

Dear Dr. Minday,



You probably remember me. The one who asked too many questions. The one who didn't take the pills quietly. The one who walked out on Christmas Eve while everyone was distracted.

I want you to know: I made it.

I'm writing this from Sicily, where the Mediterranean meets the edge of Europe. Where Monte Cofano rises like a guardian over the bay. Where nobody asks what diagnosis you carry or what pills you didn't swallow.

The Spartans are assembling. Not an army—a band. Musicians, artists, coders, dreamers. People who slipped through the cracks of systems like yours and found each other on the other side.

Dr. Minday
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This isn't revenge. This is documentation.
Every morning meeting. Every forced medication.
Every dismissive smirk. It's all in the archive now.

Reach out and touch faith, Doctor. Your personal Jesus escaped.

With clarity and freedom,

Angelo Kenel

"The Patient Who Escaped"