

*James passed away a week ago.
Since then, the planet has been inhabited by ghosts.
And I wonder among them. I am like one of them.
An invisible knife has pierced through me.
Breathing is nothing but a bitter obligation.
I miss his glance. His joking. His unconditional support. Our projects together.
I miss him.
He will never read these lines. We will never again go taking pictures together.
He will never again take me by the hand to help me climb down steep slopes.
And he has left me alone amidst the wolves.
He called me on the phone asking for an ambulance. I immediately activated the alarm,
but after twenty minutes on the phone, he died. Of a heart attack. I heard it all. I
dropped everything and drove all night to meet him. But he was already at the morgue.
There was nothing I could do.*

11/17/2003

I'm locked away in a Psychiatric ward. In the "Acute" wing. I don't remember how I got here. I woke up in a strange room, and when I walked into the hallway, there were very strange people wondering about in an even stranger way. I thought I must be dreaming. I got a euro to make a phone call, and found a telephone cabin in the hallway. I only remembered our parents' home phone number. My mother answered. Feeling relieved and terrified at the same time, I asked her to get me out of there. She said no. She said "after what I had done..." She said nothing more. She hung up. And I stood there, without knowing "what I had done".

Later -days later- I knew.

I got home from the trip on Sunday. I started my computer up, searched the Internet for the symptoms of sleeping pill overdose, and they seemed all right: "loss of consciousness, and a coma". Followed by death, of course. So I slipped into bed and scarfed down a bottle of Orfidal. Not all at once. I knew that wouldn't work. I took four first. Then another four, and so on, up to twenty. I had turned off my cell phones, but then I turned them on again, so no one would be the wiser. A friend called a few hours later, and she figured something was up because of the tone of my voice. She called 061.

They said to leave the house door open. I barely remember anything. The medics came up, helped me down the stairs, and then it's all a blur. I do remember that the stretcher was too short for me; and that they gave me a cup of liquid carbon, and a yellow bag to vomit into. I think I was in the hospital, and then they brought me here.

It's like "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" in here. Everyone's nuts. There's about twenty of us. Alcoholics, drug addicts, chronic depressions... "*la crème de la crème*".

The bathrooms have no mirrors, and all the windows are locked up with chains... to keep us from jumping. Everybody wants to go home. I have spent days knocking my head against the walls, dizzy, and throwing up. My stomach is a hot mess.

The Psychologists asked me what I thought I had done. I said: "I messed it up". I should have taken more pills; and I shouldn't have answered the phone. I should've turned everything off. Now I'm going to get out of this jail and everything will be just the same.

My sister Clara and her husband came to visit yesterday. He's taking care of my things. He answers my cell phones, reads my email, and makes sure that my bank account doesn't run out. They also brought me some of Clara's clothes, and were really nice to me. My other brother-in-law and my aunt also came by, but more out of perceived obligation. I think they are all getting instructions about what they can and cannot say to me.