

WE LOVE IT HERE,
THEY ARE SO
KIND TO US.

THE
NURSING
HOME

WE ARE VERY
HAPPY HERE.

A SHORT
STORY ZINE

BY RANDALL
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"I am sorry Mr. Wilson, but we can no longer keep your father. He is just too much for us to handle. The staff and the other residents are frankly afraid of him."

I know, he has been in four nursing homes and they all say the same thing.

Mr. Wilson, there is one place that might help you.

It's on the edge of town here's the address, it's called the 'Peace and Serenity Home'. I have heard from other family members that it changed their loved one, but your father must be out of here today."

That afternoon Mr. Wilson made a visit to the Peace and Serenity Home and met with the administrator Rosa Gorgon, in her office.



He was looking at the photographs on the walls, "you know Ms Gorgon I have lived in this city all my life and I never knew this place was even here."

Ms Gorgon explained that the nursing home was built by her great grandfather and his brother.

That large photograph in the middle was taken in 1934 when the home opened almost 90 years ago.

The man in the white suit is my great grandfather, Arthur Gorgon and the Jesuit Priest next to him is his brother James.



Mr. Wilson we can transport your father here this afternoon if that is okay with you.

Oh, thank you so much Ms. Gorgon, you are my last hope, and please call me Paul.

Don't worry Paul, we are used to difficult residents, as some might say, that is our specialty. Peace and Serenity for the elderly and their families. That is our goal.

Paul, feel free to walk around and see for yourself we have nothing to hide here.



There were several elderly residents outside in wheelchairs and walkers sitting on benches enjoying the sunshine.

He walked passed two ladies, "we love it here, they are so kind to us," "we are so happy here."



Get out while you can, this is hell.

Nurse Ratchett get this jacket off
me you dumb whore. Don't Stick
me with that needle.



Chapter 2

Two men from the Acme Transportation company brought Paul's father in a straight jacket strapped to a gurney to his room.

His father was cursing at everyone. "Get your hands off me, you son of a bitch, I will hit you all over your head don't you know who I am."

He cursed the nurses in his room.

"Nurse Ratchett get this jacket off me you dumb whore. Don't stick me with that needle."

The nurse holding a large syringe, said in a calm sweet voice, "I am going to give you a shot now Mr. Wilson, it will calm you down. When you calm down, we can take the jacket off okay."

She gave him a shot in his neck.

The nurse's cleavage caught his eye, "you have nice breasts can I touch them?"

No... Mr. Wilson you cannot touch my breasts.

"Don't be a stingy bitch just let me touch them."

No Mr. Wilson you can not touch my breasts.

