

Tuesday, April 22

3:14 a.m.

I woke up in a hard, wooden chair with my head palpitating, and the clock dangling from the wall read 3:14 a.m.

“What the fuck?” I thought.

The room was dark; lit by the natural light of the moon through a small window up high. I could barely see that my wrists and ankles were in fact handcuffed to the chair.

“What the fuck?” I whispered to myself, aloud this time.

I dared not make much noise at this point. I was smarter than that. I had no idea where I was or what lay beyond the heavy-looking oak door in front of me with a yellow glow around the perimeter, indicating that a light was on. I also thought long and hard about every possible scenario that could have caused me to black out, and then wake up in the wee hours of the morning with no idea where I was or how I got cuffed to that shitty wooden chair. A few minutes passed and I had nothing, and so I sat and waited, unable to think. I sat cuffed to the chair for an hour and thirty-four minutes, staring at the floor.

At 4:48 a.m., I sat silent in the chair, panicking. Three sets of boots came tromping down the hallway towards the door. They stopped outside and formed a trifecta muttering unintelligible speak.

The door opened.

The light was intense, and my pupils rapidly constricted. Saying nothing, the three men stepped in and surrounded me. I stared at them and said nothing, though I could speak freely since my mouth was uncovered. One of the men who stood approximately six feet tall and was directly in front of me bent down and released

the bondage that kept me confined in the chair. I sat there and still said nothing; they reciprocated. After what felt like the longest 13 seconds of my life, I mustered the verbiage and the temerity to finally ask, “Who the fuck are you? What is this and how the hell did I get here? What the fuck did you do to me while I was knocked out?”

The three men looked at each other and let out a cacophony of hearty, belly-laughter.

“We didn’t do anything to you. You caused quite a fracas for Terry,” the burly, tower of a man standing to my left chimed in.

I was frantically tearing through my schema, desperately searching for a memory prior to whenever I went lights out. “Who’s Terry and what are you talking about?”

“I am sure as your proprietor, he would love to enlighten you. We will take you to greet him now that your hallucinogens are worn off.”

My heart sank.

Proprietor, what the fuck?

I was on shrooms? That’s right. At this point I didn’t even ask. It was better to let the situation play out.

The trio of crude, burly thugs escorted me down various hallways and a few sets of stairs. From what I gathered by observing the architecture of the building, we were in a vacant commercial space, likely to have been abandoned for quite some time. The floors weren’t kept, it was a total meat-locker, and the sheetrock had lots of water damage everywhere you looked. The stench of mold injected itself deep into my sinuses, amplifying my headache. As we absconded deeper into the bowels of this dilapidated old building, we eventually reached the end of a basement hallway where we were greeted by a steel double-door that looked as if it could withstand an explosion. At this point we had done so much walking to navigate through the building, my legs were burning. It is also interesting to note that for the entirety of this, not a single other person could be found, so that’s how you know this was some goon shit, and that I was in trouble.

We all stood in front of the door, and the six-foot tall man said to me in his obnoxious, perturbing voice, “Are you ready to receive the insight you have been missing since you have woken up, Brayden?” It was weird that he knew my name,

but I needed to figure out what was going on; I made it quite clear that I was ready to cut to the chase and see this Terry guy. Maybe he could just point me to the closest door and I could get the hell out of there.

“We appreciate your enthusiasm. We will take you to Terry now. Right this way.”

We entered a large dark room through the steel double-doors, and there was no light except for a fluorescent hanging light at the opposite side. The doors closed behind us, and all I could see was a man in the distance, standing under the hanging light. I assumed that this was Terry. Who else would it be? He stood, garbed in a magnificent Brioni plaid, two-piece suit. His shoes were of a fine Berluti Scritto make, and his hair was non-existent. He was bald. His facial expression was smug, and he looked like he was anxious to speak.

“Gentlemen, you may leave now,” said Terry. His voice was high-pitched, raspy, and he had a wisp. The three musketeers nodded, turned, and left the room in unison.

“Hello Brayden. My name is Terry. I’d like to start by explaining why you are here in the first place, since the last thing you remember is doing shooters at Al’s and trying shrooms I’m sure.”

“Yeah, I’m a little confused at best.”

“Well, while you were hallucinating, the boys who you were just with, along with myself knew you’d be a perfect candidate for our tria-”

“What trial?” Terry disregarded this.

