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Ms. Dugan, p. 8

Creative Writing 1

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Title?

Terror spread across the six year olds face as he walked down the bright white corridor of the hospital. Screams and moans came from the crazies that were behind the locked doors, which lined up on either side of him. Some were pounding on the doors screaming that monsters were going to get them, or claiming that they really weren’t crazy. He began to shake and he squeezed his father’s hand which he clutched onto tightly. His father looked down at him, his face filled with anguish and sorrow as he pulled his child close against him. They entered a room, which was also bright white; the walls looked as if they had just been painted days before their arrival. There was a single bed in the middle of the room. A desk that had nothing on it and the boy guessed that a chair belonged behind it, but it wasn’t there, instead it was by the window. The window itself had metal bars on the outside and a metal screen before it. As the boys eyes adjusted to the brightly lit room he saw a figure in the chair by the window. He recognized her immediately, as her long brown curly hair came down either side of her shoulders. He cried out to her but she didn’t respond and he started for her, only to find his fathers strong arm holding him back. The woman finally figured out someone was in the room and she turned and stood, and faced them.

Her eyes were bloodshot, skin pale white and scars appeared sporadically across her face. He felt his father gasp but he wasn’t sure why, he only saw that his mother had no arms, instead there were little bandages on the stubs that she did have. The boy looked at her frowning, thoroughly confused which is understandable for a boy the age of six. “Mama?” he asked unsure if this was really his mother, his father still had an arm across his boy’s chest and the woman smiled at him. “Hello my little boy…come to your mama…” she said softly and the boy pushed through his fathers defenses and ran towards his mother and threw his arms around her waist. She bent down towards him but she couldn’t hug him back, for she was lacking the arms to do so. It was a tender moment one that the boy would never forget. Just minutes later she gasped and turned towards the window she looked down at her son, eyes full of fear. “Run Danny…run, they are coming for me now! They will be in my head soon, oh Robert please don’t let them get inside my head!” she screamed at the boys father and by this time the father had walked towards her kissed her head, tears in his eyes and he took his boy and dragged him out of the room. Her screams sounding loudly behind him and guards rushed passed them to her room. The screams stopped suddenly and Dan looked up at his father. Robert Cravin had always been a strong man, one that didn’t talk about his feelings much and he was pretty strict when it came to most things. But the man was crying now and Robert being the boy’s role model Dan soon followed his example and began to cry as well.

It was the year 1986 when the father and son visited the woman in the hospital. Daniel Cravin had only been four years old when she was admitted into Pennhurst Mental Institute, just inside of Spring City PA, his mother was suffering from a severe case of schizophrenia. That was the last time Daniel saw his mother for a year after their visit, in 1987, a man came to their door. Dressed in all black looking like an FBI agent he told them that she died at the hospital for unknown reasons. Dan had never seen his father so angry before, he had thrown his scotch glass at the man, which had just nicked him across the face leaving a shallow gash and the man soon fled. Dan had run upstairs quite frightened by his father’s outburst he didn’t understand at that moment in time why his father had acted that way; but now he finally does. The hospital was shut down just one year after her death, after the rumors about mistreatment and experimentation had been proven true of the ghastly place.

10 YEARS LATER:

Daniel Cravin’s leg shook hard against the wooden desk as he looked up at his Professor who was pointing to a dentist chair used in an old Mental Institute. Apparently if a patient would bite someone they’d get a warning, however the second time they would bite someone they’d be forced into that chair, restrained, and all their teeth would be pulled out of their mouth. Dan cringed suddenly as a picture came up on the power point of someone’s toothless mouth. He looked around as he heard scribbling of pens all around him. The students were taking notes, their faces calm and serious. How was it that no one here found anything repulsive at all about the material this teacher shows? Why don’t they show any emotion what so ever? Doctors are human beings as well; they don’t have to alienate human emotions. He thought bitterly as he picked up his pen and also began to take notes and he drew a quick sketch of the chair on his notepad.

