

27 Days

Day ???--Feels like midmorning

I don't know why I'm writing this. I don't think anyone else is ever going to read it, and I'm not even sure what I hope to accomplish with this. My muscles have atrophied quite a lot, I think. My hand is cramping up. Goodbye.

Day 2—Afternoon?

I guess I'll keep this up for now. I don't know how long I've been here, but I guess I may as well try to date these entries relative to one another. It's hard to tell how time is really passing in this grimy little cell, so I think I'll have to just divide the days between my longer sleeps. Well, it's less sleeping and more tossing and turning on the wretched pad that passes for a mattress. The walls of my cell are an endless grey metal of some sort, and it clangs faintly when I bump against it. It's not shiny though, just the sort of warped, dull shine of mirrors in public bathrooms. There's no desk in here either, so I have to write hunched over on my mattress, or lying on the floor. I'm very depressed, so I think I'm going to sleep now.

Day 4—Morning?

I didn't write at all yesterday. Felt very depressed about the whole situation. I suppose I should try to document it here, since it's the only record of anything that's happened to me. My name is Elisa Robinson. I am 22. I have blue eyes and auburn hair. Pale. Average weight, although I've probably lost quite a bit of weight at this point. The food here is terrible, but I

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should probably be grateful they're feeding me at all. I feel like a bag of bones—just sharp odds and ends banging around inside my skin. That was weird. I feel weird. It's this place, it's really gotten inside my head. I think I used to be afraid, panicking day and night—trying to figure out why I am here or when they will let me go. Now I just feel empty. My captors, whoever the hell they are, have not said a word to me this whole time. They just shove food through the slot at the bottom of the cell door every couple of hours. I think it's about twice a day. A few days ago I woke up and found a stack of blank paper and a pencil. Maybe they do want me for something. Maybe they want me to write a confession? Fat chance with that, since I don't know why I'm here.

Day 5—Late, maybe. Or very early?

The worst part about this place is the silence. I haven't heard a single human voice since I got here. The guards don't even talk to each other.

Day 6—"Breakfast" time

I keep trying to think of what I was doing right before I woke up here. It must have been something. Obviously I haven't always been here...it's weird. I can clearly remember my life before this—hiking and camping, going to work each day, spending time with my parents and Jared. Then there's just this blank spot in my memory. It's nowhere specific. Just a hazy blackness, this mental block I can't get around. I just can't wrap my brain around the transition from there to here. What was I doing? How did I get here?

Day 7—After “dinner”

I just finished my second meal of the day. They usually feed me about two times before I feel like I need to rest. The meals are usually several hours apart. The first one usually disgusts me, but then I’m ravenous by the time they shove the second meal through the thick metal door. The food is unidentifiable. It comes in soft little blocks that sit on the tray. I don’t get any utensils, so I have to touch it with my hands, which usually makes me gag. They don’t seem to care if I eat or not, and if I shove the tray back out with the food still on it nothing happens.

Having the lights on all the time is eerie. It’s really thrown off my internal clock, so I’ve started measuring time by when they feed me.

Day 8--???

God knows what time it is. I don’t sleep anymore. This is hell.

Day 9—After first meal

Why won’t they tell me why I’m in here?! Why did they even give me the paper? I’ve just been rambling, no one’s been in to look at it. I don’t even know who they are! I can’t breathe. I can’t breathe I can’t breathe i cant breath eicant breatheicantbreathican

Day 11—Who knows

Today feels a little different than the others. I think I passed out the other day. I feel like a lot of time has passed, but again, I can't be sure. My papers have been moved. There is now a small folder I can organize them in, and for some reason this is very comforting to me. It means that someone is watching me—they haven't just dumped me in here to rot (at least not yet). I had vivid dreams while I was passed out, and when I woke up I realized how very devoid of color this cell is. The walls and floor and ceiling are grey. The mattress is a dingy greyish brown. The cell door is an unmistakable iron grey, with no variation in the color whatsoever. I miss color. Even my hair (which is constantly falling in my face as I write) looks dimmer here. It feels like the life is slowly being sucked out of me. I need to get out of here.

