

Kingdom

This room is his sanctuary, his kingdom, where he can rule and let his distorted desires come to life. The moment you walk in; a lethal stench welcomes you and grabs you by the neck and doesn't let go, almost suffocating you. With your watery eyes and blurry vision, you see his people, each citizen unique in their own way. Some missing their hair, others missing their legs and, in some cases, some didn't even have a head. The room was meant to be a very bright and pink room, the type an 8-year-old girl would live in, but these bright colours were covered by months' worth of dirt and stains and now adopted a gloomy and fatigued look. In the far corner of the room, there was a horse statue with a bow tie on top of its head. You could hear small splashes, as droplets of water fell from the leaky roof and clashed against the fractured statue. It seemed as if they wanted to ride the horse and escape this chamber of lies.

In the centre of this 'kingdom' there was the 'king'. Slouched, sitting on a throne made of clothes and cardboard. The 'king's' body was paper thin and you could see his spine popping out of his back. He was wearing a shirt with dozens of holes, scratches and stains each telling a different story and as a cape he was wearing a blanket that only reached his hip. He was also wearing a unique dark green bowler hat, oddly enough it seemed like that was the only thing he took care of. Energy-less, he turned his head and his weariful body followed shortly after. When his lifeless eyes finally met yours, they illuminated and suddenly were full of jubilation. Trembling, he lifted his meatless arm and tried to wave. He slowly smiled and you could see his few yellow teeth. He rushed to his feet and ran to you causing him to trip. His arm and thigh started bleeding and his hat fell to the floor, but he forced himself back and up and took your hand. The only hairs that were left on his head were a few strands like a field with little wheat. There were red marks all over his head as if his hair was torn out. As he turned to see you, he saw your eyes, they were petrified as if they were in the presence of a psychopath and his child like presence disappeared. Quickly the 'king' took a different look.

"I can't believe it, you as well. To think I thought you were normal, I am a fool. You are just another moron who doesn't truly understand, who isn't capable to stomach my greatness. I am a KING, A GOD. Look around this is a sanctuary, an

Eden. I have managed to achieve greatness and you think I am the crazy one? I have built a kingdom of dreams where all can live happy and don't need to worry about anything. I have reached heights you can only dream of and yet I am the crazy one?

I can hear things that no one else can, I can hear the screams of hell and the laughter of heaven, I have become a God and yet I am the 'lunatic', 'the man who needs help'? Hmph. Don't make me laugh, I am just fine on my own it's not my fault you can't comprehend my greatness, it's not my fault your eyes and brain deceive you and tell you I am the crazy one."

He was squeezing your hand as he yelled and released his emotions like a gush of water. He was breathing heavily as tears strolled down his pale cheeks. Like an injured soldier walking back to base he made his way to his throne and dragged you alongside him. He dumped his body on the throne and released a big sigh. You free your hand and walk a couple steps back until you trip on a small container. The small container had writing on it saying 'For Vernon Spencer' the container hadn't been opened and was full of capsules and yet it was tossed aside. "Let me tell you the truth." said the king.

"It was a the 27 of November, a Saturday and it was my turn to take care of my daughter Dodie. It was a bleak winters day, and the sun was nowhere to be found. It was early morning and I was resting on my couch, then I heard the doorbell ring and both my ears shot up like a cat. I looked at my phone and realized it was my turn, I was overjoyed and stood up causing dozens of beer cans to fly. I walked up and opened the door and there she was her eyes petrified as if they were in the presence of a psychopath. She slowly walked in after her mother budged her a couple times. It felt as if my heart was stabbed, the person I love the most, the shining light in my pitch-dark life, my hero doesn't even want to be next to me. I said good bye to her mother and closed the door. I promised my Dodie that she was going to have a once in a lifetime experience. We walked through the bustling streets of London, I kept trying to talk to her but she wouldn't respond, she was too terrified. Of WHAT? Me suddenly turning into a monster? It was dreadful being treated as if I was a criminal by my own daughter. We slowly made our way to a worn-out bench. The only thing illuminating the deserted road was a flickering street light. As we were sitting down, she finally spoke? I like my new dad better. It was like someone stole my soul, I crumbled to my knees and turned into a hollow shell of myself. A sudden burst swelled up in my body and then the next thing I remember was being yelled at by the cops and being asked questions. They

said I was a criminal, that I was a murderer, they said I was a crazy psychopath. I told them it wasn't me and I would never have killed my princess but they wouldn't believe me. I chose to escape that awful world and build a sanctuary. But you don't believe me do you, you are just like them, you probably think I am twisted in the head don't you? You probably think I should get help and leave this 'bubble' of mine, don't you? Look at you, you have the same expression as Dodie, petrified." He calmly picks up the beer bottle and launches it BANG!

By Gianmatteo Ricci- David