

Mental Hospital  
One Patient At A Time

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## 000 Timmy

Such an evil fog out and about. Timmy walked around his parents property with his dog, Chuck. They stared up at the sky looking for anything that might give clue as to what was going on.

That's when he appeared.

Timmy dropped his baseball. The man stared at Timmy then to the dog.

"Don't be afraid boy." The man said quietly. "I'm not here to hurt you. . . just to warn you."

Timmy swallowed the saliva that had been building up in his mouth. The man was creepy wearing only black, and missing his right eye.

"That's right boy, I'm not here to hurt you." The man smiled. His crooked teeth hadn't been brushed in years. His hair wasn't combed neatly. Hell he was almost bald. "Don't board the bus."

Timmy looked at the man. His eyes grew. Bus? Timmy didn't know of any kind of bus. He look behind him and all around. Upon turning back to the man, he was gone. Disappeared.

Timmy walked home quickly.

The bus would eventually come much later in Timmy's life. . . the only question is would he give heed to the old man's warning.

## 001 Naomi

Naomi was but a girl when her mother committed suicide. She remembered the day clearly. Naomi had come home from school early. Her teachers had kicked all of the students out for the day. When she reached home, her mother was laying on the floor. A bottle of scotch at her side and a gun in her hand. There was a big wound on the left temple of her mother's head. Naomi had run to her mother in an attempt, any attempt at reviving her. It was no use. She was dead.

Her dad would come home a little later to find his daughter still by her mother, kneeling on the ground, sobbing uncontrollably. He tried to get her away from the gore, but it was too late. Reality had already set in.

Naomi was sent off to a mental institution a few months later. She had been experiencing dreams and nightmares about that day she found her mother. Naomi blamed herself for her mother's death, something her father told her wasn't the case at all. Yet she still felt like she had to believe it no matter what.

The doctors at the facility tried to explain to her what she felt was normal and it would pass. They attempted to help Naomi realize that life was more than feeling regret and guilty over things one had no control over.

Naomi tried to listen to the doctors as best she could but found it difficult. Much more difficult than she would ever let on. Inside she was a frightened little girl waiting to get out. She was screaming inside. Yelling for someone, anyone to show her a little attention. Someone to listen to her. Someone to understand. The doctors wouldn't be that someone. Most of the patients had their own

concerns to mull over themselves. All that was left was her imaginary friend.

Of course Naomi didn't feel that he was imaginary. If he was, she would argue, how would he appear here and there and everywhere every time she needed him to be around? It made no sense to her. If her friend was imaginary, he wouldn't even care about her. He would do whatever it was she wanted him to do.

His name was Charlie. Charlie didn't have a last name, as far as Naomi knew, just a first name. He was always just Charlie to her. Plain, simple, happy Charlie.

Charlie showed up at the hospital a month after Naomi had been admitted. At first all he did was stare at her. It made Naomi feel uncomfortable. After a day of this behavior, she approached Charlie and asked him what his deal was.

The boy replied that he was a people watcher. There was nothing strange about his behavior that was any stranger than the other people in the facility. He claimed it was his story and he was sticking to it.

This made Naomi smile. Something she hadn't been able to do in over a month. If the doctors knew she was making progress, they would want to run tests. She kept such thoughts to herself and didn't share them with anyone. It was enough to make a grown person squirm with the thought of being taken against your will and going towards the place where no one knew what went on. The doctors knew, but the patients. Well the patients were a different story altogether. If a patient ended up in one of the other levels where the machines were. That was just asking for death. Most patients that came back from the

laboratory didn't return in the same condition that they left.

It was a shocking discovery among the patients. Most of them didn't know what to think about it and caused mistrust between the patients and the doctors.

Some patients had come up with a phrase. "See you if I see you." It simply meant, if you end up in the bad place. Good luck.

No one in the facility actually thought they would ever be released from the hospital. They were there for good. There was no other way about it.

Most of the doctors had known about the ill feelings the patients had against them. Those doctors who didn't have a clue would soon find out. All it took was for one of them to look at a patient the wrong way. A quick shaking of the head at the wrong time and one would find themselves being attacked by a full on riot.

It wasn't the best of working circumstances but what did you expect after having worked in an insane asylum for so long? All patients couldn't be trusted no matter how innocent they looked. Every patient was to be looked after like a hawk. There weren't any unsupervised activities that went on in the facility. A patient couldn't sneeze without an administration officer knowing about it. It was a tight ship. A tight ship from which there would be no escape.

Naomi hated ships. She hated water even worse. Naomi found it irritating to be held captive against her will. There could be ways to get around it. She just had to find out the exact ways that were needed in order to become free from the hospital and situation she found herself in.

Her bunk mate, Alexandria felt the same way. There was no prison too big

that could handle her. Together the two would find a way out of the mess they had found themselves in. They would find a way even if it took their last ounce of strength to do it.

