

The Doctor in the Cabin

Today was one of those days that you're overjoyed to see come to an end. It was a typical Monday, I woke up and went to school as always. Ben Lockwood snatched my golden rose charm off my backpack again today while I walking in the door, and I didn't even have the effort to attempt to stop him this time. Ben has been taking my things and making my life a living hell since 7th grade, so now that we're sophomores, I just kind of give in to it and accept it. Everyone is accustomed to Ben treating me horrendously, and Ben himself has gotten pretty comfortable with it. The teachers ironically used to tell me in middle school that Ben would push me down on the playground and call me ugly because he 'likes me', which couldn't be further from the truth. Ben had started dating Mia Jones when we started freshman year, which allowed Mia instant access to torment me as well. To make matters worse, Mia was two grades older than us, putting a target on my back to upper-class bullies I didn't even know since day one. Going to school sucked, but it was tolerable some days. Ben and Mia started cutting days to hang out with older kids to drink and go on dates, on those days I was invisible to the rest of the school. Nobody knew me or cared to look in my direction, allowing for the most manageable days. Fortunately, I wouldn't have to think about any of that until tomorrow at 8 am when Longford High School summoned all of the teenagers of the town yet again, and the thoughts faded as I walked home from school.

Most people found walking home from school to be their absolute worst nightmare possible. I suppose in some places, it could be. However, my house is two miles from the high school, and about a mile and a half of it is a straight shot through Kennedy Park. The park is always filled with moms jogging while pushing their children in strollers, old couples gathered closely and reminiscing their prime years, and children playing on the playset before they have to

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crowd back onto the daycare bus. It was a safe place for a 15-year-old girl to walk from point A to point B. That's why my parents embedded the route in my brain before my first day of freshman year. Mom drops me off at school on her way to work because it's still dark and cold and Dad's already left for the day. I walk through the park after school, somewhat of a basic system, but it works.

Nonetheless, over time I fell in love with the park, and sometimes I even walk down here to write stories or just clear my head. The screeches and giggles as the kids slide down the slides, the chirping of the birds amongst the trees, and the occasional grasshopper calling out, the distant roaring of the hydra plants man-made waterfall, and the consistent warm rays of sunshine beaming down on your skin. I adored the park with every ounce of my being. My walk home through the park let me sort out my thoughts and rearrange my attitude before I got home. Just because Mia and Ben made my life hectic at school didn't mean my home life was anywhere near as wretched.

"Melissa Jordan ", a large man in a dark navy suit and jet-black eyeglasses, broadcasted in my direction. Having interrupted my daily mental review, I was immediately startled, so much so that I nearly jumped out of my skin. Terrified, yet curious, I turned to face him head-on. He was extremely tall, maybe six foot eight, and weighing around 280 pounds as a rough estimate. He had dark, olive-toned skin, black hair, and dark features. "Ma'am, my name is Agent Madison with the FBI, I need you to come with me please." I froze in place with a look of pure fright plastered to my face. Why did this man know my name, and if his story was true, why did the FBI need to speak with me in particular? "W-W-Why do you need m-m-me", I knew my pandemonium was undyingly evident. As I was shrinking in place, becoming smaller and smaller

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in my reality, the peculiar man spoke yet again, “Look kid, you have no idea what's going on here. My job is just to transport you to the people you need to talk to. I don’t want to make this any harder than it should be.” He swiftly looked over his shoulder and did a full scan of the park, 360 degrees around the point we were standing. I looked up, allowing my eyes to follow his gaze. It was at this moment that I began wondering if my life was at risk. Surrounding the 360-degree perimeter of the circular park were at least 50 men in the same tight-fitted suits, of various colors. Each man was uniquely different, yet uniformly the same. In helpless anguish, I looked up to this mysterious Agent Madison and weakly nodded. He responded with “Thank you for your cooperation Miss Jordan”, and a brief, business-like smile. I compliantly followed the agent to a tinted-out Chevy Tahoe parked in the nearest parking lot and hopped into the back seat as instructed.

