

Journal-File#Subject#9007\_72

Transcriber: [REDACTED]

*Transcription of Entry-20260223:*

Woke [unreadable] up from surgery they gave me a pencil Its ~~dumb~~ [sic] dull  
[Unreadable] tube in my arm it looks green and purple. Hard to write. Going to sleep now

*Transcription of Entry-20260224:*

Doctors came in to look at me today. Said I'm doing pretty good. They said I could draw pictures in this thing but I don't really know how. They poked my back and it hurt to bend forwards. Looked at my stitches. Still fresh. I'm on the antibiotics. Oxys too. Other stuff. It looks like it would be too much for one person. Somehow I do it anyway every day. They're saying I get to learn how to fly.

[Patient drew multiple ovals and capsules.]

They said something about a blood clot. I have to walk around for 10 minutes every hour when I'm awake. Not so bad but I wish there was a window in my room. Can't believe I'm saying this but at least in prison I could at least go outside. They won't let me here. Haven't seen a single regular person. When I fell over they helped pick me up but they touched me near the incision and it bled a little and I couldn't feel it because of the medication and that scared me.

*Transcription of Entry-20260301:*

There's nobody to talk to here. I've never been this hungry in my life. I was fine a few days ago and now I feel weak when I walk and I am so tired.

My stitches itch but I'm not allowed to touch them because I might get an infection. The money better make up for it. I need more oxys but they said not until later. I can't sit up without help or turn to the side. I can't even wipe my ass without help. It's so embarrassing I could just die.

*Transcription of Entry-20260301, cont.:*

All right so apparently the doctors think it's normal for me to be so hungry that I can eat 12 sandwiches in a row and still be hungry later. they're going to put me on a special diet. They said "it's starting" [Unreadable] At least this doesn't mean I'm dying I guess. They put me on IV. Said I need more nutrients or something [Unreadable]

*Transcription of Entry-20260303:*

Two chicken dinner. Sort of wet and cold but not raw

*Transcription of Entry-20260305:*

Peanut butter yogurt

*Transcription of Entry-20260306:*

Peanut butter green liquid. Is it juice?

*Transcription of Entry-20260307:*

Tub of blueberry yogurt. Jar of peanut butter.

*Transcription of Entry-20260312:*

Today I threw up. Think it's because I'm having trouble with feeling full. I haven't gained any weight. It's strange to be so hungry and feel so tired of eating. More IV. I walk around with this fucking? thing in my arm every day. I've been attached to it for so long it feels like it's part of me. It makes me cold. I went to a new part of the facility today for my checkup, maybe they wanted to see if I could walk all the way there. Weren't any windows there either. I wonder if they'll let me outside when the second part of the trials start. I'm sort of looking forward to it. They said to not sleep on my back anymore but I'm allowed to sleep on my stomach when the stitches dissolve. They took a scan of my body and they said the grafting was successful. The veins have almost fully integrated [REDACTED] the thing is getting blood flow. I suppose that's good. It doesn't hurt so bad anymore. Or I'm used to it now.

*Transcription of Entry-20260315:*

I ate a giant omelet

*Transcription of Entry-20260318:*

There's these nubs growing out of my lower back. They're about the size of my ears. I was afraid to touch them at first but I don't know why. It's not disgusting, I guess. Just something curious about the texture of new skin. I noticed in the shower if I try hard enough I can get them to wiggle a little. I showed the researchers who sort through and said I have to start doing physical therapy soon. They took pictures and measured stuff. took some of my blood again.

No more IV for me soon. They want to see if I can eat on my own.

My back hurts. Sometimes I can ignore the pain but other times it feels like it's eating me alive

*Transcription of Entry-20260329:*

[Subject depicted five "stick" figures in long coats in a room in semicircle position. Center of the page has an amorphous shape heavily saturated with graphite, contained within a larger square, with an arrow directed towards the top right-hand corner of the page.]