Naomi and Alexandria weren't in the mood for playing games. They weren't in the mood for getting into fights either. They wanted to be left alone in order to plan their escape. This was okay for the most part. The women would scheme and plan at night while everyone else was asleep. The less people awake the less chance there would be for people to come in search to see what was going on and if they could have a piece of the action.

Alexandria trusted Naomi with her life. The two were best friends. As close as best friends could be. Naomi would start a story and Alexandria could finish it.

On one particular night, the two were talking about their respective homes and how much they wished they could go back to them. Alexandria seemed distant during the conversation. Naomi didn't pick up on it immediately but before long she could tell something was wrong.

"Alexandria?" Naomi said.

Alexandria was focused on the window that looked out onto the basketball court. Her thoughts were elsewhere.

Naomi ran a finger along the back of Alexandria's neck. The cold of her fingertips startled the girl. She looked to her friend, her hands were shaking.

"Are you alright?"

Alexandria shook her head. "No" she said. "I need to get out of here. Before

they kill me.” She stood up and crossed the room. Walking back and forth Alexandria paced while mumbling to herself.

“Need a way out. Have to get out of here. Not safe. Not safe.” She repeated the phrases over and over again without stopping.

Naomi sat on her bed as she watched her friend. Alexandria typically had a smooth head on her shoulders. There was nothing that could shake her. Apparently something had changed and she had lost control over her senses in some manner or another.

“Alexandria!” Naomi shouted. She pounded her foot against the floor which startled the other woman enough to catch her attention. Alexandria stared at Naomi for a moment or two not knowing what to say in return.

Naomi put a finger to her lips. “Shhh” she said quietly. “The guards will hear you. They will take you to level six and have your brains contaminated. Is that what you want?”

Alexandria shook her head. “No” She said “Of course not. What kind of person do you think I am?” She stared at Naomi for a bit longer. All the while their eyes kept contact. Neither woman broke the stare.

If they had been locked in a staring contest either woman wouldn’t have lost. There they stood in the room focused on each other determined not to break eye contact.

Naomi breathed slowly. Her chest rising up and down as she did so. The room felt chill. Her nightgown was of little use in keeping out the cold.

Alexandria was dressed in a similar nightgown, hospital issue. She was also

cold. Her heart was beating fast as paranoia took hold of her. She was going to die in the hospital. Alexandria knew it. There was no way around it. She would die and someone else would come and take her place. Naomi would scheme with someone else and find a way to escape.

“Guards!” Alexandria screamed out. “Guards! Come here!”

Naomi’s eyes were wide open. What on earth was her friend doing? Calling the guards? She must be mad. Naomi thought. Her mind raced in an attempt to figure out what her friend was up to. There was no way else about it. Alexandria had obviously gone mad. Naomi laid down in her bed. Covering up under the sheets she faced the wall hoping to hide from whoever was to come and investigate the situation.

An hour passed before someone came down the hall to see what the screaming was about.

A male orderly entered the room. He walked over to Alexandria, who was still yelling, and gave her a shot. The orderly led her over to a bed. “That’s a girl, lay down.”

Naomi heard pants unzipping. Soon there was the unmistakable sound of bed springs. Alexandria sobbed quietly.

She was being raped.

Naomi stayed still. She had heard of such things happening but had never witnessed it. Naomi dared not to move. What if he came after her next?

A moment later, the orderly zipped up his pants and exited the room.

Alexandria continued to cry into the night.

## 002 Phillip

Phillip sat in his office at the Psych Evaluation Center. For the most part he enjoyed his job. There never was a dull moment. Phillip always had an opportunity to talk with the crazies of the different wards and see what was going on in their minds at the moment.

He was flipping through various files scattered across his desk. Case after case was littered with the same kind of information. Everyone was in the facility for some reason or another. Most were crazy beyond help. Yet they were still locked up for a reason or another. Phillip really didn't care why they were locked up in his facility. He only cared they were still there day after day in order for him to get a paycheck. That's all that mattered as of late. Phillip just wanted to get paid so he could go home each night to a dull existence and live out his days.

Setting aside a file, Phillip picked up a red folder. One he couldn't remember seeing before. It was bright red almost the color of blood. Shrugging it off, Phillip flipped through the pages. The gals name was Emily. To his knowledge, there wasn't an Emily in his facility.

Phillip did a quick search across the computer archives. Sure enough an Emily didn't appear in any of his records. Standing from his desk he was determined to figure out who this woman was and what she was doing in his facility. Of course there had to be a reason. There always was a practical explanation for everything that came his way. Every patient had a story. Ever patient had a motive. He just had to figure out what motive and story belonged to Emily.

## 003 Emily

Emily laid in a bed. Unable to move, unable to do anything. She had been paralyzed to fulfill some evil doctor's purpose. She was sure of it. Those doctors always had something out for her... something they claimed to take away the pain of everything, but it wasn't helping.

She still felt pain. All the pain there was to feel in a body worn out and taken advantage of.

The electroshock therapy was taking hold on her. Too much hold in fact. Something awful and gruesome.

Emily could still feel the indentations on the side of her head where the so called doctor had attached the device. Such an evil terrible thought. The memories were ten times worse.