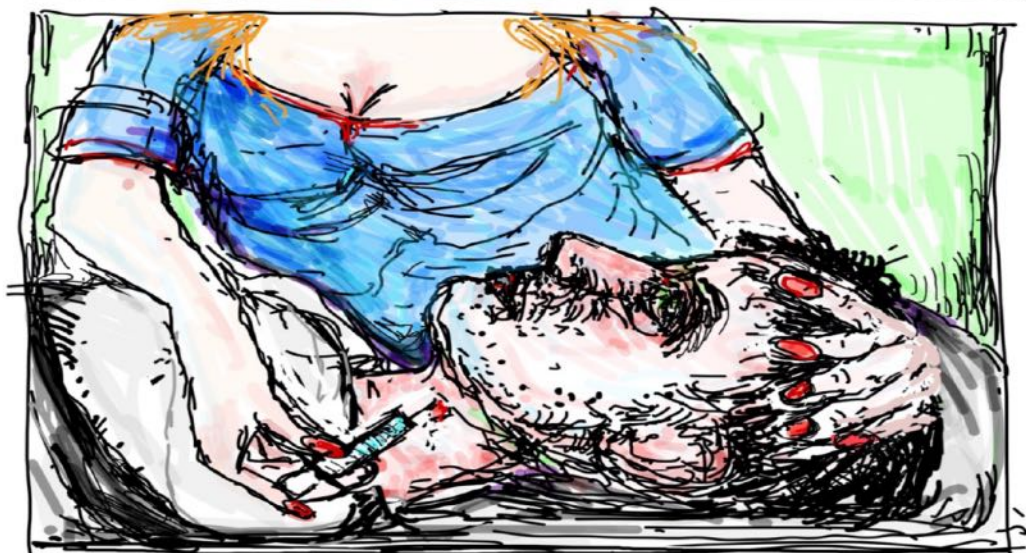
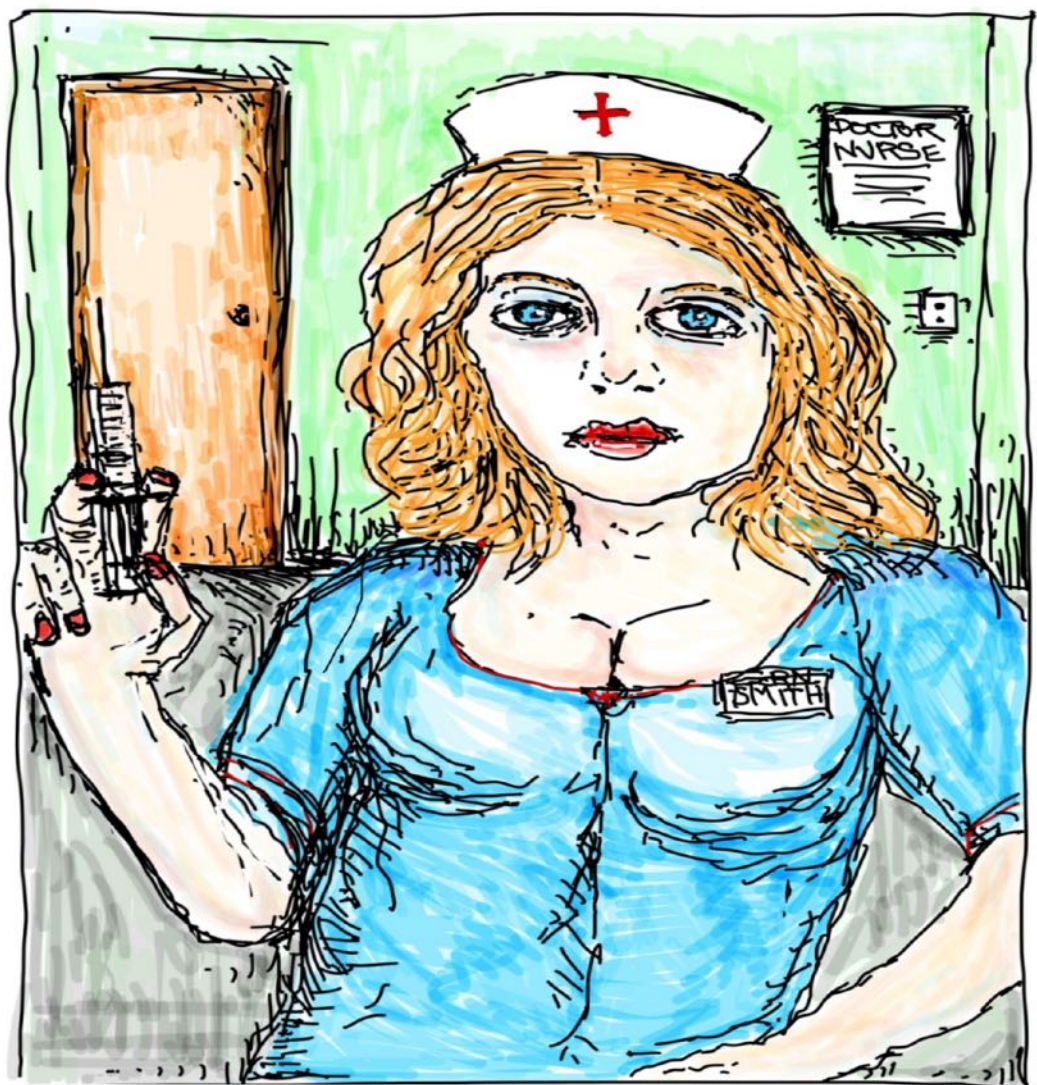
"Then get out of my room what good are you."

Would you like me to bring you something to eat?

"Yes, bring me a large breast, no make that two large breasts and a bottle of scotch."

"Leave the door open, I want to see what kind of crazy place my ungrateful son has put me in this time."

He raged and cursed for hours.



Chapter 3

Mr. Wilson was in bed eating his breakfast when his son Paul came to visit the next morning.

"So dad, how is this place, how was your first night. Did you sleep okay?"

What the hell do you think son, I am a prisoner here, I want to go home, my home, so get me the hell out of here.

You can't go home dad there is no one that can take care of you.

I can take care of myself, I don't need anyone. Okay dad, tell me what medications do you take?

I don't take any medication, there is nothing wrong with me. You just put me here to get my money and my property.

