

The Journal stylings of Joshua Bennet, savvy man of originality, yes?

June 27th, 19XX

Went to the doctor today. My depression has been coming back pretty hard, families been getting really worried about me. He told me that maybe starting a journal would be a pretty good idea, hopefully he's right. Maybe it will help me cope? Maybe make me forget. I for some reason, doubt it. Went to the shop called Memory Writes down the street, gave me a good deal on this leather book. After that, went home, eat a small amount of food we have left. Wellington Wells isn't seeming to be going very well for us.

June 28th, 19XX

Woke up, was pretty sore from sleeping on a bad mattress. Went to the kitchen for some breakfast, found nothing. Only a few mushrooms. They look healthy to eat, i'd rather do that than starve. We might have doctors, and we might have shops, but these rations are killer. After eating, sat in the living room staring at the T.V static, nothing is on. Wife came in, she looked very unhappy. Didn't ask her what her deal was, but, oh well. She's always been grumpy since the Germans came.

After hanging about in the house, decided I would go to the park. Not a lot of bombs dropped on it, so its mostly intact. Hanged out with Jerry, he was acting strange. Said some new pills were going to be delivered soon, that they would take the pain away. I think he was talking about his crazy meds. Collin came through the park later, looking as mopey as ever. His police outfit was starting to really show some disrepair. I flagged him over, and we talked for a while. He said the police were going to come by tomorrow and start handing out some new food and medicine, said they were government required. He's always grumpy, just like my wife. Not really sure why he's been in the dumps so much, was like this even before. Collin then decided to complain to me about his problems, I wasn't really paying much attention to him. All I could think about was a nice, juicy steak.

June 29th, 19XX

Police men came to the house this morning. Said they were now to be called Bobbys, and nothing else. Collin was with them, he gave me a sack of pills, one for me, and one for my wife, and another sack of strange meat. He said it was called Victory Meat. I closed the door after. They told us that it was required by the government to take a pill a day. If it was from the government, i'd rather put that on hold. My wife refused to eat the food and the pill, said it reeked of terrible plots. I had to agree.

One odd thing though. Collin was looking happy today. His face was all lit up, he also looked considerably thinner and muscular. Has he been working out and just hiding it? Big mysteries. I talked to my wife about it, she said it was probably a new fitness requirement. I suppose that makes sense.

June 30th, 19XX

Woke up this morning, went to the kitchen. We only had that strange meat that was given to us by Collin. My wife refused to eat it, instead opting out for some bread and mushrooms. I eat some of the Victory Meat, though I felt nothing of it. Have to say though, did put me in a good mood! Maybe this diary stuff is actually working out in the long run. May as well keep it up!

Went into town as well, people were smiling. Went to hang out with Jerry at the park, he had a huge smile on his face. Said he had taken the pill, and that I had to try it. He said he felt like he was a new man! I have to agree, he looked so happy, like he couldn't even remember the bad times...what were the bad times again?

July 4th, 19XX

I am so happy! I have to be honest, I have no idea why no one would NOT take their joy pill! I feel like the world is my oyster, heck, its almost like every day is a new adventure! After I woke up, I went straight down stairs, and eat plenty of Victory Meat, and even some steak! Steak, yes! I have dreamt of this for such a long time. Well...I suppose I just feel so well! This diary, as well as these pills, well, I think I won't be going back to depression for any time soon!

Sad news though, I talked to my wife, she looked at me with a very odd look, like something was wrong. I asked her if she had taken her Joy pill that morning, yet, all she did was shake her head! No Joy? I was disappointed in her. I told her to take it next time, for sure! She can see how happy and joyful I am, so why can't she join me?

A lot of things have happened today, went down the street and everyone was smiling and waving and well, it was just nice! Jerry was eating some Victory Meat when I came over, and was smiling like a good citizen. Said he was getting happy and excited for a new show thats supposed to come on the television! I almost slapped myself in not knowing. He said it was

called With Jack! Said it was going to be shown in the morning, at night, even in the middle of the day! I have to be honest, this is a great idea. On the way home, I noticed a new stall. Where once the phone booth used to be, a fancy new Joy dispenser was in its place! It came with all types of flavors. I took some, made sure that I won't run out. Maybe the wife would be more willing to take a pill if it was flavored?

July 7th, 19XX

I haven't been diligent with my diary, but for some reason, I can't help but skip it sometimes! I see a bird in the air, and well, my attention just goes away, away from the troubles! Watched Waking up with Jack, he was so excited to tell us about how the morning should be run! Happy mornings, no stress, can't even remember the other day!

Then, Jack told us that we should do something else. He referred to those who hadn't taken their pills as downers, and that, while they aren't bad people, they really should take their pills! Their breaking the laws, and those who break the laws need to be taught a lesson. I agreed. I went to my wife, and demanded that she take her pills. She stared at me with horror, horror at my happiness! I asked why she was afraid, and she said that the new face paint I was wearing was terrifying. I told her, that is just the new fancies of the day, and that she should really take her pill! When I tried to force her to take one, she smacked me in the face with a frying pan. I was not too happy about that! I rushed out to Collin, who has been looking better and better every day, and he came with me to help me with my wife! She got smacked with a baton, and he took her away, he told me that she would be fixed right quick. I was so happy for her! Hopefully now that she takes her Joy, she won't be so frustrated and afraid anymore!

August 4th, 19XX

I woke up. I feel sick, my head won't stop swimming. I woke up. I can't see anything, everything is in black and white. Where is my happy pill?! I can't...I only have the journal, it needs to help me, where are the pills? I feel like i'm dying, I can't breath, i'm sweating. My face paint is melting away. I can't breath. I can't live. I'm going to die.

So hungry, so thirsty. Bodies all around me, can't breath, can't see, can't live. I'm going to die.

August 7th, 19XX

I woke up, I feel alright. I can think anyways. I'm in a dark room, no, its a house, there's no one around...god, I can't remember how I even got here. The doors are barred with iron, the windows sealed shut, I can't see anything out the windows. There is nothing. Am I ok? I don't feel happy, I don't feel anything. I...I feel sick still. I can't remember anything, only that I have this journal. I'm going to read through it, maybe I wrote stuff down.

August 8th, 19XX

I did something horrible, I don't want to remember this, I can't believe I did this. I killed my wife..or at least had her dragged away. Everyone I know is gone, they're all covered in painted smiles. I managed to find a door to the roof. There are smiling faces everywhere. I crawled down to the street, only for hatred to meet me.

I saw Collin, he tried to...he tried to kill me! Came right up to me, screamed at me if I had taken my joy, and tried to bludgeon me...I had to run away. Everyone in the town started facing at me, even Jack, his face...he was calling me out, telling me to take my Joy... I had to run, I had no chance. I ran to the Gardens...

There some joy pills in my pocket. Do I want to live in this world, theres no one else....I'm tossing this away, i'm ripping away the pages. This time, I don't want to remember.