Wishing she could be free from her restraints, Emily cried.

"Tsk tsk dear."

He was back. No she screamed in her mind, you can't be back! She hoped the good doctor wouldn't come back. But, well, all things hoped for wouldn't always come true.

"You should know by now, crying won't help you." The doctor said. Injecting her with a syringe, he smiled.

Emily felt her legs and hands again. She opened her mouth stretching her jaw. "You evil monster!" Emily yelled spitting out at him.

Wiping spit off his face, the doctor shook his head. "No sweetie, that's not polite. Must I put you under... again?"

Shaking her head, Emily pleaded with him. “No doctor, I’ll behave I promise. If you could just let me out of these restraints.”

Leaning over the table, the doctor looked into Emily’s eyes. He saw the fright, the sadness in her voice was unmistakable. Unfortunately he didn’t care.

“After you spit on me? You expect me to let you do as you please?” He laughed. “Talk about ridiculous.”

Emily breathed slowly. Whatever the doctor was about to do, she wasn’t ready for it. She was never ready for it.

“Let’s begin another session.” He said covering the woman’s mouth with a towel.

Emily braced for whatever torture the doctor was about to perform.

## 004 Fred

When I was a younger lad, my father told me one important thing and I’ve never forgot it.

“Don’t sweat the small stuff.”

That is to say, don’t bother with that which you know you don’t have any say over. The things you don’t have anything to gain from. Leave it to the side. Leave it alone.

On most days that’s easier said than done. That moment will come when the small thing will be sitting there. It will be tempting to touch and look at. Leave it alone. Don’t go after that which you know you shouldn’t.

Had I known years ago what I know now. I wouldn't have even bothered with sweating the small stuff, as my father had wisely stated.

But what can you do? A person must come to the knowledge of their own accord. I suppose that's where my story begins.

It was rainy outside. Not a hard rain. It was more of a gentle rain. The first of the season. You know that first rainy day smell where you just can't get enough of it? Yeah that was it.

I stood out in the rain. It was hitting me all over. I forgot to wear a jacket to work that day. It didn't matter to me though. I was enjoying the rain.

Other people were not enjoying the rain as I was. They were running to and fro. Hurriedly trying to get to their destination.

If they had taken the time to stop for a moment and realize what it was they were missing. I doubt anyone would have bothered to even get to work that morning.

There was an alien spaceship flying overhead. At least I think it was alien. The craft wasn't anything I had ever seen or encountered before. It was something different. Something unique for sure.

At this point in time, work was the small stuff... and the freaking alien mother ship was the big enormous thing that had to be dealt with.

I figured it was my time to do something about it.

It didn't take long for the aliens to realize I was up to something. They had me in some kind of relocation beam. It was a blue beam that shot out from the bottom side of the ship. It had me frozen in space. I couldn't move a muscle.

All I could do was watch as I was being pulled upwards into the ship and away from the planet.

On the ship, I floated for I don't know how long. I could see through the bottom of the ship as it moved away from Earth. Above the people, through the clouds, and into space. If I hadn't been so freaked out I probably would have been in awe at what I was witnessing.

There was nothing I could do. I was their prisoner. They knew it. I knew it.

I was taken from the main holding area to another holding area where I was free to move about the room. Well it wasn't really a room. There were no walls. The openings glowed a nice green color. I had seen my share of science fiction over the years. I figured it was some kind of force field.

Didn't dare touching that thing. Who knows if it would give me a mild shock or throw me across the room on my ass. I decided the next best thing. Sit in the middle of the room cross legged and wait. Wait for someone to come to me.

I wasn't going anywhere.

## **005 Gina**

I had been aboard the alien vessel for a little over a week. At least I think it was a little over a week. I'm not quite certain. The passage of time moves so differently on a flying saucer.

I lost count after a few days. I blame it on the alien mind control techniques they used on me. I'm told it's now December. It was November when I left.

Oh well. All I know is I'm not really going anywhere.

I haven't seen anyone else aboard, well human wise that is. The aliens are small midget sized green people. Nothing like the grays you hear about that crashed at Roswell New Mexico. These fellas were green with small beady eyes. From what I could see they didn't speak vocally. They had bulbs in their throats where vocal communication would occur, but no sounds came out. I figured it must be some kind of telepathy.

For the majority of my stay aboard their vessel, I was pinned down to an operating table. Some kind of examinations were going on. They had numbed me from the neck down so I couldn't feel a thing.

Every now and again I could feel their fingers running over my body. But that feeling didn't last as they just deadened the area more.

I asked the aliens what they were doing to me, but never got a response. They simply stared at me and continued on with their work. Violating me as often as they liked and not caring about the person they were messing with.

At one point during an examination, I felt a tight pressure against my spine. Almost needle like, yet more with the force of a drill. I could only assume they were performing some kind of spinal tap. Again the feeling didn't last long as they pumped more drugs into my system to keep me under control.

Control.

Even the word had its amusing points about it. In order for someone to be in control of another being, that being had to be defeated. I didn't like to admit I had been defeated.

