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About 6,000 Words

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TWISTED IMAGE

By J.H. Long

March 1, 2011

Another success; The Bessemer Process proves yet again to have extraordinary efficacy curing mentally ill patients of their afflictions. This time the subject was Jo Marie Ostrowski, who suffered from paranoid delusions. The isolation proved instrumental in the treatment, supporting my theory that forcing the patient to focus, and stopping treatment only to eat and sleep, severely limit the time it takes to cure the illness. Normally patients go about their days after treatment in their ward or wherever and most of whatever progress was made is lost. My process eliminates that wasted time and cures within weeks. I can't believe I got to write that word again. CURE!!! My process hasn't just treated these illnesses, it has CURED them! Mary Jo was cured in only twenty-one days! And I was allotted thirty! This is even less time than when I treated the two with social anxiety disorder.

The next subject will be my most daunting challenge yet; the patient is diagnosed as having Dissociative Identity Disorder. A split personality. His case file is a very interesting read. After I cure him, the board will have to submit my findings to the psychological society as facts

and psychiatrists across the country will be trained in this process. My name will be remembered for all time. Alicia Bessemer, inventor of the revolutionary Bessemer Process.

March 1, 2011 (cont.)

I met my patient earlier today. Lance Firnstahl. He's a fascinating fellow. His demeanor struck me as sheepish but Director Sprink seemed convinced that I should be extremely cautious around him. I suppose I never got the chance to meet his alter ego. The director referred to him as Desmond. I wonder if to cure Lance I'll have to treat this other personality as well and get him to accept that Lance doesn't need him anymore. The thought is actually kind of sad. It will be like I'm asking him to accept dying.

At least I'll always have Paul or Jimmy watching out for me if this Desmond character does anything creative. Despite my reservations, there is a part of me that hopes to meet him before this is all over. I want to know how he feels about being created, about not having a real life or memories—about being a surrogate personality.

Lance didn't accept the idea of not having any modern pleasures in his room with grace. I know how he feels, but I also know that he'll get over it. I did. This fancy renovated warehouse has really become my second home.

March 2, 2011

Alright, so Lance is starting to creep me out. No big deal. He's so intelligent and calculating. His score on my big competency test was very good. Only one in four people are able to score as highly as he did. What struck me most was his extremely attuned empathy. Yesterday he caught me in a lie, and while I think I still got away with it, it was unnerving that he was able to come up with my actual hidden intentions exactly. He didn't just think I was lying, he actually seemed to know what I was thinking. Today I thought he could read what I was writing on my paper at extreme distance and at a peculiar angle. Again, he seemed rather to know what I was thinking rather than being able to see.

On a more personal note; I found Lance's self-image to be incredibly objective. He described himself as intelligent, articulate, testy, cynical, mild-mannered, and sensitive. This is exactly how I would have described him. Perhaps this other personality in him—who he claims to have a constant dialogue with—told him these things. It's intriguing.

His idea of his childhood seemed a little slanted. He felt that it was harder than it should have been. I don't feel that he gave me adequate evidence to back this up, though. He does claim that his father was abusive. Could it have been so bad as to have created a split personality? I suppose he could have been forcing Lance to suppress himself and his feelings, causing a crack. Lance claims that he doesn't remember the incident that led him to be committed, so I will need further investigation.

What really vexes me, though, is that he doesn't believe he's ever been in love. His view of love is so cynical that I find it hard to believe he's been open to the idea. If Lance feels he's

never been in love, then he probably feels no one cares about him. This concerns me, because, according to Emile Durkheim's study of suicide, a connection to society is a strong deterrent to mental problems. He can't remember having any dreams for a long time either. Not having any dreams may indicate a lack of R.E.M. sleep. R.E.M. sleep and dreaming is very important to mental health as well. People need to dream, or they'll, you know, go insane.

At least he shows a definite interest in being cured of his disorder. He misses things about the outside world and still has dreams for the future. There is hope. Tomorrow I may even get to speak to his other personality and ask these questions to him. It will be exciting, I'm sure.

March 3,

Desmond is the polar opposite of Lance. I did get to speak to him. It was as fascinating as I expected. His view of the world is completely different than Lance's and his view of himself is very narcissistic. I guess I'm not surprised.

The questions about Desmond's childhood were useless, but what I thought was cool was that Desmond has memories of Lance's parents. Apparently, he'd been watching from behind Lance's eyes for quite some time before getting fed up with his "back of the bus attitude." Desmond's impression of his "family" was similar to Lance's.

