

2nd June 1970

It's the first day when I'm strong enough to write.

I was in a coma for two months. The doctor told me that. Three bullets in the chest, broken arms and a fractured skull. It's a miracle that I am alive. What about my wife? What happened then? Anyway, I don't remember anything.

29th June 1970

The first day after I got out of psychiatric hospital. Why was I there? Because my son died? An ordinary hospital I would have understood but psychiatric one?

-It's normal procedure. Your mind is not bulletproof too - they said.

But I am a tough man. They told me to write a diary. But what for? Am I a child? How can it help me?

1st July 1970

My first day at work.

-Joe, we are so happy that you are with us! You can ask us for whatever your family needs - said my boss. Big words. Why didn't you visit my wife when I was inside? She also lost a son.

28th July 1970

The doctors were right. My mind is not bulletproof. But I simply can't fall asleep. He can't be a dealer. They mistook him for somebody else.

4th August 1970

Why does no one want to tell me more about my accident? Who shot at us? I really have to keep this diary? Really?

13th August 1970

-Your diary is becoming more and more chaotic. You can't respond with full sentences Joe. - Lucy exaggerated. I don't see any shadows behind my back. I don't have any nightmares. I just can't sleep.

29th August 1970

I have started working on the night shift. Now I have plenty of time for thinking.

So everything from the beginning: he had a lot of money because he worked in a bank as the main manager. Drugs? Impossible. I knew him. My son would never do that. We raised him well.

7th September 1970

The doctor has read my diary.

-If it's true, you don't have to worry about your mental health. And schizophrenia is not hereditary - he assured me. Despite the fact my mother was mentally ill and my

father was an alcoholic. Shouldn't I worry about that? Oh wait, I forgot. I am a tough guy.

18th September 1970

I have never felt as good as now. I do jogging. I have changed my job. Now I work in an office. I'm too old for physical work. I don't even know the reason for keeping my diary. I don't care. I feel great.

12th October 1970

I start work at 4PM now. The nights are longer and longer. It's not good for me. Where were we driving to then?

1st November 1970

I had a dream. I saw him next to me. In the passenger seat. But from the beginning. Matt had left his car in the car workshop. I was in the office.

-Joe, I need you! I have to get to the airport right now. The bank needs me in another city, but I forgot about my flight today. Dad, please, hurry up, we have fifteen minutes! - he was almost shouting. Matt was really upset.

-I will be there in a moment.

After a few minutes I was in front of his house.

During the ride to the airport, he was on the phone, in Spanish. What is strange, his behaviour was unlike to him then. I have seen him in similar state many times, but in this dream he somehow looked different, but I can't tell in what way. After the third conversation, Matt called out to himself:

-It's impossible, how can I pay him?! This man has been dead for twenty years after all!

Then I saw so much red colour. Blood red. Mixed with small balls. Lead balls. Silver bullets.

3rd November 1970

My wife finally told me about accident. According to the police investigation, Matt was a gangster who was delivering fake pharmaceuticals to hospitals, especially psychiatric ones. His group also cooperated with some mexican immigrants, who provided the most expensive drugs in the world. They were part of an other big group, which still exists today. Our accident was the result of unpaid contracts. It's simple. Very simple. You don't pay, you don't live. But what about that dead man he was talking about?

6th November 1970

Keeping a diary is a solution to the problem of harmful medicines from criminals. Thanks, son.

It can help in halting changes in our minds and preventing serious mental diseases in later life. I am not alone. Every patient does this, not only me. Luckily, my mind looks good. My doctor said that. And I believe him so far.

13th November 1970

Memory? I don't remember what was that. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and I don't know where I am. Is it my house? Who is this woman in my bed? Oh my wife, Joe, keep calm man.

16th November 1970

I went to the doctor. Every medical test gave a negative result, I am free of mental illnesses. Some sleeping pills should help.

18th November 1970

He couldn't be a murderer. I can't imagine that. I can't sleep.

20th November 1970 3PM

Insomnia. Time for a walk.

