

Trigger Warnings: Mentions of murder; blood. References to possible insanity / hallucinations and mental asylums.

Patient 459

Day 565:

I get out of here tomorrow. All I want is my belongings back. My red coat back.

They say I'm better now. But I was never sick. I can't wait to go home.

Day 356:

IM SANE. IM SANE. IM SANE. IM SANE. IM SANE. IM SANE. IM SANE. IM SANE. IM SANE. IM SANE.

IM SANE I PROMISE LET ME OUT OF HERE PLEASE IM SANE YOU'RE WRONG
IM SANE IM SANE IM SANE IM SANE IM NOT INSANE IM NOT INSANE IM
SANE IM SANE IM SANE

Day 247:

It's been a while since you've heard from me, huh? Sorry about that. I've been thinking about my grandmother recently. She passed away just before I was put in here. I miss her terribly. Everyone tried to tell me that what happened to her was a 'tragic accident'. It was tragic, yes, but there was nothing accidental about it. She was murdered. That's not a very nice word, is it? But it's true. No one seems to believe me though. But there's just no way that what happened could have been an accident. It certainly wasn't a natural death. Sometimes I wonder about people. They can't see anything beyond their front door.

Day 120:

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME. I'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG. IVE DONE
NOTHING

Day 30:

Scratch. Scratch. Scratch.

That's the sound of my pen against the paper. Someone new comes now. They don't come near me. I have to take more pills. I should be lauded as a hero AND IM NOT. It's completely unfair. Others do good and they get rewarded. I do good and I get thrown in here. At least the wolf is gone.

Day 26:

I've made up my mind, I'm going to take action. The next time he comes, I'll confront him.

he's here oh god he's here he's here what do i do the only weapon i have is a pen what do i do he's come for me i'm sure of it this is his revenge oh god he's coming closer he's coming closer he's close enough for me to

There is blood everywhere.

Day 25:

He comes every morning disguised as a doctor. I don't know how they let him work here.

He gives me food and pills to take. He watches me take them. I think I'm being poisoned.

He greets me with a smile but I hear his voice at night, in my ears, in the walls. I see his face in the shadows. It's him. I'm certain of it. I thought the wolf was dead. He's here though.

Day 20:

I'm being watched. I'm sure of it now. It's all the same signs as before. There's eyes in the walls and people in the shadows.

Oh god. What if it's him? What if he's come back??
I thought he was gone; I thought I had gotten rid of him.

But men are like wolves. There's always more of them. And this wolf doesn't go away.
HE DOESNT.

Day Three:

It's quite boring here. I just stare at walls all day. I've taken to writing in this book and scratching lines in the wall to measure the days, like prisoners do in the movies. You know I don't remember anything of what happened. It's just gone from my brain. But sometimes when I dream flashes of blood and fear and long walks through the dark, scary forest come to me. The trees look like they have teeth. Do you ever feel like you're being watched? How silly of me. Of course you can't reply. I'm talking to a book.

Day One:

I don't know why I'm here. Really, I don't. The room is white, and bright, and the silence is too loud. The voices are back. They've given me this little book to write in. White, like everything else in this room. They say I was found over my grandmother's body, holding an axe, blood on my hands and blood on my coat and blood everywhere. But that's not true. I didn't kill my grandmother. I promise. The wolf killed her. He killed her and dressed up as her in order to kill me. I killed the wolf. That's all. Really I should be praised.