

Insanity

“Let me the fuck out of here you assholes!”

I get up after the fuckers throw me back into my cell, I go to get up to shout at the pigs but I feel a pain in my chest, Must be a broken rib from my fight with Nathan. I lay flat on my back holding the left side of my chest and try to get to sleep. Before I go to sleep I realise I'm not in my old cell. I get up, walk around and don't see anything, no bed, no toilet, just darkness. There's no windows and instead of the boring iron bars door there's a massive steel door.

“John”

I immediately turn around to see who said my name and see nothing, nobody. I lay back down and think to myself it'll only be for the night, I'll get out and go back to my own cell with Tiny.

I wake up in the morning and brush my teeth before I see my queen wow!! as I've done for the past 729 days I think? I got to the wall and marked today's day with my fingernails. The voices haven't been around since day 689. I walk over to the corner where I've been disposing of my waste the whole 730 days now. It doesn't smell as much today which is good and I've finally gotten used to my own body scent. I hear the bottom of the door open and the light that comes from it blinds me however it immediately shuts and I see today's meal lay before me.

I walk to grab it but then I feel a cold hand on my shoulder. I scream at the top of my lungs and jump and land on my back on the ground. My breathing increases rapidly, my whole body starts to shake. I look around the room, nothing on the left and nothing to my right. I grab my tray of food and start to eat the same crappy slop I've been eating since day 302.

A couple of hours later I prepare for the jump. The jump is essentially me attempting to escape this world and get back into my old world. Today will be attempt 23 of breaking the barrier. Last time I did it I think I was asleep for 16 hours. But today, today will be different. I start to stretch my whole body, my arm's and my legs. I prepare myself mentally and my breathing increases, I feel the adrenaline rush throughout my whole body. I take off one foot at a time, I can feel it today, I keep moving and then I hit the door, with a thud. I hit the door so hard I think I've broken my nose, I then get sent flying backwards and hit my head on the ground.

I lie on the ground for a minute and feel all blood gushing out of my nose.

“Son of a bitch”

This is the most pain I have ever felt in my entire existence. I take a minute to compose myself and then tell myself I need to put my nose back in the right place. I sit up straight so no blood goes down into my body. I grip my nose with enough force and then CRACK. I put it back in place and scream, I scream the loudest I ever have.

After this I finally get up, turn around and see children, well not just any children. My children. Except instead of their only being three, they're like 23. They're all just standing there looking at me.

"What the Fuck do you want? Leave now!" I scream

They just stay there, no reaction. I go to hit them and when another one appears, I continue to punch them until I am surrounded. It's only then they start laughing. They continue to laugh until I collapse to my knees. I go into a little ball with my head tucked into my chest and cover my ears to stop the laughter.

"I'm all alone, I'm worthless, I'm worth nothing."

"I can't stand it anymore."

I slowly look up and they're all gone, there's nobody, just me, myself and I.

"Right this way mam."

I walk through the security checkpoint, through the metal detector and it starts beeping.

"Pen guys, it's just a pen."

I see my bag go through a baggage scanner to see if I have any "hazardous materials in it"

After this, they bring me into one of the control rooms however it's different from what I was expecting. There's a big television and there's a prisoner in isolation, however this is different to anything I've seen before.

"We don't really know what this is, we were hoping you could explain it to us."

As he peaks, footage of the patient running into the door is played and I see him fall and possibly break his nose.

"Hand me his file" I say to the guard.

"John Williams, age 33, has a wife Sarah Williams along with his child Sam Williams, no history of mental health however he's gone insane."

"Yeah probably because he's been in a cell for what, 97 days, he thinks he's been in there for 730 days. And with the panic attacks and running through the door. Alright then, I think what we're dealing with here is dyschronometria, schizophrenia and anxiety. I recommend we move to a psychiatric hospital immediately."

"Send a team in to sedate him and prep him for transport"

I watch as a team enters his cell, he's blinded by the light, not surprising by the condition he's in, he has very little muscle left so the guards sedate him and he's screaming as it's happening. All I can hear are his endless screams.