20th November 1970 5PM

Apart from small shadows walking behind me, I don't see anything strange. Nevertheless I'm trying to relax.

22th November 1970

My night shift ends a bit faster. I leave the office a few minutes past midnight.

24th November 1970

I sleep well. I have many friends. My life looks good. I feel good. What is wrong with me? And what is gonna be wrong? I can't wait for it.

26th November 1970

Still good. I don't know what to write about.

27th November 1970 8AM

I left the office as usual, some time after midnight. I was driving my old Ford. It's just ten minutes to my house through the small city. But that day it was so strange. These people. Men in tails, women in evening gowns. Their clothes were a terrible black. Everyone in total silence.

So, there is a banqueting hall nearby, so maybe it was a wedding reception? No, it is almost December. A funeral banquet? I don't think so. Anyway, totally weird.

Amongst the crowd I spotted an old man in quite a big, black, shimmering hat. He was waving to me. I stopped.

-Could you drive me home? I live just fifteen minutes from here - he said - No problem - I answered.

When we got there, he said:

-Oh, it's almost morning, my wife will be angry. Goodbye good man.

I smiled and after about fifteen minutes I was at home. I entered the house.

-Lucy? Why aren't you asleep?

-Because it's 6 AM, where were you the whole night!?

What? My watch told the same story. And the old man was also right. It was 6AM.

But how? The whole journey could have taken me no more than one hour. I told her about the old man who I gave a lift to. Where he lives. What he looks like.

-Joe, it's impossible, he passed away about twenty years ago! Just his wife is alive, but she hasn't any children and family. She lives entirely alone.

I didn't respond. I saw a fear in her eyes. Maybe it was a dream. A bad dream.

27th November 1970 15AM

I found the man's hat on the backseat of my car. He must have left it when he got out. So, it wasn't a dream. What the hell is going on?

It's Friday today. I will give him it back tomorrow. Time for a work.

28th November 1970 1AM

A quiet night. I am at home as usual. Time to sleep.

28th November 1970 2PM

Lucy panicked when she saw the old man's hat.

-Burn that! -She screamed. - He can't be alive, he was shot like Matt! You mustn't go there, promise me you won't go there! You must be ill! - She was screaming terribly. Despite the fact I understood her, I couldn't fulfil her request.

-I'm going to give him it back - I said calmly. Then Lucy took the phone and tried to call the hospital.

-We haven't enough doctors right now. Is the patient really in a life-threatening state? She hung up and ran out from the house.

Why she is she so upset?

29th November 1970

Lucy came back home at night, fortunately.

It was Saturday evening. The right moment to explain the unexplained. I took the hat. I drove there. I parked in front of the old man's house. I knocked at the door.

I saw an old woman.

-Where did you get that hat? - She asked.

Last night I drove your husband home.

-It's impossible, my husband has been dead for twenty years.

I have heard that twice before. My son mentioned the dead man. And so did Lucy. I can't explain what happened.

-My husband was buried with this hat - She said. Then she took the hat from my hands and shut the door. I ran to my car. Of course, it wouldn't start. When I needed it the most, it didn't start.

I spent about an hour trying to fix it. Then a car stopped. With a man. With an old man. With big, black, shimmering hat on his head. The man got out. And came to me.

-You need a ride, Joe?

How could he know my name? I wasn't afraid of him. I was worried about Lucy. I didn't have time for questions. I didn't have time for fear. I didn't even know what was going on.

We got into the car. My watch showed 11 PM. We drove.

-Why have you stopped here?! My house is a bit farther on! - I was screaming.

Something bad was happening. In my neighbourhood. In my family. And he stopped!

-You have to get out. I can't go there. The old man said.

I had no time for questions. I ran to Lucy.

But when I got to my house, it was already 3PM. Despite the fact that the whole route lasted twenty minutes.

And I saw our yard. Full of people. Men in tails, women in evening gowns. Their clothes were terrible black. They were slowly dancing. In total silence.

Among them was my son. With the big, black, shimmering hat on his head.