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Daniels, 7th Grade

## A Better Place

“Sir, you have Schizophrenia”. Next thing I know, I'm being wheeled down a winding hallway, and into a bright room. You can call it a ‘PsychWard’, but I know that's only for the ninnies that don't understand that they're crazy. I'm crazy. We're all crazy here. *beep beep beep.*

I never understood how I wound up in this room. One minute, I'm climbing over the mountain near my bed, and the next, I'm here.

**schiz o phre ni a**

**,skitsə'frēnēə,skitsə'frenēə/**

**noun**

**a mental disorder involving a breakdown in the relation between thought and behavior, leading to withdrawal from reality and personal relationships into delusion.**

I used to not be crazy. At least I *think* that's what my nurse says, (the one with the dragon tail, and small, beady eyes). Every time I see her, I scream. I tell her she has something on her face, but it doesn't do anything, then, she goes off to the other nurses and whispers, I can sense that it's all about me. Those nurses are children. *beep beep beep.*

My doctor is an angel, she has wings and a halo. Even when there is an evil death creature that the nurses left behind, she never seems bothered. Dr. Angel is my friend. She's my only friend. She talks to me like if she understood me. She explains that Schizophrenia can occur in even the least likely of people, like WW2 war heroes. She also explained that Schizophrenia is a mental condition that causes me to have hallucinations.

**hal lu ci na tions**

**hə,loʊsə'nāSH(ə)n/s**

**plural noun: hallucinations**

**an experience involving the apparent perception of something not present.**

Mama used to say, “Jacob, you've got them hallucinations” *Halluchinashons*, she called them. I thought it was just a figure of speech for my imagination, but boy, was I wrong. “mama you're crazy” I used to reply. but it wasn't mama that was crazy, it was me.

Dr. Angel told me that my Schizophrenia was caused by trauma. At first I didn't understand, so I closed my eyes and let my body sink itself into the chair. I delved deeper. and the I opened my eyes back up, I wasn't in the bland blue and white hospital room, I was on my porch. But it wasn't the porch on my Mississippi apartment. It was *my* porch. My porch was on my third foster home. I used to sit outside on the rocking chair, and imagine my mama running up to me, calling my name. I imagined myself forgiving her for all the wrongs she has done. But I knew, deep down I knew that I would never forgive her. She did something that taught me never to trust anyone ever again. I never finished my thought because right as my mama was coming near, I saw light and opened my eyes. I'm back in the Psych Ward.

Even though I feel that Dr. Angel understands me, I know she doesn't nt. She can't possibly understand what it feels like to be crazy. *beep beep beep*. She doesn't know what it feels like to be lying awake at 3AM sobbing uncontrollably like a child at the age of 56. I feels like I'm about to die, my gut is pounding in my chest and the walls are closing in. I cant leave. The hospital is a jail in which I am trapped to believe these things that don't help. Telling me that something isn't there doesn't help in me not seeing it. Feeling like you're being hurtled out of reality cannot be fixed by getting two pills in the morning and three at night. It cant be fixed. I cant be fixed. I'm insane.

"HA HA HA that kid is psycho!", it's engraved in my brain.

**psy cho path**

**'sɪkə,pɑTH/**

**noun**

**a person suffering from chronic mental disorder with abnormal social behavior. A mentally deranged person.**

Fourth grade recess. I was playing with the animals that came out of the ocean next to the swings, and I hear it. The taunts. The laughter. The giggles. I heard it all. So I turn just in time to see Sally Mae standing there, pointing at me. Sally Mae was the winner of the popularity poll that Brandon Carma took of the whole 4th grade. *beep beep beep*. I never liked Sally Mae. She was beautiful. She was a bully. Gorgeous, blonde, perfect curls. Mean diminishing words. Fancy dresses every, single day. I hated her with all the hate and fury I had. My nurses are like Sally Mae.

They whisper about me all the time. I know it. The nurses feel pity for me. I don't have a family or a life. My life is a routine I get up to, *beep beep beep*. I go to bed to *beep beep beep*. Only

occasionally I will hear a "*beep beep bewp*" but that doesn't come from me. It comes from another patient. When another psycho leaves this place, to a "better place" the nurses say calmly.

To a better place.

*beep, beep, bewp.*

Word Count: 859