[Unreadable]

Got to go to a new room today

*Transcription of Entry-20260403:*

They grew to about a foot and a half. I can't move them as much because it's heavier. But the rest of my body has become lighter. The doctors don't know what to do I think. They don't say anything in front of me but my calcium supplement has doubled. Whatever it is should've grown already. I feel completely fine, like the wound is basically healed, it's just a pink line and I still don't have any symptoms of rejection so I don't know why. They took my blood again. They keep doing that lately. I'm not on IV anymore but both my arms are permanently bruised from all the stuff they keep sticking in me. It burns in my arms and my back and my right side. They had to start taking blood from my foot because of it so now that's purple too. They cut holes in the back of my gown for the things which made it more comfortable but I get really cold at night and the blanket is thin.

I don't know why I thought this would be better than prison at least I was never fucking bored there.

*Transcription of Entry-20260404:*

my dinner. 3 slabs of chicken and a tub of yogurt and a tub of green liquid with a straw.

*Transcription of Entry-20260405:*

I choked the locking mechanism on my door when the lights went out. Most of the other doors are electronic access only and I don't have the keycard. But I think all the doors in my hallway that look like mine must be where they're keeping the others. Or some of them at least. I could've opened them but I didn't. For some reason I'm scared to see these other people. I looked in the mirror again today. The limbs on my back got larger. The research personnel are calling them that. Sometimes they say wings. But I can't move them like I'm supposed to in PT. I still haven't grown bones. Two flaps of skin and cartilage drooping from my back to the middle of my thigh. I can't fly. So much for wings. It's getting harder to wash them in the shower as they get bigger, and it takes a long time to clean.

I'm so hungry all the time but I don't want to eat this much. They say I have to though. They come in and out of my room all day, prodding at me. They make me take off my shirt and they write things in their notes. Lately I feel something else changing but I don't know what it is. I don't know what pregnancy feels like, but I wonder if it's similar. I've never wanted to be pregnant. I hate the idea of growing something inside of me that's not really me. I hate the idea of giving up the whole of my body to make something. My bones are too light and my flesh is swollen. I have to be very careful to not fall over anymore. They tell me I'm "hollowing".

A year ago I had this cellmate, [REDACTED] who was in her late sixties, and she got to leave once a week to go to dialysis because she had a fucked-up kidney. She said she sort of just assumed that one day when her kidney stopped working, she'd die. It wasn't her first time waiting for a donor, she'd already got one of them replaced in her forties, she said. When you get a kidney transplant they usually don't take the old one out. They just stick the new one in and eventually the old one just shrivels up. She said that if they opened her up inside and gave her another one it would be her fourth.

I don't know why I've thought of her suddenly. It's not exactly the same. It's just the thought of something inside me being made of not-me. but those are my nerves in there now, touching its

nerves. My blood is in it. But of course it doesn't belong to me, like how a farmer's chickens don't really belong to them if they're going to sell the meat for a company.

*Transcription of Entry-20260407:*

They definitely noticed what I did to my door, but I don't think they care. All they did was fix it. I was sort of paranoid at first that they would punish me, but I guess, I didn't do anything wrong? They never said I had to stay in my room at all times.

I was sitting very still, and I felt the device pulsing on my right. Right after my heart pumps, it does too, a moment later. I like to think this means I haven't fully absorbed it into me yet but I don't know if I want it to, can't tell how I feel. ~~I think~~ [sic] whatever happens to me now, happens. It's not like I can take it out without killing myself. I remember the warden said I could get my sentence commuted, because of some deal with [REDACTED]. So I should just figure out what I'm gonna do when they let me out of here after stage 2.

*Transcription of Entry-20260410:*

Today was a blood day. It's sort of remarkable how much blood I have. I wonder what they do with my blood when they're done with it. Imagine if they kept it. Liters and liters of my blood, a whole wine cellar of blood. Not that they'd drink it or anything. Maybe they'll donate it, and it'll go to someone who needs it.

Also, today I told the nurse that I'm bored. They got me a fucking fidget spinner.

