

Wake up!

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"Wake up!"

"Take your clothes off. Underwear too. We need to look at everything."

"Wake up!"

"What is it like for you right now?"

"I feel like I can do anything. Like nothing can hurt me."

The man stands besides Dr. Krystal, ready to provide her with protection should I become combative. I remember him as the one who took my clothes. The third woman, I haven't a clue as to her purpose. She stands there with hands cradled together. I think that maybe she is an empath, like me. "Perhaps she is able to "read" me and communicate her findings to others. "Funny," I think, "*it doesn't usually take three to do an initial assessment.*"

"Wake up!"

"What is real and what isn't? I've seen this movie before, but it's unfolding differently this time. How can the same movie be different?" I don't know. I don't understand.

"Wake up!"

"This is your room. It has cameras in it. We will be observing you all the time."

"Wake up!"

The three are in my room again. The empath loses consciousness and slumps against me. The other two take her out.

"Wake up!"

I am angry. Nothing is making sense. I take a photo of my family out of my front pocket, rip it, and scatter the pieces upon the floor. I grab toothpaste and smear it on the window that peers into "my" room so no one can see in. I grab a bar of soap and smear it all over an outer window, writing the words "I AM" into it with my finger. I take my shoes off my feet and tie the laces together, making a weapon of them. I am screaming and hooting fiercely, and swinging my shoes against walls and windows with brute force, daring anyone to intervene.

"Wake up!"

"Mr. Miller. Lie down and relax," an authoritative voice commands over an intercom. I see them in their uniforms congregating around the door to burst in and rush me.

"Wake up!"

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