13th september 1987\n

Dear diary,\n

I think they finally left me alone. They spent the past weeks “torturing” me. It didn’t had any kind of physical abuse involved… it was far worst. During weeks they got into my head. They controlled me. I think they drugged me and made me have those nightmares again. I dreamt about war, about all my ex comrades, all the blood… all the suffering in the battlefield… the people that died on my watch… but if you think that’s bad… think about dreaming it when you are awake…\n

The nurses couldn’t understand what was happening to me. I was losing a battle against myself over and over again when I had already been under control. My body is a mess right now. I lost a few days of sleep; I would hurt myself to make those memories stop.\n

The guards stopped coming to my cell 2 days ago, right after the nurse found me trying to hang myself… in my defense, I needed those memories to stop. Now I’m on the Suicidal program…not that I need it but at least I get to forget about this last weeks.\n

I could easily turn their secrets public but now that they know me and I know what they are capable of, it’s better to stay low.\n

Perhaps they are just making me think it stopped so they can come back while I’m unaware…\n

I just hope they don’t come back with those terrible memories….\n

1. James