18th March 1987\n

Dear Diary, \n

Another day in Hell. I barely slept last night. The girl next door was screaming throughout the night and those stupid pigs went to her room just to admire the show they created…\n

Poor Lana… fighting so hard against her drug addiction to be injected against her will by some idiotic guards. I wanted to stop them but I couldn’t do much. They would have beaten me. I decided to talk with Nurse Brianna but I don’t really think she’s going to believe me. No one does. If you’re diagnosed as a delusional person no one will believe you. No matter how hard you try telling the truth. Even you diary, might think I’m making all of this up. I’m not.\n

Those freaking bastards… They listen to every therapy session, they get to know your weaknesses and they will use them against you. Lana’s weakness were drugs…\n

I saw them Yesterday inside therapy room 2… they were listening to Nurse Mortimer’s motivational speech.\n

They know our secrets, they know how to make you feel in hell. They know my secret… my hell is yet to come…\n

A.James