

# The Asylum

By Jacob Hansen

I woke up in a dismal room, but one fluorescent light hanging above a table covered with files and papers alike. I then realized I was tied up, my hands and legs; to a metal chair. I started wriggling around, much like my son when he could not leave the “Time Out” chair.

“Would you please calm down, you *will not* get out.” An estranged voice said with a small chuckle.

“Wh- who are you? Where am I?” I asked, my fear rising.

“Your cell of course!” He released a demonic chuckle, “I am Dr. Welterfenn, owner of this pristine asylum! Welcome, I am pleased to see someone smart here. Ah, so many have died here, it’s actually quite funny! Like David, he tried to escape, got himself killed, oh an-“

“Whoa whoa *whoa*. Hold up. Died? *Killed?*” I interjected.

“Why yes! Of course!” Welterfenn replied. Right then and there, my heart sank to a level so deep; the *Titanic* couldn’t even reach it. I tore up into tears, screaming and thrashing for help. He slashed my face with a surgical knife.

“Shut up!” He told me, “Do. *Not*. Scream. You’ll end up like the other ‘Screamers’” He let out a demented chuckle. I glared at him, and he slashed me yet again. The blood dribbled down my face and onto my chest, and I fell into a deep state of panic. I screamed and thrashed, and he let out one swift kick to my chest. I do not recall what happened after that.

I woke up in a strange place yet again. The fluorescent light was still there, but, everything else was just gone. I slammed on the soft walls screaming for help. But no answer, no sound. Just me.

Before I even had the time to wrap my head around things, a nurse came in with a vial of glowing liquid. “Sedation Time!” She let out an angelic laugh. I deviously grinned, and pulled the vial out of her hands and thrust it into her neck. She screamed and thrashed; and she cried tears of blood. I kicked her stomach and raced out of the room, slamming the rubber door behind me.

I raced down the hall, and one woman stopped me in my tracks. Her braid flailing behind her, and blood stained on her shirt. “Wait! Please *wait!*” I called to her. She didn’t even turn, and she took a right. I followed her but I heard the weirdest sound, probably outside. I looked out a window, but nothing was there. But the trees were on fire, spreading much a cobra striking its prey. I hurried to another room, it was a

laboratory. I saw the mangled bodies of animals and humans, and even a large fish. *My god! What has he been testing? Poison?* I thought.

Then, unexpectedly, fire burst through the floor. I let out a yelp, and backed into a corner; I felt as though my time was up. But to some avail, I saw an opening to the door, and I took it. I opened every door in the hall, searching for some sort of protection. But, finally, I found hope. I found a small beaker; and it was filled with some sort of red tonic. The label said, "Protection", but I didn't trust it. In panic, I dunked it down. It filled my every being. Soft and warm at first, but it tore through my body. It lifted me, literally, into the air, and I saw everything change around me. I saw ash falling as the doors rusted. The walls broke and tore in two. The sun went around and around, and even two solstices. And then everything stopped. It seemed as though 200 years had passed. Everything now black and dark, I was afraid to even move. I peered out the window, afraid for my life.

I saw blades spinning furiously and it had the shape of a bird. *What is that?* I thought. I had to get out, I would not die there. *Lord, Please let me leave. What have I done to deserve this?* I prayed. And he was listening. I was attacked by a flurry of emotion and memory. I killed my wife, my two children. My dog. And even my neighbors. I wailed in pain, aching for forgiveness.

But forgiveness had to wait. I had an idea. I took a rather large piece of metal and broke the window. And for the bars, I bashed it until they fell off. I sprinted to the strange machine, and then I saw him.

His face looks exactly like mine. He was *exactly* like me. I guess my son survived and had him. "What's your name boy?" I asked, shaking his hand.

"Names' Kurtis. You seen anyone else in there?" He asked

"Maybe, what does she look like?" I replied.

"Lara Croft. Braid, blue shirt, amazingly beautiful?" He asked again. I wanted Lara for myself, not him. I punched him with all of my might, and he passed out instantaneously. I stole his clothes and his gun.

I threw him out of the machine, and covered him with twigs and branches. I asked the person in the pilot's seat for some flammable liquid. He gave me lighter fluid. I doused the incapacitated Kurtis, and I took his lighter and set him on fire. I chuckled devilishly, and hopped back in.

I saw some files lying on the floor, just sitting there, and I got reading. They were going to a place called "Tsumeb", whatever that is. Also, there was the date.

September 20<sup>th</sup>, 2004. *About eighty years, my god!* I thought. There were also two outfits. I guessed for Lara and me. Lara then raced out of the asylum, the machine awaiting her. My face lit up, I was truly happy to see her alive. But, she was the same woman I saw over seventy years ago. *How is she still alive?* I thought.

Lara trotted over to the machine and asked, "Where to?"

I nodded with a surge of happiness. "You know," I grinned, holding up two outfits which read "Tsumeb: Private Personnel".