Day 12—Before first meal

I miss grass. I miss the sky and people and cars and the ache in my muscles after a long day of hiking. I used to like escaping off on my own. Now, I feel like I'm stuck inside my head. I miss distraction—the ability to stop thinking for a while. Watching tv for hours on end with Jared. Staring into a campfire and forgetting everything. Now I just want a distraction from this place. I want to feel something other than the flawless metal walls, the chilly floor panels.

Day 13—Morning (or what passes for morning here)

I feel a plan slowly forming. I'm not going to write it here, in case they confiscate my papers or look at them again.

Day 14—After the first meal

I'm unnerved. I've taken to watching the guards or caretakers or whatever push the food on its little tray into my cell. Before this, I never really paid attention, and it's such a quick motion that by the time I heard the food being pushed in, the slot was swinging closed and I never got a good view of anything on the other side of the door. Today, I laid on my stomach right on the other side of the slot and pressed my cheek on the floor, so I could see as much as possible in the moment when they push the food through. Well, they fed me on time, but I'm still trying to understand what I saw. On the other side of the door was a blinding white light, which seemed to come from everywhere at once. It was weird because I've never noticed this light in the crack beneath the door before. But then again, the smooth fluorescent light in my cell is always on anyway. The part that really got me was the sound I heard. I haven't heard any sounds from anyone besides myself this whole time. What I heard made no sense. It was crunchy yet soft. A weird squelching sound that made me shudder and gag. I can only assume they are torturing other prisoners in ways I cannot imagine.

Day 15—After first meal

Now I'm starting to fear that someone is actually looking at my papers on a regular basis. I know I'm under observation, but I didn't think anyone was really *reading* my papers but me. They haven't been taken or disturbed in any way (other than the appearance of the folder). There must be tiny cameras or something in the walls of my cell. The back of my neck always prickles too, the way it does when you know someone is watching you. When I woke up this morning, my first meal had already been pushed through, so silently that I didn't wake up to the scraping tray on the ground. I wonder when they take the old food trays. They tend to just disappear and

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be replaced with the new one. Anyway, I think maybe they saw me peeking through the little food slot, because I tested it, and it doesn't swing freely on its hinge anymore. It's like they've bolted it shut. So how did they give me my food?

Day 15—After second meal

Same thing happened at dinner. I looked away from the slot for just one moment (I'd been staring at it all afternoon, trying to see when they would clear my tray), and in a silent instant, they switched out the old tray for the new one. No noise, not even the swinging hinge on the food slot. I only looked away for a second, a blink.

Day 17—Before first meal

I didn't really write anything yesterday. I kept obsessing about the trays, and then I started to realize how fucking paranoid I am now. Then I spent a long time thinking about Jared and my parents. What are they doing now? Are they still waiting anxiously by the phone for the notice that I've been found, dead or alive? Have they started grieving already? Have they given up hope of ever knowing? I mean, I've been out of touch with them for weeks at a time before...it's just how I am. I wanted to get away sometimes, go backpacking and connect with nature all on my own. They were the safety net I could always come back to. I guess I just never expected to end up in a place like this. I always thought the worst thing that could happen was me falling off a mountainside somewhere, drowning in an underwater cave, or even being

mauled by wildlife in some distant forest. I was ready for an immediate, heroic end. Instead, it's like I fell off the edge of the earth. I am just here, quietly wilting away, fading into oblivion.

Day 18—I don't care

Woke up to a weird noise last night. There's been a sort of low, background hum in this place since I got here. I'd sort of forgotten about it. Last night it picked up and got louder, rising in pitch. It reached this new level and then stabilized, so I guess I have to get used to this now.