Desmond couldn't give me a straight answer about his dreams. When I asked what his dream occupation was, he said "Porn Star." Maybe I should have taken him seriously.

Lance claimed not to have dreams when he slept, but Desmond says he experiences new dreams every night. This begs the question: Is Desmond taking dreams from Lance? Is Lance's brain divided up like assets in a divorce? I've never even heard about this before.

On top of this; Desmond called his existence a constant dream state. It's like a dream because he can see what's happening, but he can't control it. He's been subjected to this for years. I feel kind of sorry for him.

When asked if he's ever been in love, Desmond told me he didn't know what it was. He's not a very good liar, of course. I could see it in his eyes. There are people who cared for Desmond that Desmond loved back. Of course, these people probably thought they were caring for just Lance. He felt it once, but learned long ago they didn't actually love him.

Finally we come to the question I really wanted to ask him. Lance claims not to remember what incident led to his incarceration, but Desmond remembers it perfectly. He was happy to tell me about it in every nasty detail.

It was a school day. Lance was in school and he got into an argument with one of his teachers. Apparently Lance used to talk in a very Californian beach-bum like manner; with lots of “dudes” and “mans” and the like. During the argument the teacher began to mimic these speech patterns just to annoy him. Desmond was watching and found this extremely insulting. Desmond felt that a teacher had no right to talk to anyone—especially a student—that way. This, apparently, was enough to make Desmond fly off the handle. He took over, immediately leaving the class and not going to any others for the rest of the day. But he didn’t leave school.

During the rest of the day Desmond proceeded to act out. He claims to have been living out Lance’s secret fantasies. Saying what he couldn’t and doing what he couldn’t and the like. Apparently this entailed first searching for a female student to have sexual relations with. This may just be bragging, but he said it didn’t take much to convince someone. Soon he and this girl were having sexual relations in the janitor’s closet. Of course, an administrator found them eventually. According to Desmond, it was quite loud. The administrator told them to stop, but Desmond didn’t. I guess the girl wasn’t in the mood to, either. When the administrator tried to pry them apart forcefully, Desmond promptly struck him across the face. At that, the intercourse actually ended.

The administrator was knocked to the floor and Desmond left. When the police found him, he was eating ice cream with another woman at a Dairy Queen. This time, the woman was much older than he. According to him, he “was getting places” before the cops showed up. During his interrogation, Desmond made it clear to the police that he wasn’t actually Lance

Firnstahl, and that was that. The police had him evaluated by a psychiatrist, and they had him committed.

Maybe Desmond doesn't think so, but I still think his story is a sad one. He was acting out because he felt trapped. He fought to reject a society that rejected him long before he was born.

Our talk lasted all day. He seemed to be as interested in me and my life just as I was in his. He wouldn't answer any of my questions before I agreed to answer the questions back to him. "Quid pro quo," he had the gall to say. He thought he was clever, but I saw that movie too.

March 4, 2011

I got the unique opportunity to talk to both Desmond and Lance today. It highlighted how different they are. Desmond is a total, raging egomaniac and Lance seems to be characterized more by a lack of personality. I can see why he felt it necessary to create a surrogate self.

Perhaps this is the key to finding his cure. Tomorrow, I will see if I can, perhaps, promote Lance's self-confidence. If he develops confidence of his own, he may realize he doesn't need Desmond. If Desmond can be rendered useless, maybe he can be...destroyed. It's such a nasty term, but curing Lance means destroying Desmond. He won't like that. I'm becoming more and more glad that I've got the men behind the glass watching out for me. This could get dangerous.

March 5, 2011

I spent the whole day trying to find creative ways to massage Lance's ego. I had him tell me about specific memories from his life he felt contributed to his mental state. He came up with a remarkable amount of instances. At each one, I tried to reiterate things like that it wasn't his fault and that he did all he could. People really were bastards to him. It's appalling.

What stuck out in my mind was that he didn't just have situations. He could remember some of their exact dates too. I begin to suspect that Lance has a retentive memory. I believe I've got the test around here somewhere. Hold on a second, I need to go get it.

I can't believe I just wrote that.

I found it. I'm going to test his memory tomorrow and see what I'm dealing with. I'm really very curious.

