



*The Lost Diaries Of
Mary Todd Lincoln*



March 14th, 1848

I have yet again survived another night of horror.
Now it is just a matter of recovering, and awaiting
the next rising of the full moon. Last night is a blur,
i remember looking out the window at the rising
moon and knowing i was almost too late..



I SHOULDN'T HAVE CUT IT AS CLOSE AS I DID. THE MOON WAS NEARLY UP AND I WASN'T YET PREPARED. MY HEART WAS ALREADY RACING, AND I WAS LOSING MY SENSE OF BALANCE AS I RUSHED DOWN THE HALLS.



BUT IN THE MEREST BREATH OF TIME TO SPARE, I CLOSED THE HEAVY DOOR TO THE CELL I HAD PREPARED. THE SERVANTS WERE OUT, AND I HAD INSTRUCTED THEM TO RELEASE ME IN THE MORNING... I REFUSED TO ANSWER THEIR QUESTIONS, BUT IT WAS NO MATTER. THEY ALREADY BELIEVED ME MAD.

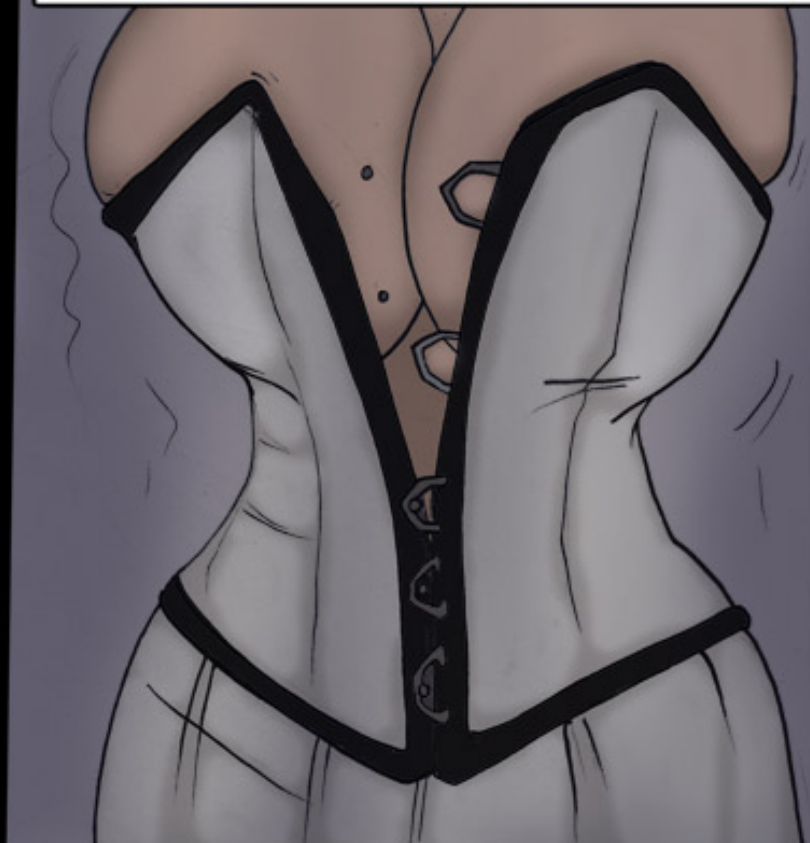


AND AS THE FIRST WAVE OF PAINFUL NAUSEA WASHED OVER ME... I JUST HOPED THAT IT WORKED AND COULD HOLD THE BEAST!

*I WISH I
HAD BEEN
AFFORDED
MORE
TIME...
THAT I
COULD
HAVE
UNDRESSED
- MY
INFERNAL
CORSET...
I COULD
BARELY
BREATHE!*



*I COULD FEEL IT GROANING BENEATH MY DRESS, THE METAL
HOOKS AND EYES BREAKING BEFORE IT MANAGED TO CRUSH
MY EXPANDING RIBS. SMALL FAVORS, I SUPPOSE -AND FOR
A MOMENT, I COULD BREATHE ONCE MORE.*



*MY GLOVES QUICKLY
FOLLOWED SUIT, MY
HIDEOUS CLAWS
TEARING THROUGH
THEM LIKE PAPER.*



*AND MY SWELLING
FOREWARMS POPPED OPEN
MY CUFFS, ALREADY
STRAINING THE SLEEVES OF
MY FINE CLOTHING.*



AND THEN THE REST OF
MY GLOVES TORE OPEN...

THE CHANGES
WERE COMING
QUICKLY NOW. I
WAS REELING IN
PAIN AND
SURGING
STRENGTH AND
RIPPING SEAMS.



I COULD FEEL THE
NOW-FAMILIAR
PAIN IN MY LEGS
AS THEY BEGAN TO
SWELL AND PULSE,
GROWING LARGER
BENEATH MY
SKIRT.

IT WAS ONE
AFTER THE
NEXT...

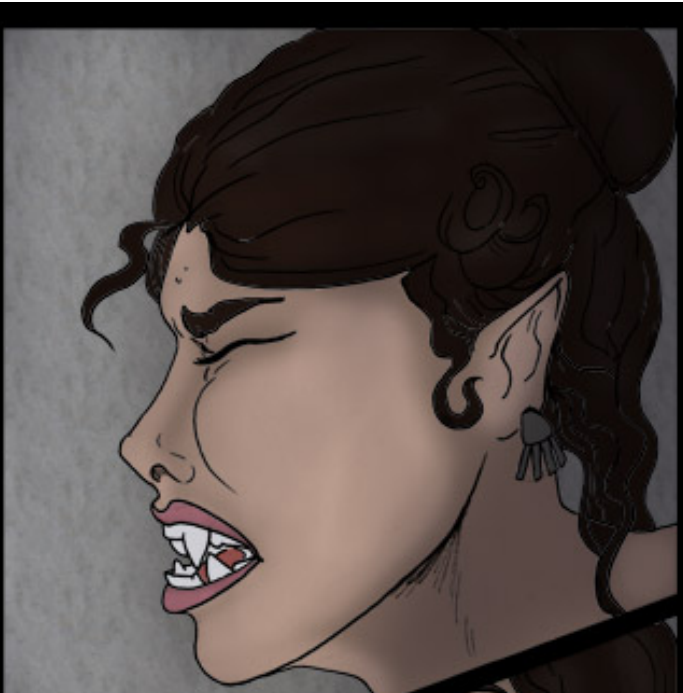
... MY BACK!



