The crooked, rusty entrance sends a chill down your spine. The main hall is filled with emotional guards and miserable prisoners. The several settlements make you tremble under the sheer scale of the building itself. Rotting passage ways are visible everywhere; the massive courtyard looks like it will soon succumb to its oxidizing appearance, rendering it useless. The most dangerous death-row inmates are being treated like wild animals, bruises can be seen everywhere and even now, the guards have no remorse.

As the golden, magnificent, bright sun goes down, the roll-call is issued out to everyone. In some cases, it happens multiple times. Between the colossal, concreate buildings, around the corroding courtyard, awaits a vast expanse. Clueless teenagers wander about in their thoughts.

Whilst the darkness had spread throughout the horizon, the guards had stuffed us into a really claustrophobic area. The intoxicating smell of the candles assaulted my nostrils. The odour of everyone’s armpits engulfed the room. I just can’t comprehend how I was able to survive for that long! All the room had were some wooden beds.

The wooden beds always make me uncomfortable; I could barely get any sleep due the fact that, everyone was snoring really loudly.

Once again, a common pattern begins to materialize into a daily routine. Minutes soon turn into hours, having waited a long time to rest. Some of them returned but they were never the same again.

‘Boys without Names’ by Kashmira Sheth – link text ‘The House of the Dead’ by Fyodor Dostoevsky.