

REFLECTION

Leisure room – Day time:

An undeniable discomfort filled the air. Following the asylum guidelines, the two final candidates were forced to keep each other company. While RM didn't show much interest as he kept himself trapped in his own bubble; on the other hand, Lucy broke free from her coyness and decided to give RM a taste of her own medicine.

Determined, she interrupted the lost boy's pensive state, "Hey there, what are you up to?"

Wary of her intentions, he gave her the side eye, "What do you care?"

"You know me, I'm nosy," she stuck her tongue out. "Besides, just because you're quiet it doesn't mean that you don't have something up your sleeve."

"Aren't you a connoisseur," he snickered, "I thought I was clear when I said that I don't need you to fix me, and if my memory serves me right you said that you weren't going to either way."

"Well, let's just say I'm bored and lonely, and you're boring and lonesome. I'm sure we can work something out," she pushed his buttons.

RM considered her offer for a solid minute, "I'm sure we can."

Lucy rejoiced, "That's the spirit roomie! What do you have in mind?"

"How about this," he took a deep breath, "You mind your own business and leave me be, and everybody's happy."

"I'm not sure that'll make me happy," she disregarded his scheme.

"I know for a fact I'll be ecstatic," her frustration amused him. "Now please, don't waste your energy on me and focus on saving yourself instead."

Lucy thought to herself, "Over my comatose body."

Healing room – Day time:

To soothe the situation, Nurse Abby joined the roommates on their weekly session. Although staff was usually denied access, she was more of a mother figure to the residents and her presence always loosened the tension.

"Well, this is awkward," RM enunciated.

“It wouldn’t be if you decided to just stick to the guidelines,” Lucy countered.

“Now, now,” Nurse Abby meddled, “I am not here to play judge, so don’t even think of starting a fight in front of me.”

“Nurse Abby is right,” Lucy followed, “I know we have our differences, but would it kill you to act decent just for once?”

“Beasts are not decent, wake up Lucy,” RM mouthed.

Getting off her seat, Nurse Abby heaved a sigh of displeasure, “From what I see, my presence here is irrelevant so I’ll just leave you to it.”

“You’re leaving me with this nuisance?” the strong-headed pair shouted at once.

“At least you’re agreeing on something. Make sure to go back to your ward after this session and please, no funny business after curfew,” the nurse advised before exiting the room.

“Well, this session has been beneficial,” Lucy engaged with a dose of sarcasm.

“Very beneficial,” RM replicated, “I’ll race you to the dorm, nuisance.”

Doctor X’s office – Night time:

For the past year, RM’s individual assessments were all the same: After trying his best to remember his past and failing miserably to do so, he eventually gave up mid-session and went back to his ward with one more unsuccessful evaluation. Deep down, he knew that the problem wasn’t his illness but rather his identity.

This is the individual assessment of Patient John Doe, Registration Number R1209, June log.

Please be seated and face the one-way mirror, your assessment will begin shortly.

You will be put under hypnosis to allow the evaluation to go smoothly.

Feel free to talk about your feelings and condition according to your current situation.

You may remain silent if you do not wish to share.

"I don't have a name, so they call me RM.

"I didn't mind living like this at first, like "a nobody." I thought to myself that maybe this was God's way of punishing me for whatever I may have caused back when I actually had a memory.

"For someone who doesn't know much about his life, I'm supposed to be a blank page of relief and disinterest, but here I am: troubled and wounded.

"I wish I could ask God what's wrong with me. I wish he could answer my prayers for once.

"Then there is her.

"She keeps trying to decipher me like I'm some enigma, but I feel more like a ticking bomb. She is trying to be a hero, but she might end up being a victim.

"I keep pushing her away, yet she keeps coming back with all her might: a will stronger than my own.

"I don't wish to harm her, but I still haven't managed to control my anger issues.

"She's in danger. I want to protect her from myself."

Ward R – Night time:

Feeling guilty about the way he was treating her ever since she moved in to his ward, RM decided to break the ice and befriend Lucy for a change.

Nervous, he knocked on her bedroom door, "Lucy, can I come in?"

"The door is open," a distant voice replied.

Entering the room, he found her seated in front of her desk with a pen and paper. Feeling him move towards her direction, she quickly slid the note on her lap while adjusting her posture.

"What are you doing?" he keenly asked.

"Nothing much," she swiftly grabbed her journal, "I was just doing some light reading before bedtime."

Suspicious, he scanned her, "Then why does it feel like you're hiding something?"

"Me? Hiding something? Please! I was simply caught off guard because I wasn't expecting you to pay me a visit ... ever." she stood up, unknowingly letting the piece of paper fall on the floor.

“You dropped something.” he initially picked the note to give it back to her. However, his curiosity got the best of him, making him glance at the content.

PLEDGE FORM

Hello, my name is _____ and I am/have _____. However, today I stand here before you with a promise to help cure my illness and free myself in the process.

Past life and reason of admittance:

I tried to overcome it, but I failed miserably.

The time I spent here amongst you made me realize that we are the only people responsible for what we feel and fear. I hereby vow to not defy my illness, but rather accept it and slowly build myself around it: better, stronger, healthier, until I bid it farewell.

I promise to be on my best behavior. Thank you for your constant love and support.

SIGNATURE: _____

By the time she managed to retrieve the note, it was already too late. “Lucy, what’s the meaning of this?”

Defiant, she crossed her arms, “What does it look like? I’m granting you your wish.”

Her sudden revelation shocked RM, “You-You’re leaving?”

“There isn’t much for me to do here anymore.” she clenched her hands, “My time has come.”

“What about your promise?” he helplessly reminded her.

“What about my promise?” she scoffed, “You rejected me so many times I lost count. There is only so much I can do to help. God helps those who help themselves.”

“Lucy, please,” he slowly walked towards her while she took a few steps back hesitatingly, until her legs stumbled against the bed, causing her to land seated on it. Gently, he offered her his hand
“Don’t give up on me.”