*Transcription of Entry-20260411:*

The lock on my door is the same one as before, easy to break. Last night? This morning? I found something. A different hallway. No security cameras in this section either... I thought I had found all there was, in my section. It was so strange, I thought I was thorough last time. But I guess it was just the one time. I took a left, and another left, and then somehow, a third left? I'll have to try again. There was a locked elevator. The doors in this hallway were different. There were windows, thin black rectangles. I couldn't see inside, maybe it was one-way. Or there wasn't enough light. There were numbers on them. They seemed random, but probably means something to the researchers. Obviously the doors were locked in some way. I don't know how it works though, there's no handle, or swipe block. Just an outline showing where it separates from

the rest of the wall. It bounces a little when you push on it. The one thing I still can't figure out is how the personnel get in and out. No sign of stairs or an elevator. Maybe they're hiding it behind one of the doors. I actually don't even know if there's different levels. Maybe it's all one floor. Today for breakfast they gave me a tub of strawberry yogurt and 12 eggs and an injection.

*Transcription of Entry-20260414:*

They haven't fixed the lock on my door yet but I wanted to wait a few days before exploring again.

[Page torn out]

Today I ate 15 eggs for breakfast. A jar of peanut butter.

*Transcription of Entry-20260415:*

breakfast I ate 12 eggs. Tub of yogurt. Toast, as a treat. White bread.

*Transcription of Entry-20260416:*

breakfast 9 eggs. Injection. Jar of peanut butter.

*Transcription of Entry-20260418:*

for breakfast 12 eggs. Jar of peanut butter.

*Transcription of Entry-20260421:*

for breakfast I had 9 eggs. Injection. Jar of peanut butter. Orange juice

*Transcription of Entry-20260423:*

Today for breakfast I had 15 eggs, injection. I feel sort of empty-headed. reminds me of benzos. Makes me think they put me on something.

I can't find the map I made. They took it from me, probably. I know it. And they've changed the lock on my door.

*Transcription of Entry-20260423, cont:*

Re: I was just being paranoid about the map and the drugs. Of course they wouldn't want to just give me drugs for whatever reason. It'd have to come out of the research funding. I yelled at the doctor earlier when they took my blood about it and they said they hadn't given me anything special. The map fell out of my gown pocket and was under my bed. Apparently, I feel like this because the device is taking more than it should from me. They're doubling my injections. They asked if I wanted to see a counselor about my "concerns". I think I may be doing pretty well considering how bored I am so I said no thanks.

*Transcription of Entry-20260425:*

They used a different lock on my door this time, a bit more annoying than the last one but I got it opened after a few hours. I also figured out how to lock it from the inside so that I don't have to break the lock every time I go exploring. I went back to the hallway with the weird seamless doors. In the window of the fifth door on the right I saw a flashing blue light. I was convinced there was something inside of it. But it was just a reflection of the light in the hallway. Then I heard the sound of footsteps coming from the hallway between mine and this one. I figured it was security, but then it got closer. It sounded like multiple people. I hid in a corner in the back, away from the light. They turned the corner with a flashlight, and opened one of the doors opposite from my end. One of them was talking about needing to find something. I don't remember though. I heard a mechanical click, then the door opening, hollow echoing, the sound of descending.

So there were stairs. I waited for the door to swing closed but it didn't.

I turned back around and the door was still open. Tiptoed over and there were only stairs leading down. In the stairwell: YOU ARE HERE: LEVEL 6

Looking down in between the flights of stairs, I couldn't see the bottom. I tried all the doors on different levels but they were locked because I didn't have keycard access. It goes down to LEVEL 9. The only light down there is the sign that says LEVEL 9. Didn't get very far beyond that because then I heard the door click on the other side and I had to run all the way up the stairs and back into my room. I locked the door right away and laid very still because I was afraid they would come in. Because my bones have hollowed out my joints are sort of weak. My knees are still sore and bruised. My feet hurt a lot because they still draw blood from there sometimes, and

all the running made it worse. My heart was pumping so hard I lost my hearing for like ten minutes. On the bright side I got a muffin [sic] with my breakfast.

*Transcription of Entry-20260428:*

I need a keycard. I can probably steal one but then it would be really noticeable to whoever I stole it from. They might need it to key out, or something.

I'm not supposed to have blood day until next month but they took blood again. Not that much this time though, just one vial. It used to bother me a lot, the twinge that comes with the needle, the pressure in my arm. It doesn't mean anything to me at this point. I don't really notice the soreness anymore but the markings are still there.

