14th April 1987\n

Dear Diary,\n

It’s been a long journey in this place. I’ve seen so many bad things happening to others and now… I think my “hell” has just arrived.\n

Yesterday, one of the guards came to Christian’s cell, or as they like to call it, room, and as I noticed him I walked out of my room and followed him. \n

As I spent a lot of time watching the terrors they cause some patients, I was able to recognize Guard Oliverson approaching Christian’s bed and grab his baton. Christian woke up on the first strike and was so confused and scared, he started screaming. I was unable to move my feet, petrified watching that horror scene… \n

As Christian started yelling, Oliverson started muffling his creams with a pillow. By this time, I was totally unaware that someone was standing behind me. I can’t remember much, I never got to see his face… The only thing I remember is feeling something hitting my head. \n

The only thing that’s left of last night is this terrible headache. I already know what is going to happen next… I would rather die, than having them terrifying me. I don’t think they will have such mercy for me… dear diary, this might me my last sane entry.\n

A.James