

Homicide: The Game

Presents

Painseeker

"The Bleeding Jewel"

by Laura Douglass

I was on the phone with Lance on Monday and he told me about a troubling question that he received through the web site (Question 2 on Lance's Q&A Responses). The person stated that ". . . from what I have read she (Raychel) was never happy with herself, at least she is in a better place. . ."

I was instantly angered by the comment. How could someone say that about Raychel? Lance tried to calm me down but with little success. Still heated after the conversation, I tore through the whole web site wondering how someone could come to that conclusion.

Unfortunately, the comment was correct, at least partially. If I hadn't known Raychel, I would have come to the same conclusion from the material currently on the web site. Lance and I are both to blame for that. We were both so busy gathering and writing material for this site that we didn't see that the Raychel were were presenting bore little resemblance to the Raychel we knew.

While Lance wrote about meeting and losing Raychel, what comes across is that Raychel coldly turned her back on Lance in favor of Kyle. That was not the case. To this point, Lance has failed to address the good times between them. I hope that Lance will address this omission in the near future to correct the error.

My own writing until now has centered almost exclusively on Kyle McAllister and his destruction of Raychel and others. In this pursuit, I have lost the opportunity to give you the same first impression of Raychel that I had. She was tough, brave, and always looking for a challenge. Instead, from reading my previous entries, you may think her as flighty or easily controlled. That is wrong, and inexcusable on my part. But no apology that I write here will remove the impression created by my previous selfish, angry, and careless rants.

I can, however, tell you about The Bleeding Jewel.

I named our artistic community based on my belief that artistic truth, when correctly drawn by an artist from his or her work, doesn't just come forth as an idea. It courses out of the work, like blood. So I named the group The Bleeders not only because it could get attention, but as a goal for the members of the group to strive toward. Only a few of our group have ever come close to attaining that goal. Raychel, on the other hand, knew exactly where the truth was located in her and she knew how to draw it into her work. So during one meeting I dubbed her The Bleeding Jewel and the title stuck.

The name was not intended to sound morbid. In light of her murder it may seem that way. Actually, it was a badge of respect and also a little humorous. Raychel's poetry was highly personal, very gripping, and had the gory truth all over it. The more her work bled truth, the more she shined among us like a jewel. Hence, The Bleeding Jewel.

What made Raychel shine was not only her work, but certain facets of her personality. These aspects helped accentuate her poetry, and made it radiate. I have to admit I'm troubled that Lance has released so little of her work into the Poetry section. I understand her notebooks are often contradictory, but even a flawed version of her work (whatever that would be) would be better than the few pieces he has chosen to release. Not having that material hampers our ability to bring forth the real Raychel.

The real Raychel was driven. Lance called her passionate, but I think that word is too passive for her. She could focus on a single task so intensely that it blocked out everything else. I think that was a key to her being such a strong poet. She could boil down a subject to its essence and present it in a cold and minimal light. There were times when it was almost frightening to see her analysis of a subject.

Raychel was also something of a searcher. She was always looking for new experiences. She told me that she was jumping out of airplanes when she was eighteen. That didn't surprise me. If anything, it gives you a perfect image of her. Plunging through the sky at breakneck speed with her long blonde hair whipping out behind her, a beatific glow on her face, and eyes glazed in ecstasy. I'm only surprised that she always pulled the rip cord. Like I said, she was a searcher.

Finally, Raychel was a constant handful. She had a bit of a mean streak in her. Maybe it wasn't a real mean streak, but she did like to invite danger just to see what would happen, or see if she could get out of the trouble it brought. There were times when I wondered how Sharon Wolfe was ever able to keep up with her. Sharon had the best and least enviable job that I know of: She was Raychel's bodyguard. I should ask her to contribute to this site sometime in the future. I'm sure she could spin a few stories about Raychel. While Raychel didn't want Sharon (or anyone) following her around everywhere, she sought her own measure of revenge by making Sharon's life a living Hell. That made Raychel happy. So in her own way, Sharon proved useful to Raychel.

Raychel is a complex portrait, one that requires the caretakers of her memory to exercise better judgment in painting. As a novice to writing, I made a common error. I assumed that you already knew her. I'll not make that excuse again. So this apology goes to you, dear reader, but moreover it goes to The Bleeding Jewel, who deserves someone better than me to help tell her history.