I was silent in the backseat as Agent Madison drove, there was another agent riding shotgun, and a female agent sitting next to me on the backseat bench. I watched in horror as we pulled out of the parking lot, wondering what they were going to do to me, wondering what my parents would do. I needed to know why I was being detained, but I was too defeated to speak up and ask any questions, so I meekly laid my head back on the seat and stared out of the window. Within 10 minutes we were out of the city and on the freeway, heading towards presumably my doom. My thoughts were racing to an extreme, I was scared, I was shocked, I was confused, and I was alone. I may be young and naive, but I’m not stupid. I knew if anyone spotted a weakness, they would pounce on it. If they wanted information, they would get it by all means necessary. I had to be extremely careful. If they had the power to kidnap me from the park in broad daylight, did they have the power to kill me and never face a consequence? It wasn’t a scenario I wanted

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to imagine. The thought of being helplessly strangled to death in a private conference room, suffocated with a pillow in my sleep, consuming sleeping pills from my drink, shooting me in the head and getting it over with, or worse of all, ripping me apart piece by piece with extreme methods of torture.

Pushing the thoughts of fear and desperation down, it was now time to be strong. After what appeared to be hours, we got off the freeway onto a somewhat populated exit. Almost as soon as hope had reached my body to be in public and get help, Agent Madison drove past the rest stops and gas stations near the freeway. He kept going down until the pavement turned to dirt and pebbles. The air immediately felt tenser, and colder, with a sinister sting. As we continued down the pebbled drive the trees also began to appear thicker and darker. Upon further inspection I noticed yet another frightening detail about the situation at hand, some trees had cameras on them, and some trees had snipers amongst their branches.

Suddenly the car began to decelerate to a slow creek. I defocused my gaze from my window and looked through the front windshield. In front of the car stood a massive metal gate, shrouded in rose vines with an extremely dark metallic material protecting the bars and locks. The gate was undeniably large, maybe 10 feet tall at my best guess. Agent Madison pushed a call button on the small black box atop a pole ahead of the gate. Once the speaker clicked on, he said a long series of numbers that I did not understand, and the giant gate opened. Agent Madison continued to drive through, all the way up the path to a little wooden cabin sitting on the top of a mountain. When did we end up in the mountains? I surveyed the scene from my seat a bit more as Agent Madison exited the vehicle to converse with another individual emerging from the cabin. I tried to calm my heart rate as the two men noticed me staring, they immediately turned around and approached the car. Both of whom walked to the rear passenger side door, where I

was sitting. Agent Madison opened the door and introduced the man from the strange cabin.

“Miss Jordan, this is Dr. Ronald O’Neal. Dr. O’Neal has some questions for you regarding your

family history, your DNA, and other extraordinary facts we need.” None of it made sense, I

heard what he had said but I couldn’t comprehend it. They abducted me and dragged me out to

some wooden cabin in the woods just to have a doctor talk to me. “Why does *he* have to talk to

me of all people”. Dr. O’Neal didn’t exactly appear friendly and trustworthy. He was a

chubby-ish, middle-aged, bald, white man. He wore oversized khakis, dingy yellow Crocs, and a

Mountain Dew t-shirt. Not exactly the clothes you would expect the doctor to be wearing. Agent

Madison and his crew looked much more professional than this wannabe doctor, and their tactics

alone are a great example of misconduct. “What kind of doctor are you exactly”, I aggressively

questioned. Both men let out a demonic roar of laughter, Dr. O’Neal eyed me with a

gut-wrenching grin and proclaimed, “I’m YOUR doctor sweetheart.”

I couldn’t form words, thoughts, ideas, or actions, I couldn’t even move. Tears streamed from my

face, causing me to cover myself in my snot and tears. I heard the woman agent fiddling around

with something behind me, I started to turn my head but was stopped by her forceful hand

turning my head back towards Agent Madison and Dr. O’Neal. I let out one final cry and as my

panic began to truly set in, I felt a sharp object penetrate my neck. Then, there was nothing but

the black abyss of nothingness.