

Medication

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Maybe it was all in my head. I mean, there is a lot going on in there with the images, voices, and that damn little yapping dog. I just want to kick that thing. Anyways, I was wandering the halls looking for something to do while I waited for lunch, probably meatloaf and jell-o, when I came across a door with big red letters:

KEEP OUT
DANGER
NO REALLY, DON'T ENTER

Okay so maybe that last line wasn't there, but with the bold, red, all caps writing, can't you just see it? So I opened the door. I guess it should've been locked if there was something dangerous behind it. Someone must not've been doing their job.

There were vials and beakers and glowing liquids everywhere. Red, blue, green, yellow, purple... it was kind of cool if I do say so myself. I made sure not to touch anything, but, of course, that dog had followed me and started barking. I was startled and fell back, pressing a button on the wall.

Around the corner there were a bunch of cages, and that button opened them. I heard growls and snarls so I picked up the dog and threw it, still yapping, towards the sounds. It continued to yap as a polar bear—*a fucking polar bear!*—ate it up in one bite. Well at least the dog shut up.

I ran towards the door but the bear cut me off. I turned around and saw a *huge* slug, some old fancy British dude, and a shark *with legs*. I guess they didn't like me at all because the bear started gnawing on my arm, the shark chomped on my leg, and the British dude pointed his rapier at me and said something in a really heavy accent that I couldn't understand. The slug... well I don't know what the slug was doing but it wasn't moving very fast. Adrenaline must've finally kicked in because I punched the bear in the face with my free arm and then grabbed the British dude's rapier and—

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"Taylor," the psychologist said, taking off his glasses and cleaning them with his shirt.

"—stabbed the shark—"

"*Taylor!*"

"... yes?"

"I asked you how your *day* was."

"And I'm telling you," Taylor said. "I was nearly eaten alive by a polar bear, a shark, a giant slug, and a British dude!"

The psychologist just stared at Taylor. "I'm increasing your medication."