

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.

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Chapter 14

IN CP SBAEQ

And such a boring place an asylum is. For several days, I sat alone in a padded room with every wall made of yellow foam. It felt kind of like one of those blow up jumpy houses that you play in at birthday parties when you are little kid. What made the asylum worse than one of those fun houses is the fact that you couldn't jump around so much or that high. Believe me, I tried. I tried everything that I could to keep myself entertained because of the dullness of the place. I had no possessions inside of my boring room except for my wallet and another item. Staring at the picture of Skye was my only connection to the outside world besides my little teddy bear. Yeah, that's right, a teddy bear. Out of everything in the world that the staff of the asylum could have given me as a source of entertainment, they gave me a teddy bear. How old did they think I was? Two?

After analyzing the situation, I figured out that the teddy bear was secretly a test for me. I guessed that the staff wanted to observe how I would react around it, so I started to map out every possible action that I could take.

If I rip its head off or something, I thought, then they will probably move me into a more secure and padded room. However, if I act friendly and talk to it as if it were my friend, and there is a chance that they will move me out of here and then into a regular criminal jail.

It all depends on if they see me as a danger to myself and others.

I wasn't sure which action would be to my advantage, so I played both cards. As the days went by, I slowly started having a "relationship" with my teddy bear. I hauled it around with me and took it for walks around my room. I called him "Calculus". There was no reasoning behind my name choice. I just wanted to pick something really, really random. One day, I "got mad" and chewed the bear's head off and then threw all of his stuffing onto the ground. When some of the asylum staff members asked me why I had done that, I told them that Calculus had peed all over the ground, said a bad word, and then cheated when we were playing cards. The funny thing was that the cards didn't exist, nor did the urine. A completely random and insane explanation, right? It made all of those asylum staff members underestimate me.

My plan was working perfectly. They kept the conditions of my prison the same. The only difference was that they gave me some new items. I guess that it was a reward of some kind. I received a radio, a notebook, some crayons (nice and soft, unlike pencils with which I could stab myself or other people), a stuffed lion, and some toy blocks. Apparently, the staff still thought that I was a little kid. But what they thought of me hardly mattered; I just needed an opportunity to escape.

As I waited for that opportunity to show up, I took the time to fill up my new notebook. Taking Chikara's advice, I wrote about all of my experiences since I had come to the United States. You're reading that same novel to your own two hands. As you've figured out, I've changed my mind about what I said to Chikara earlier. Perhaps it is better for the

world to know my perspective on what really happened than for people to be fed a lie about what my true intent and mission was. I don't care if people know how arrogantly I am inside of my head. As I wrote this bundle of papers, I kept my writing secret. After I filled up a page in my notebook, I would rip it out and then stuff the loose page into the toy lion for safekeeping. I had ripped a small hole into the lion's rear end so that nobody but me would know about it. As my first notebook began to run out of pages, I was nowhere near finishing my story. So I asked the staff for another one.

“What's wrong with your first notebook?” the staff member asked. “Did you fill it up with lots of pictures? Let me see...”

The man grabbed my dying notebook without my permission. A strange look grew across his face because so many pages were nowhere to be found. “Where did all of the pages go?”

He looked around my room for them, but did not find them. I was smarter than he was.

“Well,” I said, “I happened to get very hungry, sitting all alone here in my cell. I can't eat my radio and I don't want to eat the lion either because he is my friend. So I eat paper. It actually tastes pretty good. You should try it.”

I took the notebook back from him and then stole a page from it. I ripped the paper in half and then put a piece into my mouth. I chewed and I swallowed it, then I held the other part of the sheet out to him.

“Go on,” I said. “Try it.”

“Uh...” the man said. “No thanks. I’ll get you another notebook though.”

So, I ended up getting more paper. Each day, I continued to work at writing this big pile of words. And here I am now, caught up to where I am. All that I’m doing now is waiting for the opportunity to escape this boring asylum. I have a lot of free time on my hands and writing is getting very tedious, so I guess that I will take a break from this for a while. I’ll start scribbling my pen again when something interesting happens...