Haque, Shaherul

Period 4

**Isolation of the Guilty**

First day of solitary confinement. First day for the next nine years. They told me that this was a 24-hour kind-of thing. I will only have limited times to go on the outside they say. Room number: 342. The room has one 2’ by 2’ window, the only source of light. There is a broken light fixture on the ceiling. On the door, there is a window with a cage and below it is a flap where the food is served. There’s a bed, a toilet, and even a shower, no mirror. Even though all three are pretty crappy. Hey, at least I won’t have to worry about dropping the soap.

It’s pretty lonely here. You think you’d probably expect that here, but it’s even more prominent when you’re actually here. I think it’s been about a week or so. I’ve had a lot of time to think. Think about my past life. Life I’ve left behind for the next nine years. As well as the life I’ve taken.

The man served my food today. The food was cold. I wish I could know his name. Even know what he looks like. Maybe he could be my friend? Probably not. Do you think I’m going insane? Like the man from *Castaway*. I mean, I don’t think so, course, any insane person would think that.

I’ve stopped keeping track of how long I’ve been here. Weeks? Months? Years? I really don’t know. I would ask the man, but I’m not allowed to speak to anyone. I talk to myself quite frequently in case I forget how to speak. I always wonder what’s going on the outside. Just before I came in here, they sent things on mars. I wonder if aliens have been found. I always thought that those people with tin-foil hats were just full of bullshit.

Today would be the day I could get one phone call, it’s too bad there’s no one to call. They compensated with one hour on the outside. When I got out, the rush of light blinded me for a while. Finally, I saw other humans and even talked to them. After all that time in the cell, I kind of forgot what other people looked like, even what I looked like. It’s like when you’re a kid and your parents let you go to the zoo for the first time. You saw them in pictures, but that didn’t justify with how the really looked like. But here, it’s a zoo of people. Confined and forced to live in cramped conditions. Just like the animals you were so mesmerized by.

I had a night terror again last night. I’ve had them very frequently recently. They’ve all been about the same thing. The *woman*. The woman that got me in here. The woman I murdered. Is this the guilt I have for her? Is this why I have these night terrors? Is this why I cry every night but not sure why I do it? Maybe I’m just going mad. Do you think I’m mad?

I never was that good at school. I wonder if I can still write. I feel like it’s been years, which it probably has been. I never did go to college. Both because I was too poor and I had a GPA of 1.7. I had a job at McDonalds ever since I ran away from home, though, I only ran away from one person.

For some reason, I think I actually like it on the inside than on the outside. I mean think about it, free food and housing. This is way better than my previous condition. Sure I have no freedom but whatever. I was struggling to even live before. I didn’t even have a home. An uneducated bastard living on the streets was who I was. Now I’m an uneducated bastard in solitary confinement.

My night terrors returned, and yes, they were still about the *woman.* In those night terrors, I dreamt what I did to her. Stabbing her. I remember the stains on my shirt. I remember the blood falling down from the knife. I remember her last words before I slit her throat, *“I’m sorry,”* she whimpered.

The night terrors are getting much worse now. I have them every night now. I find myself waking up in the middle of the night, screaming. When I look at my hands, sometimes I see blood on them. I see the *woman* in the corner of my eye. I see her with a dress covered in her own blood. With her dead eyes staring at me. Perhaps I should gouge out my own eyeballs. Maybe then I won’t be able to see her.

I’ve stopped eating now. I just set aside the food and only drink the water. There was just this pile of food in the corner of my cell. Not a hunger strike, I just stopped wanting to eat. I can see my ribcage now and now there is a large depression in my stomach.

I find myself having random fits rage during the night and day. I have bruises all over my boney arms. I think I broke a few bones with me not consuming any calcium. I refuse to go to the hospital because it isn’t needed. I don’t need someone looking after me, I have myself and the *woman* always watching me.

I hear a voice in my head. The voice of my own sweet mother. The woman I’ve been tormented and terrorized by. She says things like *“Come home, sweetie,”* and *“Join me,”* you know what, maybe I will. Maybe I will join you.

I am finally going to do it. After what I think have been years, I am finally going to do it. I took the belt off my pants and attached it to the light fixture. I climbed on top of my bed and put the belt around my neck. I shed one last tear as I jumped off and ended it all.