

Greetings,

So, you may have been wondering what all this business about "Helping my novel save the world" is and why I have decided to let the public read my work for free.

I wrote this novel with the intention of encouraging readers to help the people who suffer in Uganda, Africa. It is my goal to make readers feel a desire to donate to the World Vision Organization while being entertained by my work along the way even though the plot has nothing to do with the country itself. If you would please, donations can be made via the World Vision Website, www.worldvision.org/

Whether or not you choose to donate will never change the fact that my novel will always be free for the public to enjoy. Though the novel is 100% copyrighted to me, I give permission for anyone to link to my blog, download and store my PDF files for as long as they wish, and to cite my work for educational purposes under the condition that they do not modify any of my files in any way.

Nevertheless, I hope that you enjoy my work and will return to my website to read more chapters. If you really like my book, then why not pass it on to a couple of your friends? On the contrary, if you don't like my style, pass my website on to some people who you don't like so that they will waste their time. Either way, several years of my life have gone into this novel and I hope that people in Africa will ultimately benefit from it.

Felix Noir

bmfelixnoir@gmail.com



Chapter 12

IS CPGBAEL

The newspaper headlines came out the next morning, appearing exactly as I wanted them to look. And I mean exactly.

“SMILEY ASYLUM BEFUDDLES POLICE FORCE.” The article underneath the headline talked about how nobody could understand the intentions behind my tagging. Nobody could figure out why I would write “words that we should be teaching our children” in such a “deteriorating way”. Apparently the media and the police force were dumber than I thought. Even though they had found my secret message, they had failed to realize that it had been my intention all along for them to only take the second message seriously. Oh well, at least I had them thinking about me. The next part of my lead up to my grand adrenaline rush would require a bit more lying and “usurping”. If my plan worked, then I would have the entire police force in an uproar. The tension on their side of the game board would be at an all-time high.

“Time to stop dreaming about it,” I told myself as I stood on top of the skyscraper where I had previously shouted my name out to the world. I liked that rooftop for some reason. I felt as though I owned the entire city when I was standing up there. Ironically, I felt a lot like Batman. I let the cold breeze ruffle my face as I declared that it was time to forge

reality from dreams.

I moved myself to ground level and then wandered into a random neighborhood. It was several hours past midnight and I had a gallon of lighter fluid and a deck of matches in my hands. Once again, I would leave the police force an interesting message. This time though, everything in it would be a lie. The whole point of it was that I would become more famous and the whole world would be looking for me. I knew that if I pulled my plan off successfully, then I would get an easy adrenaline rush.

So I took my gallon of lighter fluid and gradually poured it into the streets. Very carefully, I wrote my message in big, bold letters. When I was certain that every word would come out readable, I lit a match and then threw it onto the highly flammable liquid. My lie to the world illuminated the entire street:

I HAVE HER IN MY HIDEOUT. IF YOU DO NOT GIVE ME WHAT I LOST OR TWO-HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS WITHIN THREE DAYS, THEN SHE WILL DIE. YOU WILL KNOW IT IF I DO, SO DON'T TAKE ME LIGHTLY. SMILEY ASYLUM.

I nodded approvingly at my fake message and then pounded on the nearby front door of someone's house. Because it was two in the morning and dead silent, everybody in that house would hear my knocks. Thus, I ran away into the night. The next morning, I learned that the police force had followed through with what I had wanted them to do. My name was all over the news. People had no idea what I looked like or who I had "kidnapped", but they were all searching for people who may have gone missing. People were wondering what I'd lost and how far I'd go to get it back. The newspapers loved to rant on and on about me, but

they didn't know anything but what I'd told them. They'd taken every word that I'd fed them as truth. I had hoped that they would at least question the authenticity of my message, but it didn't appear as though they had. I mean, anybody could have written a message and then claimed to be me. If people were in doubt if I had actually written the message, then the story would have been more interesting.

On the other hand though, it was good that nobody was trying to impersonate me. For if they did, they would have probably done a very bad job at it and then gotten themselves caught. The last thing that I needed was for the police to think that they had already caught me and that everything was safe and secure. So I figured that I'd screw with them a bit more. I wrote another letter to them and then took it to a very special place to deliver it. Don't worry, I wasn't stupid enough to leave fingerprints on the paper. I did, however, intentionally deliver the message with my face clearly visible. That way, the person who I would deliver the letter to could help me throw off the police.

