

Dr evil's plan;

Doctor Evil had a plan, and he knew as usual that it was good. It wasn't enough that he recently had blended cocaine into a psychiatric patient's 'medicine' and then framed the same by taking a blood-sample soon after so that he could justify to cancel his permissions. This of course as an revenge for that this patient had liked the poems of another inmate at the torture department which doctor evil planned to torture with injections for the rest of the poor poets life and never let him come out! No! For doctor evil this wasn't enough! As to not speak of all the injections he ordered day after day as on-call doctor in the evening. The department he had been put to rule over was known as 'Siberia' or 'north Korea' among the inmates, and it was spoken in the hiatus that if it was legal, doctor evil would ordinate an litre 'medicine' for each inmate everyday.

No! Not enough evil for doctor evil! 'ha what idiots!' he thought, 'that poet which I hate soo much! Had his fiance's uncle, through which he met his fiance! I got so angry! This uncle called my boss on me, and he ordered me to release him when I already had held him imprisoned a year extra after the charges were dropped by the police! He he do they think me stupid?! Me? Karken?! Of course I had his home-keys copied!'

Now I will frame him again. Doctor evil, knowing those pills he had ordained the poor victim would make him have heavy sleep, went in his car towards midnight that summer eve after his jour work to the area where his 'patient' was living. Towards 1 and 10 minutes over midnight he put his plan to work: he crawled out of his car like he had been held back by watching eyes, but the street was laying empty. He looked over his shoulder one more time: not a soul in sight. That eerie thought comforted him as he approached the gate. The gate-key fitted perfectly! He giggled, an insane leer! He tiptoed up to the third floor, and stood outside his 'patients' door! He surely slept tight as it was already now!, Dr evil thought to himself.. And now I will take him to hell! He slowly pushed the key into the keyhole, it fitted perfectly just as the gate-key. He opened the door and to his surprise the light in the hallway blended him suddenly! He stood motionless, listening! His eyes rolled back and forth horizontal, like someone gazing at the open sea, breathless to see that saving ship coming over the horizon. He listened and listened again. Telling himself: now THAMMAS stay still!! Finally he could breath out!; the snoring of his 'patient' was suddenly heard! 'the light in the hallway is only to your advantage! Thammas!' he told himself. 'it is no coincidence I have only male patients on my department!' he caught himself almost speaking aloud! 'no woman could stand my company! What I would do to her!' he laughed evilly! 'and that is why my boss put me on this job! But he doesn't know what I do with my inmates! 'the bear hunt' I call it.' Thammas drew

forth a razor blade from his pocket. Slowly he closed in on his victim: yes he had heard right! His victim laid with an open mouth snoring heavily on the bed. He tiptoed up to him, and aimed his razorblade at his throat, a little over the Adams apple. Slowly he cut, and had a wet napkin to gather up the beard-straws. As he was finished he quickly turned around and left. He did lock the door and got out to his fancy car. Then he drove home! Everything had went just as he planned! He spoke to himself in the car, having that insane leer on his mouth all the way home. ...

Robin woke up that day as usual. 'Another wasted day' he told himself, 'another wasted day, more chemical big pharma torture for me! Have that syringe ordinated up my ass today with risperidol 200 mg! And a meeting with the doctor in torture. They say that the 'syringe' "is mine", and that it is 'not torture' but that I 'am sick'. How ill I feel at the thought, he told himself as he brushed his teeth 'a little late, fell fast asleep last evening'. Suddenly his gaze on himself in the.. became focused in the mirror. 'What the fuck!' he felt his neck! A place on his left just above the Adams-apple was bare! Had no straws! 'shit!' he cursed aloud! Throwing his toothbrush involuntarily in the sink! 'Another side effect! God how strange it looks!' he angrily went to his bed and searched the white sheets! 'am I becoming crazy?!' he took care of his chin 'not a beard-straw I find!' To be more secure of himself he again went into the bathroom and looked in the mirror: feeling his throat! No! It could not be a hallucination! He ascertained for himself.. What the heck!! Well, he had not much more time, he threw on his clothes 'have to be in time for my appointment with the doctor!'. As he came to the reception an hour and a half later of the open psychiatric care part of the hospital and had sat down to wait for the doctor to receive him he suddenly felt queer.

