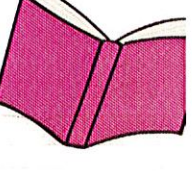
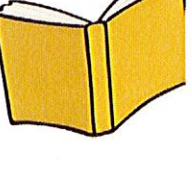
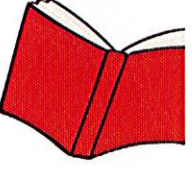


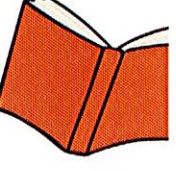

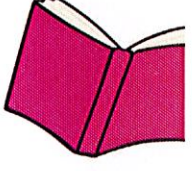


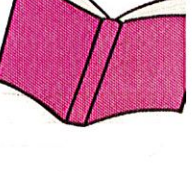
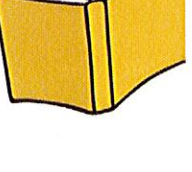
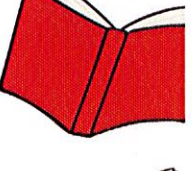
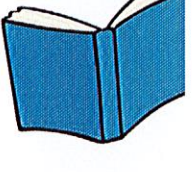







The Boy who sees
Sheep in the Road.

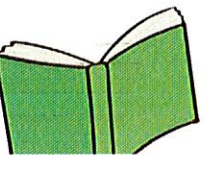
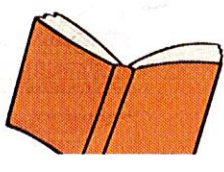
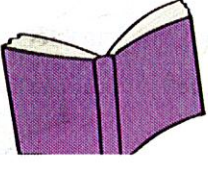
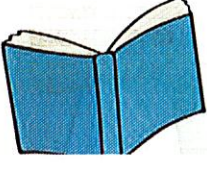


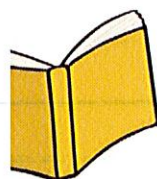
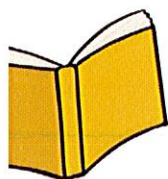
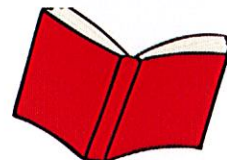
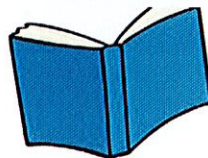
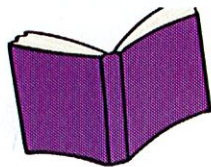
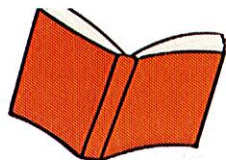
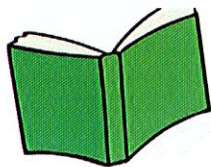
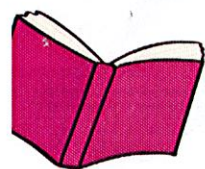
Darkest. Lightness. The world is separated into two shades. Lightness is the kind beings. Darkness isn't. When I was four, my world was right now it is not. I am Matthew and this is my story.



My mam and dad always said I was born in a normal hospital with normal surroundings. I still remember being born in a forest though. I was diagnosed two years later in a pyramid with something called 'permanent hallucinations' where I see things that aren't actually there all of the time. I don't think so. All of my 'visions', as people call them, I think are 100% accurate.

My life has been difficult so far. Right now, it looks like I am writing on a pig but I have learned to know what this ^{usually} because of people telling me. It is a journal. School was tough because no one wanted to be my friend but when they were my friends, I saw them as animals so when I said "Hello friendly monkey" etc, they would immediately defend me because they thought I had made fun of them. While I was in school, I started watching the news way more and when the news became darker, my hallucinations became darker as well.





I think my first experience with a dark
humiliation was when I apparently looked
myself in the mirror and hid when I saw
men with masks break into people's houses. For
many days, I didn't sleep because I would hear
the cries of fallen townspeople outside.

Thursday 10th May

While in a supermarket, everyone ducked down
when a bomb hit the store.

Friday 11th May

Met a doctor to ask about if my problem will
go.

Saturday 12th May

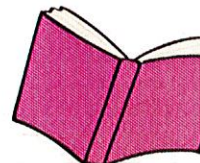
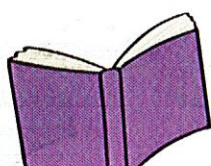
Waiting for results from doctor









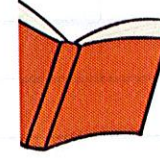












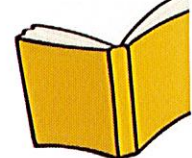






Sunday 13th May

Waiting

Monday 14th May

Still waiting





The doctor rang me and told me that my problem will go when I am 41. The only way I will be able to get rid of it is have an operation now or just live with it the rest of my life.

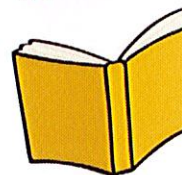
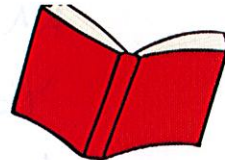
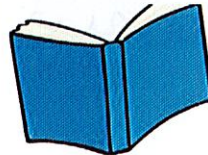
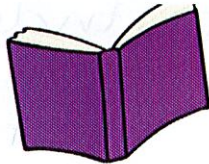
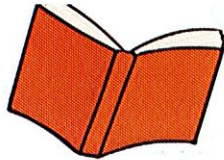
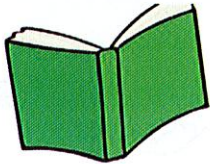
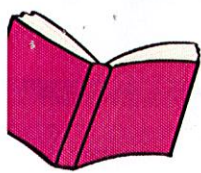
My mum and dad keep discussing the operation. That is probably it. I'm living like this until I'm 41.

"Right, you're going to be operated on."

My life has been weird. A wacky world of fun and scary things. This is it. My life has been leading up to this. I want to go home. I want to be able to live with humans. I want to have a normal life. This is what it is finally time to be normal.

It has officially been four weeks since I had the news of getting an operation. Also I have been back and forth from the doctor to be checked up and get ready for the 'big day'!

I am being operated on today but my mum says she'll write in my diary while I get it done.



October 18th 2018 8:29pm

My son is gone.