So who did I deliver the message to? Honestly, I have no idea. I took it to the video game arcade where Rohoss had towed me along to that one time. I had the urge to remember how Skye and I met; there was no other reason why delivering the note there was advantageous to me. When I got there, I noticed that the stupid horse racing game was out of order; somebody had ridden their horse a little bit too hard.

I glanced at the soda machine where Skye had used to make drinks for customers. I remembered how, way back when, I had flirted like crazy with Skye and almost gotten a plastic cup of orange soda thrown at me. Everything in the arcade was the same except for the

horses and the person working behind the counter. She was not Skye. She was someone else and I did not like her. She had long blond hair, thick glasses, and a tattoo right below her neck that made me want to vomit.

“How dare she replace Skye?” I whispered to myself. I knew that it wasn't her fault that she had taken the job, but fate got me angry sometimes. It was then that I decided that the blond girl would be the person who I would deliver my note to. It would scare the tattoo right off of her. I walked up to the counter.

“What'll it be?” Blondie asked me, grabbing an empty cup.

“A bit of hell and psychic vampires,” I replied.

“Huh?” she asked.

Without saying another word, I passed her my death note. She read it slowly and carefully. As her eyes reached the end of each line, her pupils grew wider and wider. Of course, everything in my death note was a lie except for my name:

I AM SMILEY ASYLUM. DO NOT FREAK OUT OR MAKE YOURSELF LOOK UNCALM IN ANY WAY OR ELSE I WILL END YOU HERE AND NOW. DO AS I SAY AND NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU. HERE IS WHAT I WANT FOR YOU TO DO:

1. WAIT UNTIL I HAVE LEFT THE BUILDING BEFORE BEGINNING THE OTHER STEPS.

2. CALL 911. TELL THEM THAT I WAS HERE.

3. TELL THE POLICE THAT I WILL KILL THE GIRL WHO I KIDNAPPED AT 1:53 AM. I

HAVE GROWN TIRED OF WAITING FOR MY RANSOM, SO I AM GOING TO ACT

SOONER THAN I INITIALLY INTENDED. WATCH THE BIGGEST CLOCK WITH WATER.

4. IF YOU DO NOT FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS EXACTLY, THEN ONE OF MY TWO ACCOMPLICES WILL SHOOT YOU. THEY HAVE BEEN IN THE ARCADE FOR A LONG TIME AND YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHO THEY ARE.

5. HAVE A NICE DAY! SMILEY ASYLUM.

The letter was very imposing, direct, and mind shattering. With it, I could throw the police all around and make their heads be filled with several questions. I left a lot of ambiguity in my letter as well. In the third step of my instructions, the way in which I worded the sentence in made a key fact unclear. In the law enforcement's perspective, I would have either kidnapped the girl at 1:53 AM or I was going to kill her at 1:53 AM. There were two possibilities open. As for the location of her murder, "the biggest clock with water" was a hint that would lead them to Warknew Square. In the center of the place was a giant water fountain that spewed water down a giant marble clock. Once the police figured out that the clock was the place that I was referring to, they would have the place surrounded. Of course, the reason why I wanted for them to be there was so that I could sneak among them. Without a doubt, the faux Skye would give the police a physical description of me. Now that I would be even more of a suspect to them, I would have to be even more careful as I roamed the streets. Everything in my plan was going perfect; I was receiving a constant adrenaline rush. For the first time since Skye died, I felt truly alive. Was I happy? No, but hey, I could keep myself distracted away from the pain.

As awaited for 1:53 AM to roll around, I robbed another store. It was a pet store. I took some lizards out of their containers and brought them out of the store with me. As I felt them

squirm and crawl around inside of my pockets, I pondered about how they were hardly any different than humans were.

“They are chained,” I realized. “They are trapped in a system just like the humans are. They exist within a closed container that they cannot climb out of. Lizards live their lives only to wait for the next meal to come from above where the lid to their container is. Inside of the tank, the lizards believe that they are free; they crawl around in the dirt and drink their clear water of life... Some lizards are nice to other lizards while other lizards are hateful. Nevertheless, they are all lizards. And they are all trapped. None of them can get out of the tank unless a mighty hand such as mine decides to bring them out of it.”

I let out a little chuckle; I was unchaining the lizards. I took them to a church and then let the helpless critters out into the garden. As I put my hand onto the ground, the little guys seemed to run away from me. I guess that being trapped in a container your entire life makes you a bit of blind to the action of being saved. Oh well though, they were free. And as I got up and turned around, by pure luck, I met Chikara.

“Chikara?” I exclaimed. “What are you doing at a church?”

The Hyde gave me a shrug. “I should be asking you that question. I'm the one who's been tailing you for the past hour.”

