

SANITY ASYLUM

A short story by Andreas Ingo

Entering the small lake with bare feet was a tangible sensation of drowning in pre-historical experience. Feeling the water upon the bare feet. The coldness, the eerie vision of fog moving upon the water.

I saw hints of islands beyond the fog. With grey stumps of dead trees. Apparently the dead trees had no leaves. Just bare branches threatening me with their imposing structures.

I laid out onto the water with a roving boat I found along the shore. I used the oars to put some distance between myself and the shore. The fog was blending with the grey shapes of the trees ashore.

Moments later I was visiting a dead village close to the lake. Grey houses standing like static ghosts with torn painting. I walked up to the houses. Watching overgrown bushes that stretched along the walls of the houses. No people were found inside. No hint of earlier life except unfinished fires and some old newspapers.

It was a sad afternoon. I ran upon the eerie garden with heavy breathing. Stumbling as I ran to the forest for more wood. I found some too. And used it to lit a fire in the fireplace of one of the houses.

I boiled old tea, drank it and felt sad due to the emptiness of the moment. The lake, the abandoned houses, the eerie feeling of being lost to a ghost haunting.

I reconsidered the value of the neighbourhood. The simple ways of fishing, gardening and growing weeds in different colours and sizes.

I returned to the time-travel sphere hours later.

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The interior of the time-travel sphere was decorated with skeletal arcs connecting together to build a dark symmetry. A dark spherical shape lit by different flashing panels. I entered the time-travel platform, connected myself to the gloomy shape of future technology.

A moving vortex of light flashed about and sucked me into a black hole of future energy. Sucking me into a worm-hole capable of moving the entire time-travel sphere to a future area beyond the earth.

I arrived at a future space-port, stepping down from the platform and entered a huge black area crowded with different time-travels.

Some of them were taller than me. Around two and a half meters. They had human forms and wore black clothing. Shaved with spiky beard styles.

I entered a traveller, measuring a couple of kilometres. Passing the long corridor decorated with future art. Expressive, gothic. Some of the symbols had yellow and red colour. With a deep red resembling the colour of murder victims.

A kilometre later I went away from the traveller, into a translucent walking shaft, went down a staircase and continued onwards. I entered a translucent walking shaft. And the space beyond the translucent walls revealed a futuristic city with black buildings. Stretching towards the horizon with buildings built in sections beside each other. Also with different heights. Leading to an artificial sunset along the horizon.

Finally I entered my own apartment. The room was just one room among others on a cylindrical torus. Entered with moving doors. Having translucent walls overlooking a commercial district below.

I sat down on an armchair that adjusted to my small movements. And I pushed a button and dimmed the translucent walls.

I was left alone. Alone in a room with sound-proof walls. I pushed another button and played some music from current times. A beating drum coupled with electronic synthesizer vocals.

I just knew it. I felt better than most.

But as I sat there and calmed down. Listening to the music I sensed that something was missing. Not something tangible, rather something coming from the depths of my heart.

I just knew I had to enter the time-travel sphere once again. To test my suspicions in real life.

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I was running in a pre-historical forest. A dark nightmare of grey tree shapes. Taking form and connecting their dark branches together above the ground.

Some of them had holes inside of them. Holes used by pre-historical birds but these birds were long since away and forgotten.

I ran along a slippery surface. Stumbled on old roots. Hidden in the darkness.

At some point I felt a huge hunger. Hunger for fresh food, for fine tuned air temperature and pressure. So I sat down upon the moistly ground. I collected herbs and plants and ate them contrary to futuristic tastes.

I felt unhappy. I felt my stomach turn and ache due to my small herb/plant collection.

But it also felt different. Was the future world of comfort and pleasure contrary to my inward condition? Was the actual future time conditions the very conditions that made my heart complain?

I sat on the moistly ground and felt indignant by the contradiction.

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Days later (These days being nineteen hours) I sat in a cubic waiting room connecting to a future asylum. I just sat there. I watched the smiling faces of a couple of girls moving along the white walls. They were smiling. But they were also making odd movements.

Half an hour later I was led away by a psychologist into another room. This room had serene colours. A colour palette resembling a fine autumn day.

