

"an empty house" Diary Entries, Bee Wertheimer

1/13/X4

Constantly fighting to stay awake. Keep having the same nightmare over and over - he's chasing me, he's gonna devour me. I have a gun. I kill him. I kill him. I kill him. A clock chimes and I go through a door and sometimes I wake up screaming. My sheets are always soaked, endless loads of laundry.

Caffeine used to make me jittery but now I don't feel anything. Days are muddled, hazy. I only feel anything in those fucking dreams.

04/26/X3

R came over and we made cookies. He flicked flour at me and we got into a food fight. He's the cutest!! Afterward we went upstairs and did some stuff over clothes. Then under clothes...I went to the bathroom after he left and it hurt to pee. Like a lot. It was kinda scary but it's ok now.

09/15/X3

Got into a fight with R. Feels like he only ever wants to hook up. He doesn't want me to touch him if I don't want to which is nice. He really likes touching me, with his fingers and his mouth and his. You know. I feel dirty. I always shower after he leaves but it doesn't help.

12/04/X3

They keep asking so many questions. The bruising makes it hard to talk. I try to remember exactly what happened and I can't. R is gone. Nothing feels real.

I wasn't enough for him and now he's gone. I didn't have a choice. They said it was self defense but it was a fight and I won. I am filth. If he had just called...he could've just called. He came in through the window. I can hear the thud of his body falling. Victory tastes like metal and smoke.