

Another Try,Another Day

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Submitted: September 11, 2004

Updated: September 11, 2004

WhEeE. Screaming Sequel,Inn't it.

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1 - Another Day. Another Death.

I'm not here. So, You couldn't possibly know anything about me. I'm not a girl in a blue gown, with those silly white socks they give you, and I'm not any longer in a straight jacket. I'm not a girl that can be outside and be with her friends that aren't friends and wear a plain t-shirt with a pair of hip huggers and those fancy smanshy skating shoes that cost about sixty dollars. But that isn't real, So It's all a life that isn't a life. So, What am I? Am I tall? Am I short? Brown hair, Blonde hair? Green eyes, Blue eyes? You can't answer this, Because you don't know me. You can't answer this, Because you don't know where I am. Right now, I'm in A classroom that really isn't a classroom. Who has ever heard of a Classroom in a Asylum? I suppose for all of the teenagers and little kids who have already lost their minds. They need education, too. But I shouldn't be here, I haven't lost my mind. Class dismissed. I'm wondering about the halls, into a room that produces horrible..horrible music. But, I see that the Tuba, The trumpet, and the clarinet players are all in straight jackets and a few scared looking volunteers holding their instruments. They don't bite. That's what I want to tell them. They don't bite. Hard. The tuba that isn't a tuba, The clarinet that isn't a clarinet, and the trumpet that isn't a trumpet are all silver. They couldn't possibly be what they are named to be, Those are supposed to produce beautiful classical music. Right now, All I hear are physco people sounding like crap, The conductor who seems to be glued to wall seems to be like it's all ok, Everything's going fine. He must be an idiot. I walked out already, and I'm walking toward another room- My room. Or, My room that isn't a room. Since I feel that rooms are supposed to have comfortable beds, a nice closet, a few clothes strewn here or there. My room that isn't a room here has padded walls, a metal bed with the most annoying mattress in the word, a chair that seems to be made of styrofoam with another blue dress and some more of those stupid white socks folded neatly on top. Who folds socks? Anyway. Let's not forget my pretty white jacket with buckles and belts. They have that safely held, onto the wall with plastic that I can't seem to get through. That's mine. That's my Anti-Room. I didn't do anything to deserve this. I didn't. I don't deserve any of this, The food that isn't food from the Kitchen that isn't a kitchen because it never pops out ANYTHING that seems to be edible. The ankle length blue gown, the white bootie socks that Everyone that seems to be an insane girl wears. Why am I the only Teenage girl here? I didn't do anything to deserve any of this. I did what I did for the betterment of my mother. I didn't deserve this. I never did, I just wanted to be happier with my mum. I didn't do anything terribly bad. I just killed my step-father.