The nurse I got the fidget toy from last time gave me two magnets to play with today. The kind that clacks together nicely. What weird things to give an adult. Like what about a jigsaw puzzle?

*Transcription of Entry-20260430:*

I can't believe it's almost May. I bet things are pretty green outside now, maybe there's some flowers. My wings are more like curtains for my spine. Still boneless. I mean, I sort of have the cartilage.

The injections haven't been as frequent, I wonder if they are giving up trying to fix me. I feel healthy, I don't feel so hungry anymore, I think my body is used to eating like this now. I got an applesauce with my breakfast, normal size.

I get to go on my PT walk every day, in the hallway with the doctors. I've grown to like their office because they keep these fake plants there, spots of green against the white, shiny floor and walls and the bright lights. I'm not really in danger here, other than the possibility of medical complications but I'm not really anything here. Sometimes I am disgusted with myself for adjusting to this sort of life, but I guess that's what people evolved to be good at. Adjusting.

*Transcription of Entry-20260502:*

I want to go exploring again but I don't know how the mechanism works in those doors... and it's not like I can ask. It's obvious they don't mean for me to go anywhere unless it's necessary. I don't know. I think I'm having more trouble than I used to with remembering things. I can't tell if it's because nothing ever happens here, or if the wings are eating my brain too. I didn't know



what the researchers meant at first by “hollowing”. They showed me the X-ray of my bones today. There’s a black space inside of most of them. I guess the idea was to become lighter so flying would be easier. I’ve started imagining I could crush my hand and my arm if I squeezed it. It would shatter the bones in my hand and arm into pieces at the same time as easily as a candy cane. Crumbs of bone in meat and mush I feel so sick looking at myself I want to throw up but I don’t and then I just keep feeling like there’s something inside of me that wants to come out but usually it’s just blood.

*Transcription of Entry-20260503:*

3 chickens for dinner

*Transcription of Entry-20260504:*

The doctor said to me that I’m not nutritionally deficient. Okay great

[Page torn out]

Mysterious meatloaf?????or something for lunch. Tub of yogurt. Applesauce jar

*Transcription of Entry-20260510:*

Toast with breakfast. Multigrain. 20 eggs and tub of yogurt and jar of applesauce

*Transcription of Entry-20260511:*

15 eggs and 2 jars peanut butter

*Transcription of Entry-20260512:*

12 eggs and a peanut butter jar and tub of yogurt. Funny little sticky berry danish

*Transcription of Entry-20260513:*

I wonder if a bruise can turn into a scar if it’s always there. When I look at my green blue purple arms and feet and legs I imagine that my veins are full of holes and they’re not even inflated, just squished and flat and leaking like one of those shitty paper straws. It hurts to walk and use my arms. Not making any progress in PT. I don’t think I’m ever going to grow the bones I need. It was blood day today. The nurse looked at me like she was sorry for me when she took my blood.

I didn't like how that made me feel. Like I understood why she looked sorry and that made it worse. I found out the sides of the mirror in my bathroom are magnetic. I'm playing this game where I throw the magnets hard enough to stick on it but not hard enough to make them bounce off. Sometimes I can get the second magnet to hit the first one and it goes clack.

*Transcription of Entry-20260514:*

Lunch: 15 eggs tub of yogurt 3 can of tuna. Green juice

*Transcription of Entry-20260518:*

In PT a few days ago they said there was no point in continuing at this point because I couldn't use my wings because it's just skin and cartilage and there aren't even muscles. They said I could try again later. I guess that was my last appointment for a while. But they're still letting me have a walk every day. My feet have bandaids on the top and there's little scabs along the vein where they always take the blood from. It looks like some fucked up constellation. The evenly spaced dots following the curve of my foot, the discolored purple. What am I going to do I'm never going to know a day without soreness. It makes me feel so heavy even though there's not much in my bones. My feet are so heavy to pick up and put down when I walk. And my wings, they're longer than I am tall. Almost six feet for both.

