

BURIED ALIVE

THE REAL HORRORS OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

There is a dark place within us all. For some, though, that dark place is just a tad bit closer to the surface than it is for others. And for some others still, it is so intolerably close to the surface that it is no longer really within them at all, but without, where it all at once becomes their ultimate reality, their living nightmare, their own personal Dead Zone, and no matter what form of escape-ism tactics that they fruitfully attempt to employ — be it drugs, alcohol, sex, pain, or all of the above — they are as impotent against it as would be the little blue pill against the horrors of castration itself. It cannot be out-gunned; it cannot be out-manuevered; and, most importantly, it cannot ever be out-disturbed. For the devil in their darkness is akin to those such as Michael Myers and Jason Voorhees, wherein it is forever plodding onward, forever on the hunt, forever there.
Forever.

Only someone who has had to live with such an overwhelming and oppressive weight bearing down upon their very soul could truly fathom the depths of darkness in which I speak. Personally, I can think of only four types of people of whom would fit such stringent criteria.

Foremost would probably be the Paranoid Schizophrenic, whose inner darkness has indeed risen to the surface of their mind and become a dark reality composed of continuously shifting shadows and shadows of nothingness, full of