

Walk-In

A thud resounded throughout the living room, I turned my head, slowly, and I looked down, down at this horrifying scene. The blood was staining the carpet greyed by time. The small teeth of this poor, poor child were scattered everywhere. The screams were enhancing this fabulous moment. The madness of the scene was overwhelming but it felt right.

The incident made the front-page of every newspaper in the area. "A young girl kills herself in the St Mary Asylum, Burghill." It was quite common for people to die there, but the death of an orphan was rare, even more rare when it was like this. The St Mary Asylum had been an orphanage since twelve young souls were found at the edge of the forest one day and got rescued by sister Eunice, that is the story doctor Pit told me the day he spent hours telling me the story of the asylum.

Doctor Pit was in control when it happened and he then explained to me in a letter how Sister Eunice came back from the forest with all the young and small children without any explanation. He tried to understand but he never got any answers. Doctor Pit shares this body with me, he is a really wise and fervent man and his sharp mind is a practical tool in this place, he calls himself a doctor because he knows a lot about human physiology. I never really remember when he gets control but our knowledge gets bigger every time. Sadly, Doctor Pit does not get treated equally as the other doctors when he attempts to treat other patients. Today one of the staff members, doctor Mark, said that Pit did not meet the requirements needed to exercise in this place. Pit told me he was so frustrated about that that he left and went for a walk in the forest.

When he felt better, he gave me control, but we were still in this dreary and soundless forest, with these gigantic and dense trees. I felt small and insignificant in this place. Powerless, I started to walk without knowing where I was going, trying to call for help but it was useless. I suddenly felt a shiver down my neck, but I was not cold, we were in early September when the weather is still clement. I turned my head on both sides, and I saw him, this old and bony man with the longest white beard I had ever seen. He started to walk toward me, slowly, slowly. I was petrified, as he moved closer and closer to me, I saw his enormous goggled eyes and his dark and bloody mouth. When he was two meters away, he let out the most blood chilling scream someone could hear, then disappeared at a glance.

I started to run the fastest I could and right after the sun went down, I was back at the asylum. This place had never felt that safe in my entire life. I wrote down a letter for doctor Pit, hoping he would read it as soon as possible.

Three weeks passed without a single appearance of Pit, I had never got control for this long, I was scared Pit would never come back and doctor Mark saw it, he asked me where Pit was multiple times, but I did not know. I dreamt of the old man a few times and I always woke up sweating and crying. I saw the eleven orphans together today, I hope they never met the old man in the forest, he is the scariest creature someone could encounter.

Today, doctor Mark asked me to have a talk with me in his office. The room was not really big, there was a dark brown wooden desk with three leather chairs, one big chair where doctor Mark was sitting and two smaller chairs for the guests, a Persian carpet that looked like the one in the living room, where she died. There was a big window with no curtains, we could see the spooky forest and the dark cloudy sky. On the desk, I saw a file with my name on it, it intrigued me but I was not allowed to read it. Doctor Mark asked me a few questions about how I felt, about doctor Pit, about my nightmares. He then started to talk about my past, telling me that I needed to accept the story of my family if I wanted to heal. I did not understand the meaning of this conversation. I knew that my family was poor and that they left me at the asylum because they could not take care of me, and before I left the family house, doctor Pit appeared and asked me if we could share my body for a few years, I knew this story well. While I was explaining this story again to doctor Mark, he snapped his fingers. Then, I stopped talking, a memory came back. It was very confusing but I saw myself, smaller, younger, holding a poker. Then, so much blood, screams, and Pit. It was his fault. My parents, my poor parents, it could not be true. I came back from my memories, crying, cowering on this leather chair.

Doctor Mark was holding my cold hand when I saw him, at the edge of the forest, the old man, standing there, watching me, and then, my parents, my poor parents, their bloody corpses were walking, slowly toward me, asking me why I had killed them on this autumn night. I fainted as they were walking back to the forest.

I woke up two days later, Pit never came back. He had killed my parents, he had killed the orphan, everything was his fault. I got a life sentence after my memories came back but I'm not mad. I let Pit take control of my body, it is my fault. The asylum always told me I suffered from a personality disorder, but Pit was real, he was his own soul, not a fraction of mine. He was mad and dangerous and thanks to his genius he has been capable of hiding the truth for so many years.

If one day by misfortune, someone comes to you asking to share your body, please refuse the offer and run. They are called Walks-in, and they are the most dangerous creatures you could ever meet.

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