

14 August 2023

Today, the doctor said that I have developed a mental illness, which is making me forget things.

The good thing is that I have Priya, who is like a daughter to me and takes complete care of me.

I am very fortunate.

30 August 2023

It's been about 15 days since I found out about this illness. Everything is going well. My daughter Priya is taking complete care of me.

Giving me food on time, giving me my medicine on time.

Everything is going well, but I don't know why Priya seems a little different. I think it's just the effect of my illness.

11 Sept 2023

Today, my dear daughter Priya made my favorite dish. She told me that before I got this memory loss illness, I used to love this food. So I ate it with great delight.

The doctor is coming tomorrow. He said he will cure this illness. I pray to God that I get relief from this disease, and that my daughter Priya also gets some rest.

13 Sept 2023

The doctor didn't come yesterday. When I told Priya to call and ask him why he didn't come, she called and asked him. He told her that he's busy with some work and that I should continue taking the medicine he prescribed.

Hearing that made me feel really good, that even though he's busy, he's still taking care of my treatment properly.

1 Oct 2023

For the past few days, I haven't been feeling well. There's a sense of weakness all over my body, and even walking has become difficult.

The doctor is also unable to come because of his work.

In this difficult time, it's only Priya who is taking care of me. I don't know what would have happened to me if she weren't here.

12 Oct 2023

I feel like my illness is getting worse. I can't remember what I've done in the past few days. Priya is giving me medicine regularly, which is helping me keep my mental balance.

But for the past few days, something feels off with the food too. Nothing tastes good anymore, and the food looks strange.

When I asked Priya about it, she said it's just a side effect of the illness. I'm forgetting what I used to eat.

I feel very scared.

9 Nov 2023

It's been almost a month now, and the doctor still hasn't come. His discussions are only happening through Priya. No matter what, I know that my daughter is taking full care of me.

I have wounds on my body, but I can't remember how they appeared. Priya says that I've been hurting myself by bumping into things around the house, but for some reason, I'm finding it hard to believe her.

Due to the wounds on my body, I'm unable to walk much. That's why I've painted a picture of my daughter. I'm thinking of hanging it in the hall.

24 Nov 2023

For the past few days, Priya's behavior has been feeling a bit different. She has dark circles under her eyes. Priya has also been talking to me less. It seems like she has to work harder to take care of me.

It saddens me so much to see my daughter in this condition. I pray to God that He either frees me from this illness or calls me to be with Him, so that my daughter can find some peace.

2 Dec 2023

Last night, I suddenly woke up. I was hearing strange noises coming from the basement. I thought Priya might be doing something down there. But when I asked her today, she said I must have had a dream.

When she said that, I felt that because of this illness, Priya is drifting away from me. I'm talking to her less and less. It feels like Priya has changed, maybe my illness is the reason for her change.

If this is true, I will never be able to forgive myself.

27 Dec 2023

Today, while I was walking around the hall, I noticed that the painting I had made was missing. When I asked Priya about it, she said that the painting kept falling repeatedly, so she put it in the basement.

When I went down to the basement to check if the hanger for the painting was damaged, I saw that there were bloodstains all over the basement. It felt like I had walked into a slaughterhouse. This horrifying sight and the smell of blood made me faint.

When I woke up, Priya was right next to me. I asked her why there were so many bloodstains in the basement. At first, Priya didn't say anything, but when I asked her a couple of times, she said that I must have had a dream and that there was nothing like that in the basement.

In fact, ever since I got sick, she hasn't even gone there. But when I refused to believe it was just a dream, Priya took me down to the basement.

When I reached the basement, I saw that it was completely clean, almost too clean, as if someone had just cleaned it. But I didn't say anything because I know that Priya won't hide anything from me.

2 Jan 2024

Today, while I was walking in the garden, I saw Priya taking someone to the basement. I thought it was a friend, so I quietly followed her.

What I saw in the basement was horrifying. Priya and the man were about to get intimate, but then she suddenly used a knife to sever his head from his body. It was terrifying, as if a demon had possessed my Priya.

I screamed in fear and tried to escape, but Priya caught me. With a knife in her hand, blood on her face, and madness in her eyes, I saw Dr. Sahab's body lying there too. With a terrifying smile, Priya said, <color=#7a1b75>Don't worry, your turn will come soon, and you'll forget all of this by tomorrow.</color>

Hearing this, I locked myself in my room and sat down to write. I now feel like this isn't the same Priya I once knew. And many questions fill my mind—did I really see all this, or was it just a nightmare?

14 Jan 2024

For the past few days, I don't know why, but whenever I look at Priya or even go near her, a chill runs down my spine.

I don't understand why this is happening, especially when it's Priya who is taking care of me.

I still remember that day, 16 years ago, when Priya and her parents were in a car accident. I was nearby and took her to the hospital. Priya's parents didn't survive, but Priya did.

There was no one else in Priya's family, and they were going to send her to an orphanage. But I knew that no one would adopt a 13-year-old girl, and without someone to guide her, she'd face a lot of struggles in life.

Thinking this, I took her in and began to care for her, sent her to school, and took care of all her needs.

And today, when I am in this condition, it is she who is taking care of me. But still, I don't understand why there is this fear in my body.

When Doctor Sahab arrives, I will ask him.

29 Jan 2024

I feel like death is approaching me, and it's none other than Priya who will bring it.

For the past few days, the fear of Priya has been growing inside me. I can't remember what I did yesterday. The only thing I remember is the fear for Priya. And each day, that fear keeps increasing.

I know my daughter would never do anything to harm me. And even if she does, there must be a good reason behind it.

16 Feb 2024

I know I don't have much time left. I can feel it, death is standing right outside my door. My hands are trembling, but I need to write this... maybe someone will read it.

My life... was never perfect. But Priya, my daughter, she was the only good thing I ever had. I raised her like my own. I gave her everything. Or at least, I thought I did.

Over the past few weeks, I've felt fear I never knew I could. Fear of my own daughter. And today... everything returned. All my memories, not just the good ones.

I saw something. A vision, maybe a lost memory. Priya... with a small child. A boy. He looked nothing like me. Who is he? Why do I feel he is important? Why does he feel familiar?

Now I remember the fights. The anger. The tears. The things I said... the things I did.

I'm sorry, Priya.

I -

No... she's here -

Priya's Confession

People call me a monster. But no one knows what he did to me.

Malik... the man who raised me. The man the world saw as a kind-hearted father. But he wasn't. Before the illness, he was cruel, controlling, violent, manipulative.

He took everything from me. Even... my child.

I still remember the screams. My baby cries. The night it all ended.

To bring my child back, I turned to the only thing left, *Kala Jaadu...* black magic. I searched, I learned, I sacrificed. And in the process... I summoned something. A demon. He promised me my child, but at a cost.

Every year, on the night of the **Red Moon**, I must offer five souls. For five years. Only then, will I get my baby back.

I've used myself as bait more times than I can count. Seduced, lured, and killed. The shame is long gone. Now... I only want my baby back. I don't care who dies. I don't care if I burn in hell. I will do whatever it takes.

Even if I have to offer my body again.

- Priya