



The Lost Diaries OF Mary Todd Lincoln



March 4th, 1861: Inauguration



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Tuesday March 5th, 1861

Yesterday Should have been a time of great joy. It was
The Day of my husbands inagruation as President of the United
State....



I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE PROUD OF MY HUSBAND THAT NIGHT. PROUD TO SIT BY HIS SIDE. EVERY EAR IN THE ROOM WAS RIVETED TO HIM AS HE DELIVERED HIS FIRST TOAST AS PRESIDENT.



I ACTUALLY FELT... HAPPY. HERE WITH HIM ON THIS SPECIAL NIGHT. EVEN IF OUR LIVES WERE TROUBLED, IT WAS THESE HAPPY MOMENTS THAT GOT ME THROUGH IT ALL.



BUT IT SEEMS THAT EVEN LITTLE MOMENTS OF PLEASANTNESS ARE BOUND TO BE QUASHED.



AS MY GAZE WANDERED TO THE BIG WINDOW OVER THE BANQUET TABLE AND SPIED THE FULL MOON HANGING IN THE SKY, MY HAPPINESS DIED.



THE NOW-FAMILIAR FLUSHED FEELING OF DREAD WASHED OVER ME. HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO FORGETFUL? I... I ONLY HAD MOMENTS!



IN MY FEAR, I FROZE FOR A FEW SECONDS. WHAT COULD I DO??

THE BUNKER WASN'T TESTED YET! AND ALL THESE GUESTS...



I EXCUSED MYSELF. I TOLD THEM THAT I NEEDED TO LIE DOWN. ONE OF MY MIGRAINES HAD AFFLICTED ME.



THE ROOM WAS ALREADY SPINNING AS I PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR TO THE HALLWAY. I COULDN'T HAVE WAITED ANOTHER MOMENT, I COULDN'T CARE WHAT PEOPLE THOUGHT OF ME OR EVEN MY HUSBAND... I HAD TO DO THIS FOR THEIR SAFETY.



BUT I WAS BARELY A DOZEN PAGES DOWN THE HALLWAY WHEN THE PAIN AND NAUSEA HIT ME HARD. I WASN'T GOING TO MAKE IT TO THE BUNKER.

*I RAN INTO
THE FIRST
ROOM AND
SLAMMED
THE DOOR
BEHIND ME.*

*I'D GO TO THE
WINDOW... LET
THE BEAST
FLEE INTO THE
WOODS AND
AWAY FROM
THE HOUSE.*

*NO ONE WOULD
BE HARMED...*

*BUT AS I WENT TO
THE WINDOW, THE
FAMILIAR PAIN HIT
ME AGAIN.*

*MY HANDS
BEGAN TO POP
AND CRACK,
TWITCHING IN
UNNATURAL
WAYS AS THE
HORRIBLE
CHANGE
STARTED.*

*MY FINGER-
NAILS GREW
LONGER,
AND MY
HAND
TWISTED
AND
STRETCHED
INTO THAT
ALL TOO
FAMILIAR
MONSTROUS
FORM!*



AND BENEATH MY SKIRT I COULD FEEL
MY LEGS ACHING AND PULSING WITH THE
FAMILIAR PAINS OF GROWING MUSCLE.



MY ARMS BULGED
AND GREW - THE
SLEEVES OF MY
DRESS BURST OPEN
ALL AT ONCE LIKE
A PARTY POPPER.