Deep down inside I'd like to think I was still in charge over my life. I had a choice as to what they could and couldn't do with my body. This of course wasn't the case, but if I could force myself into thinking that way, well maybe it wouldn't be as bad.

## 006 Glenn

Glenn walked back and forth by the window. Looking around the room, he saw people. People in white. People drooling all over themselves. People playing card games.

The television was on. Some old time cop show playing. Glenn couldn't remember the name of the show. Oh well didn't matter, he had other things to worry about.

There were patients to be seen and attended to. Glenn was sure of that. Walking around the asylum's upper levels was nothing but pleasure in Glenn's eyes. He saw to it that the patients never forgot how they got there and why he was in charge.

Looking at the clipboard in his hands, Glenn crossed off a name. He wouldn't be needing to see that patient today at all. The patient in question was dead. Such a sad case of events, but it did tend to happen from time to time in the upper wards.

"Doc?" A man said waving in an attempt to get Glenn's attention.

Glenn looked over. "Yes Harry, what is it today?"

The man smiled. Glenn had recognized him, that was enough to make him happy. “Oh doc, when can we get some decent TV in this place? We’ve been watching the same thing for the past two weeks! I’m going mad I tell you.”

Glenn sighed. Harry was already mad in his eyes, there wasn’t anything he could do to change that fact. “Oh Harry, you know the TV policy around here is strict. More tight than the lower levels. If only you had paid attention and not murdered the secretary, you wouldn’t be up here.” He paused taking in a deep breath. “But you had to kill her didn’t you? You had to show her who was boss.”

Harry nodded. “That’s right! Bitch had it coming.”

Glenn made notes on his clipboard. Harry continues to believe he killed the secretary swears up and down he did it. Amusing.

“C’mon doc. Let us watch something else.”

Glenn shook his head. “Last time I let you do that, it took the nurses several days to calm the lot of you down. Do you want that again?”

Harry shook his head. “No doctor. No.” Lowering his head he sat down in a vacant chair.

Two security guards entered the room with a doctor close behind. Walking up to Glenn the doctor smiled.

“Playing doctor again are we Glenn?” The woman asked.

Glenn shook his head as he hid the clipboard. “No ma’am. I would never do such a thing.”

Mary looked at Glenn in the eyes. “Glenn, you are no longer a doctor. Your

license was revoked after you murdered those women. Do you remember?"

Glenn shook his head. "I didn't do no such thing! That's a lie."

Mary sighed. "Right, back to square one. Very well." Looking to the security guards she smiled. "Escort him to the electro therapy room. I want to try something.

They did as ordered dragging Glenn out of the wing kicking and screaming.

## 007 The Train

The train was running late. It always ran late on the weekends. Most of the days, the train was on time. But the weekends, it was never expected to be on time. The townspeople knew this, they got use to it.

Timmy looked down at his watch. Three hours had passed since he had arrived at the station. Three hours and he was no better off then when he had arrived.

Expecting a train to take him out of the town, Timmy anticipated an hour wait at most. He had been new to the town, found most of the townspeople to be friendly with a few bad apples mixed in. It was a typical town.

Sighing, Timmy sat back down on a bench and read the morning newspaper. There were stories of people dying, murders had grown in the outlying areas. It was only a matter of time before the town would really feel it.

"Hey son." An older gentleman said. "You look nervous, you okay?"

Timmy looked to the older man. Was he okay? What an odd question to ask

someone you just met. He shrugged. “Dunno pops. Just waiting for the damn train to come, ya know?” He looked back to the newspaper in an attempt to avoid the old man.

“Well, good luck with that.” The man stood up and left.

Timmy watched him go. Strange old duck talking about nothing. Sheesh. Whatever. Might as well catch a bus.

That’s when it struck him. If the train wouldn’t get here on time, surely the bus would take care of him.

Gathering his belongings, Timmy left the train station.

## 008 Level Six

Level six of the hospital was your normal torture chamber. Naturally to get by state and any other trespassers, the hospital said it was under construction and off limits to everyone, including hospital staff.

That story could only go on for so long before people became suspicious about what really went on upstairs, but for now it was safe. As safe as the asylum could make it.

Nothing mattered on level six, people didn’t care what the patients went through. If they had been sent there, they were there for a reason.

Alexandria sat in the corner by herself. Beating her head against a brick wall, she wailed sounds that didn’t make sense.

The orderlies had a tendency to ignore her. They didn’t care if she hurt

herself or not. As far as the staff were concerned, if she died it would be a blessing. An odd blessing, but a blessing.

Still Alexandria kept bashing her head against the wall.

A man walked up to Alexandria. "Shouldn't do that miss." He said in a hushed voice. "You'll probably die."

"I want to die." Alexandria said. "There's nothing left here."

The man nodded. "I see... they'll come for you, you know. They always come for those who are less fortunate. How else do you think they get away with it? People won't believe us. We're perfect candidates."

