

YOUNG ADULT: *SCHIZO* BY ELFEN BRIDGER

Summary: A story of a 15 year old schizophrenic girl named Sylvania Corpsman. She was diagnosed at a very early age, but doesn't know that since she can't remember much of her past. However, there is something even stranger about her. Somehow (unlike other people with schizophrenia), she can live life & interact with others as if nothing was wrong...the only problem is that her hallucinations are able to make noticeable physical contact with anyone at their own will, and she can't control it. But on her 16th birthday, Sylvania starts getting terrible headaches...along with memories from her past & abnormal behavior from her hallucinations. Dealing with this change, she goes on with her life. But how long will she last?

For the broken

Live on, the people around you will forever have a hole in their hearts if you don't.

Chapter I: My Friends are Weirdos

Sylvania's First Self-Journal Entry, dated January 3rd, 2016:

Hi. My name is Sylvania Corpsman, & my friends are weirdos. They're weirdos in every single possible sense of the word. Sometimes they drive me a little bit crazy, but I secretly love them for that. It makes life more interesting, and super fun! But, to start, I'm guessing that you want to know a little more about myself. Well, I'm 15 years old, soon to turn 16 (Yaysies!). I go to Navy Yard High School, & I'm in 10th grade. Most kids at school avoid me because they think I have some sort of screw loose. Pfft! What do they know?

On the outside, I look like a shy, quiet nerd...but my weirdo friends know that I'm really a fun-loving party animal who cares for everyone. I live in a town called Caskville. I think that's everything. Wait...no, I'm lying to you. There is one thing. I forgot to say that I'm amnesiac.

Heh...that was kinda funny.

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Anyways, I don't remember much. I know my dad died when I was real young, though no one knows how. It's been a mystery, and I'm pretty sure it'll stay unsolved. My mom's still alive, but she isn't home often, if at all, since she works really long hours. That leaves my weirdo friends and I alone most of the time, to take care of ourselves.

Back to my freaky friends. I have four. They're names are weirdly somehow connected to their personalities, which totally makes no sense whatsoever.

Knife was my first friend. He's pretty sharp (in a sadistic sort of way), and pretty cynical, too. He seriously knows how to give off the creeps. His skin is grey (I have no idea how), he's always armed with a portable weapon, has some kind of monster teeth, and all other sorts of strange things. He scares people easily like that.

The next one is Snow. She's real shy, pale and delicate as a snowflake, and real sensitive. She also has a trail of frost always following her, no matter what the weather is (I don't know, but I think I could've lost my mind when I was young!).

Third is Ratel. She's very instinct based and aggressive, like a wild animal. Trust me, if you tick her off, you do NOT want to be locked in a room with her. If you are? Well...may God have mercy on your soul. She has these fanged teeth, and these animal ears on her head, too. I checked, (which almost got me killed, by the way, so don't do it), and they're not fake. She reminds me of a Neko. You know, those anime and manga trope characters that look like humans with cat-like features which show up a lot? Yeah. I'd bet she could be one, if Nekos weren't so cute and cuddly, and instead they just want to rip your insides out if you messed with them, like Ratel does (Please don't tell her I said that! I don't want to die!). She's also kinda short, and a bit stubborn at times. There is one sweet thing about her, though. She has this sense of

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protectiveness inside her, and stands up for those who can't stand up for themselves. She doesn't like it being brung up, though, and will most likely hurt you REALLY badly if you do.

Fourth is my last friend. His name is Note. He likes to clarify the fact that it's based off of the Post-It Note, not the music note. He's full of fun (and cool, albeit pointless) tidbits that he enjoys telling. He's also a real help, since he remembers a ton of things that I need to do, and reminds me when I forget. I don't know where I'd be without him, but don't tell him that. He's pretty smart and serious, so he's my go-to person if I need help on something. He also says that his eyes are mismatched to represent different pen colors, and I find it cool. I wish my eyes would be like that, although it would be kinda freaky.

Right now I'm on Christmas Break. School starts back up soon, though. I think it starts up again tomorrow, actually. I did all my homework, so I'll be fine. No big deal. As for the future, I have a feeling that everything will be just fine. Tomorrow will be great, as will the next day. The sun will shine bright in a clear sky, and the moon will be glowing, stars surrounding it. I just know it, and I can't wait for what's ahead!

"...And done." Alone in her room, Sylvania dropped her pencil on her desk, reading over what she wrote in her journal. After finishing, she let out a sweet little giggle, bookmarked her page, closed her journal, and stretched, leaning back in her chair as she did so. With a smile on her face, she looked up towards the ceiling. With a light in her eyes, she continued to gaze happily at the ceiling.

"...I just know it."