

CORRUPTION

“So, you like those kinds of movies, huh..?”

Marge took the small wedge of butter, and sludged it across the back of the glass TV filter, making it harder to see the TV.

The smudge looked obvious, and she smiled.

Ben THOMAS woke up to watch the news. He also hated “those types of movies.” Doors slammed in the distance, and he thought, “Now, what is that blur in the TV-screen..?” and got so angry when he realized it was locked on the opposite side of the glass, he turned off the news, and didn't watch TV for the rest of the

day.

Brendan then walked into the room later, where about six other patients mutely watched the third (and worst) X-Men movie, “That looks like a smudge from a stick of butter” he said, then walked out of the room.

They all sat in silence, and continued watching the movie.

In the meantime, the CNA/nurse “Marge” was injecting Invega into John Mcgee's left arm. She hit a bone-nerve, and a tear dripped down his cheek. He was in a lot of pain, especially since the needle had a secret dose of thorazine in it. And just kept reminding himself, “Just go along with it. It'll all be over soon.” Then he got up from the bed, and said, “Thanks.” As the grinning nervous nurse left the room.

And wheeled out the monitors.

He remained in the hospital ward another six months, with the same injection each day. The pain always lasted for days.

“Beep Beep” – marge unlocked her car, through the office window, with a remote control (her company car) and watched, and waited for it to heat up, while some patient sat mutely across from her in a charge, with his legs up.

It was Brendan.

But she just grinned on one half of her mouth, and felt good to pretend he wasn't there.

* * * * *

Sabbatus was downstairs, in the basement of the hospital going through random patients things. “Ooh!” He said, when he found what

appeared to be a powerful beverage from Brendan's things.

He uncapped the already re-capped bottle of Mountain Dew, and was drunk off the first sip.

There was a beanbag down in the basement, and he collapsed into it with the orange cap, and bottle in his hand.

“Hey can I get a Mtn. Dew..?” Brendan asked, upstairs.

The headphones wrapped around his neck.

“Didn't you just have one..? Why don't you wait an hour.”

“Okay.” Brendan said, and watered down the flat ones he had left in his room, and drank it with some chips.

The wickedly powerful tea he also drank, was

pure opium. They didn't know that, though.

He always had a few cups of it for each day.

And drank it each morning, while doing tai chi in the dark window in the morning, unlit until the sun rose.

Then he took a sip of coffee, totally blitzed on valium, and got drunk on a powerful sip of the Mountain Dew. (Frostbite).

It was re-capped by someone in his family.

He had some idea who.

Someone knocked on his door, and then said, "Sorry." He looked at Jenny, the innocent Japanese nurse, who pretended to be Chinese, and she said in a very raspy high-pitched voice, "I have food."

And put his tray down, covered in plastic.

It was steaming, and he waited for the broccoli and rice and chicken to cool.

He smiled a little bit ..

In the meantime, Marge was staring at the camera, and giggling at how stupid Brendan looked as he hunched nervously over his weird hospital food.

Then she played back the recording from earlier, and listened to Brendan's cute song about Jesus, "The One Song." She had another nurse (Ruth) capture on a voice recorder for her.

The audacity waveform moved in front of her as she grinned.

Popping the pills out of the klonopin case, of

pills she stole from Brendan's med cabinet, she snorted two of the 1mg pills very quickly, and continued grinning.

Then she took a sip of her coffee cup filled with wine.

She laughed, as he walked out of his room, through another camera, with the microphone on, as a patient hounded Brendan about his guitar. The nice “Alvarez” his parents had bought for him. “So you play music, huh, sonny..?”

Brendan just kept walking, and handed the guitar back to staff, for “safe-keeping.”

Actually, it was hospital protocol to hold on to his guitar.

He had to ask for it each time.

So much for the “perfect moment of inspiration.” ..

Marge hit a button.

Suddenly, and very illegally she started recording as Brendan played one last song, as he said, “No, wait I'm not done with it yet.” and strummed out and sang Atlantic City, by Springsteen. “Great, a song about hitmen.” She added to his file, “Likes to sing songs about hitmen. Threatening sounding song played in hospital quarters, 13:05.”

“Brendan, Brendan. Crazy Brendan.”

She grinned, and licked her lips for a second, as she watched closely at his ass in the adidas pants, as he walked back to his room finally returning the guitar.

* * * * *

She added to his permanent record “Enjoys singing song about hitmen.” Later that night.

And then leaned back, and hit her vaporizer.

Brendan paced, thinking about things, with nothing to drink but Lipton tea, for the caffeine.