March 6, 2011

Lance does indeed have a retentive memory. After giving him a list of random words paired with equally random responses, he responded correctly to each prompt without fail. It must have been, and still is, horrible to carry around all those memories with him. No doubt, the weight of them contributed to his finally cracking under all the pressure. I wonder if Desmond has the same ability. I don't see why not, but I also don't really see why. This has never really been studied before. If I really do cure Desmond, it will be the loss of a unique and fascinating subject, and one that epitomizes a lot of uncovered ground that's never even been considered before.

There's a big part of me that doesn't have the courage to test Desmond too, so I won't. It is immaterial anyway.

Geez, a retentive memory in the hands of someone like Desmond would mean that when someone wrongs him he would never forget—and never forgive.

March 7, 2011

I found out today that Desmond doesn't think much of me. He feels that I am under-qualified to work with the handicapped, deficient, depraved, and insane. According to him, a person teaching mental health should have better mental health, themselves. I always thought I was fine, but he says that's what every crazy person thinks. If that's what every crazy person thinks, then where is the real line between sanity and insanity? Having never been told, someone could just live their lives out like that, never hurting anyone and//

I'm letting him get to me. Mr. Sprink warned me he could be tricky. It seems the only logical conclusion to that line of thought is that crazy people could be left alone and wouldn't "need" treatment if people were only a little more tolerant. In that case, I'd be out of a job and Desmond would be very satisfied with himself, I'm sure.

Anyway, he went on to say that I'm not honest with myself emotionally, socially, spiritually, or sexually. Maybe I'm not, but I don't think anyone is completely honest with themselves about those things. I think I was the one being shrunk today.

At least I've considered the idea. Desmond, on the other hand, needs to get a grip. I shouldn't be thinking this way about my patient. I'm going to get some sleep. I feel kind of funny tonight.

March 8, 2011

Dr. Benes dropped by today. I suppose he just wanted to see how I was doing. It seemed more to me, though, that he wanted a chance to dissect Lance for himself. He soon found out he was actually talking to Desmond. I let it happen. I wanted to know how Desmond would handle it.

At first it was less fantastic than I thought it would be. Dr. Benes asked him a bunch of mundane questions that I had already asked, but then things got really interesting. Desmond started asking a lot of questions about Dr. Benes' family. He asked Dr. Benes if he ever hit his wife. To my surprise, he answered "Yes." When asked if he ever seriously fantasized about leaving his wife and children he answered, "Yes." I became appalled when he said that more often than not he, quote, hated "those little snot faucets" and wished he'd worn a condom.

Soon, Desmond was successfully convincing him that he was the problem and not them. I could have told him that. Still, I'm amazed at Desmond's intelligence and power over people. He was making Dr. Benes dance like a marionette. I probably should have stopped it, but my morbid fascination got the best of me.

Desmond went on to say that Dr. Benes' family needed a reprieve; that he needed to apologize for everything. After their talk, Dr. Benes left without another word. It was all so bizarre. I have new respect for Desmond's intelligence and creativity—well, fear and respect.

March 9, 2011

I got some horrible news this morning. Paul informed me that Dr. Benes killed himself in his home last night. He put a hunting rifle in his mouth and pulled the trigger. I didn't like the man, but now I wonder what's going to happen to my project. He was the board's liaison and without him...

I've decided not to tell Lance about this. I don't know how it would affect him and he doesn't need any distractions right now. Neither of us do.

March 10, 2011

I think Lance is starting to open up more. He can actually be funny and quite charming. I wonder if he was always like that or if he picked it up from Desmond. Not that Desmond is charming. Of course, it's all Lance.

On top of all the bad moments, Lance can remember happy moments too, still. Some of his stories are very interesting and amusing. I like his smile. He's adorable when he smiles. I made sure he knew that before we quit today.

March 11, 2011

I made a startling revelation today. But this can't be true. Gosh, but there's no other explanation for it, though! Three days ago, when Dr Benes came in, Desmond was talking to him. I let it go. My curiosity got the best of me and I wondered how Desmond would react to an outsider like Dr. Benes dissecting him. It seemed to me that they were only talking about Desmond's life at first. After that, the conversation turned to Dr. Benes' life. For some reason, Desmond was really curious about his family. They started talking about Dr. Benes' relationship with his wife and children. Desmond was asking him some very personal questions and I'm surprised that Dr. Benes even responded at all. What surprised me more, though, were his answers. Apparently, Dr. Benes was very short with his family and would often assault them verbally and sometimes even physically. He thought very unfatherly things of them. It's natural for family members to hate each other sometimes, but it sounded like Dr. Benes hated them all the time. He was even disgusted by them.

