

# Home

I've always liked being at home, but now I'm sick of it. I've been trapped in this place for years, I just want to get out of here. Everything's so boring... it's always the same.

It's six o'clock in the morning, my husband's next to me. He's breathing slowly, he seems so helpless this way... I get out of the bed, my feet are cold, as usual. I hear him getting out as well, coughing very hard. At first, he looks fine, maybe this time is different... However, then he starts weeping, as every day. I don't do anything, I'm tired of it.

He keeps crying louder and louder until screaming. I'm still quiet, I look at him from a distance. He looks so desperate. He needs somebody to talk: regret and guilt are killing him and I can't do anything about it. So I keep in silence, watching him suffer.

My husband's mad. Well, he's always been, actually. Since the moment he killed me six years ago, I live as a ghost in his head. My dead soul will live with him forever.