Someone pulled the hair of another patient. The staff pulled her quickly and said they would tie her up. She is crying, she doesn't want it. They are putting her in the room next to mine, and tying her up. I touch my ankle. It's been a while since no one tied ropes and chains to my body. It's great that I can move my hands. But what I see in the room next to me induces difficult flashbacks to what happened.

I'm able to reach the doctor and explain the difficulty.

The doctor is wonderful but she says she has no clue about these things. Later in the evening the nurses talk to me. They don't understand why I'm here. That the girls here are very ill, and that I was a commander in the army and that I'm a university student.

I'm very suicidal. I'm holding a rope in my hand and want to hang myself in the shower. My feeling now is that there is no place for me in the world. Israeli society isn't willing to deal with post-trauma, with sexual abuse, incest, or gang rape. We must help victims of sexual violence, because we as a society allowed it to happen. I want to grow and be a good citizen and contribute to the state. Above all I want to live and not hurt myself. But I can't alone. I need help.