“And he thinks he is Bruce Lee.”

She wrote in his permanent record also.

“Potential personality disorder.”

She added as a note.

He paced back and forth.

* * * * *

Staff was gossiping and loudly talking behind the receptionists desk.

A astute Asian man was doing charting.

“And that Mark guy. The way he carries that King James bible with him everywhere he goes. It's so cute. Looks like he's King James himself. What a fuckin' dufus.” Everyone laughed a little. They all were drinking energy drinks.

Demonic laughter filled the halls, while the patients mosed through the halls, on their medication.

Everyone burst out laughing.

A few doors slammed, and two CNA's went rushing down the hall staring straight in front of themselves.

“Talking about Mark..?”

“Yeah, that guy who carries the Bible everywhere.”

“What, that big phone book looking thing..?”

“Yeah, him.”

“He has OCD, and PTSD.”

The doctor just looked down, and crinkled his chin as he glanced over some papers.

The recent files on patient Brendan Sprague.

“Christ, this guy looks bananas.”

“You have a meeting with him later, doctor Sarno.”

“Ah.”

“Good.”

“I love meeting the worst cases.”

* * * * *

Brendan walked up to the front desk.

“Can I get my guitar..?”

“No, you have a meeting soon, Brendan. It's better you wait.”

The meeting was an hour away, so he sat down on a hard wooden bench, with no place to lean, but leaned back anyway.

* * * * *

“Brendan looks like ELVIS.”

“He looks like Ray Charles with those sunglasses on.”

“I hate him.” ..

“He's so fucking annoying, the way he walks.”

Marge listened, paying little attention, and half-mindedly made check marks on someone's chart, for bad “excuses” to take anxiety medication, and was slowly finding reasons to remove Ativan from his med chart.

“Did you know how much porn he's made..?”

“Show me.”

They all stared, and hardly blinked. Brendan lie fast asleep, with a viagra-induced boner getting a handjob from a fourteen year old nurse, and her sixteen year old senior. The girls dressed in purple worked his cock until he came.

He was asleep the entire time.

“How do you not wake up when that's going on..?”

“He was in a drug-induced coma..!”

“You fucked him when he was in a coma..?”

“Yes.”

Marge turned around, after glancing at the video, and just thought “Hmm” to herself.

* * * * *

He deserved it.

She thought.

* * * * *

“He comes in her face in the end. The young

one.” “Son of a bitch.”

It was time for lunch.

Brendan sat down, adjacent the dining room window, and ate his food in front of everyone. A thin slice of turkey with gravy. Some meatballs. A breadstick. And five large pieces of partially-cooked broccoli.

He ate his entire meal, and then put his tray on the front desk.

“Did you have a good lunch..?” “Yes.” He said. And walked away.

He walked back to his room, with an air of self-respect. Totally clothed in black, from head to toe.

* * * * *

The mountain dew was waiting for him.

With a pizza he ordered from his parents.

He ate it, and drank the mountain dew.

“He acts like a kid ..”

One of the staff said.

“Sooo, he's 'one of those' the nurse stared off.” ..

“Yeah, but he's probably terrible to fuck.”

The entire room broke out into laughter.

Downstairs, Sabbatus continued to get drunk.

“Wow,” he said.

“I never knew they made Mountain Dew that

was this strong.”

And downed the rest of the bottle.

* * * * *

Of course, the only reason why Brendan's re-capped Mountain Dews were so strong was because of the wine that was mixed into them.

And ketamine. And caffeine.

For some reason, there WAS beanbag in the basement area, and it was now filling up with empty chip-bags, and stolen items from patients, all scattered around it, while Sabbatus laughed at Family Guy on his cell-phone.

Then he became suddenly very scared as his walkie-talkie went off. A patient who, just had an aneurysm, was bleeding to death from the forehead, and he was needed. “Sabbatus. We

need you. Unit 1.”

He assuredly got up, then fell a little bit, and then got up.

“I’ll be right there.” And hiccuped.

* * * * *

Sabbatus lay quiet on the basement floor, with his debris all around him. He also fell so hard, that he hit his head on a metal bar, and would be out for a long enough time for someone to find him.

He started to snore.

“Sabbatus..?” The walkie-talkie crackled.
“Hello, doctor to CNA Sabbatus Arbuckle, do you hear me..? We need you on Unit 1.”

* * * * *

The walkie-talkie in his hand, but laying there, sure enough the bottle was not empty. Sabbatus desperately reached into the locker, but he'd drunk all the Mountain Dew.

“God, my head rocks.”

He said.

