

The Experiment

Oblivion. Where had I been before today? I could recall some vague, drifting mnemonic rippling across the waters of my perception; that someone had done this to me, but what for? I found a pair of gray, thin cotton clothes folded on the floor at the foot of the bed and a pair of black sandals. I dressed myself, for I had simply just become conscious, naked, standing and staring out a window watching a small child play under a tree in the middle of a meadow.

I paced the room. There was a desk and chair, a single bed; through an opening in the wall where a door should have been a lavatory. I opened the drawer to the desk, inside was a pen, ink, and a Black Book with no title or designs. I opened it, but inside there were nothing but blank white pages. The walls were all glossy white, as was the floor, fabricated from a marble-like texture. The hourglass has turned again, absorbed in some sordid convalescence; where the window had been moments ago, it was gone and instead a door of the same material as the floor and walls, appeared. It had no handle but it now opened and a man entered. He was dressed in a white uniform with black boots. He had an identification tag on his shirt that said: Orderly. I looked on my shirt and saw that I had an identification tag as well sewn onto my shirt that said: Patient.

“You are to be confined to my room until you are examined by the doctor.” The voice of the Orderly was deep and resonated through the room.

“Where am I?” I asked.

“You are in an Asylum. As for your journal...”

“I have a journal?” Perhaps I could figure out this enigma of my being here.

“Yes.” He said bluntly.

“I insist that it should be returned to me.”

“The doctor has confiscated it. It would be best if you do not dwell on the past. Your main concern for now should be to work on getting better.” And then the Orderly left the room.

Then I heard the ringing of what sounded like a telephone. It was faint as if hidden in something. I first looked under the bed, but there was nothing. And I opened a large drawer in the bottom of the desk that I had not noticed before. The ringing continued as I examined the telephone; it apparently had neither number keys to dial out, nor did appear to have a connection line. I picked up the receiver and listened. I could hear a faint whispering