At the end, Desmond seemed to be making Dr. Benes feel repentant for his thoughts and actions. I've never written about this before, because I didn't think it pertinent, but right before Dr. Benes left, Desmond said something to him. He said, "You know what you have to do." That night, Dr. Benes committed suicide. Paul informed me that Dr. Benes had taken his own life the next morning.

I decided to keep this from Lance and Desmond. Nevertheless, today Desmond was musing at the thought of convincing me to take my clothes off. It came up when we were talking about his past incidents; having convinced nurses and guards alike to give him concessions and

even to release him from the wards he's been confined to. It all sounded silly to me, and I told him so. However, when I did, he said to me, "Why not? I convinced that bitch-ass doctor to commit suicide, didn't I?"

Could Desmond's intelligence have engineered even this? Somehow, I don't find it hard to believe. I must find a scientific way to test this theory. Can Desmond toy with people's minds and convince them to do whatever he wants? I will find out for sure tomorrow.

March 12, 2011

This is more frightening than I ever thought possible. It sounds insane, but whoever is reading this, you must believe me. Desmond is not just clever; he has power over people's minds!

Today, I came up with a plan to test his influence over people. Since yesterday he was talking about convincing me to undress, I told Paul to take a break, and challenged him to do it. He told me to close my eyes and go into a meditative state. Desmond and I have been doing meditation for a while, and I'd begun to believe I'd become quite good at it. After a few seconds, Desmond instructed me to open my eyes. I had to check if my clothes were already off. They weren't. An hour passed, and Paul came back. My clothes still weren't off, so I dismissed Desmond's claims of having basically murdered Dr. Benes.

Then things got strange. Paul came in and told me I had a man waiting for me outside. I went outside the warehouse to talk to him. Apparently, he was from an "adult entertainment" magazine of some kind. I can't remember exactly which one. My details are kind of sketchy. Anyway, he told me he wanted to shoot me for a pictorial in his magazine. I don't think I've ever even considered the idea before now, but it's sort of every woman's dream to be the subject of man's fantasies. Do I think really think that? I just don't know anymore.

Long story short, I agreed. Before I knew it, I was in his studio posing for him. I was enjoying myself, laughing, and smiling, but the next thing I knew, Paul was shaking me awake. To my extreme embarrassment, I was back in the therapy room, lying on top of the table, completely naked. Apparently, I'd been undressed and posing in risqué positions for Desmond

for quite some time. That was when I knew Desmond was more than just a man. He has some sort of strange power over the mind.

Paul was furious at Desmond, but I told him to return to the surveillance room. He obeyed without seriously hurting him. Desmond, of course, thought the whole scene was hilarious. I got dressed again as fast as I could and gave him a sound scolding. He's right though. I did ask for it.

This explains a few things; like how I've been able to have trance-like visions during my meditations when I've never been able to before, how Lance and Desmond constantly catch me in lies, and how they seem to always know what the truth really is. I can't decide if Desmond's ease at finding two suitors to join him in his sexual escapades the day he revealed himself to the world is more, or less, impressive. This also translates to my dreams and the strange emotions I have at strange times. Perhaps it also explains how sometimes Desmond seems to speak with two voices at once. Maybe that's a clue. Maybe that's how I can tell when he's doing it.

Mr. Sprik was right too. It is my open mind that makes me vulnerable to Desmond. Whatever. No longer. I won't let him victimize me again.

March 13, 2011

Today Desmond told me he's tired of my "treatment." He said I have no idea what it's like to be insane or to feel hopeless. He says I can't possibly begin to sympathize with the insane and I have no place meddling in their affairs.

I, of course, told him he probably just doesn't remember what it's like to be sane. He took this as a challenge. Tomorrow we're going to start a new kind of head game, I guess. I'm going to try to cure Lance of his split personality and Desmond is apparently going to try to...drive me insane.

I'm a bit frightened, though. Desmond felt that we didn't have to continue with a referee. He proceeded to convince Paul that he should leave the warehouse and forget all about the place. It happened so fast. Desmond didn't even seem to break a (mental) sweat in doing so. He said it was because Paul was "all brawn and no brains."

I hope I can withstand Desmond's manipulation. If mental prowess is a measure of defense, then I like to think I have a chance. Let the games begin.