Until he showed up upstairs, acting sober as a judge. “I'm sorry I missed that call. My mom .. she ..”

“It's okay. We had Chad take care of the mess. The patient is no longer a patient here, okay..?”

“Oh. It was bad..?”

“He's dead.”

“Okay,” Sabbatus said.

* * * * *

“It's all leading up to a hilarious conclusion.” A security officer said to one of the other guards, who flipped through the pages of a magazine in front of him. “Where's the ending..?” “Wait, read it all till you get there.”

The guard just laughed, “You won't believe what it all says.”

“Alright, but I need a smoke.”

He went out, and decided to finish reading the rest later.

“Trust me, you'll love it.”

CORRUPTION

A Novel

by ANONYMOUS

Part 1

John C. Ross walked into Marge's office.

“I'd like to thank you, and think you should know I'm very committed to every place I work.”

She listened, staring at papers in front of her.

“You're the charge nurse.”

“So I know I must consider you in charge of me, not just the patients.”

“Oh.”

“We're all equal here. Patient and staff.”

Then she coughed a little.

“How long have you been a CNA..?” She asked him.

“Five years.”

“And why do you want a job at Northern Lights Medical Center..?”

“Honestly,” he started,

“Because I heard you've had an excess of troubled patients here. Almost unremarkable, how many bad patients you seem to get. I thought it was curious.”

“So.”

“So . . .” She said.

“So I thought I'd be transferred.”

“And here I am.”

“Okay, well I'm going to be putting you in training, and on charting for the next five days.”

“Oh, but.”

“But I really like to get to know the patients before I start doing filing on them.”

“It's our .. policy.” She said.

“For new CNA's.”

She smiled a little.

“Okay.”

“Whatever you say, Marge.”

A little upset, he turned, after signing some papers, and got to work.

* * * * *

John filled out more paperwork, and more paperwork all day, until he was tired. He felt confused, that he had to do files on patients before even getting to know them ..

“Why am I doing charting if I haven't even been acclimated with the patients yet..?” He

asked Marge, once more.

“Uhh.”

He said, going back on his words mentally.

She looked angry.

“It's policy.”

* * * * *

“Patient in room 9 just dropped a pen on the floor, and then looked weak as he was picking it back up.” He scratched his head, and added it to the chart.

Marge listened.

“This is literally the best I can do, so far.”

“It still counts as something.”

“Okay.”

“I’ll put you on the floor in about three days, okay..?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

* * * * *

“Listen, Marge ..”

John said, on day two of charting.

“Integration of new employees is the same for everyone.” She said.

“Understand..?”

“Yes.” He said, tired.

* * * * *

“Keeping files on patients is vital for their recovery, and I need you on charting, and only charting for the next three days until you seem ready to start working with the patients.”

“But I don't even know the patients.” He said.

“John.”

She said, stolidly.

He said nothing else.

* * * * *

“It's the way it is for every new employee.”

She walked past him, and shut the door, leaving him alone at the receptionists desk.

A girl asked for a package of tea.

He sighed, and handed it to her.
Marge hated John, and his sense of honesty.
And regretted hiring him right away.

The next day, John watched through a monitor
he was told to look through, as the exact same
patient from the day before, dropped a pen in
the exact same spot, and looked weak as he
picked it up.

John sighed, and didn't add anything to the file.

He just sighed, and ignored the chart.

Then went outside for some fresh air, looking
straight up at the sky.

* * * * *

“Marge, will you check monitor B..?”

“Yes.”

Marge observed, laughing inside, as one of the female patients was picking a fight with another girl. “Shouldn't we do something..?”
“No.”

She answered very certainly.

The girl was having her hair pulled by the other patient, in a few minutes.

Her head was slammed against the wall.

“Thorazine. Both of them.”

One screamed and shouted, while the one who had her hair pulled (and head slammed) subdued herself quietly to the needle punched into her ass, as she lied down on her bed and fell asleep.

The other girl tried to stay awake on the
thorazine, and all the patients watched her walk
past them as a zombie.

* * * * *

“Patients are violent. Both expressed rage in
the hospital.”

A new page was added to both of their files.

* * * * *

“The one who pulled her hair. Give her another
dose.”

* * * * *

John C. Ross woke up in a cold sweat. In the
middle of the night, he went to fill a cup of cold
water, and also ran some water across his face.
Cold water.

Single, balding, and extremely fit from jogging daily for fifteen years, he put his hands on the rim of the sink, and breathed loud. He did a few quick stretches, while pulling against the sink, and looked at himself in the mirror.

* * * * *

The next day, John went downstairs and into the basement area.