I didn't believe his bluff for a second. I had adrenaline in my blood, so I had an extra awareness to my surroundings that he did not. Nobody had followed me there. I called him on his bluff, yet he hardly seemed surprised.

“Well I guess you are still pretty sharp... but that doesn't mean that I didn't come to

your city to look for you.”

“Oh, but what would the Hydes want with me? The last time we met, Hyde one shot me.”

“True, but we've all turned over a new leaf,” Chikara said. “We aren't a thievery clan anymore. We've all realized that ‘the good life’ isn't about items and possessions and levels within the hierarchy. It's something else...”

I grinned. “But you don't know what.”

“No, I do. I just don't know how to access it. You know all about it. You know how to get ‘the good life’; I've seen you achieve it before.”

“I have?”

“Yes,” Chikara said. “I don't know why or how, but your adrenaline rushes make you happy. When we talked about them that one time, I thought you were crazy, but now that my eyelids have opened up a bit, I've realized that you aren't so crazy after all. You know what ‘the good life’ is and I wanted for you to teach me how to get it. How do you make the rushes last so long?”

I laughed at the failed thief, for he could only see my surface. “Your eyes are indeed opening, but your vision is still heavily blurred. My adrenaline is only a failing substitute for what I know as ‘the good life’. You are wrong if you believe that reaping chemicals is the way to true happiness. The only way to break the chains of this world is by learning the biggest secret. Knowledge of the secret is how you can set yourself free.”

“Tell me,” Chikara said. He studied my face. “You know it, don't you?”

"Yes," I said. I whispered into his ear.

"Oh my gosh..." Chikara said as the heavy links fell off of his body. "Wow, oh man! Oh man, oh man... you're right! Completely right! That's the way to 'the good life'? You're really smart!"

I smiled. "You are going to tell the rest of the Hydes now, aren't you? I hope you do, because I would like to unchain as many people as possible in this revolution of minds."

"Yes," Chikara said. "But there is one more thing..." He seemed hesitant to say what it was.

"Well, spit it out!"

"I've seen mentions of you in the newspaper. Why did you kidnap a girl?"

I told him that the media was all a facade that I had set up in order to manipulate the police. I explained that pressuring everybody to find me would give me the ultimate adrenaline rush to distract me from Skye's death. It was all about me.

"Wait a minute, who is Skye?" Chikara inquired. "You never told me about her."

So I explained everything. I told him about how I had come to the United States wanting nothing but a job and how I had met Skye and then changed my entire outlook on life.

"That's really cool," Chikara said. "You should write a book about it. Not just about that, but everything. Hydes included. Your life is really interesting; people would want to read about you."

"Nah!" I exclaimed. "My life is too weird for the general public to appreciate. If I wrote

down everything that I ever did, people would get bored pretty fast. It'd be a waste of my time to write hundreds of pages about myself. Kind of arrogant and conceited too. I mean it's like: I love myself so much that I'm going to force you to go on down to the nearest bookstore, buy my book, spend hours reading it, endure hundreds of pages of weirdness written by me, and then put my novel on your bookshelf so that you can show it to all of your friends when they come over to your house for dinner. No Chikara, I'm not that kind of person. I don't want to waste my time writing a novel."

"Oh," the Hyde said. "That's all right, it was just a thought."

"No prob," I said as I looked at my watch. It was one in the morning. "Listen, I have to go now. I'm supposed to kill the girl who I kidnapped in less than an hour."

"Interesting," Chikara replied. "How are you going to pull that off considering that there is no girl to kill?"

"You'll see," I said. "Come to Warknew Square with me if you'd like. The police are going to be looking for me so crazily that it's going to look like whoever finds me gets a million dollars."

"Yeah," Chikara answered. "But are you sure that it's a good idea?"

"Why wouldn't it be?"

"I mean, if every officer in this city is going to be looking for you and you told them where you'll be at a given time, isn't it suicide to be wandering through there?"

"Yup. But my adrenaline will get me out of it."

"What? Can your adrenaline teleport you to safety or something?"

“Somewhat. My body will move at incredible speeds. I can outrun any of them.”

Sadly, I was completely unaware that I was contradicting my former self. Back when I had stolen Skye's Christmas presents from the electronics store, I believed that fleeing from the police was impossible. Now that I was more adept at thievery though, I felt as though I could escape them.

“Are you sure?” Chikara asked again. “There's going to be a ton of them. Can you really rely on adrenaline alone?”

“Yes. Time is running out now. If you are going to come with me, let's go.”

