

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/](http://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.

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## Chapter 13

### 13 CP sbael

The moment that I stepped outside, I had a flashback of my childhood days in my native country. I remembered being four feet tall, running around in the dirt and dust with a bunch of faceless children. We were playing tag.

None of them were really my friends. They just so happened to be nearby, so we all decided to play together. I didn't know any of them and I never asked any of them for their names. Nor did I tell them mine. We just played the game and we were all faceless and nameless. When the sun went down, we parted and never saw each other again. I wondered where they all were now? What names and faces had they created for themselves?

Caught up in the moment of my flashback, I pondered for a second about it, caught myself, and then killed the memory. There was way too much going on to think about my former life. All that I needed was my adrenaline and then the hole left behind by Skye would be all better. The pain would go away. Forever.

When I saw a giant helicopter above me, all of my pain disappeared. They sent a search light onto the ground to find me, but I quickly evaded it by putting my body up against the nearby wall. At the very least, I thought that I avoided detection. But I didn't. The spotlight landed right on me.

More adrenaline rushed into my skull and surged throughout my body, more than it had ever done before. I felt as though a meteor was dropping down from my brain into my chest; blood and other chemicals were flooding everywhere. My body felt lighter than a leaf on the wind as I sprinted out of the light into the darkness. The pain was gone, that was all that mattered. I had fallen into the wishing well!

If you've guessed right, or even have the slightest sense of what is realistic, then you know that I didn't stand a chance against escaping authority. I played tag with them for another five minutes and then they caught me. When they had me cornered, they shot me with tranquilizers or something. Or some kind of gas was used on me; I don't remember. All that I recall is being surrounded by a bunch of people in black uniforms and then seeing their black masks. And then I lost my awareness of myself.

Much later, I woke up in a wooden chair. All of my limbs were tightly bound to it. I was in an office. The place was really boring; it had black walls, no furniture, and nothing else. Just me, my chair, and a man in a black suit. His face was masked.

"So you've awakened," he whispered through a voice synthesizer. He sounded like a robot or a Darth Vader clone of some sort. "You aren't going to be smiling anymore."

I didn't reply.

The interrogator man shrugged his shoulders and looked at me through his mask.

"What? Do you deny that you are Smiley Asylum?"

I shook my head. Why was he afraid to reveal himself? Was the mere sight of me too much for his naked eye to bear or did he just like to put plastic over everything that let him

perceive the world?

“You’ve caused Warknew and the world a lot of trouble. And a lot of heartache too, I must add. You scared people far beyond reason.”

I kept my facial expression emotionless and held my body completely still. Again, I did not respond.

“All that you've done... Why? You used to be a good person you know.”

I raised an eyebrow. His glove covered hand reached into his Halloween costume and pulled out an old newspaper.

“Remember this, Smiley? Don't you remember saving the man who drove his truck off of the bridge? What happened to the Smiley from back then? Where'd he go?”

He's sitting right in front of you, idiot, I thought. I didn't feel like talking yet; I still needed to assess the situation that I was in. The more that the Darth Vader man talked, the more easily I could figure out what was going to happen to me.

“Did you just turn evil?” Vader inquired. “Did you just turn black and lose all sense of your goodness and identity?” That question set me off; I had to respond.

“There is no black, nor is there white. Those two are nothing more than society's futile fantasy. If you looked closer, you would realize that everyone is trapped within the shades of gray.”

“Then you've become a very, very dark shade of it,” Vader commented. “Why have you fallen so low?”

Perhaps jumping off a cliff is more right than putting chains around your neck and

## letting yourself hang...

"I haven't done anything low," I said.

"Uh, yeah you did."

"You are just too blind to realize that I was helping society. Think about it for awhile.

I'm unchaining the world."

The interrogator raised his arms up in confusion. "What?"

"The chains," I said, not really wanting to try and explain it to a person so heavily shackled. "They are invisible, subliminal routines, boundaries and unnecessary rules set up by culture and behavioral conditioning."

