..... I must remember, I must remember. I MUST REMEMBER. They rip me again, take away, snatch from me like an old piece of paper in an old book. They will take away another piece of me, until there is nothing left.

But they can't find you, they don't know . . . you will never be found. I won't let them. I shall put you, as always, glued to the bottom of the chair, you will wait until I write pages of thoughts. So to keep it in mind.

05.03.2016

Today I saw her again. Beautiful as always, shrouded in black, was waiting for me in the gazebo next to the forest. Stashed in the shade, but I spotted her. I will always notice her , even if I am deprived of eyes, I will always find her. She sings to me, attracts me calling „Sadi. Sadi…" She is my siren leading to death, but I always come back to her.

Today she asked me again to end it, it's over. She whispered to my ear again, with her pale lips, so sinful promises, so tempting, that I wanted to give up. For her, only for her and her voice still repeating me the name.

,,Sadi… stop it. End it and stand on my side. Sadi… you know that they do not understand, do not want you. You are locked inside. Like an animal, like an animal closed in a cage. Oppressed, bullied, observed day and night. Sadi… stop it, and stand on my side.”

Her voice is always with me. It is the last thing that I remember, and the first thing I recall.

And once I accept it, like a servant, when I'm already almost her, captured in her claws, they appear again.

They jerk and scream. There are more and more new bruises on my body and they still pull, scream and pull.

I was again in the White Room with no windows. I was wearing this strange clothes again, my hands are tied in as if I still include my own body. I was alone again, and in the head I only had her voice calling me, full of despair and bitterness.

„Sadi… soon”.

In the White Room I was ten days. So I was told. But it feels as if it took hundreds of them. I don't remember anything from that time. I do not know what had happened. I remember that I saw her again. And then they locked me in the White Room.

I have scratches everywhere. My arms, my legs, my back, everything looks like someone scratched me.

It was her, I know it. I don't remember her, but I know that it was her. She always makes me to do it, hypnotises. And I always succumb.

I have marks of a hand on my neck, I can see ten fingers. Did I do it? Did they do it? Did she? I do not remember anything. And I can't even see what I wrote , I can not read.

Because there are no pages, only blank jagged spots, where they should be.

I was woken up by the screaming. My screaming. She was here, I saw her… She was so close, was touching me with her hands, whispering to me ,,Sadi… Sadi… You dissapointed me. You don't deserve me, don't deserve to be on my side. Sadi… you disappointed me.

…disappointed…”

I'm not sleeping for a few hours, but I still hear her, I hear her hiss in the head. I can't stand, I start to yell.

After a while they were here, took me again to the White Room, told me again to clasp my body. I could not hide the face in my hands, I could not hide from them.

They told me again to clasp my body.

I did not know when the day ends, did not know when it starts again. How many of them have just passed?

I could not sleep, she came there. Came to me, stood there and stared at me. She watched me helplessly clasping my body. She never came right up there. And now there she is, smiling at me, and a crimson of her lips was so visible in the White Room. I didn't want to look into it, but I looked. I couldn’t take my eyes from her.

She said nothing, just stared at me, she was smiling.

16.03.2016

I didn't sleep. I watched. If I fell asleep, if she came up to me…

She didn’t behave as always, she was not bad, she was furious.

She was… nice, she smiled at me, she spoke kind words. When I closed my eyes for a moment she came up to me. Silently and began to take her cold, as marble, hands on my face. Her hands explored my cheeks, my jaw. She was touching my face and she was such a delicate…

But then they came, and she disappeared. She left me alone. I was screaming, I cried out for her, but she wasn’t there. So I was screaming, asking to come back to me, to touch me again.

But she wasn’t returning. And they were getting more and more bad, shouting, until finally I felt nothing. There was only darkness. Everywhere, I have not seen anything, heard nothing. Only noise, she wasn’t there, they weren’t there. I wasn’t there.

20.03.2016

There are no pages. Plenty of torn pages littered with abusive words. They are not there.

How do I know what happens when they are gone? How can I prove them that I’m not mad? That she is, how can I tell them that I am healthy, that she is there.

I see her, so she is. She exists. Why do they still make me be here? Why do they still make me go there?

The White Room. The White Room doesn’t scare me anymore. No, we are friends now. I am in it such a long time that I cannot be afraid of it. I changed my fear into peace. And if I focus hard enough and I count, I will know how long I am there. I just have to count.

She doesn’t visit me. Not when I'm in the White Room. No more waiting for me outside. Now she visits me when I sleep. She always comes when there is no one nearby, always, when no one interrupts us.

She is delicate…

Her hands on my face, on my shoulders. Her cold hands and cold eyes piercing me through, crippling. I can’t move. She always whispers to me, says nothing more than my name. Nothing more than that.

And in her mouth it is like a spell. When her lips create my name, I know that I am lost, that I will have to do everything that she wants.

I woke up scratched again. I have marks of nails on my entire face, purple bruises on my body are formed in a pure handprint. I have plenty of them on my body, I can not count them.

I found stitches on my hand. I have twelve of them, the cut is through the whole hand. In one place I even saw a bone. But they sew it up.

They shouldn’t, they are from her. It's her gift to remember. And I remember, I remembered when sinking her nails in my hands and going through it with ease, she whispered, that it is my reward, it's because she loves me, because I need to remember. I never forgot.

So I ripped the stitches, as soon as I was alone I tuggged, until they let go. My hand was flooded with blood, and I looked happy as it is running from the open wounds and pulled out every stitch. Each tug hurt, but when I closed my eyes for a moment I saw her smiling. I heard her rewarding me every time as the stitches would tear scratched skin.

The blood flew and I enjoyed that she rewards me, that she sings to my soul.

 01.04.2016

In a White Room I spent the rest of the month. Clasping my body body, I was sitting and listening.

I was listening, because she started to come again. She was sitting with me and she was my hands, my voice when my failed.

The other day she sat and touched my hair without saying anything.

There were also days when she stood far away from me and cursed me, my weakness, my disobedience. Then I cried, and I cried out so much that my throat didn’t allow any sound.

After all, I was strong, I was strong for her, always there for her. Not for anyone else.

I’ll prove her that I am worthy of her love. Prove it soon.

05.04.2016

I wanted to throw you away, to burn as soon as I found the thing. . . that was you. But I couldn't, because you are him. And he was everything. So I've saved what happened to him, so that you remember.

They phoned yesterday, when I answered I heard a dispassionate voice: ,,He is dead, we found him hanged in his room” and that’s all, they didn’t even wait for my reaction. As if nothing happened.

Apparently nothing happened…

So I came here, I gathered everything that belonged to him and when I no longer had the strength to pretend that everything is fine, I threw a chair. You've been glued to his seat from the bottom, plain simple notebook with the cover contorted in all directions. So I took you, I started reading and tears began running down my face.

So many cards were missing, so much information, so many of his days spent here… I started looking for, I threw up the whole room until I found them.

And then I started getting to know the man I loved so much. I loved him less and less, the fear filled all these places that used to be filled with the love.

When I was going out they gave me a crumpled piece of paper saying that it was laying beside you . . .

I opened it at home and I knew what I'll find.

„I promised that I’ll prove it to you…”