I am Alive! From broken pieces—dead pieces—I was formed, I was born. Oh, what a glory it is to be Alive! I walked through life, alone but no longer lonely, and all about me people stared and wondered. They found out that I was dead, They told me so. I was not real, not really Alive, I was an imposter.

I would know, I would know if I was not Alive; they must be confused. I’m still Alive…aren’t I?

One of the most defining elements of the *Female Gothic* is the heroine trapped inside a haunting castle or manor, desperately trying to escape. Another signature of gothic is the *supernatural*, sometimes it is obvious, and sometimes it could be explained naturally, the ambiguity is what makes it scary.

As part of a final exam for a class studying the female gothic, I chose to write a short story—945 words in total. Faced with limited space I chose not a castle, but the mind as the place the heroine becomes trapped.

The supernatural inspiration was the creeping feeling of dissociation, sinking depression, and wondering if you still exist or not. My heroine is trapped within, battling for reality. And like many gothic heroines she is fighting alone, fighting for, and against herself. Only this time instead of being against some monster or corporeal villain she must fight the personal battle against depression.

They might be right, I still feel the deadness within me, within this mausoleum, and if I’m dead inside I cannot be Alive

Am I Alive? Please, someone tell me. Please tell me! I’m all alone, or am I. I’m alive, or am I Dead. No one knows anymore, they won’t tell me anymore.

I can’t feel anymore, I want it to stop, or I want it to start. I want the light again. I don’t know anymore, I just…need help.

-Alice Ohlandt