

# MY ENCOUNTER

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*thank to mudvayne. they gave me all my insperation to this story. thanks.*

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“Hello. I wish to play a game. All your life Mr. Johnston, you've poked yourself into others lives and broke them down like a virus. And now it is my turn Mr. Johnston. When you can move, you will set off a trigger, that very trigger will set off an alarm attached to you starting a clock. You will have to dig through your own flesh to get to one key. And remember, follow you heart.”

“ As I looked down I saw, what seemed like a metal chest-plate. All rusted on the outside. There was a mirror close to me, but I was stuck with tar, gluing me to a chair that was also metal and rusted. I tore my hand away. Blood gushed from open wound. I grabbed the broken shard of mirror and peered down the chest-plate. Metal nails. I heard path of hearts leading back behind me form, but it was dark and I couldn't see anything. Darkness was before me. I felt something on my foot. So I check, my foot is loose like my hand. I lift it to see what was under it and it was a light switch. I maneuver my foot to turn it on. Lights turn on one at a time. I look at the walls and there are clocks painted on the walls and they all point to one big clock. Which was real. It said 2:30 a.m. I heard a noise. Something was pulled from me. I heard a clicking noise while I was a panicked rage. I ripped myself from the chair. Blood covered the chair in where I had just been. I followed the path of hearts, there was a box before me. It had a light coming from it. The broken glass on the box catches my skin and cuts me. At last it was open. Another trap sets off. The light above shuts off, but the light inside the box is still on. My hands and feet are glowing. Four pictures appear inside the box. They're X-rays of my hands and feet. I looked closer into the glass-covered box. There was a fork. Then I figure it out. I begin digging at my right foot. It takes me along time. NOTHING! My right foot is gone from picking it with the folk! A pain, the trap is slowly closing. I destroy my lift hand. NOTHING! “Almost” I say to myself. Now for my left foot. There is a hole on the bottom I dig and dig. The trap is close but the key was up side down against the lock. “It's open!” I shout. I tear it off and away from my skin. There was a squeaking sound. Is that puppet is on a tricycle? Then that voice from the TV said,”

“Congratulations Mr. Johnston. This proves you do appreciate life as is.”

“Then there was a sharp pain, just a prick. That's when I black out.”

“So is that how it happened?” asked the cop.

I put my head down on my arms. “I... I haven't cried... about this. It's like I can't trust anyone.”

“Really and why is that? Or should I ask do you want to?” the cop sounded calm.

I said nothing in response to his remark. “Doesn't it bother you at all?”

I looked into his eyes with a sad look of desire that I sometimes get. Like there's nothing inside. I said to him “What is there to cry about Officer?”

“Why do you think he chose you?” he said looking concerned.

“Why are you so happy?” I asked. “I've been tortured by some murderer!”

“You are a victim, so that's how I treat you.” As he gazed at me with fierce eyes that sound came again. “The voice from the video!” I thought out loud. It sounded like was coming for me. I didn't have time to get a good look at me up and down. So I lifted my shirt. There was a huge gash. Gushing out of it was my insides and there was something black that the sound was coming from. I awoke and I was sitting out in front of the office, where I thought I was being interviewed the same cop came up to me and asked me if I was ready to go in again. I ignored my dream and went in anyway. I said everything that I did in the dream. And nothing happened. Then at the end the cop told me “don't spill out.” As if he somehow knew what my dream was about.

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That night I wake up with a great pain like a throb throughout my entire body. The pain is so intense I throw up my lunch. It didn't come easily. Then I sat at my desk. And started a picture. It came out bad. Like I regressed more and more. The more I drew the more it when bad. The stuff came out with lots of gore and blood. I cried my self to sleep think of what happened. The pain and feeling of complete darkness. This is not the normal pain. This is jagged sharp. And yet in a shape of a razor. Once again I wake up from yet another bad dream. That smell. What is it? I feel something wet. I look at the dog, He's laying on the floor? I turn on my lamb. Blood!!! But no pain. It's not me.? "Keky." I say. The dog moans. I jump to him. Then the door slammed shut. Then the voice that bang me to my feet. NO DREAM!!!

"Good evening Mr. Johnston. I wish to play yet another game. This is for your dog. I gave him an antidote sealed in a bag and you a poison. Too get to it you don't have to destroy not your feet and hands, but the very dog that bought you to the orphanage and as a child and save your life. Will you do it?

