

January 5th, 2011

I was there, kept in that hospital -- The Pattern -- for depression and a suicide attempt. Also because I tried to get out of my contract. But I was there! I was in the same place I had sent those poor children. God, how wrong I was to do that. I thought ... every one in a while, that I had seen one of them. But it was never them. They were most likely being kept in another wing of the hospital.

Over time I had convinced myself that it was just a bad dream -- perhaps I was delusional, and this was all just in my mind. But when I got out, they handed me this old journal.

The edges were charred, it smelled like smoke. It had caught on fire?

How? Had someone tried to destroy it? Was there a fire in some other part of the hospital?

"Keep up the good work, Mister Lockwood. Let's hope you can continue your mission now that you've gotten over that dreadful bout of depression." The receptionist chirped at me, handing me the intake forms.