

Journal,

Do you think Mother would finally be proud? They all will know my name now. Generations to come will dissect my work. I wonder when they will understand my message... Long after I'm gone, I'm sure.

It angered me to see Scarlett in that dreadful room in front of all those people. She was whimpering. Still, she faced them with strength. I don't understand why she was upset. The words she spoke were true and bold; I was proud of the way she phrased them. Although, I still don't think she should have been up there. She was intending to betray me, and that's what enraged me. She should know me better by now. I assumed that she would.

Tonight, I am craving a cheeseburger. A good old fashioned American staple. Perhaps that will be my choice for dinner.

Always yours,

– Elliot

Journal,

Do you remember Kendra? I met her years ago among the many in the garden while I was weeding. She seemed so sweet when first we met. A smile to fool a thousand men, I suppose. I remember still how disappointed I was when I found out who she truly was. Vindictive, manipulative, self-centred bitch. She had so much potential and she didn't even know it. She could have truly been a good person... Shame, the path she chose. Beautiful, though. A stunning woman. Red really was her color.

I wonder if Scarlett ever found out about her? Well... If she hasn't yet, I suppose there's still time. I'm sure Scarlett will not like to hear about her either.

Tonight, I'm pondering something else for dinner. Pasta, perhaps. I have always adored the heavy foods, despite my body's arguments. Topped with a red sauce and stirred into meat prepared rare... I love the aesthetic. I wonder which wine would pair best...

Always yours,

– Elliot

Journal,

I don't believe I have had enough time to tend to the garden. I'm growing more frustrated and anxious the more I think of the flowers tangled in weeds. Flowers can not bloom properly when they're suffocated by weeds, and I did not have the time to remove them all.

I'm beginning to grow restless. I need to tend to the garden, and they will not allow me to. They don't understand. It's important I take care of the flowers. I feel trapped here. I'm trapped.

I'm angrier than I've ever been. I think about the flowers all the time.

Scarlett was a flower. Breathtaking and fragile. A person couldn't pass her by without needing to smile...

I think I may be the reason she started to wilt. She was so broken when she saw... She wasn't ever supposed to see, but she did. Perhaps, though, I was intentionally careless. I truly thought she would understand.

I'm not very hungry these days, and I don't believe I deserve more than a small bowl of oatmeal.

Always yours,

– Elliot

Journal,

The world is chaos. Everyone here is angrier than I am and no one seems to know why they are so. I was trying to protect them from the madness. They didn't know, and now they may never. I failed. I didn't get to finish. Scarlett made damn sure of that. *She* is the reason why I am here. I loved her so much but I'm taking the goggles off and now I see her true colors. I resent her. She was supposed to be better.

I've heard rumors that she still loves me. Rumors, rumors, rumors... I don't know what is true anymore. If she loved me, if she *truly* loved me then **why** would she do this? I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't...

I'm still not eating, but I am hungry. Hungry... what an understatement. I am starving, salivating... practically foaming at the mouth. I deserve a three-course meal. I deserve all that I hunger for. I should order everything the kitchen can prepare, masses of it all. The staff should be exhausted after they've finished preparing and it should be difficult and tiresome and lengthy for them to deliver it to me. They deserve to suffer, and I deserve to soak in my pride as they watch me finish the entire meal, right until the very last crumb. Perhaps what I should have for dinner is all that I can. Perhaps I've been too focused on the meal and not on the labour it can create.

Always yours,

– Elliot

Journal,

I've had some time to reflect since my last entry. It took some time for me to acquire a new pencil, and that has given me time to think.

The flowers are doing just fine, I'm sure of it. I know, I *know* I didn't have the time to pluck away all of the weeds, and I know how they can multiply, but the flowers... the flowers are resilient and they will be just fine.

I know I didn't have time to pluck away the weeds but I did get a great many of them. I wish it took longer for Scarlett to have found the ones I hadn't disposed of yet. If only it took just a little while longer.

My injection is tomorrow, I suppose, and the guards said that I must finalize my decision for my meal. I ultimately have made my decision, and I think that it's the best meal I could ever eat.

Meatloaf. Nobody made it the way Scarlett did, so it should be prepared by her. I'll savour every bite. I hope I can taste her tears.

Always yours,

– Elliot