*Transcription of Entry-20260522:*

I went back to the hallway with the keycard doors. I was up against the door trying to pry it open with my fingers and I heard a strange sliding sound. I thought it was a person on the other side and I jumped back but then nothing happened. I went to try the door that leads to the stairs, and there was a similar sound. Then I realized I had the pair of magnets in my pocket. I tried sticking them all around. They only stuck to a part near the keycard scanner thing, maybe the locking mechanism is magnetic. I still can't get it open though. Now that I think about it, why weren't there stairs leading up from that door. I'm on level 6 but there's no 5. Maybe there's stairs elsewhere. It's getting harder to be quiet at night with the wings because they're a lot bigger now and they're sort of heavy and I can't hold them up. I have to tuck them into my gown to keep them close to my body so they don't get caught on anything. The floor is always smooth and cold on my wings. They make a dragging sound on the ground when I walk.

*Transcription of Entry-20260523:*

Omelet breakfast day and tub of yogurt and applesauce

*Transcription of Entry-20260525:*

I got it open. I tried for like 2 nights straight and I've done it. I've done it. It was so accidental it seems stupid. I was just dragging the magnet around where I thought the mechanism was trying to get it to move, it actually fucking worked. It just clicked suddenly and the door swung forwards. I was really shocked I thought that there might be a person on the other side for a second. I thought I was fucked when I closed the door behind me and realized it was locked again but it opens the same way on the other side too. I wanted to go down the stairs but it's hard being quiet with my wings being so long. I'm afraid I'll trip and break half the bones in my body. Well now that I've figured out how to open these doors maybe I'll actually find something. Plus they haven't stuck anything in my arm for a while so instead of having purpleish forearms they're more of a brown and green color. No more blood days for a while, the nurse said. It's something to look forward to.

*Transcription of Entry-20260526:*

3 chickens for lunch and green juice and tub of yogurt

*Transcription of Entry-20260527:*

12 eggs tub of peanut butter (crunchy) and tub of yogurt and 3 ████████ fruit cups for breakfast.

*Transcription of Entry-20260529:*

15 eggs tub of yogurt tub of applesauce

*Transcription of Entry-20260530:*

12 eggs jar of peanut butter tub of yogurt

*Transcription of Entry-20260601:*

This is going to be my fourth month here. Something I've noticed recently is now that my body has had time to adjust to the installation the nerves are really touching each other now. I keep getting strange twitching sensations in my right side or like I'm itching and then I'll scratch it but the itch isn't really there. Sometimes when it happens I suddenly think about smashing myself into the wall so that it won't itch. My stomach skin is raised and red and stings from all the scratching. I guess I feel a little better now that they aren't taking my blood all the time.

*Transcription of Entry-20260605:*

I went to the hallway with the door that leads to the stairs and I checked out the other rooms. The first one I opened just had a lot of medical supplies in it, nothing interesting. Some sort of giant lab accessible through the other two doors on the right. When I went in I was frightened by the automatic lights. There's a lot of wet, red things. Lumps of what looks like flesh inside bags and the bags are hooked up by tubes to some big container that smells like chemicals inside a fridge. Stuff growing in giant glass containers that are hooked up to chemicals and tubes. Lots of tubes. Lots of stuff in glass. There were some liquids flowing into the things which made them pulse weirdly. There's another big fridge with blood samples and a bunch of slides with red stuff on them. And there's standard lab equipment like microscopes and things that beep and make low humming sounds. I looked at one of the wet lumps up close. There were little red tubes growing out of it and it felt really cold. Cold and soft in my hand through the bag. I became sort of aware that it would be really easy to rip it apart, or squeeze it until it separated from itself. This made me feel sick and I put it back. I didn't want to read the label on it after that but maybe I should but then again I might not know what it says. I'm not sure what they were but I don't think I need to go in that room again.

[Several pages torn out]

*Transcription of Entry-20260608:*

My wings are growing slower now. The doctors say this means they're almost done, or as done as they're gonna get. I think they're still holding out hope for the bones. But there are still no bones. It feels really strange when they touch my wings with gloves on. It always feels cold and

rubbery and it's hard to tell sometimes if the rubbery thing is me or the glove. I just sit on the examination table and they all walk around and poke at me and discuss how "it" is growing. The other day they put some goo on my back and wings and scanned my body. It felt nice when they used a warm sponge to clean it off my back after because the goo was cold and felt tingly.