March 14, 2011

Strange dreams last night. I wonder if this is Desmond already working his magic.

No matter. I have a plan of my own. I noted last week that Lance seems to be characterized more by a lack of personality than an insane one. Desmond, however, has a very powerful personality. Perhaps Desmond was created to make up for the weakness in Lance. My plan remains the same. I will try to promote Lance's confidence and convince him that he does not need Desmond anymore. Maybe then Desmond can be defeated. I called off meditation time and struck a deal with Desmond; buying me time to talk only to Lance. We'll see who wins this game, yet.

On a side note, James came out of the surveillance room early this morning to ask me why Paul wasn't there when he came to relieve him. I told James to go home—that he was dismissed for the rest of the treatment. Desmond could probably convince him to leave, too, anyway. Now it's just me and Desmond.

March 16, 2011

Things went pretty routine yesterday. I got my time with Lance and Desmond gave me a few more creative nightmares and meditation fantasies. The only reason I write today is to report that Desmond came up with a new trick the same moment I did. I asked Lance if I could talk to Desmond. He agreed with no objections. I wanted to talk to Desmond to see if I could maybe uncover some insecurities in him. While we were talking, he began to display mental images to me at random points during the conversation. They were explicitly sexual in nature. It was a surprise at first. Well, to be honest, they continued to be a surprise every time he did it. However, it really wasn't helping to drive me insane. Maybe if I were a virgin these images would have more effect, but as it is, I am not impressed. They weren't even really creative.

I keep these memoirs in earnest. If I fail, they may be useful to the next person who tries.

March 17, 2011

Desmond came up with some new images to show me today. They were the most visceral and disgusting I could have imagined. I ended up begging Desmond to stop. It was fair play, but I just couldn't take it. The blood. The torn flesh. The dismemberments. They were horrible. I must become stronger. I will prevail.

March 18, 2011

The images of dismemberment and torture that Desmond has taken to showing me had less effect on me today. I've taken to pretending they're not affecting me at all. Maybe soon that will really be true. Is that a good thing?

March 21, 2011

It's morning, now, which is unusual. I usually write about the day's events at night. I've decided to write this sort of emergency memoir because something amazing, but terrible, has happened.

A couple more days have passed. More than I thought, even. The first day since my last entry was unremarkable, but the second...the second doesn't even seem to have technically happened for me. I thought it was the twentieth today, but it's not. I had a dream last—yesterday. In the dream, I lived out an entire day of my life. Desmond was there, of course. He'd fabricated the entire thing. We were in some sort of trippy, blurry, psychedelic version of a forest. The sun was just rising when it started and was going down when the dream ended. Desmond and I spent that entire day talking. Meanwhile, the environment around us began to exhibit more and more insane and disturbing things. It was a good idea, and an effective tactic, immersing me in the horror he'd been subjecting me to.

I woke up today to find out that a day actually had passed in real time. What a creative way to rob me of my right to a fair amount of time to try to cure him. He must be getting desperate. I'm going to complain about this to him. It's not fair robbing a day from me.

March 20, 2011 (continued)

It's night now. Desmond at least acknowledged that he broke the rules. He's not allowed to invade my dreams tonight and I get all of tomorrow to talk to Lance. I'll be sure to make the most of it.

March 22, 2011

Desmond kept his word and kept out of my dreams. I made a ton of progress with Lance. Maybe this is cruel, but I started to let on that there is a part of me that is very interested in shy, quiet Lance Firnstahl. I say cruel because, honestly, my job would prevent me from ever carrying on a serious relationship with him. It just wouldn't be right. I hope Lance understands when the time comes, and I hope this promotes his self-confidence to get rid of Desmond.

March 23, 2011

Today Desmond raped me. At least, I think. It depends on how far you're willing to stretch the term. A cynical person would say that I actually let him do it. While we were talking today, the subject came up of the way I was hitting on Lance. Desmond got angry. He hit me. He knocked me on the table. I was a little dazed, I guess, but it was more than that. I was having strange thoughts. I even became aroused. Desmond was muttering something about me wanting his body, and that's when he pulled down my pants. To be honest, I was enjoying myself while he did it. Desmond was surprisingly gentle, not really furious like a rapist would be. Not that it makes it okay.

It's strange that I'm in such a calm and reflective state of mind. I'm not exhibiting any of the behaviors of a rape victim. I'm more overcome by my fascination for it all. A part of me feels that I accepted it even before it happened. All of these events make me nervous. Has Desmond gotten to me this much that he can affect me so deeply? Am I losing?

