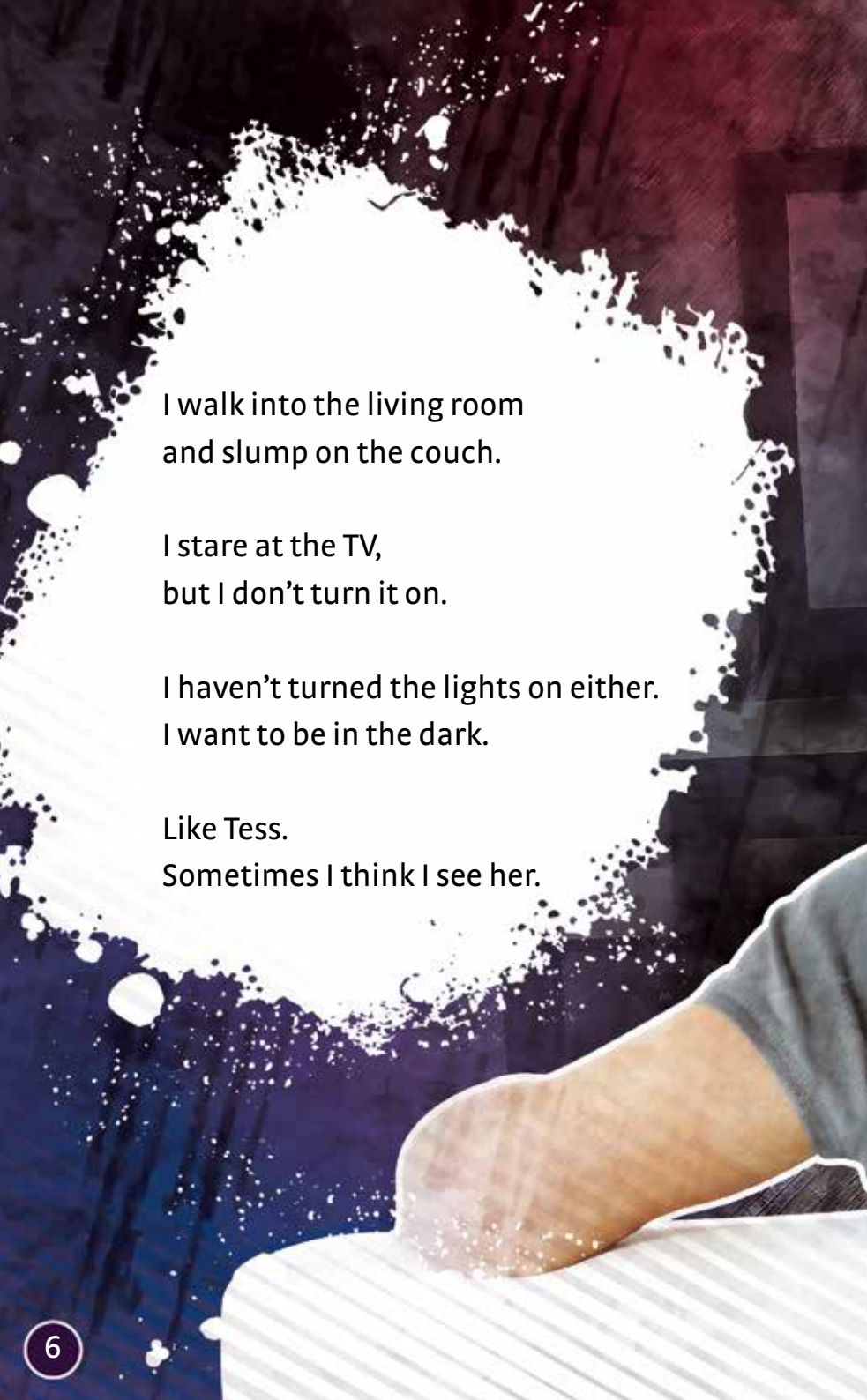


I can't sleep.  
I've been awake for hours.

I've had insomnia for weeks.

I get up and walk through the house.  
It's ghostly quiet.

A photograph of a person's arm resting on a striped couch. The background is dark with a large, irregular white splatter graphic that frames the text. The person is wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt.

I walk into the living room  
and slump on the couch.

I stare at the TV,  
but I don't turn it on.

I haven't turned the lights on either.  
I want to be in the dark.

Like Tess.  
Sometimes I think I see her.





