

# Trapped – creative writing



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

The rampant stench of death, yes, that's it, that's my earliest memory. The pungent odour of decay numbing my already haggard senses. The room couldn't of been too big. I remember banging my head on a wall, and stubbing a toe on the opposite one. I remember struggling to my feet, and stumbling into the light. I wandered for ages along the side of a road, watching pairs of lights approach and skittishly dash away. Then there is blackness. As strange as that event was, the strangest thing that day was me. I felt. My body felt wrong. Those hands were not my hands; those legs were not my legs.

My whole body ached, it felt like when you've sat in the same position for a too long, but amplified a hundred times. I was woken up by a blinding light in my face. The aroma of sterilisation exposed at once I was in a hospital. Quickly, I tried to sit up, but a sharp stabbing in my back forced me back to the taut linen. Against my will, I yelped at the pain, and a nurse was quick to my bedside with a calming hand on my brow. " I knew you would be awake soon". I attempted to speak, but I could force the words from behind those hideous foreign lips. She walked to the foot of the bed and looked at a chart. She quickly glanced back at a monitor, fixed to the wall. Her young forehead furrowed, and she hailed an older doctor. She returned to me, her senior in tow. " Hello there," he barked, in a voice that wanted to be far friendlier than it was, " Can you hear me? " Again, words formed in my throat, I struggled with them, trying to remember how to get the sentence out. I made do with a laboured nod. The doctor looked at the nurse and muttered a blur of words. The nurse thought for a moment then replied in her wondrously soft tone. The doctor nodded sharply.

Without warning he shone a vicious torch in my eyes. He swung the instrument left and right, his look of concern turned to one of pity. He looked again at the nurse, who smiled a stunningly beautiful smile at him, although I knew it was one of apprehension. I fell back into the sleep. April 23rd - St. George's day, the calendar on the wall proudly proclaimed. Quickly, I tried to sit up; I slid back, resting my spine against the padded lilac headboard. The room was alien to me; a glass-fronted cabinet in the corner displayed a few dusty relics, the remnants of an over loved life.

The door slowly opened, a figure apprehensively poked a frail head through the opening. " Lie down Boy, you need your strength" " W-Who... " I strained out. " Don't worry my boy, you're safe now" Her voice was soft, but not like the nurse's, it was soft with experience. " W-Who" I managed again. She answered by ambling to the bed, and placing a coarse hand on my brow. With that she left the room, closing the door harshly behind her. I dragged the floral covers off, onto the wooden floor, and managed to roll with it. I struggled to my feet, which felt numb on the hard, cold floor.

I stumbled to the close, mauve wall, and followed it to the door. I reached for the black metal handle, and it took all my strength to jerk it down far enough for the door to swing open. The room I entered was much bigger than the bedroom. Full of tasteless furnishings, the lavender tinted room had a disgusting flowery scent. I could see the door at the other end, next to the large bay windows. If I could run I would easily make it. But as it was, I knew it was unlikely I would reach the exit in time. I braced myself, took a deep breath, and stumbled as fast as I could towards the light.

Michael! " It did not even register that the frail old lady was referring to me; I knew it was directed at me, but Michael isn't my name, it seemed foreign to me. I kept heading for the door. Using whatever I could find to support me, the door was getting closer. I awkwardly stretched out my arm, and grabbed the brass knob. I shook the knob in everyway I could, until eventually it clicked open. It swung open and I worked down the cobbled path. As I started across the pavement I realised I was not only wearing no shoes, but was clad in ill-fitting, pale blue pyjamas.

I continued staggering quickly down the road, I glanced over my shoulder, she wasn't following me. The terrace of houses gave way to a wide, green park. I lurched towards the grass and fell down to the warm earth. My eyes again fell closed, but this time I was stayed conscious. I dreamt of past times, faded images of long ago, of woeful agony, and beacons of hope. The sound of laughter woke me up. My obvious suffering had created a small audience, consisting of three schoolboys and a scraggy dog. One of the boys held a stick close to my face.

I built up my strength, and in one swift action, I opened my eyes and thrust up my hand. The three boys and the dog went running away in the direction I had come from. Again, I struggled to my feet. I took a few minutes to get my bearings. " Michael! " I heard from afar. The lady had finally decided to search for me. Quickly, the idea came into my head, the bush was just there, and here search was not going to be a thorough one. I clambered into the leafy bush, and curled up into a ball. I waited, and eventually she came " Where are you Michael? " she demanded.

She wandered past the bush, totally unaware that her quarry was so close. On she continued, with every glance I laid upon her, the more repulsive she appeared to me. From her yellow teeth, to her speckled, bowed legs, she was the picture of imperfection. When I was sure she was far enough from me, I left the bush, and returned up the pavement to the house I had so recently vacated. I knew it would hold some clues, I just need time to find them. The room was not as I remembered it. One of the two beige sofas was overturned, as if the dim-witted lady had looked for me under there.