Alexandria waived her hand. "Get away from me creepy man. I don't want to hear about it."

The man nodded. "I see, well when you do want to talk about it... come find me. I'll let you in on all the secrets."

He walked away.

## 009 Gone

Naomi walked back and forth in her room. Alexandria was missing. What was she to do about that? There was nothing Naomi could do. Her confidant was gone. There was nothing more she could do.

There was a loud knock at the door. Naomi thought it odd because no one ever knocked. If you knocked, you were crazy. The doctors didn't knock, orderlies didn't knock.

The door opened. A woman walked in. Naomi looked the woman up and down. What did she want? Why was she here?

“Naomi?”

Naomi nodded. “Yes.”

The doctor pulled out a clipboard. “I’m Amanda, I’m here to check on you.”

Naomi shook her head and stared out the window. No one ever bothered to check on her. That was absurd. The doctors didn’t care. She knew that. Must be a new lady trying to fit in. She’ll learn eventually. Naomi sighed. A shame really.

“How long have you been here?”

“Six years.”

Scratching noises could be heard down the hallway. People screaming to be released. Others just scratching at the doors in a vain attempt of freeing themselves. None of it mattered though. There was no escape from this hell. This prison. They called it a hospital for the mentally ill, but it was really just an oversize prison.

“I see here your usual doctor says you hallucinate about a boy named Charlie?”

The woman continued her questioning. “Tell me about him.”

“He’s not a hallucination.” Naomi said. “Charlie is real.”

“I see.” More scratching could be heard, this time from the doctor’s pen.

“And what does he tell you?”

Naomi smiled. “That he’s there for me.”

The doctor nodded. “Very well. I have enough for now, I’ll visit you later.”

“Where’s Alexandria?” Naomi asked. “She was my bunk mate.”

The woman shook her head. “I don’t know who you’re talking about. You’ve been in this room by yourself for the entire time you’ve been here.”

Naomi’s eyes grew large. Alone? No, that couldn’t be. Alexandria was real. She had to be. They were best friends.

Crouching down to the floor, Naomi slid down and curled up into a ball. Her world was being torn from her a piece at a time.

## 010 Lucy

Life had its meaning. Sometimes it had other ways of dealing with whatever it was you had to deal with. Lucy was just that, something to deal with.

She didn’t offer much in way of companionship. No, Lucy was something quite different. She was only a heartbeat away from finding what it was she wanted in life.

Oh what a life to be had. Lucy hated her life. Ever since the accident, she didn’t think it would get any better.

That’s when she met him. Oh he was a quiet soul. A man with an easy going face. Lucy found him an odd fella, a sorted fella, someone who she could possibly get along with.

“What ya drinkin’ stranger?” Lucy asked. She sat at a barstool, her skirt a bit higher than normal. Her tits ready to pop out of her top. Just the right amount for someone to notice.

The man smiled back at Lucy. “Oh just gin and tonic.” He noticed her. Who wouldn’t notice her in a joint like that?

Lucy twisted her hair with her fingers. Her goto method to flirting. “Sounds good.”

Looking to the bartender, the man nodded. “One for my friend Joe.”

The drink was delivered quickly. Lucy took a sip. Gin was never her thing, but well she wasn’t looking for anything unique tonight. Just wanted to get laid. If the man had anything to do with that, she would be happy.

“Thanks mister.” Lucy said.

The man nodded. “Cheers.” He drank the rest of his drink and left the bar.

Lucy sighed. Damn, another man who would have nothing to do with me. She stared at her drink.

What would it take? What would she have to do to catch someone’s attention?

Lucy would find out.

## 011 Office Hours

Something told me not to go into work that day. It made sense eventually but at first I ignored the warning. It wasn’t too bad of a warning to ignore, just a creepy guy walking in front of my house with a sign that said “The End Is Near!”

Honestly, do people really do that anymore? I don’t know. Well I suppose if the guy is out there, people still do that sort of thing. No matter, it’s all just a

bunch of hogwash. If the end is so near, you would think it would actually end.

Work was alright, until the last final moments of the day. Housekeeping came around doing their part. That's when I noticed it. The newspaper was indicating an asteroid was headed towards Earth.

In the past, asteroids had been diverted and didn't even come close to Earth. I figured this would be the same way. Nothing too crazy, nothing too wild.

Well the people down on the street outside my office didn't think the same way. Wow they were nuts. Throwing people, cans of garbage, anything they could get their hands on.

It had to be some kind of misplaced joke. Had to be a government conspiracy or something. The end wasn't ending, it couldn't end. There was no way it would be ending.

I tried my best to ignore the people outside my window. But they wouldn't let up. The noise continued.

I wondered if I should even head home. The streets were a mess. Life was supposedly ending. Maybe if they would all just wait a bit and let the asteroid fly by, everything would be okay. No moments of blackouts, the asteroid would just go on its way and everything would be peaceful.

I wish I could say that happened. People were causing panic everywhere. It was widespread craziness. Talk about annoying, and yet here it was happening right before my eyes.

