

First person insane asylum story essay

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They needed to be housed, and we believed God called us to contain and hide away the mental illnesses.

The rooms and cells were overcrowded and we did not have enough food or clothes for everyone. Most of the patients were hungry and naked every day. On the most normal days, abuse and neglect happened around every corner in the ancient castle walls that made up the asylum. Every day was just a repeat of the day before, and April 8th 1926 was no exception. I woke up in a long white nightgown next to a hundred other nuns in beds lined across a long room.

I changed into my habit, a tunic held at the waist by a belt. Then, pulling my scapula and veil over my head, I stepped out the door and through the metal bars into the patient's asylum. Mass was held at this time in the back chapel by Father Francis, also the doctor, a huge grey man with the knowledge of all the creative ways he could punish the patients and help community.

Patients were frightened by him, and rumors of terrible torture and practices danced around the walls. After mass, my job was to pass out pills in tiny paper cups and make sure they were swallowed. When they refused, they were restrained. The patients wandered around one big room with music playing, but it was drowned out by the frustrated groans of people unable to communicate. Some of them cried and told us over and over that they didn't belong here, but if society didn't accept them than they had to be here.

After everyone got the medication, we served stale bread and cold coffee for breakfast. Morning time was when most bad things happened because this is when the patients were released from the rooms for the first time since the

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night before. The mentally insane were not even considered human in the time I worked in the asylum. When we punished them, it was for the safety of others.

Punishments were harsh and never second guessed. If a patient bit, their teeth would be removed. If they were murderers, electroshock therapy was the go-to to forget their past. Homosexuals were fed morphine when shown pictures of the same sex in an attempt to train the body to detest the images. Sexual abuse was way too common between the patients as well as the doctors and nurses. The patients also were put under the addle for various experiments to test the results. Death and sickness were extremely common. Lunch was served at noon and it consisted of mostly potatoes and breads with a small cup of soup.

Afterward, the little clothes owned were taken and washed while the patients went back into the sitting room. They were not allowed outside because it was unnecessary. I watched and made sure no one escaped while guards secretly searched the rooms for anything dangerous. Fights were common but rarely physics and never stopped.