

(pencil scratches)

- The cell was a converted shipping container. And that's it, being locked in there for the next two years.

Interviewer: By yourself?

- Alone, yes.

Interviewer: How did you manage living in such isolation for, it sounds to me, what, 18, 20 months? (sighs)

- Well, there's no simple answer to that, really. I think my faith played an important role. It was- It was severely tested, of course. Thoughts of what I plan to do when I re- When, even the word "when"- If I get released, I tried to memorize as much of the Quran as possible. As an Arabic speaker, I tried to contemplate more on its meanings than I had ever done before. I asked for human contact with other people. They sent me a psychiatrist, and this was an occasion- On a couple occasions when I lost my mind, banged my head against the wall, kicked and screamed just because of the being incarcerated for so long and not knowing when I'm going to get out of this place and everything building up. I think it was an anxiety attack, more than anything else. And they sent in psychiatrists. And I remember the first psychiatrist, not the one that I've mentioned earlier on, the one who said that she was very upset about Guantanamo, but this one in particular came along and she sat on the opposite side of myself and she said, "Have you thought about hurting yourself?" I said, "No. Not in the way that you're suggesting." And then she said, "Have you thought about removing your trousers, threading your trousers with a sheet, putting the crotch part around your neck so you can make a strong noose, and then tying it to the top corner of your cell and then jumping off to kill- to commit suicide. I said, "No, not until you put that thought in my mind." And I couldn't understand why she told me that. But what I have learned since that time is the five people in Guantanamo have died almost identically from that method.