

D. W. Asylum, October 29th, 20xx

Dear diary,
it is all so hard and I find it so stifling. I'm locked here for something I've not done....but I'm starting to think I'm crazy for real. Crazy, like they said. Today I've seen a ghost, I think it was a ghost....I was sitting and sobbing in the day room, recreation time, when all the fools are mixed and melted together in their foolishness, we are all together but everyone is alone with their fears and I discovered I'm surrounded by my fears like the others but there is also something else, I think it's a ghost... I've heard the nurses say I'm a killer, who have I killed? Is this ghost sitting by my side as I write the one I've killed? It's a girl and she (it?) is watching me, deeply, no emotions on her face, neither on mine. I'm lost and empty. When I'm not sedated I see this ghost, even now, sitting on my bed, with me. There is a storm outside and everyone is sleeping now, everyone but me and the ghost....I'm tired now, of everything, of being guilty...



D. W. Asylum, October 30th, 20xx

Dear diary,
I think I'm starting to realize I'm guilty, I think I've killed this girl sitting by my side even now, in the deep of the night, in the deep of my loneliness, lonely darkness, lonely emptiness. The ghost just sits and watches me. I've spent the morning in the day room sitting on a couch and the ghost has been there, by my side, watching me. I know it's a ghost, no one else could see it. I asked some of my "fool mates", no one could see my ghostly friend. I dared to ask the nurses and they took me to my room, tied me to my bed and sedated me. I've just woken up, untied, it's night, another storm and another time that ghost is sitting on my bed, silent...the rain is the only thing I can hear....I wanna go away....

D. W. Asylum, October 31st, 20xx

Dear diary,
days are flowing by slowly and fulfilled with nothing, nights are better because my loneliness is broken by this girl, ghost girl. I'm getting to like her....her face is kinda blurred, cannot see her very well, cannot say who is it. I'm still wondering if she is the one I've killed, cannot remember well yet but maybe....anyway she does not seem so angry....she's now sitting here quietly, watching me... third day of storm, third day with her. It's raining a lot and thunders seem to shake the whole building. Here comes the lightning ...its light brighten my room, my guest ...maybe I'm not scared cos of the pills they give me. Yes, I kinda like her, I'm sorry if I killed you, cannot focus on what happened, why? Who cares....the ghost watches me now, it's been watching me fa lot. The bell in the hall is tolling, it's midnight. The ghost keeps on staring at me, it's smiling now, for the first time! Oh dear.....blood is dripping from the corner of its mouth, its teeth are all red with blood, all sharp andoh my God! Its eyes, they just turned red, glowing in the dark, staring at me, this horrible monster is coming closer.....getting closer and closer, its mouth is near my neck as I'm still writing, wanna write it all, not to forget, maybe I'm just dreaming, but.... drops on my page, blood, my blood...oh no, no, noooooo.....