He looked around; wasn't the air like tense and sticky? Like a scorpion tail, he suddenly associated. The voice of the woman boomed in loud and startled him: 'the doctor is ready to receive you now'. As he walked down the short corridor to the room he had a tense feeling, like stickiness in his testicles and penis sort of, he could feel them shrink like he had experienced walking into the classroom as a child knowing the exam waited for each pupil on each classroom desk. His testicles and penis shrank like they had been exposed to cold water, and he could feel himself breathing hard like he had to catch his breath, like he was walking up a steep hill.

The doctor leered as he entered the room in that usual manner of his 'trying to gain confidential tone of conversation as usual' Robin thought, and he knew what that meant: that Thammas as the doctor was named wanted him to tell a nice story, just so that he in the end could come to 'the doctor's point!' which always meant, and were meant, as a sudden

shock of the 'patient' of projected skizophrenia, a 'discrepancy between thought and feeling' which could make an unroutined patient spellbound and totally shocked think: 'maybe the doctor is right now as he says he's gonna ordain more injections!' paralyzed as the victim becomes by the sudden turn after what he thought was a normal, 'totally normal conversation' as some 'patients' had stuttered in fear after getting to hear that they 'need more medicine'.

'can I ask you how you are today Robin?' Thammas leered. 'been sleeping deep and well' Robin said. 'I didn't ask how you slept did I?' Thammas said, which made Robin feel a shock of fear, not knowing how to respond to this utterance without getting upset. 'did you think I asked how you slept Robin?' Thammas said in that nasal deep tone which meant that even if you denied so he would probably write in the journals that 'the patient misunderstands questions' if you now could put up a leer on your side to mirror the doctor's and in a pleasing way deny the accusation, or if you failed to do this you knew you would in shock hear at the end of the talk that 'you seem delusional' and get another "litre of medicine" injected under your skin "since I say so and I am the doctor" Thammas would say leering. He liked to watch such scenes live, following the victims struggle against the caretakers to the strap bed and usually he didn't leave until he had seen the nurse emptying the three or four syringes in the victim, and try to get up without managing to stand on it's feet. You see, Thammas didn't always trust the nurses fully, so only when his victim showed signs of death-throes, then he turned on his feet and ordered the caretakers to roll the strapped to another room where the victim could be laid on another bed. 'take him to his bed' Thammas then said, and with eyes turned upward and jaw drawn down in pain, now looking totally insane, the poor victim was rolled into 'his room' to be laid on white sheets, and soon shouted for help when even the laying down was so full of pain, like being drowned on a sinking ship in a stormy ocean, the last thing you felt: mouth full of water and the sea-sickness! Wanting to puke it all out, without that that you can!

As Thammas thoughts happily wandered over this scenario, like happy small white-breaking waves a sunny day, he noticed that Robin and him had talked for about 40 min, about what he hadn't noticed, so he finally said, coming to the point. 'Robin, I notice you haven't shaven properly, a part of your neck I see shaved but not the other part! Why is that? Do you have a problem with your eyesight? Maybe you need medicine to improve or is your hand shaky like Parkinson? Or, if I may ask: have you ever cut the skin of your throat in hope you will die of blood-loss?' 'no!' Robin answered, 'I noticed it this morn, it must have fallen off during my sleep..' he suddenly looked down sad and fragile and said 'I think it could be a side effect of those injections you give me'. 'Robin!' suddenly Thammas

sounded alarmingly, 'that is a paranoid delusion you have! Have you really taken those risperidol pills 3 mg which I ordained you? Or have you forgotten?' 'I have not forgotten' Robin said forcibly. 'then I think you don't know what you are doing to the degree you have forgotten that you shaved half of your neck and now as I say it I see that it is not even half but just a part of it. I have decided to readmit you to my department again for observation, you are not allowed to leave from here as it is now..' Thammastood up, dressed as usual in his brown thin 100% wool sweater and black business pants bought at the expensive fashion-house of the time, looked at Robin through his rectangular eyeglasses seriously but with the calm gaze only a psychopath could have on his victim, demonstratively putting his steel-ink pen in his shirt-pocket under the brown sweater, buckled his A4 seize note-block with his right arm by his waist and walked out of the room saying "nicely": 'see you up there'. Robin was left destroyed looking like he had received a heavy blow, from 'somewhere above'.