

*Lucy has schizophrenia. She has problems distinguishing between reality and hallucinations. Did someone call her name or was it just her imagination? Can a young lady with this form of schizophrenia work and have a relationship with a man?*

## **Tale of Terror: Living with Schizophrenia**

By Jackie Adams

**Order the book from the publisher [BookLocker.com](http://BookLocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/12880.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

A Novel

**TALE**  
**OF**  
**TERROR**

**LIVING WITH SCHIZOPHRENIA**

**JACKIE ADAMS**

Copyright © 2023 Jackie Adams

Paperback ISBN: 978-1-958889-74-9

Hardcover ISBN: 978-1-958889-75-6

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-501-2

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.  
2023

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data  
Adams, Jackie

Tale of Terror: Living with Schizophrenia by Jackie Adams

Library of Congress Control Number: 2023907673

# Chapter 1

I find comfort in scary movies, because my life is a horror flick. It's been this way since childhood. I remember my mom and dad telling me how I would sleep walk into their bedroom and stand above my dad just staring down at him. He said it would raise the hair on his neck and terrify my mother.

A few years ago, my reflection took on a life all of its own. The reflection has the scariest demonic kind of hate that spews its deepest torments towards me. When it's finished with what I call an episode I'm completely diminished both physically and mentally.

"Leave me alone!" I shout at my vanity mirror punching it with my fist. It cracks with a hand reaching out towards me." I scream again, "Leave me alone!" The hand comes straight for my throat. It wants to strangle the life out of me.

My mom comes running in. "Lucy, are you okay?" She wraps her arms around me as she rocks me back and forth trying to soothe me. "Come into the kitchen with me, so we can run your hand under the faucet and clean you up." As we're walking past the living room mom says, "Damn it, Howard. I told you the vanity was a bad idea!"

My dad puts his cigar in the ashtray and says with a draw, "Okay, Okay Connie. I want her to have nice things. Is it my fault she assaults them?"

My mom yells, "HOWARD! You shut your mouth right now." My mom washes the blood off my hand, putting gauze on it and wrapping it with a bandage.

My voice comes out barely audible, "I'm sorry, mom." I hang my head low and walk back into my bedroom as I stare

at the floor. I shut the door and sit on my bed looking at the cracked vanity mirror. The hand is now gone as if it were never there.

Can you imagine not only hearing voices of what did, will, or might happen, but also seeing a visual form come straight towards your face? It's terrifying, until it becomes an almost everyday experience. After, I start feeling very depressed. Here I am twenty-two years old and still living with my parents. I don't have a boyfriend, even to date seems more like a laugh than realistic. I can't do what most of my age does. Like drive a car or work, because I never know when an episode will occur. I feel trapped and completely dependent.

The voices I hear come from the vents. The television uses me as a muse, and the radio is consistent with my activities. It all makes me very paranoid and reclusive from what most my age enjoy. I'm continuously trying to discover the man of oz behind the curtain.

It hurts when the voices whisper that I'm just out for attention. That I can't prove anything. That if I speak up then I'll be judged and labeled. Truth be, they are right. What hurts me the most is how it affects my parents. Kind of like my mom blaming my dad for the vanity. It's not either of their faults, but you can see the self-inflicted blame on their faces after I've had an episode.

When night falls if I feel like my hallucinations become too loud, I use my dad's cigar lighter to light a flame beneath my fingers. I don't burn the flesh off my hands... I just put it close enough to feel something I can control. It keeps me in tune from shouting and waking my parents. I am never a danger to other people, but I feel they're a danger to me. People scare me. The only ones I trust are my parents.

I lie down on my bed and shut my eyes. I can't sleep, because I have all these thoughts and other people's thoughts running through my mind. The voices tell me I'm not good enough. I go over what everybody has said and the voices... together orchestrating its own theme of what I consider about myself.

A little while later, my dad walks in. He sits at the end of my bed. "I'm sorry for what I said earlier, Lucy. I didn't mean it."

I put the pillow over my face, then put it on my lap, "It's worse when you apologize, dad."

I look in the direction he's staring at. He's looking at my vanity. He says, "I'll take it out of your room this evening."

I redirect my eyes to his back facing me, "How about you just take the mirror?"

He asks me, "Are you sure?"

As he stands up, I nod my head yes. As he closes my door I shut my eyes tightly, as if this moment could be gone in a blink of an eye. I try to picture myself in nature surrounded by nothing but trees, grass, and fields. A place where I can't emotionally destroy my parents.

Medicine helps for a little while. Sometimes it makes my diagnosis scarier, because I'll feel what is considered everyday normal to coming back to my episodes. At first, it's so faint it's like it sneaks upon me then it becomes tragic. So, is it better that it becomes my normal or terrifies me to being glad to being everybody else's normal? I'm not sure anymore.