He found a lot of empty Mountain Dew bottles in the trash, and snickers, and milky way bar wrappers.

The patient with the personality disorder, “Brendan” had his locker door left open.

It was mostly empty, except for some books he was not allowed to have, that were marked, “Could increase Christ Complex.” and “Flagged for hospital notes.”

“So you studied Audio Engineering..?”

John got a good look at Brendan, and looked serious.

“Yeah, I studied it for two years.”

“And they say you have paranoid schizophrenia..?”

“I don't hear voices or see things, but yeah.”

“When did that all start..?”

“It's a long story. About ten years ago.”

* * * * *

“So, do you get paid for your music..?”

“Huh. You know it's funny. I'm not allowed my

disability check money while I'm in here, but yeah, I just made \$80 that I just transferred into my paypal, that I just got from music royalties.”

“That's kind of impressive.” John said. Looking down. Then up.

“Say, Brendan. You wouldn't play your guitar for me sometime..?”

“Would you..?”

“Sure.”

He had no lack of confidence.

They stopped talking, and Brendan said, “I've got to go play a song.”

John watched as Brendan went to ask for the guitar.

* * * * *

John walked back down the hall, and was mute in his thoughts ..

* * * * *

What the hell drove “him” crazy..?

He thought to himself.

The small white circular object on the ceiling suddenly caught John's eye. “What the hell.. is that..?”

He took a photo, and searched online for a bit. Then he found a similar photo in the Google Image Search. “Hospital Microphone \$599.”

“Oh.”

He felt serene, but didn't want to be.

He found Marge later that day, and pinned her down for a conversation. They talked over coffee for a minute, when John just abruptly became serious referring to another hospital, and said, “This facility is well-run. I just noticed uh, wouldn't you place a hospital as ever, according to the one I've mentioned, as ..”

“Corrupt..?”

“They might be.”

“But not all hospitals are that way.”

John thought over his coffee.

Marge sipped her wine, and looked at him from the lid.

“We run a tight ship here.” She said.

“We're very careful about anything that might not be right at the hospital.”

“Good enough.” John said. He smiled, and left.

* * * * *

She didn't smile.

She didn't seem angry.

In fact, she was impossible to read to most people.

* * * * *

He really wanted an answer, but all he got was “no.”

* * * * *

Marge isn't just any CNA. She wants what is

called the “Charge Nurse” badge for life, until the end of her career. She loves being the charge nurse.

She controls all of the hiring and firing of the CNA's.

In her special place, as charge nurse of Northern Lights for only five years ..

A lot of people called it a “nightmare” hospital, because it spells out like “Elm” like “Nightmare On Elm Street.” when you really think about the name long enough. So they changed the name from Eastern Lights Medical, to Northern Lights Medical.

She took a line of one of the patients valium, and followed it with two stolen xanax, and then charged down a shot of whiskey, and stared at one of the monitors.

She just stared.

And stared.

She hit record, just hoping for something to happen.

A few patients collided in the hall, and appeared to be exchanging books. One of them was a bible.

She switched to another monitor.

* * * * *

“I know what I should do.” She said.

It was 1 A.M. And curfew had already set in, when Marge nonchalantly went into the “Med Excess Room” and slid another sheet of klonopin from Brendan's med drawer into the waist of her pants. Locked the drawer, and door

behind her, and then returned to the monitors, to get more high.

* * * * *

He is so fucked.

She said, watching as Brendan lie in his bed.

The camera was in the vent, as well as a “frequency impulse” device.

She turned it on, and watched as he grew hard in bed, overheated and uncomfortable.

“God, this feels like torture.” Brendan said, as he rolled in his sheets, drunk from the mountain dew, and with a strange erection he couldn't seem to control.

She found, at random, an audacity recording of him confessing to another patient about “Ahaz” – the person he identified him from the bible

from.

“Grandiose.”

She wrote in his file. “With marked traits of OCD and schizoaffective disorder.”

“Don't let him have as much of his tea, even if it means lying to him” she said, passing by the other charge nurse, Laurie.

She hated to swear, but it really was true ..

Brendan was fucked.

“This is perfect.” She said, locating another file, of him doing tai chi in the main area.

“Demonstrates tai chi in front of people. Probably really does think he's the actual Bruce Lee.” She laughed, and snorted a line, and then laughed, and snorted another one.

2mg of klonopin in a short few moments, down the hatch.

* * * * *

“He feels 'kindred' to the name Seth.”

She said.

“It's called the God Complex.”

“Or the Christ Complex.”

“Yeah.” The other nurse said.