"Hm?" Darth Vader questioned. "Give me an example of one of these so-called chains."

"There are many examples. Too many to list."

"Just give me one."

I paused. "Emotion. It binds us into a giant tank. Even the good feelings, not just the bad. They prevent us from reaching our full mental potential and cause us to lose awareness of what we are really capable of. Even passion is a chain. It makes us focus in on only a few things, leaving us to throw the rest of the world into a corner. It distracts us so much that we lose sight of everything else that is also important. It makes us selfish. Think of the seven deadly sins; where do their roots lie? Emotions need to be suppressed and controlled as much as possible. Or nullified altogether by something else. I used adrenaline to get rid of my chains."

“What? You aren't making sense. That would only cause chaos. People would be hurt by it.”

“But if everyone were to be unchained,” I said, “then there would be no pain. Chaos would be order and what we call order would not exist. We would all reach our maximum potential if that happened. Don't you see? The entire idea of ‘sin’ would be gone. The idea of what is moral and immoral would be gone and humans' actions would have no flags attached. Thus, people would not feel pain. People would just do their actions and Darwinism would be allowed to play its part in full, unlike now where society saves those who bend nature's will. The human race, after much strife, would finally prosper and not be chained down by rules or customs of society. There would be balance.”

“That's really weird,” the interrogator said to me. “And crazy talk too. Give me another example of one of these chains.”

Up until that point, I had been honest with him about the origins of the chains. Unlike the first example about society, I purposely made up a fake second example in order to confuse the Darth Vader. Since he wouldn't accept my first and most easy to understand example, then there was no way that he would understand my explanations about the more complicated and difficult chains. Quite simply, I tried to be nice and honest with him, but now I just wanted to hurry up and get out of the interrogation.

“Physical reality itself,” I answered. “When you punch a wall, why can't your fist go through it? Atoms aside, why does it have to be that way? Why does God make it so that we can't walk through walls? If we could swim and drift through the world freely, then there

wouldn't be a need for a sky anymore... why does there have to be such a thing as 'physics' and why must we obey its laws? Nobody said that having gravity equal -9.8 meters per second was a law that we should have; they just said that it is there. It's just so... enrapturing to humans. Why do we accept it? Why don't we fight to defy it?"

"You're going to the nut-house for sure," Vader told me. "Honestly, you failed my exam for you to be declared sane. All I need now is the MRI and the other brain scans that we did and then we should be able to send you off. Judging by what I've seen from you so far, there must be something seriously wrong with your brain."

Well, at least he's being kind and considerate about telling me his true thoughts, I thought. But what is he going to do when he finds out that my brain is functioning perfectly fine?

The interrogator ranted on. "Even though I can hold a conversation with you and you are smart enough to deceive the entire police force and then some, if I find one thing wrong with your brain, then you are going. The judge agrees with me."

I laughed. "We are in the United States. Isn't there such a thing as a trial?"

"You already had it," Vader said. "Don't you remember pleading innocent and then having all of the evidence placed against you? The judge sentenced you to go under my tests for mental stability."

Yeah right, I thought. The interrogator is lying to me. He is trying to get me to doubt myself. He wants for my memory to be foggy so that I will be more susceptible to his own suggestions. I'm being set up to go to prison without a trial, I just know it. The American

system is working against me. However, I guess that I'll just play along with him and let him do his talking.

"I was already pronounced guilty?" I asked. "I don't remember that."

"But you were," Vader said. "You even wrote us a letter in the courthouse, confessing to all of your crimes."

"I did?" I found it hard to believe because it wasn't true. "Show me this letter."

Sure enough, in what looked like my own handwriting was a written confession:

I HEREBY ACCEPT THE POSSIBILITY THAT I AM INSANE AND THAT MY THOUGHTS ARE SCATTERED AND UNSAFE. I DID EVERYTHING THAT I WAS ACCUSED OF AND I CONSENT FOR MY MIND TO BE TESTED FOR DEFECTS. SMILEY ASYLUM.