*Transcription of Entry-20260609:*

Mysterious meatloaf again. Tub of yogurt and green juice and a piece of bread

*Transcription of Entry-20260612:*

Was gonna go look at level 7 but feeling sort of tired today. Fell in the shower and I'm lucky I didn't break anything but I really don't feel good, there's bruises forming on my legs. It was fucking stupid I stepped on my right wing and fell backwards. I sort of twisted to try to stop myself and half-caught myself on my hands and knees. Where it hurts it feels heavy and I can't move that well

*Transcription of Entry-20260613:*

12 eggs jar of peanut butter tub of yogurt. Tylenol.

*Transcription of Entry-20260618:*

I'm still sore but it's a little better, still taking tylenol. I decided to go look at level 7, it's weirdly not that different from 6. No wet lab on this floor though, most of the doors are like the one to my room. I didn't open those. They're labeled with numbers. No bathroom on this floor for the staff? I got tired after walking around so I didn't go to the other floors, plus it took me like 30 minutes to open the doors this time.

*Transcription of Entry-20260620:*

9 is full of doors with regular locks, I opened some of them and there's just medical supplies. Level 8 has a different layout. It's all sets of double doors, saw a sign that said OPERATING FLOOR. I guess these are for surgery. I didn't really walk around that much because this floor has cameras. It's sort of weird that the other floors, including mine, didn't have cameras. You'd think they would want to keep an eye on this place or something.

In the shower I was washing my wings, I held them up to the light. I saw the cartilage in there, it has some hollow areas where I think bones were supposed to grow. I can see the veins spreading out inside my skin. They shouldn't be this shape. It looks so unnatural. But my body grew them. I don't know, sometimes when I look at myself too long I start feeling like whatever I'm looking at is really something else. Growing wings made me thinner in places that shouldn't be. Sometimes I touch the right side of my body and I can't tell if the device is pulsing or if I can just feel my heartbeat in my fingers against my skin. I'm not supposed to look like this. I feel sick

*Transcription of Entry-20260621:*

Three chickens and green juice and tub of yogurt for dinner

*Transcription of Entry-20260623:*

15 eggs and applesauce and yogurt and peanut butter breakfast

*Transcription of Entry-20260624:*

Today I went back to level 9 to check out the other rooms. I got to the last door on the right in the main hallway and it was unlocked. When I pressed on the handle it swung forward and I thought it might be another person, but there wasn't anyone behind the door. I should've just left after that. The smell of rotting vegetables got stronger as I stepped forwards and I fumbled around in the dark trying to figure out how to turn on the light. The first thing that I noticed was that there were parts of the floor that weren't as shiny, like someone had spilled something and didn't care enough to mop. There wasn't anything super out of place, it was just small things like how the stack of paper towels by the sink weren't neatly placed, and some flasks sitting on a counter. Some of the cabinets above the sink were open. It was clean but not tidy. When I turned the corner on the counter that was when I saw what I thought was a person. It had hands and feet and arms and legs that looked like mine. In the middle of where the chest would have been it looked like there were fleshy sharp branches coming out of a dented surface. It was just lying there propped up against the wall. I couldn't see if ~~it~~[sic] they had a face or not. It was all covered up by this horrible wall of flesh. The skin was pale. I stepped closer and I saw a hand twitch. It moved. The flesh branches and dented chest rippled in my direction. I'm so hungry, it said. I

jumped back and it tried to reach for me. Help me, it said. My wing knocked into something on the ground. I looked down and I saw empty jars all around the room. I couldn't look away when it tried to stand up with its bruised purple body. The flesh branches reached for me and I ran away, I slammed the door and I could hear it moving around in there as I was trying to open the door to the stairwell with the magnets. As I was going back upstairs I heard it calling for me. It kept saying I'm so hungry.