“He's so pathetic. He could have done so much more with his life. Look at him. That cute face.”

“I've seen hundreds .. thousands of cases like him.” The doctor noted.

“How did his meeting go..?”

“He lies a lot.”

“Figures.”

“Says he isn't schizophrenic. Always has this false air of confidence about him.”

“So what are we alotting him..?”

“Three more weeks. Set him up for transfer to DDP after the first two weeks go by, and keep him on his toes.”

“So we're just gonna transfer him..?”

“Clearly his home is no place for him anymore. Start talking to him about a new group home set-up. So he can be with other people like him.”

* * * * *

“Can I get my guitar..?” Brendan asked nervously at the front desk.

Kyle, a man about five years older than Brendan handed Brendan the distortedly-out of tune guitar.

Typically, it stayed in tune, because it's a \$500 Alvarez. He knows music theory, and he uses a tuner also.

“Thanks” he said.

Jenny, the petite Japanese girl, in a fit of rage, one night, de-tuned every string, to what she considered a 'chaotic' tuning, and had a stolid, serious look on her face the entire time. Then she had put the guitar back, in the office where it was stood up against the wall.

“God, it's so out of tune” Brendan mumbled, as he walked low to his room, planning on playing The One Song.

“That guy is nuts.” Kyle said, watching as the patient shut his door.

Kyle had a very serious look on his face.

* * * * *

Brendan had an appointment with “Joe Pound” the head doctor at Northern Lights Medical.

“You think they'll ask him any good questions..?” The staff wondered out loud, behind the receptionists wall.

“Yes, Brendan, take a seat.”

“This is Becky. She's in training, you don't mind if she sits in with us, do you..?” The doctor asked, in an off-tune D note voice.

“No I don't mind ..” Brendan responded.

Before the meeting, Joe said, “Kid has the Christ complex” to Becky. Then Brendan slowly walked in.

He had the guitar with him.

The doctor stared at the guitar.

“Mind if I ask you a few questions..?”

“Okay.” Brendan said, in a confident tone.

“Are you hearing any voices right now, or seeing anything..?”

“No.” Brendan said, without hesitation.

“Do you wish to harm yourself, or anyone else..?”

“No,” Brendan said, with certainty.

“Why is it you're in this hospital..? And, if you don't mind me asking, what day is it, and who is the president of the United States of America..?”

“A girl was stalking me. I named off the wrong girl in what was considered a threatening video .. and I also got in a squabble with my dad the same morning.”

“Wednesday, and Biden.”

“Do you believe in God?”

“Why would you ask me that..?” Brendan was curious.

Joe felt stupid for a moment. As he stared at the words “God Complex” on the chart. “Uhm,”
“You read the Bible, yes..?”

“Yes, I have a good copy of the Gideon's Bible, someone here gave to me. I never read it much until I turned 35.”

“Tell me what you think about God.”

“Uh,” Brendan's thoughts fell mute.

He then abruptly said, “Well, many different people have their own interpretations of God. I just see God as my higher power. All authority. All people more mature than me, and who hold power over me – are also my higher power. And I think we all serve a higher power of some kind.”

“I see.” The doctor said.

“And how have you been feeling lately..?”

Brendan looked around the bland office, and the polar bear picture on the wall.

“Fine..?”

“Good.” Brendan said, in surer words.

“Do you trust the hospital you are in..?”

The doctor really stared at him.

“Why shouldn't I..?”

The doctor laughed loudly.

“You seem very intelligent, Brendan.”

“More intelligent than most patients here.”

“One last question.”

Brendan waited.

“Do you think a special robot lives on the moon, who controls the Earth's weather..?”

“NO.” Brendan laughed. Then he said, “You're funny,” to the doctor.

Becky had not stopped holding her hands in her lap the entire interview, fearing for her life.

He had big muscles, and looked like he practiced tai chi more than the hospital said.

And she was slightly attracted to him ..

“Okay, Brendan.”

“It was nice meeting with you.”

“Thank you.”

“And I hope you enjoy your new guitar.”

“Thank you.” Brendan said again, and left the room, shutting the door quietly.

* * * * *

It was still only 11:50 in the hospital.

Brendan got up, and looked back as he quietly left his room to wander the halls, in search for someone to talk to, preferably a fellow patient.

He found a nice girl, he didn't know, and they spoke for a while.

* * * * *

“Hey, Brendan.”

John said to Brendan, from a ways down the hall. “Yo,” Brendan said, in a cool voice. And didn't look up. He put his headphones back on, because his favorite song was playing and brushed past John.

A Day To Remember – Everything We Need.