“We decided that we were going to pay your tab and get you out of that bar, so we did just that. You don’t have to apologize for kicking me in the balls while we tried to get you in the trunk of Jesse’s camaro. We all know you were in outer space.”

“Do you mind filling me in on what the fuck kind of trial you’re talking about?”

“Brayden, Brayden. There is no reason for hostility, boy. I will clarify the trial for you after I finish explaining why and how you got here. After all, you were chomping at the bit to know.”

I was pissed, but I let Terry keep going.

“You are here because you’re strong. You are a fighter, hard to kill. We brought you here because we knew you were adequate for the trial. Allow me to elaborate on that.”

“Please do, or maybe just point me to the closest exit.”

“Oh God no, it’s far too late for you to leave now. We’ll have to forbid you from doing so in an unpleasant way if you decide to try now.”

Fuck.

“Our trial is a scientific study conducted by our own independent research team to provide for different organized crime groups, private hitmen, foreign government operatives, and other underground labs functioning internationally. We are currently conducting a study regarding the physical threshold of the human body and psyche, and you just happened to be our lucky guinea pig.”

Guinea pig. The veins in my forehead pulsated. I wanted to strangle this man.

“The trial consists of many tests collectively arranged in the perfect program to see just how much a person can take. It starts small and progresses to some rather, ‘strenuous’ testing. Now that I have informed you on the contents of this trial, we will begin immediately. Right this way, Brayden.”

I saw no way out of this. I was standing on a letter ‘x’ taped to the floor, and I still had no idea where I was. Regardless of the still vague details and shady undertone to Terry’s story concerning crime groups, foreign governments and the fact that I was drugged and manhandled into the back of a camaro, I was compliant. After all, what’s the worst that could happen. I’d work out for a few hours, let them see how beat I am and then I’d be allowed to go home. It didn’t sound like the end of the world until the lights were turned on.

The entire room was empty except for an exam table and what looked like a walk-in closet off to the right of where I stood.

What the hell was this shit?

I turned around and scanned the room for Terry, my eyes burning with fury. He was nowhere to be found, but a microphone in the corner screeched out to me in Terry's voice. "Please proceed to the exam table so we can begin, Brayden." I walked over to the table and sat on it. Out of the walk-in closet wheeled what I thought was a self-propelled refrigerator. The front door had a pentagram spray-painted on it in red. The door of the refrigerator swung open, revealing a booming howl that made my ears ring and a bone-chilling gust of icy wind. The door slammed shut, and the refrigerator sped towards a button on the wall, slamming into it. The refrigerator fell on its side, lifeless. I had no idea what had just happened but I was terrified. I sat on the table and stared at the collapsed refrigerator.

"Are you afraid Brayden? Take off your clothes."

"What? Why? What are you some sort of sick fuck?"

"Take off your clothes, Brayden."

A panel in the drop ceiling above me moved to the side, and down came a telescoping pole with a weathered glock 19 fastened to it with band-iron and rivets. A solenoid-controlled mechanism was attached to the trigger, and this menagerie was pointed directly at my face. I was being threatened with being shot in the face if I didn't strip. I removed my clothes, as well as my dignity.

The glock-on-a-stick without warning, readjusted its angle to my left kneecap and the solenoid energized, jolting the trigger backwards and firing the handgun, shattering my kneecap and crippling my left leg. I screamed in pain until my lungs were depleted of air. Another round was automatically rechambered after the first shot, and the glock rotated and angled towards my right knee. It fired a second 9mm round at my right knee, rendering both of my legs useless.

The glock-on-a-stick retracted back into the ceiling, and the tile slid back into place.

I was now laying on the table in excruciating pain. My knees were annihilated and bleeding. Out of the walk-in closet came a giant of a man, wearing a sheepskin cloak. His mouth was sewn shut, and he was missing an eye. He carried a twelve-pound sledgehammer with a hickory handle. My heart was racing,

accelerating the bleeding from my knees. He approached the table where I lay, crippled, naked and aghast. Sledge in hand, he eyed my naked body up and down, as if he was trying to decide where to hit me and cause the most damage without killing me. I made the mistake of instinctively glancing down at my genitals, and he picked up on this. My face immediately flushed itself of all color. I was about to be sterile. The ogre of a man held nothing back and with all his might, swung his sledgehammer down on my genitals. I watched as my penis and testicles exploded under the hammerhead into a red, gorey paste. My groin immediately started to hemorrhage, and I went into shock. I passed out.

