

Pink Lights

I don't know how long I've been trapped here. I know I was thrown in here in 1974. At first I was enthusiastic, but after just a few days I became disillusioned. In this room full of pink lights there is nothing except the compulsion to obey. I was separated from my family that day and never spoke to them again. Nobody knows where I am except my captor. I am alone, I haven't spoken to anyone except my tormentors. I don't know who the tormentors are. Maybe I'm my own tormentor. I have nowhere to hide. Yesterday I was whipped and I couldn't defend myself. Every morning I get up, they force me, and when I resist with violence, they do even worse violence to me.

Nothing terrible is happening here. I'm imagining this pain because everyone else here feels no pain. At least that's how it looks. No one will ever believe me, and if they believe me, they won't understand me. I'm ashamed because I agreed to go with them. They kept telling me this place was beautiful. And I believed them. I don't know why. I think I was just too naive. This morning they told me that tonight I sowed my fruits that I reaped. I was made to sleep in the refrigerator that night and they told me that if I continued like this they would lock me in the freezer. I

can barely remember what I did. At least I can't understand why my overseer was so angry with me. I think I made a joke about the conditions here. A few of my fellow men found him funny, and the guards were glowing.

This afternoon I was tied up and they did their work on me. I'm writing this note because I won't be seen by them. At least I think I won't be seen by them. Ultimately, I don't know. I'll try to hide this note somewhere they won't look. Unfortunately, I don't really have a place to hide anything. I can hardly see any light and it is very dark, but still bright enough that I can read and write with difficulty.

I hardly have any friends among my fellow human beings. I think there are people who like me, at least it seems that way. But nobody understands me. I won't tell anyone how I feel, and I'd rather jump off a cliff than have anyone find this note. Maybe I would write this note in another language, but I was never taught ways to express myself. I don't know why I can even express myself. The only word I can ever remember from another language is ЛѢВЪ. I don't know what it means. And I don't know why I can write it. But once, when I was taken to church, someone said this word to me very often and wrote it on me. Things were

done to me that I didn't understand and, to be honest, I suppressed them.

But now I'm here. I hope you don't hear me or notice me writing this letter. What I actually have to do most of the day is sit around and endure what is being done to me. And if I can't stand it, then I'll be punished. They say they will kill me if I don't always obey. But wait...

I found a hole. I was able to escape from my prison. I am reintegrated into society, I work and got married. Next to my desk I look at the calendar and I see that it is 1984. I never told anyone what happened during those ten years. They think I've been in prison. That's also half true. I will never tell my wife about this either because it was my fault from the start. She won't be able to understand me because she hasn't experienced it herself. I think that in general I can lead a more or less normal life, like a normal person with a normal family lives. I met my family again and they don't know anything either.

I have returned, but on some restless nights when the full moon shines, I still see a pink light floating above me...