“I'm a little anxious” he told the med nurse.

“Okay.”

She gave him an ativan, and he returned to his room.

He stared at his lyrics, notes, and scientific writing, and the guitar he somehow managed to hold on to. Took a leisurely sip of Mountain Dew, followed by tea, and “caffeine” he called it (the coffee) – which had ketamine in it, as well as the Mountain Dew, and then stripped and took a shower.

His food was waiting for him when he got out, wrapped in plastic. He only ate some of it.

And slid the tray to the side, to write something.

* * * * *

“And you know, since his shaving order hasn't gone through .. haha .. for like a week. He looks a lot more like Jesus with that facial hair.”

The entire room broke out laughing.

John just looked to the side, and smiled darkly.

“That guy didn't know he needs an order to get a shave in a fucking mental hospital.”

“He's sort of clueless.”

“Literally, look at him.”

Through the monitors, they laughed as Brendan brushed water off his beard, after leaning down for water at the water fountain.

* * * * *

“But he is. A total dimwit.”

Another receptionist added.

“How did he get so much shit..?”

“His parents are retarded.”

“They spoil him, because they feel bad for him.” Marge said.

Marge felt satisfied with herself.

* * * * *

“Yes, you're new here right..?” Sam, a boys name, was still in a state of shock from being beaten senseless by her husband.

“I'm just gonna close the door, if that's okay.”

“O.K.” she said.

“So, tell me what happened..?”

“I just .. was getting breakfast. And he started hitting me.”

The nurse tried not to laugh, covering her mouth. It just sounded so stupid to her.

“You know, Sam, you will have to take medication while you are in the hospital.”

“We're gonna start you on a low dose of

Risperidone, and see how it treats you, okay..?”

“What do you mean see how it treats me..? Isn't it supposed to help..? Wouldn't you know that already..?”

“It's sometimes different, from patient to patient.”

The CNA said.

* * * * *

Brendan walked past Sam, as she stood at the Med Window, asking questions.

Then she swallowed the small metallic-seeming pill, and walked slowly to her room, with an Ativan to go with it.

He saw her later on, drinking coffee extremely slowly, while holding her head, with almost no

placeable expression on her face. He kind of liked her when she first got to the hospital, but as Brendan thought, “The meds had gotten to her.” He sighed.

She didn't know if she liked it or not, but the meds weren't wearing off. Numb, and feeling more numb, and hardly able to think, Sam slunk into her hospital bed, and had trouble sleeping.

* * * * *

In the meantime, Sam got very ill.

She didn't know why.

* * * * *

“Yes. Report Sam is responding well to the medication.”

“Yes, Marge.”

The other charge nurse edited Sam's permanent record. “And write that I think she has acute schizophrenia, personality disorder, OCD, and PTSD.”

“Check, check, check, and check.”

* * * * *

Finally, Sam fell asleep, in a warm, hot sweaty pair of underwear given to her by the hospital, soaked in the clothes they had given her also.

Her husband was in jail, but based on how she behaved with the police, she was sent for a wellness check, which she did poorly on, and then an ambulance had taken her to the Northern Lights observation unit, until she was taken upstairs.

* * * * *

She was only visited twice while in the hospital. Once by her parents, and another time by her lawyer, who had nothing he could offer.

She stayed another two months, until returning home, feeling terrible, and still prescribed to risperidone, with a weekly check-up with a medical supervisor, and also 90 and 90 (court-instituted A.A.) based on how she was drunk when they brought her into the observation unit.

* * * * *

“What is that..?”

Brendan asked himself, staring at the plastic fixture in his ceiling area.

He stared through the plastic cracks, and saw the white microphone underneath.

He turned off his headset, and just stared at it for a while, leaning against his shoulder-blades on the bed, looking up, with a strange look on his face.

He studied it for or a while.

It wasn't a light. That was for sure. And Brendan knows what a microphone looks like.

In fact, it was a vented camera, not a microphone. The microphones appeared to be the dual small white circles on either side of the room.

For a moment, he almost felt like he knew why the staff teased, and messed with him so much, as his perfect rounded shoulders slid back into the sheets, and he quivered quietly in bed, and fell back asleep.

* * * * *

Marge had 16 pills laid out before her, and broke them all up with her thumb and a dollar-coin.

She snorted them each one by one, and drank some scotch.

John C. Ross didn't notice anything strange about her, and thought nothing of how long of a time she sometimes spent in her private office, which she locked, that he also paid no attention to.

“Joe” Brendan said.

“Haha. It's John.”

“Do you know about the microphones..?”