A set of shelves stood in the corner; I scanned every shelf, and eventually found what I was looking for. A wonderfully carved wooden box. For some reason I took the box back into the room that was made mine, I suppose I felt safer there. I sat on the bed and spread the contents of the box over the hideous bed spread. I rummaged through the collection of documents, many of which were faded by time, and looked at each of them, looking for clues. My attention was drawn to a very faded pink A4 sheet, at the top the crest of the county of Hampshire, and the words 'Certificate of Birth'.

The certificate was filled in with a neat, yet decorative scrawl. The certificate was made out on the 17th of July 1937, for one " Margaret Baker". That must have been the woman whose house I was currently trespassing. I looked around for another one, one that could explain a little about 'Michael'. But there were no more. I hunted on, giving each one a fleeting glance, until I discovered a small, leather bound book. I opened it and quickly flicked through the dog-eared pages. As my eyes met with the address, my heart went cold.

The book seemed to be laughing at me, mocking my discomfort, taking pleasure in my obvious pain. I ripped the yellowed page out, and threw the address book to the cold floor. For the second time I left the house, this time I broke into a run as I left the deep odour of cheap air freshener behind. I ran to the end of the road, gasping deep breaths of the still noon air. I took a left turn into Tanam Street, and glanced again at the folded leaf of paper, still in my hand. I scanned the houses, as I laid eyes on it, I knew it was the right one.

I hobbled towards the black abode, the white of the original faux Tudor door trying to break through the thick black paint. Cautiously I opened the black door. The house was empty, judging by the dust, it had been for some days. I wondered round the house, there really wasn't much to see in it. Each room was sparsely filled with simple furnishings, and uninspired pieces of angst art. I opened one door that led into an equally simple bedroom. The only other door stood on the opposite wall. It creaked open slowly. I carefully walked down the wooden stairs into the darkness beyond.

The cold air of the cellar penetrated my bones. I rubbed my hand along the breezeblocked wall searching for a light switch. As I got to the bottom my fingers found a cold, steel knob. I turned it the way it wanted to go. With a fizz, the room filled with the glow of the flickering bar light. The room was empty, apart from a desk in the far corner. There was nothing on the desk, and both of the drawers were locked. My eyes drifted up to the corkboard attached gruffly to the wall. Various black and white photos were pinned to it, and I pulled one off at random. My body froze. There I was.

Lying on a steel bed, there I was. The familiar muscles, the face, the hair, the eyes, all mine. I let the picture fall to the ground. My eyes drifted from one picture to another, each one reminding of myself when I was free. The nostalgia turned to anger as I thought of who could have done this, and why they would want to. My darting eyes ended up on one picture. Whoever had done this to me, whoever had usurped my body, had set up a sign. It said simply " Marcus Thompson - 24 Payet Drive. " That was it. That was me. Memories came back to me in a flood, knocking me to the hard concrete floor.

I got up off the floor and drifted back up the splintering wooden stairs, and wavered out of the house. Again I was feeling light headed, and my joints were again aching. I closed my eyes, yet I knew exactly where I was going, the memories of my lifelong home were ripe in my mind. I closed my eyes and continued walking. The memories in my mind guiding me back to myself. I can't remember how far I walked but when I opened my eyes it was dark. I found myself sitting on a bench next to a signpost. " Payet Drive" it announced proudly. I stood, still dazed, and began to make my way down the short road.

Number 24 stood just as I remembered it, another of the phoney Tudor houses that dominated the area. I made the quick walk to the front door; I tried the handle, to find it locked. I stood blankly for a moment. Without thinking I bent over and picked up a large rock next to the doormat. Underneath was a blue key. I slid it into its hole and slowly turned it, slowly as to make as little noise as possible when the bolt clicked open. I slid the door ajar, and entered

quietly through the gap. There was no sign of anyone. Methodically, I searched the rooms of the house, each one bringing back another memory.

I ended up upstairs, at the end of the landing. This was the last door; this was the door to my bedroom. As with all the rooms I searched, I carefully opened the panelled oak door, and entered, this time with more apprehension than before. For the third time that day, my body froze. Seeing yourself in third person is an unsettling experience. I lay silently asleep with my back against the blue wall, my feet hanging off the side of the cramped bed. Tears filled my eyes I gazed at the body on the, unaware that it, that I was being watched. That's when it hit me.

It was him. All along I had assumed there was a third party involved, an insane individual, bent on swapping round the minds of two men. But, no man who has been through what I have could have slept so soundly. He did this too me. To us. The anger slowly built up inside me. The agitation and fear of the past days gave way to this new sensation of rage. I couldn't control the body; the prison in which I was enclosed seemed to move on its own accord, across the landing, down the stairs. I found myself in the kitchen. The knife lay, glinting, smiling softly at me.

My hands slowly wrapped round the warm black handle. I struggled to lift the knife with my weakened arms. I crept silently with trepidation up the carpeted stairway. I nudged the door open. There I was, mouth hanging open, peaceful in ignorance. I rubbed my hand down my face, reminiscing of past times. I stepped back to look at myself for the final time. My body lay perfectly still, no longer breathing. The thin gash across the neck marked the



end. I lifted up the cover, clambered onto the bed. My eyes closed, and I fell into a long peaceful sleep.