I think the worst fucking thing about all that is I think that was one of the other participants. Maybe I should've helped them. Maybe I should've shown them how to open the doors. They didn't try to hurt me and if they were like me then I know what it feels like to feel like your body is eating itself. I've never seen anything look like that in my life ~~and to think that could've been me~~ [sic] When I got back to my room I sat on the floor in the bathroom and gagged for half an hour and I showered and showered and showered but I feel like the smell of rot is still on me.

*Transcription of Entry-20260625:*

~~I'm eating dinner and I wonder if I can save them a chicken. It probably wouldn't be enough but maybe it would be helpful.~~

Never mind about that the staff member thought it was suspicious of me because I usually eat everything. fuck

*Transcription of Entry-20260627:*

They took my blood yesterday from my left arm. They had a new nurse and he couldn't find the vein in my right arm so he spent like 10 minutes just stabbing me over and over before he tried the other one. The bruises are back. They took six tubes.

*Transcription of Entry-20260630:*

They gave me a burger with my dinner today. It was dry and shitty and delicious

*Transcription of Entry-20260701:*

I went back to level 9 today with part of a chicken that I was hiding. But it's like they were never there. I looked in all the rooms and everything has been cleaned up. I don't know if they're still

alive. Back when I was still having trouble eating my body was falling apart. I don't know. I was so scared but then there was nothing. Somehow that's worse. If I hadn't been a fucking coward maybe I could've talked to another regular person for once in this place. fuck

*Transcription of Entry-20260704:*

Omelet day

*Transcription of Entry-20260704:*

Some sort of berry danish. 12 eggs jar of peanut butter tub of yogurt applesauce breakfast.

*Transcription of Entry-20260705:*

For lunch. 15 eggs 7 cans of tuna. Tub of yogurt. Green juice

*Transcription of Entry-20260708:*

Today the doctors visited me in my room instead of me going to theirs. I didn't really understand what they were saying at first. They kept using big words I didn't know and looking at me waiting for me to get it. I started to panic because they kept not telling me what was happening and they all kept looking at me and the nurse was looking sorry for me again and one of them sighed really loud then he said they have to cut off my left wing. They said they need to study it because they don't know why there aren't bones. They want to look at it under a microscope. I said no I don't want to have surgery again. They said it won't be as bad because they're not putting something in me this time they're cutting something off. I kept saying no I don't want to have this done. ~~They said~~ [sic] I don't [REDACTED] feeling sick and dizzy and the bruises in my arms were just starting to get better. I can't eat anything before they put me under so tomorrow there'll be no dinner. I thought about running away but I don't have anywhere to go. If someone finds me, I'll just get sent back to prison. Or I'll starve to death more likely with this appetite and my bones will finally just fall apart. I don't know what to do I guess it doesn't really matter what happens. I really don't want surgery again but they all acted like it was already decided for me.



*Transcription of Entry-20260710:*

I think it's gone

So dizzy and its burning me and I'm scared I dont want to throw up I feel sick

My head hurts there's something really heavy and my back feels wet and hot and sticky I'm too tired to write

[Several pages torn out]

*Transcription of Entry-20260714:*

My back hurts and they wrapped it up but I think there's some thick blood crusts and it's tearing at my skin when I try to turn to the side. They've been cleaning it every day for me so it won't get infected but it keeps opening. I fell over when I got out of bed today by myself. I landed on my ankle funny and it hurts but I didn't break it. But the skin on my back tore. They're sending me back to PT after I recover.

*Transcription of Entry-20260718:*

Back was oozing. The gauze is bloody and yellow. It doesn't smell so they aren't worried. They have to put ointment on my back so the gauze doesn't get stuck in my wound. They keep having to sponge me down every day because I can't get the wound wet and I can't move without tearing it open. They let me go walking today and two nurses supported my arms. My forearm is still sore from the IV they put in for surgery. They said they promise they won't take my blood any more. My digestion is all fucked because of the antibiotics I was on.

*Transcription of Entry-20260719:*

~~I didn't think~~ [sic]

*Transcription of Entry-20260723:*

Tomorrow, they're moving me out of this room. Since I still have the device inside of me, they want to keep an eye on me. I don't know where I'm going but I hope it's somewhere with windows.

[End of recorded entries]

*Transcription completed by:* [REDACTED]

12/04/2026