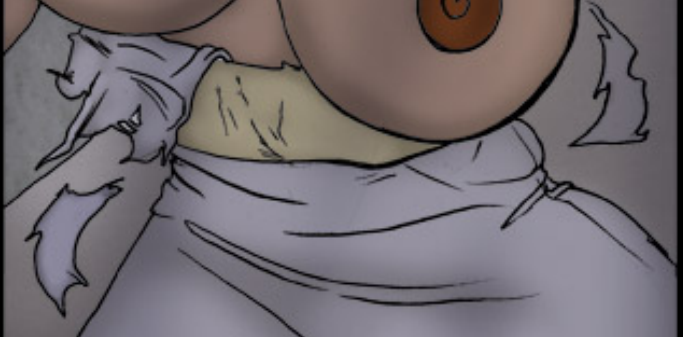
... MY FEET!



HOW COULD I
CONTINUE TO ENDURE
THIS? MONTH AFTER
MONTH...?



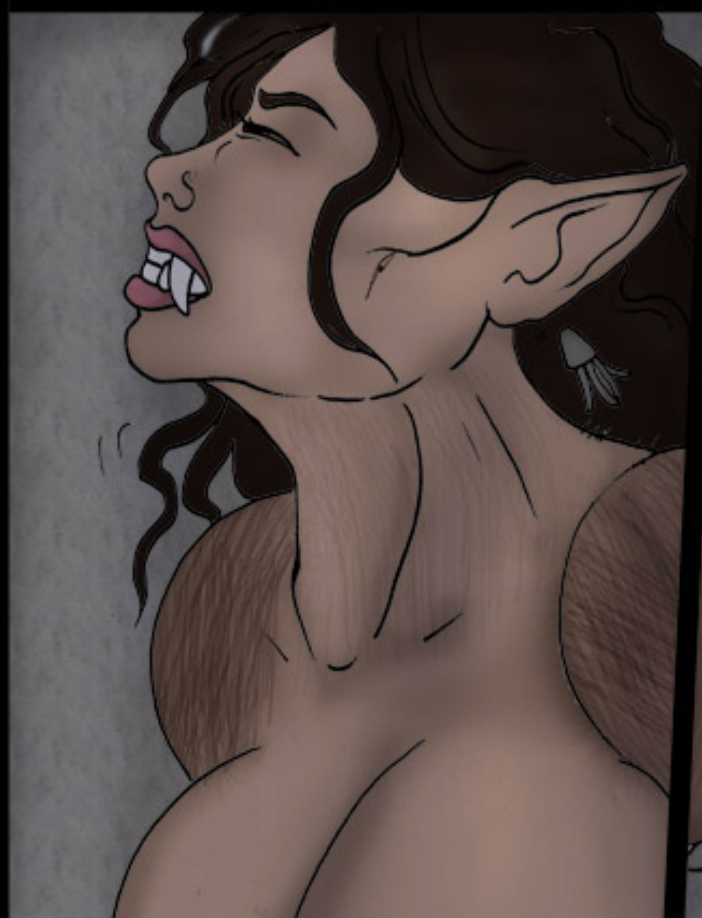
ROBBED OF MY
DECENCY... MY
MORALS... MY VERY
HUMANITY?!



HOW COULD I EVEN KEEP THIS DREADFUL
HORROR A SECRET FROM THOSE I CARE
ABOUT? AND WORSE... WHAT IF I WERE
TO HURT ONE OF THEM?



*... TO SAY NOTHING
OF THE HORRIFIC
PAIN I MUST
ENDURE TIME AFTER
TIME AFTER TIME...*



*ALL TRAPPINGS OF WHO I AM FALL AWAY, EVEN
THE PIERCINGS IN MY EARS. IT IS A FAVOR, I
SUPPOSE, THAT NONE WOULD RECOGNIZE ME
CHANGED...*





*EVEN MY LOOSE
BLOOMERS DO NOT
REMAIN UNTORN.*



*AND THEN, MY FACE
GRINDS IN SCREAMING
PAIN AS THE BESAT
LOOMS EVER CLOSER.*



*IT PUSHES OUT
INTO A GRUESOME
MUZZLE, MY JAWS
ALREADY SNAPPING
AND LONG TONGUE
LOLLING. I FEEL
THE HUNGER
CLAWING IN MY
STOMACH...*



*I FEEL SMALLER AND SMALLER, PUSHED INTO THE BACK OF
MY MIND - MY OWN BODY A CELL HOLDING ME PRISONER.*



*MY LAST CONSCIOUS
THOUGHT OF THE
NIGHT IS THAT I
ONLY HOPE THAT THE
VERY REAL CELL I
HAVE IMPRISONED
THE BEAST CAN HOLD
IT UNTIL DAWN...*

*I CANNOT HAVE
MORE BLOOD ON MY
HANDS!*

...lucily i woke up the next morning i woke up in the cell.

It had held me but for how would it last. For in just one night
It had damaged the walls and i fear the walls and bars will only sustain for so long.

Mary Todd Lincoln