So we hustled over to Warknew Square. I didn't bother covering up my face; I wanted for an officer to confront me. Sadly, nobody did. When we got to the giant water fountain with the marble clock in the center, no police officers were around. It was around 1:40 am, thirteen minutes before I would supposedly kill someone. Surprisingly, there were actually people around the square at that time in the morning. They were in groups of two, males and females who had come for the romantic atmosphere of the fountain. That is what the police wanted for me to think. I knew more than they give me credit for, though. I knew that all of the couples were actually undercover cops. When I got the chance, I stole a cell phone from a woman's purse. Nobody saw me.

I got really close to Chikara and whispered into his ear. “You understand what's going on here?”

“Yeah. Everything and everyone is below the surface.”

“Follow me. Let's stir them up a bit.” I led Chikara into a public bathroom. We went

into two of the stalls and waited for a guy to finish his business and leave. Once we were alone, we closed the entrance door and locked it shut. I glanced at my watch. It was seven minutes until I would kill. I took out the police officer's stolen cell phone.

"Give me your cell phone," I said. "I need to make a call."

Chikara gave me an odd look. "Why? You've already got one."

"I have a neat trick. I'm going to make them go crazy."

"All right." I took Chikara cell phone and dialed 911. A woman answered.

"HELP! HE'S KILLING THEM!" I yelled into the phone.

"Who?" the receptionist at EMS yelled. "Calm down and tell me where you're at!"

"WARKNEW SQAURE!" I yelled. "HE'S KILLING THEM WITH HIS BARE HANDS!

IT'S SMILEY ASYLUM!"

"What?" the receptionist asked. "How do you know?"

"HE SMILES! AND HE'S LAUGHING AT THE BODIES! OH MY GOD... THE BLOOD... IT'S EVERYWHERE!"

"Calm down, you've got to calm down. What's your name?"

I made noises that made it sound as though I were hyperventilating.

"Calm down!" the receptionist urged. "I already sent orders to dispatch a police unit to you. What does the killer look like?"

"NO! GET AWAY! AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" I made choking noises and then hung up the cell phone. I smiled at Chikara. He only gave me more of his odd looks.

"You're really crazy and messed up, man," he told me bluntly.

"I have only begun to bring chaos into this city," I said. "Watch as I perform part two. Don't worry; I will definitely hold your interest."

I held up the police officer's cell phone that I had stolen. Once again, I dialed 911. The same receptionist picked up.

"This is EMS. How can I help you?"

"It's not me that needs helping," I said in my darkest voice. "Your undercover police officers are the ones who are fatally wounded."

"What?"

"At Warknew Sqaure; I defeated all of them with ease. Do you know who I am?"

There was silence. Perfect silence.

"Let me help you out. I am Smiley Asylum."

The dispatcher hung up on me. I turned to Chikara. "Do you understand what I did and why I did it?"

"You're pouring oil into the fire..." Chikara said with fear. "You want more than just police officers here. You want a SWAT team or the National Guard here, don't you?"

I smiled. "Yes."

"DUDE!" Chikara exclaimed. "How are you going to get out of this mess?"

"That's the fun part," I said. "Have you ever heard the saying about when poop hits the fan? I'm just taking a giant Taco Bell diarrhea on it."

"And you like that?"

I chuckled. "Yup."

“You know that if they catch you, they're going to do more to you than just put you into jail. They're probably going to put you into a mental institution.”

“If they did that, then they would only be underestimating my control over them.”

A confused look came over Chikara face. “Wait! You actually want to go into an asylum? Is that what you're telling me?”

“If given the choice between jail and there, then yes. I could more easily escape a mental institution because in there I could fake my level of intelligence and sanity.”

“But why? What's the point of it all? This can't all be leading to your grand adrenaline rush, can it? Why are you putting yourself up against nearly impossible odds so that you can enter a mental institution? Is it really all because of Skye?”

I looked at my watch. It was thirty seconds until my deadline. “All right, it's is time for me to run away through everything and everyone. If you don't want to be captured, then just wait here. If anybody asks, just tell them that I banged your head on into a toilet and knocked you unconscious.”

Chikara reached out his hand and shook mine. “I don't quite understand why you are doing what you are doing, but I know that it all has some kind of grand purpose. Whether it is a revelation to the world, or a distraction for your pain, I wish you good luck. See you later, Mr. Smiley Asylum.”

“Thank you, Mr. Hyde. You are my only brother.” I walked over to the bathroom entrance door, unlocked it, and moved into the outside world.