Deciding not to leave my office, I headed for the downstairs bomb shelter. It was built sometime back in the early sixties when the threats of a cold war were

going on.

I felt safe there.

It wasn't until the next morning when I realized what trouble I was in.

Oh staying in the office had been a wise choice. But now I was trapped in a bomb shelter without a way to get out.

Talk about nuts.

## 012 Adolf

The eighth floor was worse than the sixth. On the eighth floor there were people who didn't even know the sixth floor existed. That was typical though. No one wanted to acknowledge the sixth ward existed, not even the guards.

On the eighth floor there were no games. No puzzles to be had. It was only the worst nightmares imaginable. A lone scientist worked on the eighth floor. A scientist who didn't care about humans and their wellbeing.

His name was Adolf.

Yes, that's right. He was named after Adolf Hitler. The sonofabitch wanted and did as he pleased. If he wanted to experiment on humans, he experimented on humans. This included but was not limited to head surgery. Well it was more along the lines of exploratory surgery.

Nothing pleased Adolf more than simply opening up a person's brain and cutting into it. He was amused by everything there was to be amused by. Simply by opening the person's head up, he could determine if they were right handed

or left handed. How their inner workings worked. There was nothing he couldn't do. He could tell if they were artistically inclined or if they preferred to work with numbers.

Fortunately the screams couldn't be heard in the other floors of the hospital. Adolf preferred it all to be quiet that way. He never liked disruptions.

Besides, the people on the lower levels wouldn't be able to understand all that was going on. They would think he was murdering the patients. Well in a way he was. But that was only after he had examined them and determined there was no alternative medicine that could help them all out.

It was truly a mad house and no one was exempt from it all.

## 013 Happy

I'm pretty sure this space craft wasn't meant for long extended flight. I mean the aliens are nice and everything, but they can be rather annoying at times. Always coming into my room and probing me. Well I'm sure they don't want to kill me... I hope. Hopefully they just want to test things and do the random stuff... you know alien things.

Did I mention they fed us well? Oh hell yeah they did. We were eating steaks and whatever we wanted to basically. I of course made sure they didn't want to fatten us up so they could eat us. But that's beside the point. They wanted us fed well.

Whatever the case for the food, at least it was good food.

Walking around my room I had anything I wanted. All the pleasantries of life. Well all but freedom. It didn't seem to be fair at first, but then I came across their extensive library. Now when I say it was extensive, I mean extensive. They had books from their race as far as the eyes could see.

Talk about something amazing.

I started reading immediately. They seemed to be pleased I was taking it all in so eagerly.

Among the earlier centuries of their people, they had wars. So many wars it's impossible to count them all accurately. Probably due to records being destroyed in the process.

But they survived. No matter what problems arose in their society, they survived to become the race they are today. Now if that's not amazing, I don't know what is.

The funny thing, I'm content to be among them. You could say I am actually happy for once in life. I'm not sure why I'm happy. . . I just am.

Can't wait to see where we're headed. They just scooped us up and took off. They didn't bother to mention exactly where we're going.

So I guess, we'll just have to wait and see what happens.

## **014 Prison**

Life in prison wasn't easy. Larry didn't want any part of it. But he had to do the time for which he had committed a certain questionable crime. Naturally

what crime isn't questionable.

He had been surprised at how quickly the police caught up with him. They were on the scene in seconds. Literally seconds.

Larry figured the shop owner must have had the police on hot standby or something. They never showed up that quickly to anything, unless it was a doughnut shop. He chuckled at the thought. Police and donuts were like peanut butter and jelly.

The crime in question was theft, theft of something Larry didn't know what. He didn't ask questions when it came down to it. Larry had a job to do and he attempted to do that job, only he was caught, he failed the assignment.

"Hey bub, you gonna finish that?" A man sitting across from Larry asked. They were sitting in the cafeteria.

Larry looked at his pie and frowned. It looked so happy and pleasing to the taste, but he couldn't eat it. He wasn't in the mood for a happy dessert. Nudging the small plate across from him, Larry let the man have his dessert.

"You take it, I'm not hungry."

The man gladly accepted the dessert and began eating it. Halfway through eating the chocolate pie, the man stopped. He wondered why Larry had given him the food so freely. What was his game plan. He put his fork down.

"What gives?" He asked.

Larry sighed. "Matt, what do you mean what gives?" He responded. "Every day since we met, you've asked if I was going to eat my dessert. I usually do. Today, I feel different, I don't want it. So it's yours. There's nothing to get."

Matt looked at Larry and then back at the pie. Shrugging his shoulders he picked up his fork and began eating again. Matt wasn't about to let a good piece of pie go to waste. As he finished it, he belched.

"That good huh?" Larry smirked.

"Yep bub, me and pie we have a relationship that goes back decades." Matt laughed. "I haven't met a pie I didn't like."

An alarm sounded. It was blaring and loud. Larry dropped to the floor placing his hands above him. It could only mean one thing, an escape attempt was happening.

Matt sighed as he too went to the floor. "Man, just when I was enjoying my lunch."