I woke up what seemed like hours later on that same, godforsaken exam table in the empty room. My knees were bandaged up, and my genitals were covered. If I looked at my crotch, I would for sure have passed out a second time. I must have been administered opioids because I felt no pain. Terry's voice belted out of the microphone.

“Ah you're awake once again Brayden. Nice to see you're still kicking.”

“Fuck you, you sadistic fuck. Let me out of here!”

“Not so fast, Brayden. The test is not yet over.”

Out of the closet came a young woman wearing a hairdresser's apron and a mask. She wheeled a cart towards me with hair cutting implements laid out on it. If I could have guessed her age I would have thought twenty-five. I could tell she was beautiful before she too, had her mouth sewn shut and was missing an eye. She had blonde hair, and the curvature of her physique was excellent. If I still had my genitals, admittedly I probably would have been aroused at the thought of folding her up into a pretzel and defiling her. She approached me in a way that was quaint, and her presence had my unwavering attention. She set up her cart next to my head, grabbed her scissors, and began to cut my hair.

I didn't oppose her at all. My hair was too long for my preference, and I was grateful she was cutting my hair, until she sliced off both of my earlobes without missing a beat. I screamed in agony, as she wiped the blood off of her shears. Once she was finished cleaning the scissors, she immediately inserted them into my nose and cut each of my nostrils all the way back to my nasal bone, disfiguring my face. Once again, she began to wipe off her scissors, like a meticulous fly-fisherman handcrafts his flies. She stabbed her scissors under my chin like a shank, and I

could feel them underneath my tongue. She withdrew the shears from my chin, and gruesomely removed my tongue.

I am now sterile *and* I can't talk.

She put the scissors back on the cart, looked at me, nodded, and left.

Shortly after the young hairdresser returned to the walk-in closet, a little boy, a toddler about 2 years old, crawled on the hard concrete floor towards me. I knew Terry really was a sick bastard when I saw that the toddler had his mouth sewn shut, and was missing an eye. There was an ongoing theme, but I didn't know what it was. The little boy began to wail and cry as he crawled towards me, transitioning from a normal crawl to a reverse crab walk. His head rotated 180 degrees and he was once again facing me with his eyes fixated on my hairy nipples, as if he was longing to suckle them. The demonic, mutant baby mounted my abdomen, and opened his mouth in a gnarly, sinister smile. It was at this moment, through the glossy black eyes of this insidious abomination, I witnessed a physical manifestation of Satan himself.

I led a life of sin and had made the choice to deny God. The Antichrist himself had summoned me to this portal to Hell that was the exam table, and it was time for me to pay the ultimate price for my rejection of Jesus' unconditional love. I had been prepared for an eternity of imprisonment under the Prince of Darkness by being subject to a literal Hell on Earth for the past eleven hours. Immediately after staring the Devil in the eyes, I knew I was going to die.

The grotesque Beezle-baby released a howl that was so shrill and jagged on the ears, that I heard nothing for a few seconds after. All was quiet, and then the entity struck me. It gouged my eyes, and tore at my throat. I couldn't see now, but I felt the indescribable pain of claws tearing into my abdomen. I silently screamed as I felt a bony demon penis penetrate deep into my colon and cause severe tearing and trauma.

My name is Brayden, and I am now dead.

Epilogue

After reading this, you are probably wondering what kind of detestable monster I am for conjuring up such an obscene, repugnant batch of words.

Admittedly, there were parts of this potboiler that physically hurt to write, needless to elaborate on that.

The objective of sharing this with my readers was to get their attention in a rather unique way that left them uncomfortable, but subconsciously curious to find out more. I added elements of extreme, graphic imagery and unsettling topics to captivate my audience and show them horrifying, yet raw brain power. My intention behind all of my work is to expose my readers to all aspects of the creative mind. People should understand that our minds are a powerful tool that we can use to create an unimaginable amount of power, creativity and influence. If abused and wasted however, our minds can become volatile and self-destructive towards our potential, causing us to bask in the toxic comfort of our vices. I urge my readers to think about and aspire to create infinite amounts of energy and creativity through an altered mindset. For having an altered mindset will indeed pave the road to self-mastery on all fronts.

Best of luck to my readers on their journey to become their most powerful self physically, mentally, spiritually, and financially.

Abraham Munch
8/17/2020