

Dr. R. was a real smart fellow, and kept me talking for pretty much of a whole hour, about my problems like how I got in etc. He didn't seem that amused, however, at some of the questions I answered on the psych test.

He asked me if I had a sex hang up and I affirmed saying that it was because I wasn't getting any, that probably if I had a wife or girlfriend to knockup regularly I'd have no such problem

Feb 21 - Is this a new day again? Yesterday afternoon and evening was remarkably the same old crap so it was passed over.

Mon, Wed, and Fri are probably going to be a real drag for me, real lame ass classes. There is little I can do as I'm enrolled in the program and stuck in it to the bitter end, the light in the end of the tunnel grows larger, however.

Wondering if I should go into detail

About the ward and it's little human humanly obscene restriction and human insanity problems I decided not to go into them as my narratives are to deal with the personal anecdotes of a single person rather than describe the idiosyncracies of the ward and it's diverse inmates. That's in case you've been wondering about people urinating in joy on the floor, believe me they do occesionally.

So I haven't been letting on about the hell I've been living in, but just alittle while ago a woman started to moan and cry. It used to bother me, but I am used to to it by now. The loud blood curdlers as in screams are still quite effective in shattering my nerves, however.