Danny never cried out, it was too fast, too unexpected, he never believed in what we were doing, and he never believed the words as I read them from those medical files, even though there was no denying that what we were doing and what we were seeing was unmistakably real. I believed, and I knew we should have stopped. I can tell my self it was his fault for convincing me to go inside, or for kicking in that window, but I know I was to blame, I was the one who found the files, I was the one who read them. That little metal box, I was the one who opened it.

They still haven’t found Danny’s body, but they found the blood. I told them everything, I was so scared, they locked me up faster than you can say bat shit crazy, and they did say that, everyone says that. The prime suspect, yeah that’s me. I don’t blame them, a kid goes missing, blood all over the walls of an abandoned building and the only witness is a teenager saying a monster did it. Bat shit crazy. I’m not worried about the trial or going to prison or being questioned or any of that. I am worried about one thing, I saw it, just like Danny, and it will come for me just like it did for him. When its my blood all over the walls of this padded room there’s gonna be a whole lot of people who will be bat shit crazy.

There was something, in those files, something I can’t remember. I was so scared. I ran so fast when I heard it. I didn’t think to take anything with me. I didn’t think I would need proof. Hell I was the one who brought the police back there and told them something happened to Danny. Prime suspect. I watched a few of those cops puke their guts out after going in there. The look in their eyes, they thought I did it and they were sickened by me. I had blood all over my clothes, I was ranting like a lunatic. Now they just give me sedatives and keep me locked in this room. Awaiting trial. There will be no trial. It will come for me, unless I can remember. I asked for paper and a pencil. If I can write it all down maybe I can remember. They gave me a black crayon and some loose-leaf paper. My story, my confession, my last will and testament.

My name is Anthony Micelli, yeah just like the character on that eighties TV show Who’s the Boss. Everyone calls me Boss, it’s a real laugh riot. Most of those dip shits never even saw that show. I’ll come right out and say it, because everyone is thinking it. I am the son of a single mom, we don’t have much money, I don’t have any friends, except Danny and I’m not what you would consider one of the good kids. Yeah I’ve had my share of trouble, mainly dealing with skipping school and smoking weed. I’ve been in some fights but I didn’t start any of them. People like to pick on me and I don’t like to take it. How all that adds up to me killing my best friend I will never know but that’s where I’m at and there’s not one single person who is gonna believe what really happened. Maybe its better if I get pureed in this cell, at least then they won’t blame me for Danny.

It was over Spring break that Danny and I found the place. The Pembroke Institute of Psychology was basically abandoned back in the late seventies. The place stood abandoned for over thirty years covered in thick foliage hidden from casual observers by the dense Michigan forest. Danny and I were wandering the wood looking for a new place to hang out and get stoned. We had nothing to do that day so we had gone deeper into the forest than we had ever gone before. We stopped to rest sitting on what we though was a fallen tree covered in ivy and moss. I can’t remember if it was Danny or me who hit the tree with a rock. We turned to look at each other when we heard the hollow metallic sound that rang out. Cutting away the ivy, moss and dirt that was built up on what we though was a log, we realized that we were sitting on a fallen sign. It was one of those large signs that are lite from inside and covered on both sides with a thick plastic. The words stenciled onto the plastic were Pembroke Institute of Psychology, black text on a white background. We were both pretty shocked, everyone in town knows about the Pembroke Institute. The stories vary from mundane to completely fucked up but everyone agrees that it was a mental institution and research facility that was suddenly closed down without any notice. They just packed up and left, locked the place up and put a gate on the road that connected the place to the rest of the world. Kids would dare each other to jump the fence and try to follow the road up. The road was completely grown over and difficult to follow. Most never found the place, just wandered the woods until they got scared and came back. There were a few stories though about kids who made it to the place. There are a bunch of stories about what happened to the unfortunate ones that found the place. I always thought it was all bullshit. I didn’t even believe the place ever existed, until we found that sign.

It was then that we realized that we were standing in what was probably the parking lot of the place. The trees here were spaced further apart and younger than the ones that was could seen at some distance to the right and left. Ahead of us was what looked like a cliff or hill of some sort, covered in ivy, ferns and dense ground cover. The closer we got the more it became clear that what was were heading towards was not a cliff at all. It was a large building, covered almost completely with foliage