

A storming event last night. A male nurse, one Guimant of the fourth ward, entered the cellar without authorization, and there, after suffering a painful wound to his right arm, collapsed. Another nurse, S. Harbin, investigated Guimant's absence and, after some time, discovered Guimant on the floor, in severe shock.

Treatment was prompt and effective, but upon regaining consciousness this morning, Guimant began raving to me about creatures of the night and the attack of the black.

For the moment, I have placed him in room 13, and notified his family of his indisposition.

Along with Guimant was another man, one unknown to this institution, and in tragic physical condition. Many grave questions must be answered.

I began to question Guimant about the stranger. Is he a patient? What is his name? How long has Guimant kept him down there?

Has Guimant kept the stranger there for a long time and why?

Long enough that the mortar sealing the room had cured to such condition?

Has he been given nourishment? How has he survived?

I am moving the stranger to my private wing, for the moment treating the man as an unimportant secret until more evidence is found.

Even in a fresh cell, the stranger's appearance is horrifying. He is given small amounts of soup, but he refuses to eat.

He takes no nourishment, yet lives in a catatonic state.

Would electroshock revive him?

After several applications, the stranger woke, but so weakened that he could not move.

He whined and begged in different and very old forms of Greek and Latin... tales of cities crumbling, crusaders and of other, darker things.

He also spoke gibberish of a sort which seems vaguely Slavic, repeating names of Harosh, Irken, Portunia, Gorgyria and Sofia.

What a mystery man!

It is like we have tapped a sort of group mind or racial memory.