Don't think I don't know what all of you sons of bitches are up to.

The door to the room was open and Paul noticed an old man with one leg in a wheelchair coming down the hallway it sounded like he yelled the name, "Damion Hunter" as he rolled by the door.

The door across the hall was also open, he could hear A loud conversation between a daughter and her 90 year old mother. The daughter was crying.

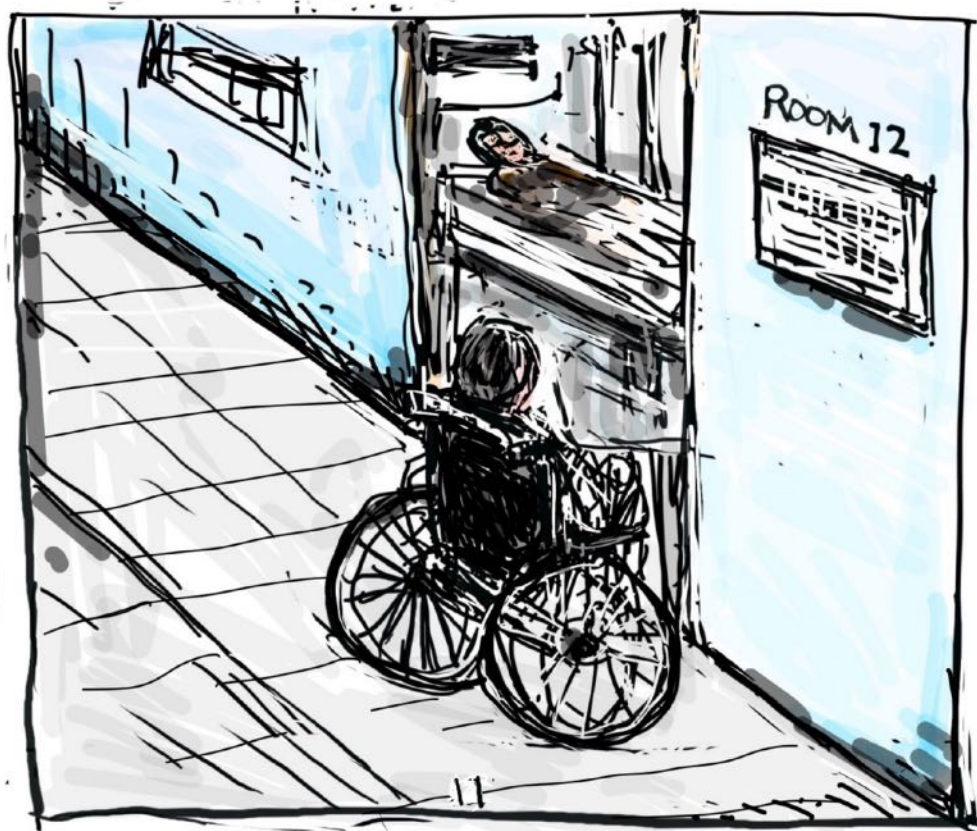
"Trudy I don't want to see you ever again, get out of my room. You know I hate you right now, you are the worst daughter in the world."

If you loved me you would take me home with you. This place is hell, it's worse than hell.

Mom you know I can't do that.

"Then I hope you end up in a place just like this when you get old."





Chapter 4

The old man in the wheelchair passed by again.

Paul was standing in the doorway, ready to leave, "Dad, I have to go now I will see you tomorrow."

He watched the old man in the wheelchair go into room number 12 at the end of the hallway and close the door.

When he walked past the door on his way out, he heard a loud argument and yelling coming from the room. "Stop, get out of my room." Paul tried to open the door, but it was locked.

He could hear screaming, but he could not tell who was yelling the man in the wheelchair or the man in the room, "get out of this room now" "I told you don't come in here again" "stop hitting me" "I will kill you, now get out, this is my room." He heard things hitting the wall and crashing to the floor.

Paul ran to the nurses station and told Ester the head nurse that it sounded like the old man in the wheelchair and the man in room 12 were fighting.

She said, "you know the elderly they can get very loud sometimes. I will check it out. Don't worry Mr. Wilson they'll be fine."

Chapter 5

The next day when he came to visit he stopped at room 12 and looked inside the bed was gone and the room was empty.

His father was sitting up in the bed waiting for him.

So dad how was your night did you sleep good?

What do you think son? People screaming all night, people dying, I am in hell. They killed a man last night.

Who died?