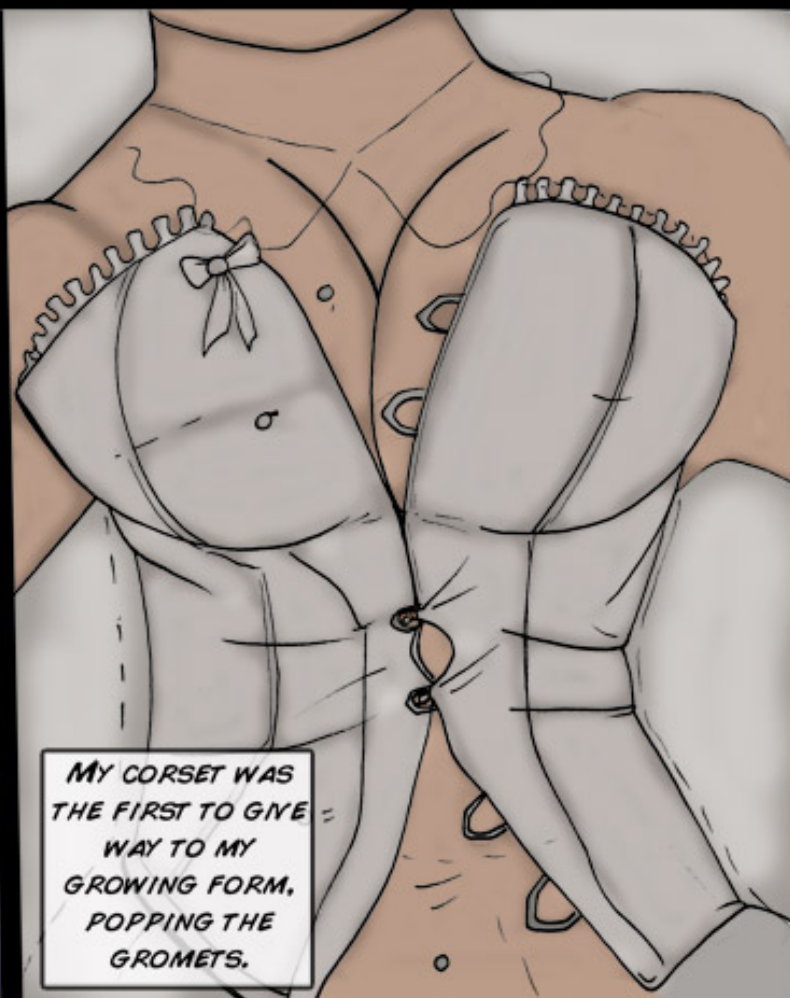


AND MY FEET BEGAN TO CRAMP
SOMETHING TERRIBLE IN MY
NOW TIGHT SHOES!
THEY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO
HOLD MY FEET FOR LONG.



I DOUBLED OVER IN PAIN
ONCE MORE, AND I COULD
FEEL MORE SEAMS GIVING
WAY FROM THE BACK OF MY
DRESS. MY GROWING
MUSCLES WERE MAKING THE
ROOM THEY NEEDED.

I COULD
FEEL MY
DRESS
TIGHTENING
AROUND
ME. SUCH
A BEAUTI-
FUL DRESS
JUST FOR
THE
OCCASION..



MY CORSET WAS
THE FIRST TO GIVE
WAY TO MY
GROWING FORM,
POPPING THE
GROMETS.

AND MY
BODICE
FOLLOWED
SHORTLY
AFTER...



ROBBED
EVEN OF
MY
HUMILITY!

THE SHOULDER
SEAMS
POPPED...



AND IN A
SHOWER OF
BUTTONS
AND
MATERIAL,
THE FRONT
OF MY
DRESS
OPENED
COMPLETELY.



AND MY LEGS
BEGAN TO FEEL
STIFLED IN MY
ONCE
BILLOWING
SKIRTS AND
PANTALOONS.



TOENAIL-CLAWS TORE
THROUGH MY SHOES!

