

Re: [REDACTED]

Trauma Journal from [REDACTED]

The journal is called an “upside-down” book. Patients like [REDACTED] wrote their entries on the right-hand side of the notebook, and then doctors, staff and other patients would write on the back of those pages, upside down – words of encouragement and positive thoughts. Everything is in chronological order and the writings and notes from other people were made contemporaneously, in 2012.

Below are excerpts from some of her entries from her Trauma Journal:

- May 15, 2012
- June 5, 2012
- June 12, 2012
- June 24, 2012
- July 6, 2012
- July 7, 2012
- July 8, 2012

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May 15, 2012

I am going to make the goal of writing at least twice a week, maybe more but I always say that and never do. But since its for trauma no one has to see it.

At the end of my stay, I'm going to have all of the staff sign this book the right way up with the person I'm most able to talk to be the first.

At first when I heard it was approved I thought Id be going to Arizona but when they said [REDACTED] was best fit because I'm able to work with [REDACTED] I wanted to scream and cry because I haven't been back to Florida since my last time with Ghislaine and Jeffrey and so that was so scary and I didn't want to have a man therapist even if he does know about [REDACTED] I won't be able to talk to him even though it turns out that he is super nice and understands me.

The flight wasn't nearly as bad as I thought it would be. I felt weird to be on a plane with so many other people since I was always on private planes but I think I liked it better. More safe.

The flight attendant, I wish I got her name, she could tell I was scared so first she introduced me to the pilot and I kept looking to make sure it wasn't one of Jeffrey's pilots that could be co-pilot but it wasn't. During the flight she would make sure I was okay and kept giving me free snacks and drinks and when I got really scared as we were getting closer she looked at fun magazines with me. I started getting really scared once we landed because I had to meet a driver and I was terrified that maybe this was a set-up and when I got off the plane I'd see Mr. Juan or maybe even Ghislaine but the flight attendant didn't make me go alone. She walked with me to get my things and then helped me to find the driver and checked to make sure he knew where he was taking me.

The drive was super scary. The man was nice but the car was too much like Ghislaine's. Why do so many people drive BLACK cars in Florida with windows that seem so dark.

And he was nice but it was hard because I was trying to stop the memories and I started to have internal panic as I was looking out the windows because it looks so much like we were heading right to Jeffrey's house and I really started to think I'd been set up and we'd soon see his stupid, gross, disgusting pink "mansion" at any time and I don't know if I am even that close to there but the roads felt the same because everything is so flat here.

I couldn't manage because I was becoming more and more convinced he was kidnapping me and I would have to face Jeffrey against after leaving how I did so all I could make out was "yes" "no" "thank you" and some "uh huhs" so he probably thinks I'm so rude. It ended up being fine but it was super hard to keep it together. The campus is beautiful but the pool reminds me too much of bad things so I won't be going to that. It has changed a lot since [REDACTED] [REDACTED] so maybe they got money from that to make it so pretty.

And [REDACTED] is really nice but I still wish I could have gotten a girl therapist because I know I won't be able to talk about any of this trauma. I don't like to go to the groups outside of the healing garden or the other building because I get so much panic that I think Jeffrey or Ghislaine will just pop up.

May 25, 2012

...Like the idiot that I am did happy claps and quickly realized what I was doing and he said I immediately had a change in body language and looked distant and sad and asked why something happy made me so sad and I wanted to tell how even being here is traumatic and that I'm so scared that Jeffrey is around every corner but then I remember the rules.

I'm so fucked up being down here again. But no words would come. But I told him that I was writing about it and that I started to confide a bit in [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and my friend [REDACTED]

I've slowly started to tell her what happened with Jeffrey and Ghislaine and why nighttime is especially hard here.

There are times I can tell she does not really think Ghislaine is very good but she doesn't want to upset me.

... I need more clarification about the rules and what stuff must be reported, especially since I'm in [REDACTED] I want to be able to tell [REDACTED] every single thing

I'm not even sure how you're supposed to talk about something like that. I don't know how to say the words out loud. I can't. I think if I were to talk about all of my trauma everyone would think I am bad and I don't want that.

[REDACTED] suggested that I try to write it all out or maybe put it in this weird list type thing but I don't dare do that tonight. I'm way too anxious.

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June 5, 2012

I wish I could rip all these pages out and rewrite them nicely, but [REDACTED] says I can't. Not everything has to be perfect and definitely not a book that no one will ever see. I got two more stickers in my fun book and that makes me so proud! That sounds pathetic. But I am learning to trust [REDACTED] more and more even though he's a man. I'm still terrified that Jeffrey will walk through the door at any moment but now that I've been here for almost a month, things have become routine which I'm sooo grateful for.

June 12, 2012

[REDACTED] keeps reminding me that I don't need to be so rigid and uniform and it's okay to sometimes break certain rules but I don't think that's exactly right.

[REDACTED] never stops bragging about her stupid beauty pageant... [REDACTED] is just mean and I never want to be in the room with her .. and I was SO wrong about [REDACTED]. She isn't nearly as kind as I thought she was and [REDACTED] doesn't understand why it's triggering and I can't tell him. [REDACTED] reminds me so much of [REDACTED] but not as bad. At least she's teaching me how to write things in Japanese rather than teaching me how to do grown up things...she trusted me with a secret she had to confess.