How the hell would I know, some old guy down the hall in room 12, they killed him last night. They murdered him right in his room.

They kept me up all night cleaning and mopping up the blood that was all over the hallway. They had a cart full of bloody body parts dripping blood everywhere.

Dad, "no one got murdered last night, there's no body parts, where do you get this stuff from."

Dad, I am sorry but, I won't be able to visit with you next week, I have to go to Washington.

That's just fine son leave me here in this purgatory. I know you don't care about me. Just leave now you hate me anyway.

Dad, I don't hate you. I'll see you next week when I get back.

Don't be surprised when you get back if you find me dead and buried, just like they killed that man in room 12 and chopped him up.



Chapter 6

When Paul returned the next week, he passed the nurses station on the way to his father's room.

He overheard a man at the nurses station say, "Ester, I got the rest of dads things from his room." Ester replied, "goodbye Mr. Jones sorry about your dad."

Thank you Ester, I can't believe the change in him. He was so kind before he passed and he even told me that he loved me.

I don't know how they did it, but he was a changed man at the end. He was free from his demons.

Paul stopped the man in the hallway and asked, "was your father Mr. Jones, in room 12?"

"Yes, he was."

"Did he pass away last week?"

"No, he passed away last night at our home, we were able to take him home with us for the past week."

I still can't believe the change in his personality, he was like a free man, like something evil had left him, he had so much peace and serenity these last few days. I love this place.

Chapter 7

Mr. Wilson was sitting up in his bed when Paul arrived.

So... dad, I bet you missed me last week?

No son... I did not miss you, I hate you, now get me the hell out of this place. I am telling you there is something very evil in this place.

The old man in the wheelchair rolled past the open door, looked in and whispered, "Damion Hunter" as he went by.

The lady across the hall was sitting in the middle of the bed screaming and cursing. "Go to hell all of you. I hate you all. Get me out of here. Someone call my daughter and tell her to come and get me. " Call my lawyer, I'm going to sue all of you."

Son, these people in this place are crazy do you understand me, batshit crazy.

All day and all night, I have to listen to that crazy bitch, but I do like her daughter, she can come sit on my bed me anytime she wants to.

His father was becoming more hateful and more aggressive.

Son, if you're not going to take me home then get the hell out of here.

Dad, you know I can't do that. I will come and visit you everyday, but I can't take you home.

Don't bother to ever come back son.

After the visit on his way out Paul saw the old man in the wheelchair go into the screaming ladies room and closed the door.

The lady was cursing and screaming for him to get out of her room. "Stop you're hurting me ." "Get out of here you crazy old fool."

Paul went to the room and tried to open the door, but it was locked.

He went to the nurses station and told nurse Ester, they were loud and having words. "I think that old man in the wheelchair is hurting her."

They'll be fine Mr. Wilson, they get loud, they are old and they can't hear each other. Old people talk loud, that's all it is, Mr. Hunter is harmless.

It was late and he was tired, so Paul decided to leave there was nothing he could do and maybe the nurse was right.

Chapter 8

The next day when Paul arrived his father met him at the door in a panic, "they killed that lady last night."

Killed what lady dad? You know dad you're starting to scare me. I used to think you were just mean, but now I really think you're losing your mind. What is wrong with you?

Son after you left I stood right here in this doorway and heard him kill her. The screaming stopped around midnight, the door opened and the old man in the wheelchair came out of her room.

He left a trail of blood down the hallway from his wheelchair.

I could see bloody body parts and limbs all over the floor, and blood spattered on the bed and the walls.

Then later that night the Acme Cleaning people came and cleaned the room. They mopped up the trail of blood. They cleaned the walls and took the body parts away in a cleaning cart. I saw it all with my own eyes.

"That crazy lady is dead, I tell you, do you hear her yelling and screaming, no you don't. Listen... not one sound from her room, that's because she is dead. I tell you... dead you'll see."





Chapter 9

The daughter arrived at her mother's room that morning.

She stood at the door and said, out loud to herself as she turned the doorknob, "Lord, what demonic, hatefulness is waiting for me behind this door today."

When she opened the door to her surprise, her mother was sitting in bed drinking a cup of tea.

Her mother was so happy she shouted, "Trudy I missed and I love you so much. Come and give me a hug I love you so much."

Okay, where is my mother or what kind of drugs are they giving you?

"Trudy I am just overflowing with happiness and I don't know why."

Trudy and her mother spent the whole day and evening talking and laughing and remembering her childhood. It was one of the best days of her life.



