

THOUGHTS & FEELINGS: I don't think that I control my own life. Just about everything happens because of some random chance, and who can control that? Nobody

can. Even weird events and disasters are almost always because of some fluke than because *i feel afraid when someone gets angry or talks about hurting people* people are out to get me; after all, life is too random for anybody to have any real say in what happens. That's why people get so violent – it's the only way they have to control life.

I find it difficult to look at someone without imagining what it would be like for them to attack me.

i take charge when bad things happen for no reason
Even though random events can't hurt me any more, other people can. I have had a lot of nightmares about violence that I've seen in films or in real life, and talking about violence or even seeing fake blood on television makes me feel afraid. I always shrink down to make myself small and invisible when people get angry or start to talk loudly.

i look for tolerance in other people

THINGS THAT I REMEMBER: My father is mad with me. He's shouting because I did something wrong. I couldn't help it though – it wasn't my fault. I can't stop my father from being mad, so I decide that I won't let him hurt me. There's nothing that I can do, so why get upset?

i avoid people who are fierce or brutish

There's another patient at the Institute who wants to bite me. She's always kicking and biting me, and I hate her. I'm hiding from her, and my friend Vaughn is protecting me.

There's a man trying to find me. He's got white clothes on like an angel in my Bible, but his clothes have got blood on them. I can hear screaming, but I am as quiet as a mouse and *if i were released from the institute i would take things as they come* I don't open my mouth even to breathe. The man is carrying a pork knife from my kitchen.

I'm hiding behind some clothes on hangers, but if I breathe he'll find me. Oh nononono I can hear him coming. My chest hurts real bad like I'm gonna die. He's gonna kill me.

halliday

THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS: It's impossible to really know anything important about anybody else, so what's the point in trying? It's very hard to trust anything, because I never know when people are being truthful or false. They could betray me at any time; I *feel afraid when im in a situation that i cant control* often feel afraid that I'm even going to betray myself.

Everybody is completely alone in this world, because you can never make anybody understand anything more important than the simplest thoughts and feelings. I say whatever I want, because it doesn't matter. I think that talking doesn't usually mean anything, *i take charge when confronted by strangers* so I don't always bother to listen either.

I have to prepare for anything to go wrong. I've been told that I get obsessive-compulsive, but other people don't understand how important it is to be absolutely certain that everything's all right. I don't mind checking something four or five times, anyway. It's better to be safe, and I don't really care what people think about me, anyway. It seems stupid to *i look for mildness in other people* go through the effort of conforming to people's expectations.

THINGS THAT I REMEMBER: A big man is holding my arms behind me. It really *i avoid people who are forceful or dominating* hurts, and I can't move. I can hear my mother crying really loud now. She's crying like when my puppy died. I wish Daddy would come, but Daddy can't come. He's hurt real bad, and he doesn't know where the bad men took us.

I'm walking down the street. My clothes are dirty and people are looking at me with *if i were released from the institute* scrunched-up faces. I don't have any shoes. No one will let me into their shops, but I don't care. I don't talk to anybody anymore. *i wouldnt care if people thought i was crazy*

Once after I took my meds I felt really sick and fell out of bed onto the ward floor. I felt so bad that I couldn't get up. Halliday felt sick too, but not as bad as me. We got back off the floor together.

Lowett

THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS: I have realised that whatever force or God or whatever controls the world likes to break the rules. Most people seem to think that they can rely on the laws of science or religion, but they're just stupid. Sometimes I see people talk about "random chance" or "coincidence" and I can't stop laughing.

Everything that happens to me is because something else wants it to happen. Wanting can make anything happen, if I try hard enough. Sometimes when I pinch myself a lot other people get headaches.

I don't understand where my thoughts and feelings come from. Usually it seems like someone else is thinking the words that come out of my mouth, and I get very upset. When somebody else asks a question about me, I just freeze, because I don't know the answers any more.

THINGS THAT I REMEMBER: I'm running away from some scary men, because if they catch me they'll hurt me. I try to hide in a shop, but I knock something over and the lady tells me to get out. In the shop window I can see a child's reflection. It's a bad child, who's got no mother. Bad children don't have mothers anymore.

Mr. Corlis is reading to me from his Bible. He's telling me about the Devil, and how angels come from outer space to save us from evil. I can't find the part about flying saucers in my Bible. I think that the Devil must have taken those pages away.

I'm sitting in the garden with Schofield, at the Institute. Schofield isn't asking questions about me – probably doesn't care. I feel safer here with Schofield than anywhere else.

manning

THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS: Sometimes I hear a voice in the static of a radio, or the babble of many people. It tells me things that I don't understand.

I don't really feel anything about myself, except when I feel afraid. I have frequent nightmares. *i feel afraid when weird things happen* It's sometimes hard for me to tell the difference between dreaming and being awake.

I don't know if I'm lying or telling the truth about myself anymore, because there isn't really any difference. I'm just an empty person, without anything inside. All of the things that I *i take charge when i meet people who dont care about me* used to like or hate seem pretty unimportant now.

There is almost always someone watching me. Even when I can't see anybody looking at me, I know that they are there. Sometimes people are watching me without their eyes, and only act surprised when I accuse them of spying on me. But sometimes the eyes watch me *i look for coolness in other people* when I am completely alone.

THINGS THAT I REMEMBER: I grab a bag of apples from a stall and run away so that I can eat them. After the fat man can't catch me anymore, I go to the empty house and lie on the mattress. I eat the apples. There's nothing to look at and nothing to do, so I go to sleep. *i avoid people who talk about religion or superstition*

Always when I have bad dreams I hear other patients at the Institute talking about them the next day. It's frightening and weird, but Manning sometimes says something even weirder to make them stop talking. Then everything is okay.

There's a very angry man yelling at my daddy. He's screaming about his medicine, I think, *if i were released from the institute* and my mother is crying. Then the man sees me and starts shouting at me. He says that *i would pretend to live a normal life* I'm going to die and go to Hell, and devils will eat bits of me. My head starts to buzz, and I can smell something burning already.

Schofield

THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS: I'm afraid of dealing with strangers all by myself.

When there's a chance that I'll be alone, I feel my breathing become rapid and I have panic attacks. When strangers are around me, I either freak out or I hurt them.

i feel afraid when im not sure what people are thinking

Hurting others often seems very easy, because pain and death aren't very important now

that I know how horrible it is to be completely alone. I need people to be around me. I feel

horrible in my stomach *i take charge whenever people shout or get angry* when I think about being left alone or cut off from the people that I

know.

My indifference to violence is probably obvious to other people in the way that I speak to

them. *i look for acceptance from other people* I rarely make any effort to hide it. Brutality doesn't upset me at all, and sometimes I

realise that I've said something that other people find shocking or upsetting. I hate

awkward silences because people might be thinking about how uncomfortable they are

around me.

THINGS THAT I REMEMBER: There is a man lying on the floor in a pool of

i avoid people who are cold and indifferent blood. I think it is his blood. The man is lying face-down, so I can't see who he is. There is

blood in his dark hair. A pair of broken glasses rest nearby.

I'm outside by myself. I can't go back inside while the man with the stinky breath is still in

there. But there are scary men in a van, and they are watching me. I can hear someone

crying.

The storeroom at the Institute makes me think about Daddy's basement, where he used to

if i were released from the institute work. I don't like going into the storeroom alone. Sometimes Lovett goes in there with me.

i would try to live with friendly people Lovett isn't afraid of being alone in the dark. But the smell of bleach still makes me think

about Daddy's basement, and I remember being afraid to go down there too.

vaughn