Characterized

Jeriann Watkins
Concordia University-Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol20/iss1/54
I sit here, just as I sat yesterday and the day previous. They say they want to help me. I don't need help. They intend to fill my head with lies. How locking me up would get me to trust them is beyond me. I'm not crazy; I think I would know that better than anyone. Besides, even a nutcase could tell that they're not real doctors. Real doctors don't snatch people from their homes. This has to do with Rick; I know it does. He must be on the verge of solving his latest case and they're holding me for ransom. I just don't know how he's going to save me this time; their practice could look legitimate from the outside. Rick would never believe I'd gone mad, but it may be difficult to get police involved. But if they are holding me ransom, they will have to reveal that this is all a ruse. They have to tell him they're keeping me until he stops investigating.

I haven't been taking the pills they're trying to give me. The first day, I tried to hide them underneath my tongue, but they knew I hadn't swallowed them. So now, I hide them in my stomach and then wait a few hours. Then they leave my body along with my lunch, and no one is the wiser. They're so clueless. That's how I know this is a hoax. They should know to look for things like that.

I hear them talking about me— the "doctors." True professionals wouldn't discuss a patient within hearing distance. They say I'm an author. That shows what they know. I'm a journalist; there's a difference. I write hardcore news. They also say I'm single, that I have no family in the area. That's not true either, but they have to know that. They wouldn't be holding me if they didn't know that Rick and I are involved. It's been a great arrangement— Rick and I; he solves the cases and I get the scoop before all the other bloodthirsty reporters in this town. I should have known it was too good to come without some risk though. Once he gets me out of here, he owes me.

Oh, I hear them walking by; they're talking about me again. "She is completely uncooperative. She keeps accusing me of being a kidnapper. She keeps saying, "Rick will never stop the investigation!" and "He'll get me out of here, just you wait and see!" "Who's Rick? I thought she was a complete hermit."

"She is. She moved into a cottage up in the hills a few years ago. She only comes into town to get groceries every week. She doesn't talk to anyone, except to complain about prices or berate children. Rick is a character in her novel series. He's some sort of private eye."

"So, she thinks that she's..."

"Another character from her books. She answers to her true name because that is the character's alias."

"This is why my dad didn't want me to become an author. They're all insane."

"Yeah, no kidding. Well, all the patients are fed and accounted for, time to clock out. Wanna grab a drink?"

Oh good, they were talking about someone else. That means there are other people here. Rick may have his hands full if he has to save a whole bunch of kidnapped people from a fake psych ward. If anyone can pull it off, he can. I wonder if there are actual crazies here though. A woman who thinks she's one of her characters, that's just insane.