Mom knocks at the door, and I tell her to come in. She asks, "Are you sure you're okay, Lucy? Is there anything you need or want me to do?"

I look at her as she stands at my door. “No, I’m good. I’m starting to feel better already, mom.” Even if it’s a lie I want to make her feel better and for her to go away. It’s nothing personal, it’s just hard having people and things in your face all day. This makes me feel guilty. I look at my bandaged hand and wonder where I’d actually be without them.

Soon I find myself asleep in a whole different abyss that makes me toss and turn in a bag of sweat. I open my eyes wide and can’t recall the nightmare, but I know it was bad. I feel terrified. I just lie here... in my quiet room, in this quiet house where my parents are quietly sleeping. I think about how everything looks completely peaceful on the outside but on the inside, it is chaos and drama.

As soon as I walk into the kitchen mom tells me there’s a choice of coffee or tea. I choose the coffee. We have a routine morning, and I sit at the kitchen table watching them interact. I can’t help but to fade them out and self-absorb. I’m in a personal thought of how lucky I am when my mom starts talking to me.

I come back, and as I watch her lips move her face changes into many different faces at different intervals. Like one moment she’ll look like a man as she talks, another moment she looks like a different woman. I close my eyes and keep them shut for a little bit. When I open them, she’s asking, “Are you sure you’re okay, Lucy?”

I want to tell her how many different people she became as she talked, but I keep it to myself. “I’m fine.” I give my best smile. “It’s a new day.” I’m always at my best in the mornings.

*Tale of Terror*

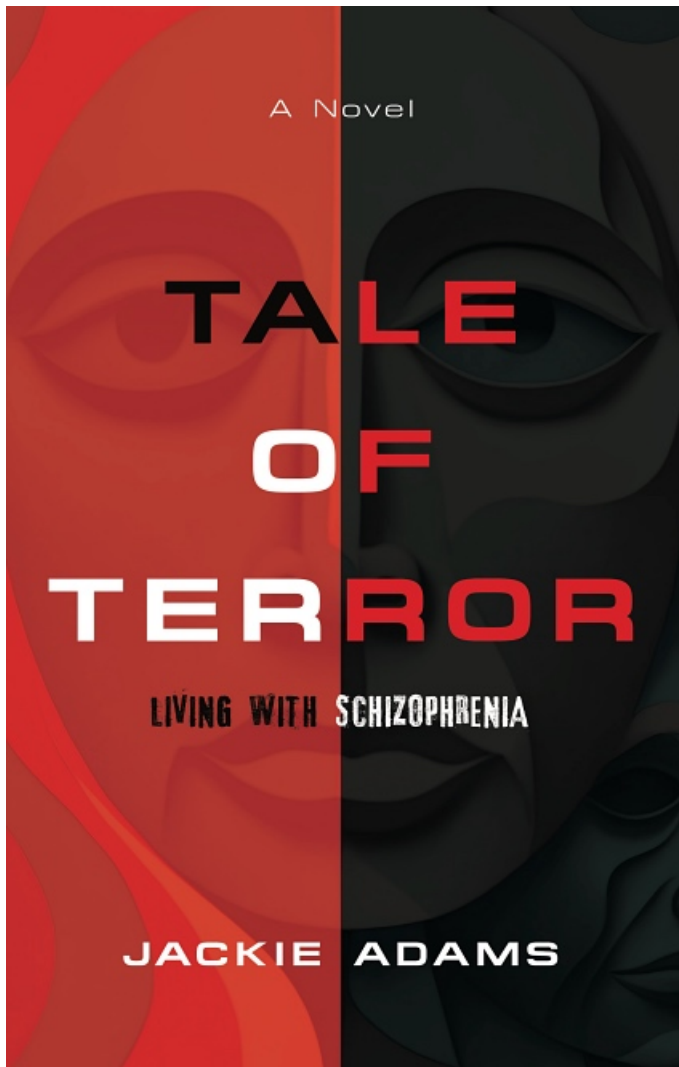
Pretending is at its easiest. I know something is wrong with me. "I'm going to go for a walk."

She asks me, "Do you want some company?"

My dad says, "Connie back off her a little, geez. Give her some breathing room."

I smile at dad then smile at mom, "I'm fine really."





*Lucy has schizophrenia. She has problems distinguishing between reality and hallucinations. Did someone call her name or was it just her imagination? Can a young lady with this form of schizophrenia work and have a relationship with a man?*

## **Tale of Terror: Living with Schizophrenia**

By Jackie Adams

**Order the book from the publisher [BookLocker.com](http://BookLocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/12880.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**