"NO," I yell "NEVER!!!!" I look around the room and see a window I'm on the second floor. I run to it. Nailed. I rip my t-shirt that's lying down rapping it around my fist. Then shattering the window. It cuts me and gets me bad. I run down the street. Blood ridden everywhere. Then I pull a large angler peace of glass that was jammed between my knuckles out and take the ripped shirt off. It did me no good anyway. Someone ran out of the building. I ran after them. At full speed. The man put up a good chase. He took turn after turn and dodging traffic. Out of breath, he stopped. I picked him up but his neck. Then he gave me a shot. I fell asleep. But not before I got a good look.

I was at the police station again.

"Hello again. I'm named Officer Cuur Chief of the police department. I'm here to help you" came a voice for behind me. I must have jumped because he told me that I could saddle down. He was a man with green teeth and a kind look. He wants to help I know but I wanted to help more.

"I don't know what happened." I said looking at the officer. He seemed disappointed, because he turned around and stared talking to him self. "Are you a man of regrets Mr. Cuur?"

"No, but I think that's all changing." he said. He talked slow but so I could understand. At that time no one seemed to understand, what I'm going though. He started just looking at me for no reason. I know that nothing could stop him. After about 20 minuets of nothing but staring at me, he gave up. Then he left but he told me to stay. Before I new it the light went out and I became noshes and dazed but no one was there and I couldn't see anything In the dark. I run over to what I thought was the door and started pounding and pounding as fast and as hard as possible. I herd some screams for the other side.

"Can anyone heir me!!!" I yelled as lowd as I could. At first on answered. Then

"Yes," came a voice. "Yes I am here."

"Thank god." I said

"The door is jammed" she said in shock. Then a sight flashed and I was hit hard enph to nock me out cold.

I woke up in a some what of an infirmary. My eyes were seeing but they felt closed. I couldn't move. I herd a voice. It was her, the women that was on the other side of the door. I couldn't understand her, but at lest someone was there.

I woke up to the sound of birds and a nice the smell of apples. I look over and someone was next to me on the floor propebly pasted out. I chose to ignore it all and go back to sleep. So I laid back and looked at the sealing. I didn't fall asleep fell asleep again. But the person that was next to me awoke. I thought it was the women that helped me. I had me eyes closed so she`d think I was asleep, but I couldn't resist.

I spoke in a small voice. "Are you the person that helped me?"

"Yes, my name is Elia." she said.

"Oh well thanks." I said with out trying to jumping up and giving her a hug.

"I have breakfast started. Would you like some?" she asked.

Not wanting to say no I change the subject. "Where am I?" I didn't want to seem intrusive.

"My house," she said "I hope you can find it as nice as I do." She turned and looked at me with a frown and sighed. "I'm sorry that I couldn't get to you in time." she said almost crying.

"Why are you...?" I began I looked away. But I wounded why she was crying. But I couldn't let myself say those words. Like I should be the one talking about crying. I laugh at myself and my ingress. "I..." I give a chuckle "I haven't cried since... well you know. It's just so weird. You know. And crazy, but it's just like that." I give another little chuckle. "I mean you'd think I would be different. I know I seem psychotic, but I gess that's the way I am."

"I guess your feeling better so I have to go to work now." She said in a hurry, as she collected her papers and what not.

"Oh. Don't think I'm like that though. Because I'm not all," I said looking to her. "That man, *Jigsaw*, he did something to me. That wasn't physical but mental." then I stopped when I realized I was yelling at something that was no longer there. She left and I was all alone at a time like this. I didn't even notice her living me. "What's wrong with me?" I muttered to myself.

She was back in 1 hour and 2 minutes. I didn't move an inch since she left. I just watched the clock with an undisturbed stair. As she walked in and seen me there she landed on the bed then looked in my eye with sadness and despair. I hear nothing but silence of nothing. When she spoke the sound came form her gentle lips as a harp or a bird. The soothing sound of Elia's voice but she didn't say anything real. At least that I could understand. She was blank, and I could understand that.

As we ate lunch we didn't talk. We had nothing to say. Then, when that was over. I went out. I didn't say anything about it. I just lift. And that was that. I got in my car and drove off. Stopping by a vender and getting out. I got a soda and went back. But someone pulled up it started to rain. Their window was painted black and red then I saw it. On the back window it read "I KILLED YOU!!" someone then stepped out I ran for the man dressed in black. I stop cold. Filled with anger I turn around and ran towards the stranger. I can to a halt seeing it was my father.

He smiled and said "You were the one that killed me caused me pain and suffering. So I return the favor." He paused to hear me cry out several. "FATHER! Why have you betrayed me father." So he just smiled and said to me "Simple cause I could." I dropped to me feet crying. "HHHHH" he laughed in me face. Like a twisted freak. "Goodbye son." He said living.