Day 19—Before second meal

I felt something today. I swear to God I'm not crazy, I felt something. I was watching the food slot again, because other than writing this pointless journal, I really don't have anything else to fill my time with. Hence, I might be going a little insane already and not even know it... I waited until the slot opened (it slides upward now. Like, it retracts into the door itself, instead of swinging on its hinge), and I watched the food tray slide in. I decided to see what would happen if I stuck my hand into that blinding white hallway. So I did. In the instant before the slot closed, I rammed my arm out as far as it would go and I touched *something*. I touched something *other*. It was NOT HUMAN. I'm telling you, I felt the skin of one of my captors in that glaring hallway, and it was so smooth and almost gelatinous. It was slick and I felt like my fingers were digging into its flesh. I couldn't see it, mind you, because my arm was pretty well blocking the light from the slot, so I was just groping around blindly. I heard those terrible noises again, the squelching, crunching ones, as well as a deep sort of gurgling sound. I screamed the moment my fingers made contact, and I think the thing did too. I tried to yank my arm back, but the slot was

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closing, and I wound up losing most of the skin off the top of my left arm. It hurts like a bitch, and I'm scared it might get infected. God knows if they care at this point whether I live or die. I have no idea if they'll send medical help, or anything. I have no idea what they are.

Day 20—After first meal

My arm is fine. Totally healed, smooth flesh, like nothing ever happened. I just woke up and there it was, as if everything from yesterday was just a bad dream. God I wish it was. But if I start doubting myself now, I'll never make it out of here. It was real, it was real. I know what I felt and heard. If only I could see them, then maybe the nightmares would stop.

Day 21—Whenever

I feel another plan coming on. I don't know if it's going to work out, but it's better than doing nothing. If anyone ever finds this, tell my parents and Jared that I love them very much.

Day 22—After second meal

It's amazing I can even hold a pencil right now, considering how bloody my knuckles are. I spent all day beating against the door of my cell, screaming my lungs out. I punched the door until I felt my skin tear and my knuckles crack. I don't think I'll be able to talk again for a long time either, since I lost my voice screaming after a couple of hours. At least, it felt like hours. Maybe it was only minutes, because God knows I NEVER KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS ANYMORE. Since my captors feel that time is a privilege or some shit like that. Fuck them.

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Fuck this. I'm done. I want to leave, and see my family. I want to know why I'm here. IF

YOU'RE READING THIS, THEN TELL ME, WHY AM I HERE?!?!

Day 23—Fuck off

I want to die. If I can't leave, then I need to find a way to kill myself in this godforsaken cell. I love my family and I want to see them again, but it's just not going to happen. I have to accept that. I'm never getting out of here unless I get out of my own life. Those things wouldn't even let me keep the scars from yesterday. I woke up, and my hands were fine, even my throat felt better. I'm going to kill myself.

Day 24—Before first meal

I'm going to do it. I'm going to do something today. I've thought about it for a while, and there's really only one option, and it's not pretty. I'm not going to starve myself. I don't think I have the will for that, and it's such a long process. I want to be out of here as soon as possible. The bastards didn't give me a blanket, so I can't strangle myself, there's no pillow, no convenient bars from which to hang myself. I think I'm just going to bash my head against the wall until it's over. Not going to let them get anything else from me. They already took my freedom, my family, and maybe even my sanity. No more. They get nothing else.

Day 25—Who cares

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Couldn't go through with it yesterday. Stood with my head against the wall for several minutes, then sat down and cried. I don't really feel anything right now. I should probably be more upset, but now I'm just tired.

Day 26—Blah

Still empty. Still tired.

Day 27—Before first meal

I'm doing it. I really am. Goodbye, everyone, I love you. As I write this, I'm standing by the wall, ready to bash my brains in. I don't feel sad or unsure. I'm ready, I'm really doing it this time.

The door is opening. I wAsaBOutTODOIT AND THEDOOR IS F IN ALL YC R E EP ING
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