I studied the piece of paper very carefully. I was shocked; it looked exactly like my own penmanship. However, I knew that I hadn't written it. I began to wonder how they had forged it, because I knew that the entire confession was purely a lie.

"I wrote this?" I asked the interrogator to keep him satisfied. In the meantime, I wondered how they were able to duplicate my handwriting so well. Everything was perfectly identical to my own penmanship; even my own signature. I wondered what writing sample they had used to learn how I move my pen across the page.

Suddenly, I knew. I understood exactly how they had forged my handwriting so perfectly. The note that I had given to the girl in the arcade! It had been a somewhat long message to the police, containing many, many letters. Whoever had forged my written

confession had studied and duplicated the individual letters from my threats. Then, they had rearranged the letters in order to write the new set of words. It was a brilliant, yet cheap psychological trick that I am glad that I didn't fall for. Now I knew that the whole world was out to get me.

I suppose that I should have expected nothing less, I thought. After all, I took advantage of the world. And I, the greatest thief alive, stole something from them; their own sense of inner security. I've shown them that there are people who shine more brightly and in different spectrums than the rest of the world. To them, I am an evil flower that bloomed and became beautiful because it was loved. Now, Earth cannot help but see me; my imposing foreignness to everything that they know is both spiteful and intriguing to them at the same time. They want me to spread my seeds of influence on the rest of the world, yet they want to burn me into ashes as well. Because I also stole their sense of omniscience. They cannot look at me and define what I am, so I am a threat to their world. I am a living paradox.

"Are you done looking it over?" the interrogator asked, completely interrupting my train of thought. "Or did you just forget that you wrote it out?"

"I'm done. I guess that I did write it." The lie came easily. "When do I find out about my brain?"

"In two more minutes. I'm just waiting for the printouts."

"Oh," I said. "So uh... how far out of context do you think I am? In the world, I mean."

"Far." And then there was silence.

I almost felt like laughing at the wannabe Darth Vader; he looked so ridiculous,

standing there as if he actually had any power over me. A little bit later, a woman came into the room with a clipboard. She completely ignored my presence in the room as she delivered the printouts to the interrogator. As soon as the object was in his hands, she left with as much haste as she could. Suddenly after she left, I recognized her. It was Paige the Psychic! What was she doing? Had she knowingly betrayed me?

Ignoring my strange faces, Darth Vader looked at the images of my brain carefully. He kept dragging his finger along the printouts as if it were pornography. "Yes... something is wrong here. Two major things... care to take a look?"

He showed me the picture of "my brain". I do not believe that was really my own because I had a feeling that the photographs were just another lie to make me doubt myself and make me second-guess my own sanity. I completely zoned out as interrogator ranted on and on about over-sized glands and other random scientific vocabulary that I didn't know. He was obviously trying to further his attack on my inner securities. I knew that I wouldn't let him break me. I knew and I held my mind against him the entire time. My confidence shield defended against every word that was directed at me.

When the interrogator felt as though he had beaten me enough, he finally gave me the words that I had wanted to hear. "So, you are obviously too abnormal to be sent into a regular jail. You'll have to go to the asylum instead."

In order to feed him the words that he wanted to hear, I gave out some pleads and protest.

"No!" I whined, trying not to laugh. "Don't send me there! I'm sane! Really!"

“No, no, no...” Vader replied. “You have to stay there until you are fixed up, if you can be, that is. It's out of my control now; I'm just doing as the judge ordered.”

“No! Don't!” I yelled. I started to laugh at my fake whiny voice, so I quickly turned it into a series of coughs.

“You have no choice,” the masked man said. “I declare you, Smiley Asylum, insane.”

And that was the end of it. I was hauled over to a “mental institution”, better yet known as an asylum.