But I think [REDACTED] will be proud of how I handled it. He asked me today if I have been writing about my trauma but I haven't been really so I decided I would do that tonight since [REDACTED]. I know it's because of the new trio that formed. I talked to [REDACTED] this evening and I pretty much told her everything except for the [REDACTED]. I can't write the other word and she seems so upset by everything that I felt it was something that didn't need to be said. I know she is safe, but she kept asking me if I understood that nothing Ghislaine did was "normal in any family setting" but I tried to explain to her, but she didn't understand. I have a feeling she doesn't believe that Ghislaine didn't know about anyone else but Jeffrey.

She would try to speak really gently and calmly that it doesn't make sense for her to be so close and to now know, especially since so many men were up from the city and the fact that I met her and Jeffrey up near the city but I started getting really really super distressed and thank goodness [REDACTED] was there and started to count my fingers because I couldn't breathe. I genuinely felt like I was dying of a heart attack (which the nurse said it was a panic attack and not a heart-attack) but it felt like one. She thinks I should tell [REDACTED] and that it would be helpful for me but I made sure she remembered her promise to me about not telling anyone since I made the same. She said it would always be safe with her and I know she's being honest. I think.

I told her I would consider telling [REDACTED] who has officially become my most favorite counselor here. But I told her I may not be able to tell her names because of my promise and now I think even [REDACTED] would have to tell.

And that made me more scared because she reminds me of [REDACTED] and she has the female version accent of Jeffrey so I'm just a mess and nodded and she said in such a funny way.

[REDACTED] had the same idea about maybe writing out a list or timeline of my trauma just to myself and then maybe once I'm able to share then it will be kept safe until that time. I think I will try to do that but there isn't the time tonight.

June 24, 2012

[REDACTED] family but I was convinced it was to meet Jeffrey, so I tucked myself in so tight under the table, covered my ears and the voice just continues. The next thing I know I have staff and other girls who didn't have family surrounding me and had cold ice in my hand. I was searching desperately for [REDACTED], but she wasn't there and [REDACTED] was trying to convince me that it was safe to come out but I wouldn't until [REDACTED] finally came. Everyone was just staring at me, and it was so embarrassing and I asked [REDACTED] what happened but she said that it wasn't important to talk about. Remembered I was supposed to go see [REDACTED] so I asked [REDACTED] to walk me to the door and it was a parent with the same accent. I wanted to just scream. I was very quickly okay though because [REDACTED] family bought me the most lovely stuffed animal giraffe that plays a lullaby and he moves his head.

I talked more with [REDACTED] and told her about [REDACTED] and she cried and I wasn't sure how to handle that because I wasn't sure if she was mad at me or sad but I hugged her and she hugged back so tight. I don't think that helped me though. They say getting things out will help but that part only made me feel like a monster.

July 6, 2012

I made my first intentional eye contact and so many people saw and cried. And poor [REDACTED] was so upset because it wasn't with him despite the many weeks of the dog card, but it was with [REDACTED], after I had an absolute meltdown over the meal room being changed. I did it! I did it!

July 7, 2012

I made her promise until 108 years old and we pinky swore. I met my goal of connecting with a staff member and I told her everything. She is safe and I know it will be safe with her. She said as long as I'm wearing her bracelet. I am safe to now write the trauma in here. I don't need to be detailed but for me to process and understand. She doesn't think I have a full understanding and thinks one day I'll need and want to process it with a grown up when and if I am ready but she wouldn't explain the things she felt I didn't understand. I promised I would do that as soon as she left and so I know I must do it before she gets back for lights out. I'm not sure how to do this but I'll do my best and if I did it wrong I'm sure she'll say something.

- [REDACTED]
- From 16-18 – Mary, Eddie, Jeffrey, Ghislaine, Trio sent to many in DC, NY, FL, island, too many (I hate [REDACTED] HATE)

How in the hell am I suppose to have “radical acceptance” of these things? It’s a horror story that I survived why was I allowed to survive? Am I a monster? I wish [REDACTED] would hurry up and come back because I don’t know if Ghislaine should be in there. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] thinks so, [REDACTED] thinks so but what am I missing? Why won’t [REDACTED] say? I’m going to ask as soon as she returns. I don’t want to radically accept. I want to know why. What could I possibly learn from this? A priest! I planned that out so well. He couldn’t talk or tell. He is supposed to be good. Why? I need to go find [REDACTED] and ask for medication.

July 8, 2012

I don’t want to leave any time soon. I don’t feel ready. I mean I do with eating, I won’t put my recovery in danger but I can’t radically accept. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] assured me they’d find a team back home to help me but do I even deserve help unraveling all of that? I feel so stressed out and overwhelmed and I have so many questions. No one is safe outside of here so how I will ever understand if I have to keep the promise. [REDACTED] says that was a bad promise but its all so confusing. I don’t think I will write more. I think I’ve fulfilled the assignment and won’t have time once I return home and have to go back to school, work, and having the boys.

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