"Shut up!" Larry said. "You know the rules, no talking."

A security guard approached Larry. "402, are you talking while a security breach is going on?"

Larry didn't respond.

"That's what I thought." The guard said. Taking a taser out of his pocket, he pressed it against Larry's neck. "Next time, be more careful." He walked away.

Larry exhaled slowly. That was a close one. He had been on the business end of a taser before, it wasn't something he wanted to experience a second time. Larry glared at Matt, they would have words later.

The prisoners in the cafeteria could hear other prisoners cheering one of the escapee's on. They wanted him to get free from the guards. It was a futile maneuver, but they wanted it anyways. It seemed to liven up the place even if

it was for a brief moment.

After twenty minutes passed, the intercom crackled to life. “All clear.” A guard’s voice came over an intercom. “Return to your normally scheduled activities.”

Standing up, Larry sat down at the table he and Matt had been eating lunch at. Stirring his food around his plate, Larry frowned. It was now cold. Oh well, Larry thought, it wasn’t that good of food anyways. Who cares. Such was the prison life.

Standing up from the table, Larry picked up his tray. He was done eating. Walking it over to the incinerator, he placed it inside and closed the lid. Larry pressed a green button and watched as his trash lit up in flame. If he kept his nose clean, he would avoid the human incinerator. It was something he planned on avoiding at all costs.

Matt followed Larry out the cafeteria and into the courtyard where they had twenty minutes of free time. Larry called it recess like he was back in grammar school or something. Matt called it an opportunity.

Larry watched as Matt worked his magic. A pack of cigarettes exchanged for some Ramen. Ramen exchanged for some Doritos. It was the typical swapping and trading in an attempt to get what one wanted. Food and cigarettes were the currency for such things. By the end of the day, Matt would have the necessary ingredients to make some toilet wine, which he would trade for something else as well. It was how the game was played.

Walking back to his cellblock, Larry laid down on his bed. It wasn’t that

much of a bed, it was prison after all. But it served its purpose.

Falling asleep, Larry would dream of better times. Old times when life was quite different. Life was simpler back then. It was something he wanted to look forward to.

There was a clanking sound on his cell bars. Larry woke up. Looking at the cell door, a security officer was standing there. She had quite an evil smirk on her face.

“Heard back from your parole board Larry. Sorry, you didn’t make the cut.” She laughed as she walked away.

Larry frowned. Sara was a jerk. Out of all the guards, he hated her the most. She had something against him. He didn’t know what that was, but it was something real. Larry could feel it in his bones.

Laying back down on his mattress, Larry exhaled sharply. He wouldn’t sleep that night, or any night afterwards not until he was free of that damned prison.

## **015 Fire**

Shawn watched as the house burned. It wasn’t his first arson attempt and it sure as hell wouldn’t be his last. Shawn liked watching things burn, it was in his blood. Looking at his watch, he figured the fire department would be there shortly, and if the fire department would be coming you can be the police would be there too. It was time to book.

Standing up, Shawn dusted his pants off and made a run for it into the cloak

of night. In a way he wanted to see the firefighters battle his latest handy work, but then again he didn't want to get caught. If you got caught, you couldn't start another fire.

Moments later, the fire department arrived on the scene. They quickly got to work at battling the house fire. Fortunately no one was home at the time the fire started. Shawn wasn't in it to harm anyone, he just wanted to watch the world burn one house at a time.

Laying in bed, Shawn flipped on the TV and channel surfed until he came upon the evening news. Sure enough, the house he had set on fire was there as the lead story. Shawn grinned at the story, it was nice to see his handy work on the small screen.

Turning the TV off, Shawn turned over and decided to get some sleep. Tomorrow would bring about another opportunity for his little plan.

The next day, Shawn woke up early to the sound of knocking on his door. Yawning, he grabbed a shirt and got dressed. Who was bothering him this early in the morning? He wondered.

Opening the door, Shawn saw a man flash his badge and put it away back in his pocket. "Shawn Matthews? I have a few questions for you." He walked inside Shawn's apartment without asking if he would come in.

Sitting down on the couch, Shawn watched the man look around for a moment before settling down on a chair across from Shawn.

Pulling out a briefcase, the man opened it and took some photos out. He placed them on the coffee table for Shawn to see. They were pictures of burning

houses.

“Recognize your handy work?” The man asked.

Shawn froze. He didn’t know what to say. As far as he knew no one knew it was him that had started the fires. Shawn tried to lie his way out of it. “I don’t know what you’re talking about . . . mister . . .”

“Fredrickson.” The man said. “George Fredrickson. We take arson very seriously Mister Anders. Very seriously.” He tapped his foot on the floor.

Shawn felt a lump form in his throat. He tried again to deny it. “I don’t know what you’re talking about man. I haven’t been near any of those places that went up in flames.”

George smiled. “I didn’t say there was more than one. Stand up, turn around. I’m placing you under arrest.”

Shawn sighed. Today was not his day.

