

## Psychotica

When I was in Fairfax mental institution in 2004 I saw the most striking girl. Around 5'5, green eyes, thin frame, sandy blonde, small chest, about 23 years old, and wearing a lime green prom dress. She walked in from admittance (probably just attempted suicide), and looked weary of everyone in the place. She sat by me and said, "I guess I'll just sit by you ok?" Her voice was high pitched yet velvet-toned. There wasn't much of any dialog between us because I was too shy. All I said was "ok." We just sat there, content with each other's presence.

The next day she was gone, which was unusual because people don't usually leave those places the day after they're admitted. Maybe she was an angel, got transferred, or succeeded in her suicide. I chose to think she was an angel, and have spent many a mania looking for her, Light Girl.

When manic, I don't hear voices, I absorb thoughts. And in the height of my mania Light Girl's thoughts become one with mine. She's not a ghost or imaginary friend, we share my body. Sometimes her voice echoes from my lips, and sometimes she smiles with a gnashing grin. She protects me from mental harm. When I think of my ex-wife, she'll snap "fuck that bitch." When I'm uncomfortable with a situation, she'll advise to "get the fuck out."

When Light Girl does not possess me, I search for her human form; I literally search for the girl in the lime green prom dress. This has gotten me into a great deal of trouble. Once upon a time trouble began at a skateboard park...

I was skating some simple lines in a skateboard park, when suddenly I felt as if all the skaters could hear the songs playing in my head. They would follow me around and make requests; I could absorb their thoughts as if they were requesting songs from a DJ. Then one of them actually spoke “God save the Queen.” At that moment I looked up and the sun was speaking to through its rays: Light Girl, my Queen, was near, and if I followed signs closely, I could find her manifestation.

More prominent rays shone on a house across the lawn from the park I was skating in. I thought “that’s it! That’s where she is,” so I walked over and knocked on the door...only to find an angry neighbor exclaiming “who the hell are you?!” and “get the hell out of here!”

I continued walking, following the sun’s rays all over town, and into the outskirts. I probably walked 20 miles in a manic tizzy trying to find my angel. When night fell I found myself back at the skate park, too tired to walk any further. I took a nap in the bottom of a bowl in the park with a black attaché case over my head for warmth.

Once I awoke, I abandoned my search and decided to check into the Red Lion hotel for some rest and relaxation. Only to find, in fact, I was hot on the trail. The girl at the Red Lion check in counter had an incredibly familiar chemistry about her; as if Light Girl’s soul had penetrated her body. She was a tad heavier than the girl in the lime green prom dress, but I knew it was her ... just wrapped in a different body.

The conversation was light, but our eye contact and body language was locked tight. At one point I absorbed a thought from her loud and clear that said, “I want to see that picture of you and your beautiful children.” Without even thinking about it, I pulled out a recent church

picture of my children and me. She exclaimed “Not THE picture,” looked around (to ensure no one noticed this exchange), and threw another thought saying, “I need your ID.” I gave her my ID, and got a room key in return. I’d expected to run into the same girl that night (maybe she’d come knocking on my door), but I was terribly wrong.

I turned around and saw the back of a very tall man staring out the front door. He was wearing a dark brown suit and top hat, and holding a dark black (neon black) brief case. His presence made me shudder and shrink. I just stared at the back of him for a time, transfixed. He didn’t move nor make a noise. I sensed he was waiting for me to do something, and was there to assist in some way.

Afraid he’d turn around to face me, I sped up the elevator and up to my room. His presence followed me, however; I left his body in the lobby, but the Tall Man (as I call him) had some sort of metaphysical grip on my mind. As I opened the door to my room on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor, the Tall Man spoke (in thought absorption) “Have some coffee.” Sure enough, a hot cup of coffee was sitting next to the TV waiting for me. I picked it up and started to sip. It was a very dark roast, my favorite, and made me feel right at home.

I sat down and watched TV for a while, then went into the bathroom. The tub was full of water. The surface of the water did not look normal. It was covered in a silky substance and riddled with tiny bubbles. The Tall Man told me (thought absorption again) that Light Girl’s soul was in the bath water. And that I needed to immerse myself, swallow some, and then split my body in two to be with her. He was there to assist with the splitting process, and all I needed to do was follow his instruction.

So I got in the bath water. It was freezing cold. I looked closely at the water. There were millions of tiny particles swimming about in different directions. I went under water to completely immerse myself. My body chilled from the cold and tickled from her soul. I raised my head, hesitated, but then took a sip. Immediately I felt the possession of her soul in my body. It was warm, comforting, and her thoughts were again one with mine. My body was no longer cold. We were one again.

I discovered Light Girl did in fact succeed in her suicide, and was now with me from the afterlife. Her purpose was to come back to life to be with me. And my body was to be the host of her newly formed body, which would be exactly like her old one. The Tall Man was there to help with the splitting process that would create the newly formed body. Now that'd I'd drank the coffee (some magic blend) and swallowed Light Girl's soul, I was ready to take part in some human mitosis.

The Tall Man instructed us to remove everything from the bed but the bottom sheet, and then told us to lie face down on the sheet. With my hands cupping my groin, I began breathing heavily into the sheet and excreting all the saliva and mucus I could muster up (as if my body had done this before). After about 10 minutes of heavy breathing, my face was just blowing bubbles in a puddle of spit and snot.

"This isn't working" I thought, then had Light Girl take over the breathing; I surrendered my body mechanics to her soul. She took a deep breath, and then exhaled into the pillow with cheeks full...I felt my nose sink into the sheet through the pool of puss, splitting into two and parting either way as it descended.

The splitting process was not painful, just extremely bizarre. It was like body parts I never knew I had were regaining consciousness from numbness, and growing. Next, I simultaneously noticed my lips splitting two mouths as my hands separated covering opposite sexual organs. Suddenly two hearts were beating. All this while breathing heavily into the pillow like clockwork with progression of the split synchronized with every exhale. Suddenly realizing I had 4 arms and 4 legs flapping under two faces I spoke “are you ok?” and she, now my other face, responded “yeah.”

Just then a clock tower bell tolled outside. It was midnight. Part of me wanted to see my reflection in the mirror; the other part was scared to death of that reflection. The Tall Man warned “This is more critical than surgery. The only thing keeping you animate is the sheet, that is, until the process is complete. Get up from this position, and you’ll become a dead mound of flesh.” He then continued, “To complete the splitting process you need to suffocate yourself in the pillow, so the lungs can be properly divided.”

I didn’t want to die. I’d attempted suicide once several years before, and could not do it again. This got me to thinking “there must be a better way.” I beseeched the Tall Man to find another way...perhaps there were aliens out there who could complete the process without my having to die. Just then a low hum sounded above the Red Lion Hotel, and my body entered complete numbness and was being pulled upward. To his reluctance, the Tall Man had summoned help from another world.

Suddenly my body was one again; I lifted myself up as my skin reluctantly pulled itself away from the clammy sheet. Pieces of flesh were scattered across the bed, and, to my chagrin, a

pile of dried up cow dung. The aliens helped complete the split without my having to die, but not without payment: they took my Light Girl.

Following, for the first and only time in my life, *I checked myself* into a mental institution.

The End.