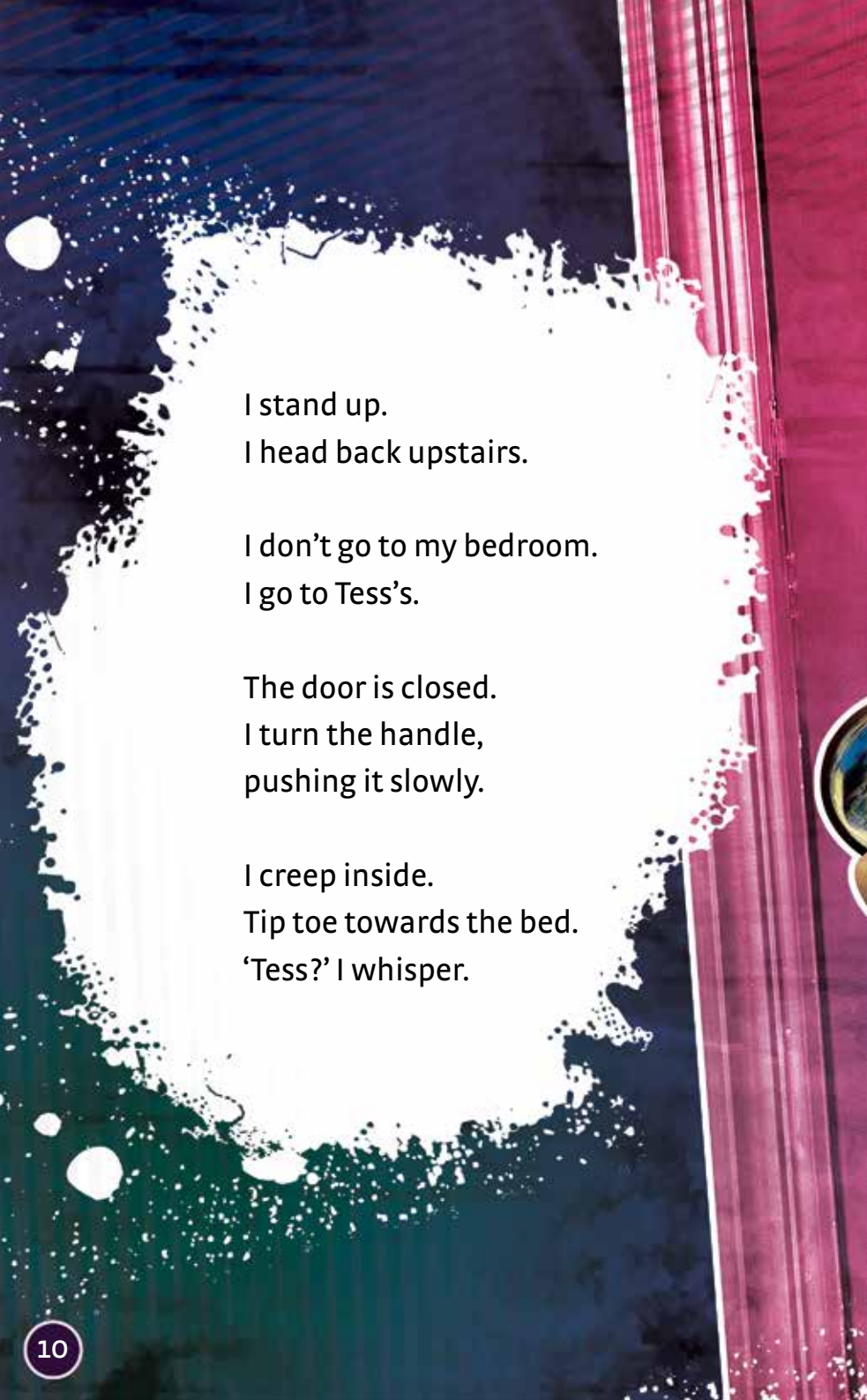


I listen to the wind and the rain.

The house creaks.

I like hearing the things  
that no one else hears.  
Not even my parents.

They're fast asleep.



I stand up.  
I head back upstairs.

I don't go to my bedroom.  
I go to Tess's.

The door is closed.  
I turn the handle,  
pushing it slowly.

I creep inside.  
Tip toe towards the bed.  
'Tess?' I whisper.

A hand is shown turning a silver door handle on a dark red door. Above the handle is a wooden nameplate with a decorative border and the name 'TESS' written in bold, red, capital letters. The door has a decorative panel design. The hand is positioned on the left side of the frame, and the door handle is partially visible. The nameplate is oval-shaped with a wood-grain texture and a dark border. The background is a deep red color with some decorative lines.

**TESS**