

Am I wrong?

Ward R – Day time:

In order to overcome her recent fallout, Lucy was granted a custom stay in her room. Each passing day felt endless, and each sleepless night felt suffocating. Although she unwillingly pulled all-nighters, she didn't request sleeping medication even if it was recommended to her by the head staff. She decided to go through this the traditional way: by being patient rather than being a patient.

For the past three days, she could feel someone standing outside her room around 4 o'clock in the morning. He never bothered to knock and she never asked him to come in. Every night, he would simply stand there to make sure she wasn't having any nightmares, and every night, she anticipated seeing his shadow behind the door to seek comfort during her restless nights.

As her time off came to an end that morning, she helplessly left her bed and found her way to the showers. She made sure to wake up earlier than her roommate in order to avoid any awkward confrontation in the hallways.

Hearing her footsteps outside his room eased his mind. After all, his nights were just as wakeful as hers, since his answer to ending his insomnia was cut off by a series of unfortunate events. In order to give her space, he stayed in his bed until the running water could no longer be heard.

Her therapeutic days were back on the map, but she wasn't looking forward to them as much as she used to, because she would be a key part of the sessions as of now. Furthermore, she was fully aware that her time has come to share her story to her only audience.

Seeking strength in her previous roommates, she opened her closet and took out a wooden box where she has kept all of their mementos. After carefully placing it back under her favorite sweater, she glared at her desktop surface from afar, resenting the item that once meant the world to her. She could feel the irony crowning her fate: how everything fell into place only to fall out again because of the one thing that has been keeping her alive all this time: her journal.

Leaving her precious possession and its damage behind, Lucy left her room to access a more joyful area "Today's a new day."

Leisure Room – Day time:

On her way to the leisure room, Lucy heard someone talking inside. She was wondering if other patients have joined the ward during her short hiatus. While remaining hidden, she tried to eavesdrop on the ongoing conversation. To her surprise, the chatter happened to be a monologue.

"This is RM's log. A week has passed since I started recording my own logs. I'm a thinker, therefore I rather voice my thoughts out loud. The staff has been kind enough to provide me with a recorder. I don't know if this will help bettering my condition, but my insomnia surely feels lighter without all of the nocturnal thoughts colliding inside my head." the tall figure voiced as he wandered around the room, "I didn't mean to, but I think that I hurt her. I can't keep the flashbacks of that horrible night off my mind, I have never seen someone as terrified as she was. I can't shake up the way she glimpsed at me with her frightened eyes. Her glare personified the monster within me. Her glare validated the worse part of me. I don't even know how to act around her anymore. I'm scared I'll hurt her again."

RM's sad monologue ached Lucy's heart: she couldn't recall much since she was half-asleep when the incident occurred, but he was wide awake. She was oblivious, but he felt it all through her; she knew that much.

"Welcome back, child!" Nurse Abby greeted a snooping Lucy.

"Hello, Nurse Abby." she signed to her to keep it down, "I don't want him to know that I was here."

The nurse was amused by her caring side, "Don't worry, your secret is safe with me."

"Does he know?" Lucy inquired, "Does he know about me?"

"He had his fair share of questions, but I didn't tell him anything," the nurse responded. "I thought it would be best for you to be the one providing him with answers."

The reply alleviated Lucy. It was true that she wanted to open up to him, but she didn't know how far she was supposed to go on their first confession session "Thank you, I'll take it from here."

Ward R – Night time:

The daily logs surely took a toll on RM, because he always came back to his room more perplexed than he originally was. He thought he would have fixed his sleeping habit by now, but in vain: his mind was still trying to process what he witnessed the other night.

"Knock, knock." A shadowy figure stood by the doorstep, "Hi, stranger."

Seeing Lucy in his room made all of his turmoil fade away. He walked towards her to welcome her in, but he was startled by her taking a step back. Remembering her recent trauma, he kept his distance and smiled at her, "Are you okay? You missed today's session."

"I'm fine. I didn't feel comfortable going back out there without talking to you first," she disclosed.

“All we do in this institute is talk, Lucy,” RM wittily replied.

“I meant off camera.” she conceded, “I wanted to try and open up to you in private. Maybe that will help me overcome my fears for once.”

“I’m all ears,” he complied. “Would you like to sit?”

Lucy kindly accepted her roommate’s hospitality and sat on his bed while he grabbed a chair, giving her all the personal space she needed. She was brainstorming multiple ideas, but she still had no idea how to carry out the conversation.

“Take your time, we have all night,” he incited her.

“You can’t sleep either?” she derailed from the main subject.

“Unfortunately, no.” he said with a saddened smile, “You were about to put an end to it, but with everything that has happened recently, my insomnia is trivial now.”

“I’m sorry about that ...” she regretfully stated.

Her apologies always soothed him, “It’s okay, I’ll survive.”

“No, I mean it.” she continued, “I’m sorry that you found out about my journal like that, I had no intention of harming you or anyone else for that matter. It’s just that these past few months have been the loneliest, and those entries somehow made them feel less lonesome.”

“Lucy,” he left his seat to pat her shoulder only to change his mind midway, “You don’t have to explain yourself to me.”

“Of course, I do! You called me a sociopath, I have to defend my name!” she complained.

Laughing at her vivid spirit despite the illness, he teasingly winked at her, “Ah, this girl! You’re going to let a resident monster get to you like that? Come on, you’re smarter than that.”

“You’re right, I am.” she gave him a sharp look before reluctantly standing on her feet.

Confused, he stared at her, “Where are you going?”

She pointed at the window, “Back to my room, it’s almost dawn.”

“I thought we were having a heart to heart talk tonight!” he proclaimed.

“We were going to, but I changed my mind,” she winked back, “I’m going to make you beg for it.”