

Diary of Ethan Blake

Never in my thirteen years of being a doctor have I seen such a horrifying sickness among so many of my patients. Streams of people are constantly flooding into our hospital, their legs and necks covered in swollen bumps that blacken within hours; goose bumps rise upon their skin as they shiver with exceedingly high fevers, and many are violently throwing up blood. .

Nurses are madly dashing around from person to person, trying to aid them as much as possible, while our top doctors are desperately racing against time to find some sort of remedy; the hospital is in mass chaos I tell you, mass chaos! I just can't take it anymore, seeing so many faces that were once smiling and laughing all of twenty-four hours ago to now being masked with such desolate fear and misery It would be better than hiding in this old closet that I'm in now, which reeks of must and unused cleaning supplies. Although, the stench of dirt and Windex could not possibly smell as bad as the vile odour of the sick and decaying people outside; I don't want to go out there. I'm petrified. If I go back out there, I could get sick myself, and leave behind my husband and kids. But I can't stay in here. It's wrong. I'm going to go out there right now and try to do my best to help the people that have fallen ill during this grave time, the grimmest time of my life

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Yesterday at work was one of the most horrifying sights that I have ever had to witness. And now, as scared as I am to admit it, I have a terrible headache and my lymph nodes are beginning to swell. I have a gut feeling that I may be catching the disease, and the thought of possibly dying within the next four days lingered in the back of my mind while I made my way around town today. As I ran my errands, I saw that just about every civilian had handkerchiefs tied around his or her face, and people were buying talismans and charms from our city's local wise woman in a fretful attempt to shield themselves from the disease. Church bells rang endlessly in a hopeless effort to force this pestilence away, but more and more people continued to perish. When I saw Annie at the shop, she told me about how the lord of our manor left town, abandoning his sick son with the intent of not becoming ill himself. I could not believe how selfish his actions were, and all I could do was shake my head as she told me more. "Lawyers are refusing to come and make out wills for the dying. Friars and nuns are being left to care for the sick, and monasteries and convents are being deserted, as they are being stricken, too. Bodies are getting left in empty houses, and no one is willing to give them their rightful Christian burials"., .