

I am not insane. But I am a power hungry monster who deserves to be locked up like I am. But don't think I wouldn't do all of it again, because I would in a heartbeat.

You, as my reader, are probably very confused, but if you have found this maybe, just maybe, one person will understand. Understand my mind and reason behind why I did what I did. I don't know when you're reading this or even if I am still alive, you may not even know the name Kae Cue or my more used name Sanity. I will try my best to help you understand, so maybe one person can see beyond the coldhearted girl who killed people for no reason, because trust me reader, I had reasons. The story starts when I was young many years ago.

My name is Kae Cue, but no one knows that name. They know the nickname Sanity, I was given because I was cold and merciless as a kid, I was wickedly smart too, I could see multiple scenarios and even pick up details no one would ever notice.

I was a troubled child, I was singled out by bullies and people who decided I was weak. I was never weak. I had a strange, but strong magic. It was constantly changing and building due to the suppressive nature of our town. Finally when I was 15, people couldn't take me so I left.

You, my reader, might wonder where I lived, in what town? The town name is unimportant, the whispers of the guards have told me that I was successful in its destruction. It's gone, and the land is destroyed.

Either way, at the time, I wasn't strong enough to do more than run, and I ran. I hid on the top of the crystalline mountains. It was cold, so cold. I hated myself and the world. I snapped, in rage my powers changed me. I changed completely and gladly took the name sanity.

The black ink of my magic dyed my dark hair dark blood pink and blue, the black changed my eyes and tears. I cried inky tears that when they landed bloomed poison flowers, their colors were beautiful but deadly. I wanted to be that, beautiful and deadly. I got my wish reader, I could kill with just a thought, It was beautiful.

The next part of my story involves two main events that triggered the big event that I was remembered for. Understand dear reader, I was cold, but not cold enough to do what I did yet.

I decided to return home, I still don't know why, no one cared about me there. But I did, let me tell you something, people don't change their opinions, any who says different is lying to themselves and others. I changed to reflect my new abilities and people despised that.

I was naive and hopefully, desperate for someone to care. People began to take advantage, I saw the true coldness of human nature. People always want

something from you, never you alone. It was until one request I gave what they wanted. The request was something I feared, commitment. He requested only marriage. He didn't know me, he wanted to use my power to benefit himself, I know because that's what his mind said.

That's when all the chaos inside snapped out, I- I don't know what I was trying to do, just make them pay. But the destruction that I caused, the death, it made me feel something... I wanted people to fear me.

That's when I started. If you don't know what I did then the government covered it up, and erased my name from history. I bet they told you it was invaders that broke our land, they are just upset that an 18 year old was able to break them so easily.

I could simply wave my hand and sparks would fly, fire would grow and burn. The ground was black and covered in poison flowers from my tears that were inky black.

But I didn't want to destroy the world dear reader, I could have, but I didn't want to. So what did I want to do? Prove a point, I wasn't a useless fault in nature, I wasn't a girl you could take advantage of and get away. I would make you pay. I am not dramatic. As you're reading this you're probably thinking that I am, my rage was built around the fact my whole life I was considered useless and weak and naive, I wanted to prove I wasn't. I was successful, my name might be remembered as a Cold Hearted person, who never cared for people, people most others would consider good, who hated me first. Their "support" and "belief" in me made me into this cold hearted monster the world thinks I am. I suppose I can't hate people who aren't around anymore.

Eventually I surrendered. I've been locked up for 3 years now, I was given a notebook to write thoughts in, I guess they didn't want me to be too insane. Which is funny because I'm at Silverwood mental hospital. This is that notebook, the scratches and tallies mark the days, months and years. You, my dear reader, somehow found it, maybe you were locked up in this same boring cell, maybe you were given this, I don't know but you found it and I have some hope, that maybe you won't think of me as coldly now? I don't regret what I did, never did, never will but maybe you'll see my reasons.

I don't know why I bothered writing this, no one will understand, I'll be here until I die simply because I have no desire to go anywhere outside. Well, that's my story. In writing it I realized I am a monster, but at least I am not alone, because people can be the real monsters in the world.

With love, Sanity