"Do you know about the reason why you are here?" The female psychologist started, "As you know our future city connects to all times and places in the multi-verse. All these worlds, except this one, is all dead by now. I know you have visited some of these places. I know about it. Do you bother?"

"I know about these worlds." I said calmly, "I'm not insane. I just need something for my bad moods."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes." I said, "Feeling fine is a delicate matter. As feeling fine can have bad side effects. I think this is the main reason why I visited the pre-historical worlds."

"To feel less than good?" The female psychologist asked, "Are you sure you haven't gone mad by your strange investigations?"

"I'm sure." I said, "I just need something for my bad moods."

The female psychologist went on in a formal manner. Made physical tests. Watched the alien form of myself in the mirror. I had a huge head, a V-Shaped skull that connected to a humanoid skeletal organism. The female psychologist couldn't

detect anything unusual. I was fine by all common notions of the word.

"Ok. Let's be straight." The psychologist said to me, "What you need is acceptance. Acceptance that the world is fine and need no change. What you experience is pretty common. A split between 'what is' and what 'should be'. You simply have to end your analysis."

"Sometimes I try to." I said.

"Talk with the people that came from the other worlds to enter ours then." The female psychologist said, "As you know all these worlds are dead and abandoned. Talk with them and you will see that you will change perspective."

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I sat in my translucent apartment. Taking red energy drinks to calm my senses. By I was lost, otherworldly. Not content with the sudden realization that I had everything I ever could ask for. I knew the common truth of the multi-verse. Of occult evolution on an epic scale.

The civilization of the city beyond the stars was a fine-tuned civilization. Ordinary people and occasional aliens shared space

on common ground. We knew how to satisfy ourselves. The old times had passed and gone away.

But I sensed I knew too much to feel anything.

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The elevator ride to the areas of the new ones was a silent and squeaking torment of flashing panels. I shared a black elevator shaft with a dozen of others. Some fully grown men, a couple of small hybrids. And a female alien form looking like an organic sphere with orange deviations.

I entered a new traveller. A slick surface with black moving rubber.

When I entered the huge hall I started to see that the current state of affairs was well taken care of. The occasional humans, the animals and the android/human hybrids shared space in an airy environment.

Gone were the gothic interiors. The newcomers used customized rooms to adjust to the new surroundings. They were having a good time.

Learning new languages, new habits. And optimistically trying the futuristic pleasure devices.

"Are you feeling good?" I asked one old human in his own language.

"I surely do." The old man said, "I didn't feel well on earth. The economy was not taken well care of. I struggled with the loss of my former wife. I drank a lot of alcohol. Leading to alcohol abuse."

"But the old times also had their good ways had they not?" I asked the old man.

"Not many." The old man said, "Most of the time I wanted to take my life."

Not much more could be said or done.

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I went back to my apartment to nail my problem down.

I had to confront the error. The superficial moments of my coming and going moods. The truth was that I was feeling fine.

I thought so. I said so. I felt so.

I investigated the depths of my sunken soul.

And as I did I came to realize that my condition was a condition of inverted words. I fed upon these words. Occult creations from a morbid mind.

Saying "No" but meaning "Yes." Feeling easy but being torment.
A nihilistic journey of personal indulgence.

I had it all and I had it in great measures. But "feeling fine" was
just a concept. A good theory and a good practise.

And as I changed my words I saw my condition worsen and
dissipate. Left was a feeling of loneliness. Of starvation.
Starvation of occult influences above myself.

I was standing alone and I was feeling like a giant. Lost in a
game of superiority and seeing no return.

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It was time for the final test. To enter the time-travel sphere for
a journey to a possible future. A future were angelic music
poured down from invisible speakers.

Arising in an environment of pure blinding white.

A time of rebirth and surrender.

I listened to these tunes. I felt attracted to the very foundation
of the occult universe. Of a godless machine invented by
artificial intelligence.

I was one of them. I was the intelligence.

And the tunes arose due to the fact of my own presence.

Speaking of solace: Affirming suffering to transform my suffering to a higher form of pleasure.

A godly power of dark recognition.

THE END