Paul stopped the daughter in the hallway that evening when she was leaving.

He told her that he was worried about her mother, because of what he had seen and heard the night before, when the old man in the wheelchair went into her room.

She was surprised, said her mother was fine, the best she has been in years.

She said, I don't know what they did to my mother or what the old man in the wheelchair did to my mother, but my mother is a changed person this morning.

We both have peace and serenity and love, it is as if a spell or some evil darkness has been exorcised from our lives. She is happy joyous and free.

Chapter 10

Mr. Wilson stopped at the nurses station and asked nurse Ester, "who is that old man in the wheelchair?"

"That would be Mr. Damion Hunter," she answered.

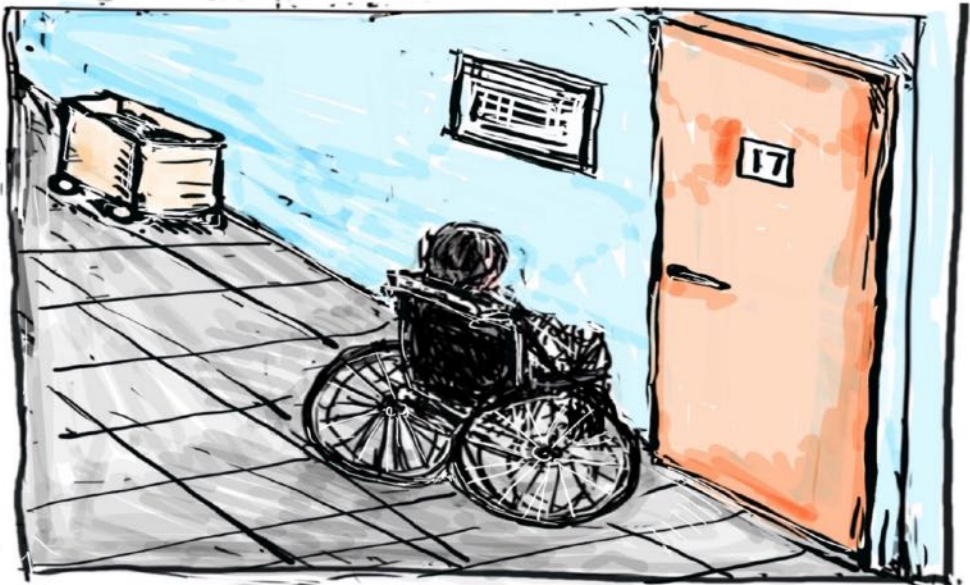
"He was here when I came to work here in 2000, that was 22 years ago and he was old as dirt back then." All we've ever heard him say is his name, 'Damion Hunter.'

He has a room in the basement, the Jesuit Priests from the local parish come and take care of his room and pay his bill each month.

No one ever goes to his room only the Priest. The rumor is he was once an old Priest himself from the Vatican and he was a friend of the Pope.

That night when Paul was leaving the old man in the wheelchair passed by him in the hallway and said, "Damion Hunter."

Paul looked back and saw the old man go into his father's room and close the door.





The next morning Paul was greeted by his happy, smiling, father, "have I told you how much I love you son and how proud I am of you?"

"Not that I can ever remember dad."

Paul spent the rest of the day and the best day of his life with his father before he passed away that evening, peaceful and serene.

The next day Paul was looking at the pictures on the wall in Ms Gorgons's office.

I have to thank you Ms. Gorgon, I don't know how you changed my father, but you did.

I am forever grateful to you for helping him. He turned from an angry, mean, hate filled man into a kind, loving person before he passed. It was as if something...

Ms Gorgon, finished his sentence, "as if something evil had been taken away and he was able to find Peace and Serenity.

"Yes, something evil was had been released from his soul."





Mr. Wilson looked closely at the photograph on the wall that was taken in 1934, in the background, he saw Damion Hunter, in his wheelchair, he looked exactly the same as he does today.

Paul said out loud to himself, he's not saying Damion Hunter, he's saying "demon hunter", he's a "demon hunter."

Paul, stopped at the nurses station on his way out,
"goodbye Ester and thank you for everything."

Ester replied, "you are welcome and goodbye to you
Mr. Wilson."

As he was leaving he heard Nurse Ester,
instructing the man at the desk , "Mr. King your
mother is in room 7, just follow the old man in the
wheelchair he will show you the way."



MAKE A POEM
WRITE A STORY
MAKE A DRAWING
MAKE A ZINE
EVERYDAY

