dove in it, the murkier it would get and the current would get stronger too.

I am like the bay; grim and dirty underneath. The calm scratches the surface. Farther down you get darkness and unseen currents. Currents you can't control.

Mom will be home soon so I just keep bouncing.

Calm like the bay.

I think about that show I watched. Peter Rabbit? Maybe it was Jeremy Fisher. As I bounce, Meryl Streep's voice tries to calm me.

It doesn't.

I look at the house. The kitchen light is still on. It's funny, it reminded me of this time a few months ago when I was bouncing on the trampoline and the light up there was on. This time I was scared shitless and didn't turn them off as I ran out of the house. That other time my hands were too bloody to turn them off. Once I cleaned up with the hose I moved to the trampoline. I never did turn them off, now that I think about it. Mom did later that night, after she found what was left of Dad.

No matter how much I tell her it wasn't me, she's not going to believe me. You don't either, do you Sad Hairy Ass? It wasn't me. Dad is dead but it wasn't me. Right there at the end he believed me though. I could see it in his eyes.

This time there are no dead people in the house. Well, no one I know that is, doc. There's the old lady and her angry son again. Pissed off son is more like it. And that girl with the hammer. She was watching me while I was on the trampoline.

I think I'll just bounce until Mom gets home.

December 7

I don't know how much longer I can keep this up. I didn't get any sleep last night or the night before. Mom caught me in the tub and said I can't sleep in the tub any more. What the hell? I should be able to sleep wherever the hell I want. At least I can sleep all night there. I have to stand outside all day because everything is pissed at me but at least I could sleep there. Not last night. Mom made sure I got in bed. "Beds are for sleeping," she said. No shit. Thanks for the news flash. That would be great except MY bed is for being terrified in. I don't even want to go up there tonight. I keep seeing black threads but I stay away from them and I swear to god there has got to be a hundred Koblies in the house. Every time I look someplace, I see them out of the corner of my eye. All hell is going to break loose tonight, Sad Hairy Ass. I'm going to wait until Mom goes to bed then go back to the tub. By the time she finds me it will be morning anyway. I'll let you know how it goes. Damn I'm tired. She needs to turn off her light and get to bed. I don't want to fall asleep out here. Writing is keeping me awake.

So you don't get a date because it's the same day. I was in bed when Mom went to bed and then all of a sudden the figure was in the corner. The bastard was there waiting for me as soon as the light went out. It's not even 10 yet. Then as soon as Mom's light went out it rushed at me. A bunch of threads tried to block the

door but I got past them. The joke is on them! Now that I'm in the bathroom I can get to the first aid kit and clean myself up. Screw those threads! Oh and you too Sad Hairy Ass. I haven't written that in a while so I figured I would. I'm sitting in the tub like I'm having some damned camp out in here. I have the little light over the mirror on so I can see to write. I am so tired. The door is rattling but it's still closed. Every so often it pushes in a little but I don't think they can get it open.

You better wise up Sad Hairy Ass. This shit is going on around me and you just don't get it. The next time we meet, I'm going to tell Mom that you should come over for the night and see for yourself. For what she's paying you, you'd better just do it. Then you can see firsthand what is going on. The door is pushing in again. I think I'm going to stop writing. If they get in I'm going to make a run for it. I have a pair of scissors. I don't know what the hell I'm going to do with them but they make me feel better anyway. It's better than a damn towel as a weapon, I can tell you that!

Shit the door is pushing in again. I don't think they can get in or want to come in. It's the bathroom of protection! Stupid shits trying to get in! I'll write tomorrow about the rest of this night Sad Hairy Ass. Then I'm going to make YOU come sit in here with me so you can see for yourself what the hell is



