Rules

'Twas the night before Christmas. Wait, no, wrong story. It was a bland day in March, on the eve of my 16th birthday. I was busy walking down the street in Caspin Point. (Where that is has been lost to time.) Everything was fine, just another walk, headphones in ear, blasting heavy metal up the bejeezus, when I stopped. I stood absolutely still, I have no idea why I did, but I did. I felt the blood rushing to my head, everything in my being was coiled, ready to strike, then, I bolted.

I ran for god knows how long, all the while, I had a point in mind, instinctively, I knew exactly how to get there, I just didn't know where it was, or [*what*] it was. All I felt was a sense of growing dread. I pushed myself as hard as I could, I barely even registered the change of scenery from downtown, to the residential areas. I ran and ran, until finally, I was there.

I stopped in front of a house. It was stunningly… bland, white paint, a green lawn, a simple concrete path leading up to the porch where a single white painted door stood with a single welcome mat and a single window with some cheapo curtains drawn shut.

I knocked on the door. My mind was a million places at once. I was poised to attack as soon as the door opened. I heard voices on the other side of the door, a laugh and the sound of the lock being opened on the door. The door opened. Behind the door stood a woman, maybe in her 30s, she wore glasses, and her scraggly hair was in a ponytail. [*I recognized her*]. I didn't stop to think about how I recognized her, I shoved her out of the way and ran into the house. I found the stairs, and I ran up. A couple hallways, and a few turns later, I saw a door. It called to me. I ran straight at it, I brought up my shoulder. To this day I have never been able to break down a door again. Believe me, I've tried.

The door fell, I heard a scream, the sound of a chair falling over, a very human-sounding thud. Then nothing.

["*In order for the light to shine so brightly, the darkness must be present*]

-Sir Francis Bacon

I woke. There were lights. Bright ones. My ears were ringing, there was a strange buzzing going on in between my ears. I felt like I had been boiled, had my insides ripped out, then been carefully stuffed like a thanksgiving turkey, only to then been thrown in front of a steamroller at the last minute.

Not good.

Do you remember that time in your early history when you made a really stupid decision and that super stupid decision caused you to roll down a very steep hill? No? Well, I felt like that. Not the rolling down the hill part, the stupid decision part. No, I didn't feel like a stupid decision, I felt like I had just [*made*] a stupid decision; elevenfold.

I lay there for what seemed like hours™, and I was starting to get really thirsty. The lights seemed to dim little by little until I could see that I was staring at the ceiling in a hospital, which was odd, considering I was laying on my side. The ringing in my ears ebbed until I could hear the normal

hospital sounds. [*not much better,*] I thought. And the buzzing, oh the buzzing, if anything that f****** buzzing got worse with time. (And better with thyme.)

There was a ring, and a nurse walked in. She seemed to notice I was awake. She called someone, and then proceeded to check my everything from that machine that stands by your bed. (Hell if I know what it's called.) and walked away. A few minutes later, the doctor walked in. He was a man in his mid-40s, and walked with a limp. (His name wasn't House, unfortunately.) He checked his charts.

It was about 15 minutes before he spoke. His voice was exactly what you'd expect a doctor to sound like, (smooth yet scratchy voice). He said, "I see you're awake."

Yeah. No shit.

End Chapter 1