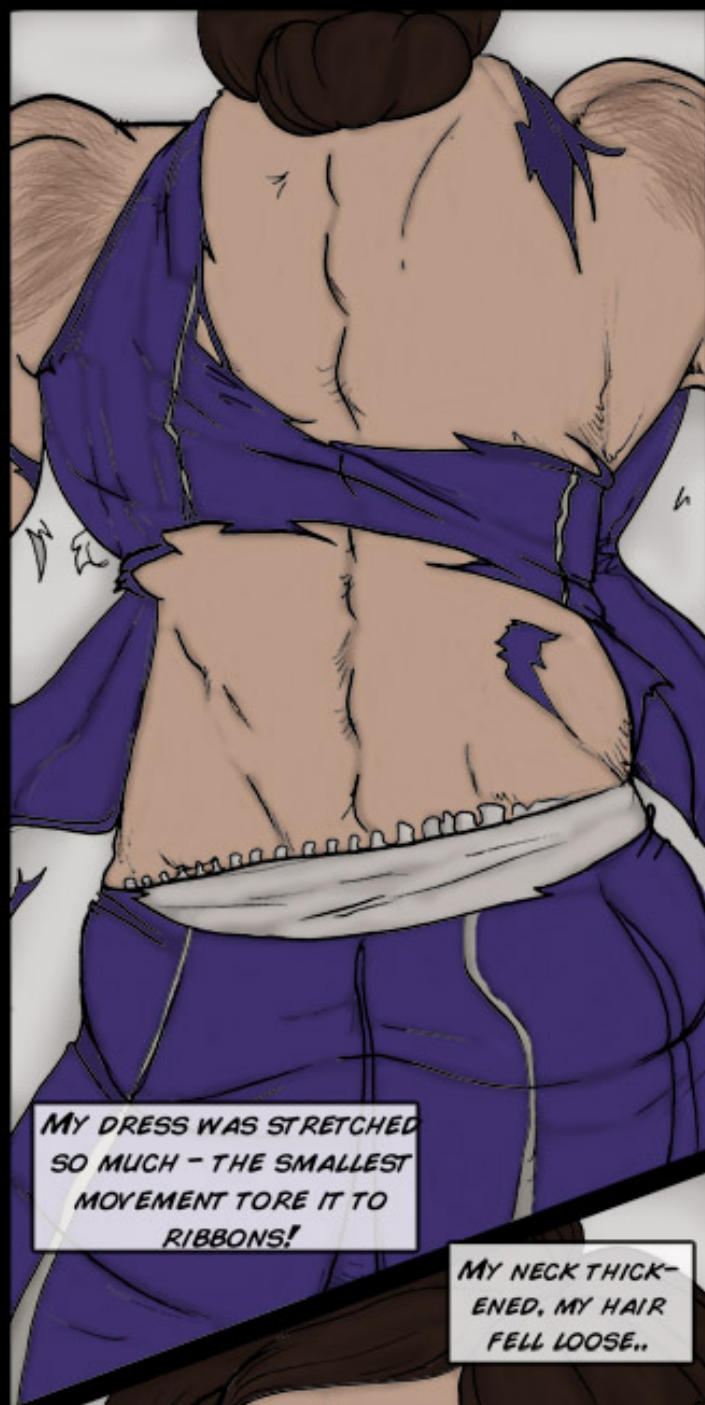


It...
WOULDN'T BE
LONG TILL I
LOST MYSELF.



EVEN THE
WAISTLINE OF MY
SKIRT COULDN'T
HOLD AS I
CONTINUED TO
GROW!





MY DRESS WAS STRETCHED
SO MUCH - THE SMALLEST
MOVEMENT TORE IT TO
RIBBONS!

MY NECK THICK-
ENED, MY HAIR
FELL LOOSE..



THE BEAST'S
INFERNAL
HEALING
"FIXED" MY
PIERCED
EARS..



A FLEX OF MY
FEET...

... SO DID MY
SHOES.



AND THE BACK OF MY
SKIRT AND PANTALOONS
TORE FREE OF MY
MUSCULAR SEAT.



*IF I WAS EVEN
MARGINALLY
RECOGNISABLE, I
WOULD HAVE BEEN
DEVASTATED BY HOW
MUCH OF MY BODY
WAS EXPOSED...*



*I COULD FEEL THE TAIL WRIGGLING BEHIND
ME... I WAS NEARLY THE BEAST... AN ANIMAL.*



*I SCREAMED SO LOUDLY AS MY
FACE BEGAN TO STRETCH AND
POP... I HOPE THEY DIDN'T
HEAR ME IN THE BANQUET...*



*MY BODY PULSED
LARGER ONCE MORE...
THE REMAINS OF THE
BEAUTIFUL, VELVETY
SKIRT HUNG AROUND
ME IN A MOCKERY OF
MODESTY.*



AND AS MY
FACE
DISTORTED,
I BEGAN TO
FEEL LESS
CONNECTED...
I WAS
FADING
AWAY..



AND WITH A
FINAL
PAINFUL POP
OF MY FACE,
MY MIND FELL
ASLEEP AND I
KNOW THE
BEAST
AWAKENED.



I HAVE ONLY
FLASHES OF
MEMORY
THEN... THE
HUNGER...
FEELING PENT
UP IN THAT
ROOM...



A CRASH OF
GLASS... AND
THE SUDDEN
RUSH COOL
NIGHT AIR
AND THE
SENSATION
OF FREEDOM.

AND RUNNING... FREE... POWERFUL... MASSIVE PAWS
TEARING ACROSS THE EARTH ON A RELENTLESS HUNT.
I STILL SHUDDER AT THE LINGERING MEMORIES OF WHAT
I AM LIKE WHEN I AM NOT MYSELF.



..The Horror's Of What i go through each month is
Indescribable. There is no end in sight and i dare not ever
Tell my Husband for he has plenty to deal with himself
I fear..

Mary Todd Lincoln