

Do you know that feeling when you wake up from a dream and you can't quite remember who or where you are? You're still in that half dream state, but after a while it slowly comes back. A soldier waking up had this feeling. Only it didn't slowly come back. Not after a while. Not after anything. Stretching and then encompassing the entire mattress, he opened his eyes. He looked around. There was a single flickering light at the top, every few seconds illuminating the door below it. It said Doctor Lewis on the front. This was unmistakably a hospital waiting room. Pipes covered the walls, trailing and leading off to seemingly nowhere. They were surprisingly bare, which would have been quite complementary to the room if it was reflecting light from the windows. But it wasn't. Prompted by this perplexity, he jerked his gaze towards the windows. They were boarded up. Where on earth was he?

He must have amnesia. This was what it was like, wasn't it? Trying to stay calm he brushed aside a tuft of hair, feeling around the back of his head for some kind of bump, that was non-existent. He sighed. He lay flat down on the bed. Summing the current events up, he decided to get up. As he applied pressure on his feet a wave of nausea reverberated throughout him, momentarily stunning him. He fought it and pushed on until eventually staggering up, rising above the once white mattress. Four things struck him at this moment; 1: He was completely naked. 2: The floor was covered in a layer of water 3: there was a drip at the side of the room, nearly obscured by the shadows every few seconds until the light would flicker on again, not too abnormal seeing as he was in a hospital. This leads on to the fourth, however; he was attached to the drip. At this point he was really struggling to keep calm.

Upon looking down he saw an open bullet wound ripping his chest. He dived in to clutch it before swiftly moving his hand away, realising that this was a bullet wound. Abruptly, an upsurge of multifarious memories flooded in. But they were too vague; and all he could make out was the screaming and the shot. Had he been captured? Was he being held against his will? On this thought of near-surety all hope of keeping calm fell, dismembered, to the ground. He ran to the windows, screaming, and kicked and barged them as hard as he could, rapidly kneeing them over and over again. Half collapsing he persisted, battering the seemingly malleable wall. Finally his frail body gave in and he joined his hopes of keeping calm on the ground. Worn out, he remained in his coffin of human fragility to catch his breath. A moment of reluctant quiescent. Moving only his eyes, he looked at his enemy. The barrier. His glare was more piercing than if he would have gone at the window with a knife. Staring so penetratingly, he could faintly make out feet through the boarded up windows. He screamed out again.

"Who are you? Let me out!"

He heard murmuring.

"Tell me!"

Amongst the murmurings he heard the name Jones. That must be his name? Slowly pulling himself up, he rammed the window, but the only affect was on him, forcing him to slightly bounce backwards. He tripped over his own foot, resulting in a plummet straight back to the floor. "He's awake", said a voice, chuckling. The soldier yelled out yet again. He punched, kicked and attempted to perforate the window repeatedly but it would not give in. He ran around the room, smashing and obliterating what he could, or could try to, for that matter. He tried all of the windows. All with one scream - all with one breathe. He could hear the voice was back again. "I think we're ready", he heard. "Ready?" the soldier asked in a mere outward breath with the upmost desperation, "Ready for what? What are you going to do to me?"

He heard laughter and heavy breathing from outside. "Don't laugh at me!" He bawled out.

"It's time to get him out now", the voice said with somewhat monotonous alacrity.

"No!" the soldier yelled. He rampaged again, sending a barrage of futile attacks around the entire waiting room. Using his whole body weight he catapulted himself into the window. However this time he did break something. But it wasn't the window. The pipes exploded. Water erupted in a torrent of blind rage from the pipe, engulfing the room, resulting in a further expulsion of millions of

tiny beads of water, shooting minuscule rays of light everywhere. Water? Water?! Why would I need water?!! There's no way that would help him now!!

Water filling up the room, the soldier struggled to not get submerged. He was immersed up to the neck, barely staying afloat. He tried to throw aside the water but it was, obviously, unsuccessful. His screaming and the sound of gushing water annihilating the room floated into a disharmonious symphony of chaos and incoherent noise. He took one last breath and went completely under. His whole life flashed before him, literally. His very being was being reflected into the water, looking back at him. His yells couldn't be heard through the water. Flustering around, he heard the voice for another, final time.

"It's all going according to plan. We'll get him out now"

What plan? He thought. Whilst moving around his gaze turned to the door. It was opening. All he could produce now was a weak current of bubbles, and he did this whilst looking on, transfixed. The door was pulled further back until he could indistinctly see the hand pulling it. He looked around. The walls moved in, squeezing him forward to the beckoning hand.

"He's nearly there", he heard the voice say.

"No", he thought. "I don't want to go - to die, or whatever they're going to do to me"

The walls pushed and pushed until he inched forward. He squirmed and struggled, trying to keep in control, punching the closing in, bare walls. He held on, letting out a colossal scream, simply creating a few bubbles, doomed to pop and die directly after birth. The hand drew closer, noise emanating from behind it. The walls pushed in then moved forward. He could no longer hold on and his hand was henceforth ripped away from the malleable walls, finger by finger. He drew in a breath, somehow and screamed again, and in a flurrying whirlpool of screaming and flustering he was pulled out of the door.

The doctor lifted him, spread out, screaming, with a grin...

"Congratulations, Mrs Jones", the doctor said, "On your new baby."