It was the year 1997, and Daniel Cravin was 17 years old attending Fleetwood High, his ambition; to be a psychiatrist. Even 10 years later Dan would still wake up in a full out sweat and have to down 3 pills of his anxiety meds just to ensure that he wouldn’t have a heart attack. That’s how severe his panic attacks would get from the nightmares of Pennhurst and his mother. It is because of his mother that he was sitting in that classroom, enduring the mental grossness that had been presented in front of him. The slide of the power point changed; thank god that chair wasn’t on the screen anymore. And Dan’s shaking leg slowed and he felt his heart recovering slowly but it wasn’t too long before another gruesome picture found its way upon the screen. It was a human corpse, but there had been something strange and lacking about the figure. The torso, head, and both legs were all that was left on the person. Its arms had been savagely sawed off and as he listened to the professor, the institutions would place the arms on other patients to see if they would work properly. Dan bolted up and darted out of the room. His heart pounded crazily and his breathing increased, he could hear the professor shouting at him at the other end of the hallway but Dan didn’t dare look back as he remembered his mothers’ stubs that her arms used to be. He found a deserted corridor and he slid down against the wall, tears poured down his cheeks.

Dan was completely miserable. Having seen those images and not being able to find out what the hell happened to his mother, remembering her arms missing from her body when he visited her those many years ago. He turned and punched the wall behind him, his anger getting the better of him; he gasped and clutched at his throbbing hand. His knuckles bruised and cracked as blood seeped out from them. He shivered and after awhile he managed to get himself under control. His hands were shaking as he reached into his pockets and pulled out his medicine bottle and popped it open, 2 capsules fell onto his sweaty outstretched palm. As he was about to shove them in his mouth, a hand came out of no where and smashed his hand. Then the bottle flew from his grasp and onto the floor, pills scattering everywhere. He scowled and looked up; there was Jason Meyer’s, popular guy in school. The guy everyone wanted to be friends with and the person every boy envied. “What the hell was that for Meyers?” Dan hissed at him and began to recollect his pills placing them into their plastic home.

Jason laughed hollowly and smirked at the pathetic boy getting his pills together. “That’s for being a sissy Cravin, how do you think you’re gonna become a doctor if you freak out all the time?” he asked him with an edge to his tone. Dan ignored him and he picked up the remainder of the capsules. He stood to his full height up against Jason, who was of course a lot taller then Dan. “Shut up Jason I’m going to be a doctor. “ he said simply and he turned to walk away when he was shoved against the stone wall. He winced as he felt the stone hard against his back. Jason’s face came in close to his as the smirk now formed into a crooked, wicked, smile. “I bet you couldn’t last if you went back to that place…” he whispered, wanting to manipulate Dan. Dan looked at him and shook his head. “I don’t know what you’re talking about…” he said not looking Jason in the eyes now. Just as he said that he heard laughing, and sure enough more of Jason’s cronies had shown up and were standing next to him, grinning at Dan.

“You know exactly what I’m talking about, good ole Pennhurst where the insane went even more insane…isn’t that where your momma died Cravin? Maybe that explains why your so messed up…you inherited it from her…” he sneered and Dan’s face became contorted with anger and he shoved Jason away with all his might but the boy just moved a foot back and took his hands off Dan. “You shut your mouth about your mother.” Dan yelled at him, his hands moving into tight fists. Jason cackled and his friends mirrored him. “Alright fair enough I won’t bring your mother into this…” he said and his friends suddenly stopped laughing and looked at him confused. Jason leaned towards Dan. “But, I bet you couldn’t last one night in that place…and let’s face it if you can’t do that how are you ever going to work in one?” he asked him and with that he waved a hand and he departed followed by his friends. “Some doctor you’ll be…” he called out over his shoulder and he left the hallway. Dan stared at the ground, his thoughts reeling through his worried mind. Wondering if what Jason said was true that he really wasn’t cut out to be a doctor. No. Dan looked up, a determined look across his features his eyes blazing with the fire of his ambitions and he knew he was going back to Pennhurst.