

weight room, had to walk to lunch as I missed the bus.

Right no I'm in County General Hospital again, and I feel more of the fear I did the last time I was here and I am cooperating like a S.O.B. to stop any repetitions of my panic I had when I was first in this building.

This evening in the ward a Mr. D. blew up and broke some windows and got restrained for no reason at all, watched TV heard radio all night boredom.

Feb 2- Got up feeling alive and well, slept right up to six so I did eight hours out entirely. It is the second day of privileges, so I'll be occupied.

(The theory of jumping off the ground, your escaping gravity and the extra pull of the world escapes me but I think it's insignificant.)

I went to an O.T. class that wasn't planned or scheduled either, so I have to wait an hour in the Day Hospital where I am now. I now know where they hide the musical instruments and toolled up a little air piano (don't know what they're called.)

Phy ed is a drag if we play volley ball I may have a hard decision to make as one team has to get a handicap in the form of a girl who is truly a handicap, a land bound slug (no offense). I'll hit the weights to feel the pleasant tightness of physical exertion, even with the workout I gained two pounds. Day Care isn't much quieter than the ward at times so writing is no strain, figure that one out, but don't think too hard. Intermittent showers, but but it ain't spring yet.

My narrative style seems to break down when I get