

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 15

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The opportunity to escape has come. I know how to get out of the asylum and to free myself from this boring chamber. You see, later on today, I am going to be moved downstairs to a lower security room. This transfer involves walking down three flights of stairs, down to the ground level. I know that this sounds crazy, but I'm going to jump it. In the center of the room is lots of empty space which, if I jumped into, I would fall down that many stories. When I land on the first floor, I will probably break many bones in my body and then have to go to a hospital. As you know already, I can easily escape hospitals without getting caught. I would just have to wait for my legs to heal or get a wheelchair. I wonder if I could escape a hospital on wheels. That would be pretty interesting if I did.

And what about the possibility of me dying from the jump? Well, in a sense, I am already dead. In a room where you can only wait for the next day to come pretty much is death itself. Besides, if I do die from the fall, I can say that I lived my life with passion. Not every human on earth can say that, so I guess that I'm pretty special.

Anyways, I'm going to be escorted downstairs in about an hour. I'm pretty tense right now. I mean, what if I actually do end up dead? I guess that what I am writing now could be my final words, so I should probably write something flowery and nice...

Okay, so here's what I've got left to say to the world; don't be like me. I'm too crazy for this place. I didn't fit in my birth land, nor did I fit in the United States. Sure there are plenty of other areas on this planet, but they aren't meant for me. And I am meant for nothing. My mind is my place of serenity and that is all I have; at least for right now.

I'm a bad example. Don't use my story as an excuse to rob stores. Don't sin if you can help it; I believe that the world has enough of it and your generous donation is the last thing that we need. And don't manipulate the police. Breaking the minds of others using your own intelligence is a waste. If you've got extra IQ points, then use them to help the world; don't lust after the cures for your own desires.

If your girlfriend, boyfriend, husband, wife, father, mother, or another loved one dies, then I totally understand. It's up to you to keep their memory alive, so do it. Do some good deeds in their name. Not like me who only did bad.

Ah, screw this. I'm getting too flowery, just like I wouldn't want to do. But I do stand behind everything that I just wrote and you should too. And here I am, ten minutes before I'm going to jump down the center of the building. Down, down, down three stories is where I'm going. Of course, I'm going to have my stuffed lion with me as I jump. People will find what I was writing at the hospital and maybe they'll publish it if I'm dead. Hopefully I won't die though. That would stink. And if I don't die, maybe I'll add to this. But maybe not; writing is a pain. Besides, there are other things that I can do besides scribble. There's still plenty of potential that I can live up to; I've just got to go out and use it. I've got to leave a mark on this world before I can truly leave. Maybe I'll go free all of the animals from the zoo. Not the

Lions, Tigers, and Bears; I'm talking about all of the people who are chained. There are plenty of chains around and pretty much everyone is trapped them in some way. I'm not though. I'm not caught in the persona of the mindless robot who can only think about what they are programmed to think. I am something of a different make. I'm free. So, here I go... freedom.

Not much later after writing his final words, the man known as Smiley Asylum jumped six stories down to his death. He broke both legs, an arm, three ribs, and then punctured a lung. Medics tried everything in their power to keep him alive, but their efforts were in vain. The psychologist known in this work as "Psychic Paige" discovered Asylum's secret manuscript and then submitted it to this publisher. After doing some additional research, it was discovered that Smiley's lover, Skye, had not actually died in a car crash. The character Rohoss had been under the influence of hallucinogens at the time when he had given Smiley the misinformation. Meanwhile, Skye had been out of town, searching for her traveling lover. The two of them never met again before Smiley died.

"Smiley, you weren't a bad person; you had good intent. Thank you so much for everything you've done for me. Now, because of you, people might figure out how to remove "their chains" on their own. Either way, you've removed mine, so thank you so much. I love you with all my heart!"

---Skye

"Smiley was too arrogant to write a novel. Even from page one, he's been saturating and changing all of the details to work in his favor. Forget all that bull about "chains"; Smiley just wanted to make himself appear to be a martyr in the end, not a reckless, insane criminal. There's no telling how many of his situations actually happened and how many were figments of his imagination. Up until the very end, Smiley lied to his readers. He was even

too arrogant to admit that he was committing suicide. That is why he said that he was jumping three stories instead of the actual six. I'll admit, when he was working for me, he seemed to be an alright person. Now that he is dead however, I've come to understand how much of a fraud he really was."

---Farley

"Rohoss was unable to leave a response to this novel. Slightly after Smiley died, it was discovered that Rohoss had died from an overdose of drugs. He was truly not the same person without you. It's amazing how much a single human can affect another... Hopefully these words will cause some good in the world."

---Paige

"Smiley Asylum, I'm sorry that I shot you that day. The name that I gave you still fits though. It's undeniable that you were a crazed human, but the world needs more people like you. After all, you can break "the chains" that bind the rest of us. You've opened my eyes to the way that the world actually works. You've left behind a legacy and I will follow in your footsteps for the rest of my life."

---Hyde one

"Brother Asylum, you've taught me what it means to have "the good life". I've finally come to understand the answer about the question you asked me that one day. The one about the wishing well. You're right. The answer is the world's greatest secret and now it's slowly making its outreach to the general public. You've caused a whole lot of influence to the world and now I feel as though there is actually some kind of meaning to my life. Thank you for

everything, Mr. Asylum.”

---Chikara, Hyde seven

The End