

Interlude: Y

Ward R – Night time:

Midst the gloominess and peak of insanity, nighttime was always the most peaceful time at the institute. At least, it used to be for the most part.

Throughout the asylum's corridors, rowdy screams could clearly be heard. He left his room in a hurry to follow the source of the loud yelling, and his feet led him to the room across his own from the hall. The continuous screech heightened with every passing minute. He pushed the room's slightly open door only to find his fellow roommate panting and desperately gasping for air while still asleep.

Shaken by the scene before him, he rushed to her bed, grabbed her shoulders and shook her out of her profound slumber, praying that she would open her eyes before she ran out of air. The agitation caused by his strong build ultimately managed to wake her up just in time to take a deep breath.

All in sweat, she took her time to look around her and remember how she got there to begin with. By the time she was lucid, she gazed at him in confusion. That confusion quickly turned to panic when she saw herself being held in his arms. Frightened, she started yelling again and pushed him with all her might, while he held on to her even tighter in an attempt to calm her down. Had it not been for the staff arriving in that very moment, her deepest wounds would have emerged all at once.

"LET HER GO!" Nurse Abby stormed into the room.

Flabbergasted, RM immediately released her from his grip, "I-I was just trying to help her ..."

Nonchalant to his plea, Nurse Abby ran to Lucy. "Child, it's me. It's okay, everything's okay."

It took Lucy several minutes to assess the situation and slowly control her panic attack. Recognizing the voice of her caretaker, she finally calmed down and her screaming ceased. Soon after, she was escorted to the lavatory to wash up.

Once in the washroom, and although unaware of how this incident started in the first place, her reflection in the mirror said it all: messy hair, eyes red and puffy, and a warm print on either side of her arms. Nervously opening the tap, she washed her face and neck, and styled her hair in a pony tail. As she left the bathroom, she crossed her arms and rested her hands on the print, still warm and red. It's been a long time since she has felt this way, and she was afraid that it would bring her ache back.

"It was just a dream," she shook her head as she carried on her way back to her room.

Doctor X's office – Day time:

Last night's events happened just in time with the monthly evaluation. Usually, Lucy's logs were always ambiguous and helpless because she always saw herself through her surroundings, but this time was different. This time was her chance to embrace and acknowledge her past wholeheartedly.

This is the individual assessment of Patient Lucy J., Registration Number W1507, July 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.

"It was just a dream; a bad, scary, and awful dream.

"I kept roaming in the corridors and heard my name being called from a distance. I followed the echo until the calling stopped. I found myself standing in front of a white door.

"On the door, a small chalk board was hung on which the initials "C & N" were written. I knew what that meant. I knew that I was being summoned.

"I tried to turn the door knob, but both of my hands failed me. My wrists felt weak, numb, and lifeless.

"Suddenly, I could hear cries on the other side of the door. It made me happy; it brought me back to life. I defied the numbness and used all of my power to turn the door knob once more. This time, it worked. The door was open.

"The door was open, but the room was empty. I roamed within its plain walls endlessly, hoping for a last minute miracle to happen. However, the room was cold and empty.

"I left the room and reached for the door to close it. The note on the door's board changed. This time, it said 'This is all your fault.'

"I couldn't live through the guilt a second time. I have been fighting it for the past couple of years during my wake, but it found a way to creep back inside my dreams.

“This is the last straw, I will no longer let it define me.

“Everything happens for a reason and although it’s been shredding my heart to pieces, I choose to believe that even that happened for a reason.

“This is my last log. I can do it, I’m not alone. I’m never alone.

“I think I am ready.”