Perhaps not. In the middle of everything, Lance fought back. Desmond suddenly stopped what he was doing and blinked at me like he had no idea where he was. Tears started dripping onto my face from his eyes and he pulled away. I knew right then that it was Lance. For a while, he was simply sobbing in the corner with his pants still around his ankles, but then he got furious. He started raging at Desmond, and then he got up and ran into his room. I didn't dare follow him. I hope he's in there doing something about Desmond right now. Maybe it's all about to end.

March 25, 2011

It's the fucking twenty-fifth! Desmond robbed another day from me with his damn dream-time therapy sessions! I guess Lance still couldn't get rid of him. No matter. There's still time. Desmond's going to pay for his antics again. I'm going to make sure of that!

March 25, 2011 (continued)

Earlier today I got another terrible shock. Lance didn't just not destroy Desmond, he lost to him. Today I demanded another full day with Lance and Desmond told me it wasn't possible. Desmond explained that on the night of March 22nd, he succeeded in ousting whatever was left of Lance's psyche. He claimed to be the only personality left in Lance's body.

I begged for Lance to come out. I begged for him to take over just as he did when Desmond was raping me, but nothing happened. Desmond remained in control. I've failed. If Lance is truly gone, then there is no reason for me to continue.

No. I won't believe it. I still have time. Perhaps Desmond is only suppressing Lance. If I can get Desmond to admit that he has insecurities, that he's not as all-powerful as he thinks he is; if I can just get him to lower his guard, maybe, just maybe, Lance will shine through once more.

March 26, 2011

Desmond couldn't believe I wanted to continue with treatment today. I wish, just once, I had his ability to see through people. I want to know if I called his bluff.

~~"It is a fantastic ability."~~

That was weird. Why did I write that?

"I made you."

Holy shit. Are we having a conversation through my journal?

"Yep. Most of the time this is a secret to me, but Lance can't stop me from peeking anymore."

I'm writing down his responses as if they were my own thoughts. This is insane.

"Ho-ho! Be careful with that word doc, please!"

Alright. That's enough.

"Are you wearing a bra right now?"

That's none of your damn business.

"It is now. With Lance gone, he can't stop me from reading every thought. Even the ones you write down here. I happen to know for a fact that you sleep in nothing but panties. Sexy."

Enough! I'm shutting my diary now.

March 27, 2011

Desmond is fludding me with images and negative thoughts all the time now. My mid is racing constantly. I can't tell if hes getting desperate, or if my defenses are finally, completely down now. Its getting hard to focus.

March 2--,

I don't think I can take this anymore. God! I don't even no what day it is! Did I just write "god?" That's funny. I don't even think he exists anymore. If god is real, I want to see his face. He's ignoring me! The only thing I can think about is Desmond. He plagues my every thought with his witchcraft! Desmond's looking to make himself my god. I won't let him! I won't let him!

I misspelled a word up there too. I've got to stop using pens. I'm so distracted.

March...I think

Help me god. I can't defeat Desmond. I know that now. I admit it. I'm not what I thought
I was. Just help me. I don't want to feel like this anymore. Help me god help me god help me
god help me god help me god help me god help god help me god help me my head it hurts so bad

Day: Meaningless Month: Meaningless

I don't even care what day it is, anymore. Desmond's gone. This morning, he told me "that his work was done" and then he just left! What will I do now? Without him, I don't know what I'm going to do with my life. He's become my whole world. I'm all alone in this warehouse. What do I do?

March 31, 2011

It's been a day since Desmond left me. I cried myself to sleep last night. I was feeling so alone, but then some men came into the room today. They asked me a bunch of questions, but most of them I didn't even know the answers to. I don't know what they think was going on in there and I don't care where Paul went. They even had the gall to ask me where Desmond went. Don't they think if I knew that I'd be there with him now? Idiots.

At least they knew what day it is. I should probably still be waiting for Desmond in that room, but they told me if he came around they'd tell him where to find me. I hope he comes back soon. This place they're keeping me is full of crazies.

April 25, 2011

Today we made gingerbread men in group and I got to play with the kitty. It was a fun day. I hope they bring the kitty back tomorrow.

Desmond still didn't come back to me today. He will soon. I know it. He won't abandon me here. I'll just keep waiting. Maybe tomorrow. Yes, he'll come for me tomorrow. I know he will.