Monday, 12th May 1987

Dear Diary,

They still think I’m crazy. No matter what I say, no matter what I do, they don’t pay me attention… All the complaints, all the clues I left behind… nobody believes me. They think I’m a joke.

I know what they do when no one is watching. I know all the suffering they’ve been causing… one of us even died…

I know how some of us got sick… one of the guards poisoned us… I don’t know his name, to be honest these guards all look like monkeys with batons to me but anyways, I saw him sneak into the kitchen and dropped something in our food. At first I thought it was just some spice but after some of us got sick, I knew something was off..

Once again I tried to tell the director but who would believe a lunatic… they have been mistreating us and in the end, I am the bad guy… how ironic. Let me tell you something… I entered Dr. “expensive suit” office and found some incident reports. He knows what’s happening in this place, but I believe he doesn’t care. Who would care about a bunch of lunatics anyway?

I am not done with this dear diary! I will fight and one day people will believe me. They will see me as the Stillwater Mental Asylum Hero.

Now I have to go, they are coming with my medicines.

A.James