“What do you mean..?”

“Those white things they put in the ceiling.”

“Oh, I think those are heat sensors.”

“Oh.”

“Okay.”

Brendan walked off, and scratched his head.

* * * * *

Brendan walked back..

“But if they were microphones – couldn't you steal information from them to entrap patients with information in their files that isn't legally supposed to be there..?”

“Well.”

“I don't know.”

“But I really wouldn't worry about it, man.”
John looked at Brendan as though to console him.

“Okay, Buddy..?”

“Okay.”

Brendan walked off again.

* * * * *

He's very smart.

John thought to himself, sliding over from the chart to the computer chair, and looked up the definition for the word “entrapment” on dictionary.com.

He smiled.

* * * * *

His singleness of motive ..

“What a interesting quote.” One of the receptionists said. “What do you think it means..?” They were reading the newspaper.

He read another quote, “This is from the New Testament.” “His singleness of motive.” “Same quote as the TV news broadcast.” “Ha..!” Marge laughed. “They stole it from the Bible..!” “News is weird sometimes.”

“How did you know that quote..?”

“I go to church each sunday. I don't know. I just knew it.”

* * * * *

“You want a real Bible quote..?”

“Oh, don't get on this shit.”

“No, I really read the Bible.”

“That Brendan guy has got me thinking – just. Just listen to this quote from the testament.”

“Mmhm.” The other staff listened impatiently.

“Okay, now listen.”

“Do for our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world.”

“And more abundantly ..” He continued, *“To you.”*

“Okay, so what's it mean..?”

“I'm not done.”

He read further,

“For we write none other than things unto you, than what ye read or acknowledge even to the end. Ye shall acknowledge even to the end.”

“As also, ye have acknowledged us in part, that we are your rejoicing, even as ye, also are ours in the day of the Lord Jesus.”

“I wonder what it means.” The guy reading it said.

“Yeah.” Blandly responded the oblivious other CNA.

* * * * *

Kim, the primary med nurse slowly rolled the blood pressure machine over with the temp gauge ready, into Jack Templetons room.

Before she left, she noticed the sixty dollars cash he left on the end of his desk, with a quarter on top of it. She smiled, but felt a little sick, because he was extremely overweight, and probably wanted a lot from her.

She climbed on top of him, and worked him with her body for a while, and then slowly moved down, and sucked his cock for fifteen minutes, then took the money slowly off the desk, and said, "Sweet dreams." And left the room, while he soaked in his cum, and thought dark thoughts about his wife, with a twisted smile on his face, and how he seemed to always 'get his way' at least when he *'goes to the hospital.'*

* * * * *

The room's light was turned off, but stayed on in the bathroom.

He slept a better sleep than he'd slept in years.

* * * * *

“You know, that's what they say.”

Brendan stared up from his coffee.

“That's why they call me Baddie Pattie.”

Kim walked off, strutting with her big machine, and moved away from Brendan who she purposefully ignored.

“Baddie Pattie..?” Brendan muttered quietly.

* * * * *

Marge woke up with a feeling of tension in her

body.

She made a cocktail for work.

One part tomato juice.

One part orange juice.

And two parts vodka.

She put it in a coffee cup, and drank half on the spot.

Standing outside, she looked up and the sky was full of dark clouds, that appeared to be forming into a massive, darker cloud. And it started to rain.

“Jesus Christ.” She exclaimed, angrily.

“This is gonna be a great fucking day.”

And then she popped two valium, and got in the car, resting the coffee-cup in the coffee-cup holder.

First, she dropped the cocktail. In her lap. Lit a cigarette before she picked it back up, and then randomly started fixing her hair in the mirror, while spilling it more as she tried to pick it up with her left hand, and right foot pumping the gas without paying attention.

The car behind her was confused.

When she got to the hospital, she got pissed off and threw the cup out the window, and officially started weaving from left to right, just as the valiums were starting to kick in.

“Oh God. I feel weird.”

“Fuck today, she muttered.”

The phone rang.

“What..?”

“Um, Marge..? Is that you..?”

“I mean, yes. This is Marge.”

As soon as she walked into the receptionists area, she was wearing an excessive amount of perfume, and a lot of people could breathe it in through their masks.

She had an overly-enlarged smile, and greeted everyone like she'd never seen them before.

“HI!”

She said. “Hi.” “How is everyone..?”

They were all very quiet.

“Marge..”

“Are you okay..?”

“Yes, I just want to see .. the charts from .. from yesterday.”

“We don't do charting on Sundays. It has something to do with our religious policy.”

