

FIRST LOVE

Leisure room – Day time:

With heavy footsteps, Lucy dragged her body out of bed and into the leisure room. She wasn't sure if she could handle being in a place full of people; the mere thought of it gave her a headache.

As breakfast was being served, Lucy picked up her usual tray and chose to eat on her desk table rather than joining the other residents in the dining room. She stuffed the food in her face and gulped her medication afterwards, causing herself indigestion. The latter made her run off to the bathroom urgently.

"It has started," Nurse Abby conveyed to the rest of the staff.

Pale and exhausted, Lucy regained her seat and took out her journal in hopes of easing her mind. Writing her thoughts down was perhaps the one thing that brought her more comfort than the morning pills, and she wasn't willing to give it up. Nevertheless, her writing process did not last long as a certain repetitive song playing in the background broke her focus. Indecisive whether she should address it or not, Lucy eventually picked up her journal and headed towards the auditory source.

"Excuse me," she requested, "Can you please change the symphony or stop playing altogether? I'm having a hard time here trying to write."

Her intervention caused a peaceful Yoongi to clench his fists on top of the piano's keyboard. After a short moment of silence, he replied with disdain, "Can you please change the room or stop writing altogether? I'm having a hard time here trying to play."

"A simple no would've sufficed." she boldly responded, "No need to shove your double standards' mischief down my throat."

Triggered by her daring answer, the pianist stood up at once and shut the piano's lid in rage. He then faced her with a gaze turned cold and slowly approached her while she took a few steps back, cautious of whatever might happen next.

"Double standards? Who are you to talk about double standards?!!" Yoongi gradually raised his voice "Nobody asked you to join the nuthouse! NOBODY ASKED YOU TO BE HERE!"

Lucy gasped at the young man's comment. Unsure of what she should do next, she kept staring at the pharmacy in hopes of being rescued by the staff. To her misfortune, the personnel were swapping shifts at the time.

Finally cornering her in the room, Yoongi added, "Cat got your tongue, miss?"

She wanted to call for help, but no sound would come out of her mouth. The residents around her wouldn't dare come near Yoongi because they knew that it would only make things worse. Helpless, she raised her journal to cover her face from any potential assault.

"Well, well, well," Yoongi snatched the journal out of her hands, "What do we have here? Maybe your little book will do the talking for you."

"GIVE IT BACK!" Lucy instantly retrieved her voice. For a second, she forgot about all her insecurities and defied the man standing before her. Still cornered, she tried to claim her book back which resulted in the exchange of physical attacks.

At that very moment, two male nurses hurriedly entered the room and held Yoongi, thus allowing Lucy to escape. Unable to tame him, they sedated the agitated patient and escorted him back to his ward.

"Are you okay? Did he hurt you?" Nurse Abby held Lucy in her arms.

"I-I'm fine ... I'm okay," Lucy was still shaking.

"Well, this concludes today's leisure time." Nurse Abby sighed in relief, "Everybody, please go back to your rooms and make sure to come back for your medication time."

On her way out, Lucy was intercepted by a half-dormant figure by her side, "You should be more careful in the future. You're on your own here, remember that."

Puzzled by his sudden intervention at first, Lucy was still thankful that RM took the initiative to talk to her after the mishap; which was something that the other residents failed to do.

Healing room – Day time:

A week has passed since the incident, and for safety reasons, Yoongi was heavily sedated alongside RM. Lucy usually sat between Jungkook and Jin, but now that both seats were deserted, she decided to sit next to Hoseok since she always felt sheltered in his presence.

"Safety." Yoongi slowly phrased his question, "What does safety mean to you?"

Taken aback at first, Lucy initiated her answer only to be interrupted by a fervent Taehyung, "I'll feel safe the moment I can live in my own world without being a nuisance to others."

"I also want to feel safe, but I don't think I can guarantee safety to my surroundings," Hoseok added.

“I will be safe when I see myself the way I truly wish, without ifs and maybes,” Jimin commented.

“Safety is overrated. I’m heavily drugged and yet none of you dares sit next to me,” said RM while occupying his isolated seat.

“Safety is a matter of context: I can be in the safest place and feel threatened. In the same way, I can be lost in the darkest woods and feel serene. Safety is controversial,” Lucy responded.

