

Existence Within

LIBBY

I saw it. I really did, but no one believes me. I visited my cousin a couple days ago. My cousin, Matt, lives in a mental institution. Matt is an older adult, twenty four years old. He just turned twenty four, which was why I visited him for his birthday. He's a good guy and was always there for me when I needed him. I wish things turned out differently for him.

Matt and I were close growing up and we had each other's backs. We're four years apart so growing up he was like my big brother and he looked out for me. He graduated high school with awesome grades, received a scholarship and started college. Things went really bad the start of summer before college and for months he was in a bad place. No one believed anything he said or the things he claimed to see. Even I didn't believe him, until recently. I've visited Matt since he went in the mental institution. He went in when he was twenty years old. For the past four years I've visited him a few times each month, but less so in the last year. In the past few months every time I've visited he went crazy and started saying scary stuff and I thought about it. So when I went to visit him last, everything started making sense.

I tried telling his parents and my parents. It didn't go well. They know I'm not crazy but they think I've been letting things get to my head. I'm not sure they'll give me their blessing to visit Matt anymore. Regardless of what they think, I need to keep visiting him and try to get him out. It's not safe for Matt to be there, or anywhere for that matter. The devil's after him. It's become so obvious. The most apparent thing is the timing. He started becoming crazy on his eighteenth birthday. His eighteenth birthday was six years, six days and six hours ago as of right now. How did I not see that before? I never gave it thought.

Things have become real for me after all this time, so I have to help him. Today I've gone back to the institution after weeks of not seeing him. I hope it all goes well and I can help him or find him help.

"Hi Matt." was the first thing I said in the room of silence. "How are you doing?"

He muttered very fast, "I am here. I am well. Don't ask me anymore."

I calmly advised, "Ok. I won't ask anymore. I'm here to talk to you about some things if that's ok with you."

Matt nods bobbing his head up and down.

"So Matthew, do you think there is someone in your head? Someone who is controlling you, almost as if you're turning slowly not you?"

"I'll ask him." He sadly said.

He came back after a couple minutes with his response, "He said yes, he said to not bother us anymore."

"Who's he?"

"Aamon."

"Ok, thank you for informing me. I'm going to help you very soon." I scarcely said as I sat there with awe.

I spent a couple more hours with him that day. I got a lot information out of him. Matt was easy to question and make sense of things because he's not crazy. He's changing because of something that's happening to his body. I will save him.

It had been a crazy month. It was almost the end of the month and I had visited him so much and talked to him about what's happening so much that I feel like I have what he has. Things have slowly started to get better. I've had a doctor come in a few weeks ago. He told me to get a priest, even if he's faking it, get a priest. He said he probably just wants attention because physically he's fine. I respect what the doctor said but his body isn't just fine. So the last few days have

been me trying to get a hold of a priest and asking all about this procedure and how it's real. I found one a day ago who sat me down for a few hours explaining everything. Most of it makes sense for what matters. Basically Matt's like a dog chasing it's tail over and over but he's being told to go in circles. He's a puppet. So tomorrow's the big day. I hope everything works and we can save him.

Today is the day. The priest is going there an hour before I do to set up. As I'm laying here waiting to see what happens, find out if Matt's faking it or if this is real, I can't help but think maybe I'm wrong and I've got the wrong person trying to help. At least I can cross this off my list. A phone call interrupted my thinking. I got up and answered.

"Hello." I said so tiredly.

"Good morning. This is Andy calling to inform you some bad news."

"Oh god. The priest has bad news for me. Did he already try? Without me?" I said aloud without knowing.

Andy replied, "I can hear you talking to yourself and no, I didn't start anything but there's nothing to start."

My heart stops as I ask, "Why?"

"He's dead." When security let me in we went to his room and his head was bloody and smashed. He was smashing his head last night into the wall until there was nothing left of his head. I'm sorry dear but all the staff think he did it because he's crazy and wanting to kill himself. We know the real reason. We were too late. They took him."

That's it. I was too late. I was too late and too blind to see what was really going on the past six years. It's my fault. I couldn't help him and now he's gone, and I can't say I'm sorry. I hung up the phone without saying a word, crawled back in bed and cried myself to sleep. I will never talk about this again. I will never talk to Andy again. I'm done with this. Matt's gone so I'm done. Everything that

happened is my secret and Andy's. It will never be told or brought up, it's done and over and I have closure.