“You remember we're a religiously-funded institution, right marge..? Religion versus patients rights, court case number .. precedent number ..” “Okay, okay.”

“Just tell me what's going on with that Brendan guy.”

John looked over.

“What's your great interest in him..?”

“He's been acting crazy lately.”

“How so..”

“I saw him in his room .. through the door .. he was ..”

She suddenly walked out of the room.

* * * * *

It took her about seven minutes to stop throwing up in her office trash-can.

Then the phone rang.

* * * * *

“No.”

“No appointments for the rest of the day. What do you mean I have no sick days left..?”

“You used them up at the beginning of the year.”

“This is total bullshit!” “Marge.” “Will you calm down..?”

“They're all insane. They make me sick. This place. These people. I just need to go home and lie down.”

“We can let you go home early, okay. But just this one time.”

She hung up, feeling bad about swearing at the hospital superintendent.

* * * * *

“What's the drug-progress with that Sam girl..?”

“The 29 year old girl..?”

“Yeah, her.”

“She sleeps a lot. To be honest, she's like a zombie.”

“Write drugs are working accordingly, in her file.”

“Send it off to the research team.”

“Oh. Okay.”

* * * * *

John C. Cross walked through the halls, with nothing to do.

He saw Brendan doing tai chi in the corner of the end of the hall.

“What's that called..?”

“Oh.”

He kept moving his arms and legs, more slowly as he spoke.

“Tai Chi Chuan.”

“It is a form of tai chi that is faster, evolved from Taiwan.”

“Interesting.”

“Do you do that a lot here..?”

“All day.”

* * * * *

Brendan returned to his room, later, and divined a page in the book he was reading.

It was a book about a Vietnamese prisoner, who was Vietnamese himself.

The same person seemed to echo through Brendan's life.

“I swear I've heard of this person.”

The page read something in accordance with what he was going through, and then he stacked it on top of a Thic Naht Yan (sp?) book, called “In Every Step.”

* * * * *

Brendan moved his hand, and the paper slid across the surface.

He watched in astonishment, at his ability, even while confined, not that you know what I mean ..

He looked over, and turned on the rap station,

which featured Jesus-centric songs.

He then changed the station, and listened to Twenty One Pilots for a while.

“Jumpsuit.”

Dressed in all black, he made a new blue cardboard ring, with the point folded out, and thought to himself. “Good, another manipulation ring. Good for altering the matrix. And digging the shit out of people.”

* * * * *

“Hopeless.”

“It just keeps adding up, doesn't it..?”

“I know what to do.”

The staff walked out of the receptionists room,

and boldly opened Brendan's door.
He was at the end of the hall at the time.

He grabbed the “Spinning Bible” and stole it from the room, and threw it in the receptionist area's trash.

“He's gotta stop reading that.”

“Did you hear what he did..?”

He said, “I'm Seth of Azhraham” in the middle of the TV room, and we literally went from code blue to code red in a matter of moments.

“Jesus.”

* * * * *

“Corruption” by Anonymous, Brendan wrote as the title of his new book, written in the journal with an “S” over the front of the cover, in blue

ink.

* * * * *

“What can he really do..?”

“All he does is stand there, and do tai chi all day long, wearing Adidas pants, talking to that *Amy* girl who is the worst witch I have ever met.”

“Ah-ha-ha..! Don't say that word.”

“We're trying to HELP these patients. Not talk about them.”

The doctor quickly left the room.

“Oh.”

“Was I not supposed to say that..?”

“No. No one says 'Witch' anymore.”

“They're just mutants. Genetic mutants, with drug and learning disabilities. It is our job to help them. Maybe we have been having a little too much fun over here. Lately. Talking about them won't help them.”

Michael sneered, and looked down at his papers.

Shannon, who was going to quit in three weeks, stood silent and felt weird for a long time, and was mostly ignored by people all day.

* * * * *

“Is Brendan eating with the rest of the patients..”

“Whatever.”

* * * * *

He appeared to be getting more muscular, as he did tai chi in the black window each morning.

Which he usually did for an hour.

* * * * *

He looked over at the microphone, and said, “I’m getting a lot.” “Over and out.”

And then kept walking.

* * * * *

“Jan, do you want to note on this..?”

“What.”

“That ..”

She held the shutters open.

“Weird white van has been parked there for two weeks.”

“What..?” She laughed a little.

“Like spooks! Like a government van.”

Marge just slowly shut the shutters, and stared with a wild stare at Jan.

* * * * *

This concludes Part One Of The Already Finished Novel Entitled “Corruption” written by The Anonymous.

- The Anonymous Group -