“I don’t remember when was the last time I felt safe, but I believe that will happen the moment I’ll find peace within myself,” Yoongi finally answered his own question.

Doctor X’s office – Night time:

The past month felt like a vivid nightmare in Yoongi’s mind. He was too consumed trying to fight his other self that he ended up losing control at a moment of weakness. He saw himself break after holding it together for half a year. He thought he said his goodbyes to his unwanted half, but apparently it was only farewell.

This is the individual assessment of Patient Yoongi M., Registration Number T0903, December 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.

“Even in his presence, I was stable. I felt stable, but it was only for a while.

“Whenever something happened, Agust D was there. It brought me comfort at first, but I realize now that he wasn’t only protecting me: he was also controlling me.

“The thing is, I don’t mind his company. I just want to be able to fight my own battles for once.

“Last month, I almost hurt a resident. I hated it, I hated me. I am not that vulnerable youngster I used to be, I am older now and I want to believe that I am better. I want to go back to playing the piano and I want both of us to enjoy it. He is my other half, he can’t resent it that much.

“I think I am ready.

Leisure room – Day time:

The monthly festivities became a tradition in the asylum, which positively affected the patients' mental state as it started bettering with time after a long hiatus. These celebrations somehow became curative to the other residents giving them both joy and hope that, one day, it'll be their turn to exit this sanctuary.

Surrounded by the usual crowd, Yoongi took a seat on the piano bench and watched his spectators. He hasn't played for an actual audience in over a year and his daily tunes were so monotonous that everybody stopped paying attention eventually.

"Hello, my name is Yoongi and I have DID. However, today I stand here before you with a promise to help cure my illness and free myself in the process. I was a prodigy pianist since a very young age and playing the piano meant everything to me. However, I used to be bullied in school because of it, and since I couldn't defend myself, my alter ego ultimately stepped in. One day, while I was on my way to play a key performance, I was beat up by the same bullies and I ended up losing control over myself. I was supposed to be seated in front of the whole school to perform, but he couldn't remember a single note. Instead, he convinced me to give it up since it only brought misery to the both of us. I haven't been myself ever since. 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."

Ward T – Night time:

To help her overcome her sudden social anxiety, Lucy was transferred to Ward T, joining both Yoongi and Hoseok. For the most part, she avoided Yoongi as much as she could to avoid getting on his other side's nerve. She'd often be the last resident to join the ward and the first one to leave it in the morning.

After her usual strolling in the hallways while waiting for her inmates to fall asleep, Lucy came back to the ward only to find a beam of light emitting from her room. Slowly, she stood by the door trying to sneak a peek: to her surprise, Yoongi was on her bed waiting for her.

Flinching at the scene before her, she accidentally pushed the door which caught the boy's attention.

"Oh good you're here, I was beginning to worry," He waved at the young lady.

Perplexed, Lucy stuttered, “You -you were worried about me?”

Yoongi stood up and ushered her into her room. He then pulled a chair and asked her to grab a seat herself.

“He worries often, it’s in his nature,” he revealed. “On the other hand, I wanted to clarify what happened the other day.”

The unexpected swap made Lucy jump out of her seat, “H-He?”

“We haven’t properly met. The name is Agust, Agust D. Our first encounter wasn’t very ... pleasant. I hope that everything’s in the past now,” he pleaded.

Lucy goggled at him then scanned the bedroom door, trying to plan her next move. Her brainstorming was abruptly interrupted when Agust left the room, “I am not here to cause trouble, I just want to set things straight.”

“I’m listening,” Lucy mouthed, afraid to unleash an even more violent side of his.

“I know what you are. I have always suspected it, but when you’re thinking for two, things can’t always be crystal clear from the first go.” he continued, “I am here for two things. First, I want to thank you for showing me that I don’t have to hide it as long as I can successfully manage to control it. Second, I need to warn you. You’re playing a dangerous game and you may not survive it, so I trust that you will choose your next move carefully.”

Puzzled by his sudden interest in her, Lucy caught up, “I’m not sure I understand what you mean.”

“You know exactly what I mean.” Agust D displayed one last smile before vanishing, “You’re in an Asylum Lucy, things can only get worse. Control it before it controls you.”