## 016 Ralph

Ralph stepped from the curb and began crossing the street just as a bus swerved out of the way to avoid hitting him. He stopped walking and took a quick step back. “That was close.” Ralph said. “Too close.”

“Watch where you’re walking!” The bus driver yelled out his window.

“Watch yourself!” Ralph yelled back at the driver as the bus drove away. “You could have killed me!” He flipped the driver off.

Crossing the rest of the way, Ralph walked into the mental institute. As he

approached the main desk, he smiled at the nurse who was manning it.

“Morning Glinda.” Ralph said.

Glinda smiled in return. “Good morning Doctor Ralph, ready for another exciting day with your favorite patients?”

Ralph laughed. “Of course.”

Glinda handed several files over to Ralph. “Good, here are your morning cases. There’s more after lunch, so make sure you get something to eat before you see them.”

Ralph shuffled through the cases for a moment, it was the typical intake forms. He typically saw such cases on a daily basis. They weren’t surprising in any way. Just people who needed to see the doctor and hopefully get better after being put on medications.

Ralph paused on one file in particular. “Ben.” He whispered. “What are you doing in this pile of rugrats?” He whistled as he read. “Didn’t know that about you my friend...” His voice trailed off.

An hour later, Ralph sat across from Ben. Ben was wearing a straight jacket. Ralph frowned at the sight. To his knowledge Ben didn’t need to be in such a contraption. Walking towards Ben, Ralph began loosening the straps on the jacket.

“You don’t want to do that.” Ben warned. “When people help me, they get hurt.”

Ralph ignored the advice. “Don’t worry Ben, you’re safe here. I promise.” He held out a hand. “Trust me.”

Ben shook his head. "I can't trust anyone. Especially doctors like you." He laughed. "No thanks."

Ralph dropped his hand. "Right." He said. "Look, I'm here to help. We can get you through this, whatever this is we can do it. Together."

Ben rolled his eyes. "Lies I've heard from other doctors. Lies I've heard from you before too. It's all just lies." He waved his hands in the air. "Lies and more lies, it won't change . . . ever."

Ralph tried to smile but couldn't do so. He was worried about Ben on more than one level. It was more than a professional concern, it was personal. Ralph had promised Bens' parents he would look out for him and felt like he was failing all around.

Ever since Ralph was introduced to Ben, he had worried about him. There was something off about the kid. All the medication in the world wouldn't be able to "fix" him. Ralph knew this, which is why he felt therapy might do some good.

"How are the voices these days?" Ralph asked. "You still hearing them?"

Ben tapped the side of his head. "All day, every day. Life wouldn't be the same without them." He smiled. "Sometimes I think I'd be lost without them hanging around. Hey at least I'm never alone." Ben chuckled at his own joke.

Ralph wished he could chuckle along with Ben, but it was a very serious thing he was admitting to. Voices had a tendency to mess with a person's mind. Telling them to do things they don't want to do. It can be a very dangerous place to be in.

Ben dropped the smile. “You’ll never know what it’s like inside my head man. You’ll never know.” He tapped his head again. “And that’s something I have to accept, that I hear things that no one else hears. It’s torture man, it’s something I have to deal with daily and I hate it.” He paused. “If you can do anything about that, I’d like to see you try.”

Ralph frowned. He could throw medication at it, but that wasn’t about to fix anything. Talking about it might help in the long run, but then again it wouldn’t fix anything. Not the way Ben wanted to be fixed.

Ben wanted to feel normal again. Before the voices started manifesting themselves, he was just an ordinary kid doing what ordinary kids do. Playing games, watching TV, trying out for football practice. He even had a girlfriend. But then the voices came and changed everything that he knew to be his life.

“I think we can try some new techniques.” Ralph said. “Something that hasn’t been tried before.”

Ben leaned back in his chair and frowned. “No more medication. No electroshock therapy man. I can’t go through that again.”

Ralph nodded his head. He had read over the ... for lack of better words experiments previous doctors had done to Ben. They weren’t fair and were inhumane by today’s standards.

Ben felt his thoughts were irrational at times, but he also knew they were very real to him. No one could take that away from him, they were a part of him. They were him. But the problem with that line of thinking was, Ben’s illness didn’t define him. He didn’t want it to define him. To do so wouldn’t be

fair to Ben.

Ralph knew this. He had trained for such problems when dealing with troubled kids. It was his mission to hopefully help them out and change their perspective on life.

“We aren’t going to do any of those things Ben.” Ralph reassured him. “I promise.”

Standing up, Ben began to pace around the room. He kept saying to himself “No, no, no, no, no.” Over and over again.

Ralph tried to calm Ben down. “Hey buddy, why don’t you sit down here. I promise we won’t do anything without your permission.” He said. Ralph reached into his pocket and pressed a button on a small device.

A moment later, two orderlies came into the room. One grabbed hold of Ben by the arms while the other injected Ben with a drug to calm him down. It calmed him down alright, Ben collapsed to the floor unconscious.

Ralph took a deep sigh of relief. “Thanks fellas.” He said. It was going to be a long day.