

**GROUP
BY
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First Edition

Group

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This is a Work of Fiction

I was asleep. I was enjoying it very much. Just dreaming. It was perfect. Then it happened.

“Michael. Michael. Time to get up. It is time for group.” said Stacy.

Stacy was a nurse. She was beautiful. I swear to god I fell in love with her the very first time I saw her. She was so hot.

“Yeah.” I said.

I knew where I was. But I did not know how or why I was there.

“Michael. It is time to get up. You'll miss group.” said Stacy.

“Okay I'm up.” I said.

The year was 2011. That I knew. And it was November Eleventh. Remembrance Day. The end of World War One. That was so long ago now.

I got up out of bed. I was wearing pajamas. They didn't belong to me.

“Get ready to go.” she said.

“Yep. Okay.” I replied.

Then she left. What was group? Somehow I knew. Yet I didn't know. I closed the door. Then I changed into my clothes. They were dirty. Oh well. I knew where group was. It was down the hall. In a large meeting room down the hall. There there was lots of chairs. There would be free coffee too. Now that I was dressed I figured I would go. What else was there to do?

So I opened the door and went down the hall. I found group. There was a whole group of people sitting. They were all on chairs arraigned in a semi-circle. I went in the room and went to sit down.

“Hi Mike.” said Jeffery.

“Hi.” I said.

I knew who he was but I could not remember his name.

“We're almost all here. We'll just wait for Doctor Langely. He should be here shortly.

Why don't you get yourself a coffee Michael.” said Tracy.

I knew who she was too. But I could not remember her name. I figured why not. I got up and got a coffee. Powdered creamer. Sugar. Stir sticks. I mixed up a java. Then I went back and sat.

Come to think of it I didn't even know where I was. Why was I in this building? What was this building?

“Why am I here?” I asked.
“Don't be silly.” said Tracy.

Stacy was also there. She was hot as ever. One hot fucking chick. I knew she was a nurse but I did not know why she was a nurse. Tracy was a nurse too. I asked her her name.

“Excuse me what's your name?”
“Tracy. You know that Michael.” she said.
“Oh.” I replied.

Everyone was chatting. Chatting while we waited for the doctor. The moment came.

The doctor arrived. His name was Doctor Langely. He entered the room.

“Hello everyone.” he said.

Everyone said “Hi.” back.

He came and took a seat. He was not a big man. He wore glasses.

“How are you Michael?” he said to me.

“Fine.” I replied.

“Okay let's get started.” said the doctor.

“Lets all introduce ourselves. I'm Tracy. I'm a nurse here at the hospital.” said Tracy.

“Yes and I'm also a nurse. My name is Stacy.” said Stacy.

She was the one who had woken me.

“I am Mary. I am also a nurse.” said Mary.

“I am Doctor Langely. I am a psychiatrist.” said the doctor.

“Okay Matthew its your turn.” said Tracy.

“Oh. I'm Matthew.” said Matthew.

“I'm Jeffery.” said Jeffery.

“I'm Tammy.” said Tammy.

“I'm Cheryl.” said Cheryl.

“Oh right. I am Mike.” I said.

That was all of us. I just couldn't figure out why I was here. Why? What had I done. Nothing. So there I was sipping at my coffee. I got up and stretched my legs. I was still tired. I felt haunted. I sat back down.

“So lets get started.” said the doctor.

“Yes. How are things with you Jeffery?” said Tracy.

“Good. I'm glad to be here. Sort of. Hopefully I'll be getting out soon.” he said.

“Matthew.” said Tracy.

“Oh yes. I am Matthew. And I am not glad to be here. I want out. It doesn't matter that I have paranoid schizophrenia. I should be able to go free.” he said.

“I'm bi-polar.” said Jeffery.

“Okay thanks for sharing Jeffery and Matthew. Now Michael tell us about yourself.” said Mary.

“I'm Michael. I can't remember why I'm here. Why am I here?” I said.

I couldn't remember. Not at all.

“Okay Michael. Tammy it is your turn.”
said Tracy.

“My name is Tammy and I'm schizo-
affective. I'm here because my family put
me here.” said Tammy.

“I'm Cheryl. I have schizophrenia and I'm
struggling with addiction.” said Cheryl.

“Thank you very much Cheryl. Thank you
everyone for sharing.” said the doctor.

“Does anyone have any concerns?” asked
Mary.

No one said anything.

“Good then lets get started. We all need to
follow a wellness plan to make a strong
recovery.” she said.

She continued talking for about half an
hour. She talked about all kinds of bullshit.
Finally she was finished.

“Does anyone have any questions?” she
asked.

“No.” said Jeffery.

I still couldn't figure out why I was here. Everyone got up to leave. So did I. I had finished my coffee so I threw it in the garbage.

Stacy was getting ready to leave so I stopped her.

“I need to talk to you. I can't remember why I am here.” I said.

“Okay Michael. You're here because the police brought you here.” she said.

“The police?” I questioned.

“Yes the police Michael. Don't you remember?”

“No I don't.”

“Well lets take a look at your chart then.”

“Okay.”

“Come follow me to the office.” she said.

So I did just that. I followed her down the hall to the office. She pulled out a key and opened the door. We went inside. She pulled out my chart. She thumbed through the pages.

“Here it is you were admitted two days ago. The police brought you here. Don't

you remember?" she asked.

I tried to think. Then suddenly I was able to remember. It all came to me then. I remembered.

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I was in my apartment. I started to get bored. Like really fucking bored. So I smoked some grass. I smoked a lot. I had the stereo pumping. Several joints later I got horny. So I started to masturbate. Only it wasn't doing it for me. So I did up my pants and left.

I went outside and walked down the street. I was feeling really crazy. Like really fucking crazy. I walked for a while. Then I passed by this restaurant.

Inside was the most beautiful woman. She was almost thirty. She had long dark hair. Full breasts. She was wearing a skirt. Tight shirt. She was just gorgeous.

I got so horny. So I pulled out my dick and started to masturbate. It was going well

too. I loved the rush of it. The thrill of the risk.

So there I was. In the middle of the street whacking it. I was close to finished. Just thinking about the waitress had me turned on.

Then it happened. She noticed me. She looked out the window. Then she froze up. She stared at me. I didn't stop though. I just kept on going. Then she ran. She ran into the back room. Then she came outside. I was pleased to see her. Who wouldn't be?

“The police have been called.” she said.

“The police?” I said.

“Who the fuck cares.” I thought.

Then she ran back into the restaurant. That was enough for me. I went right there all over the sidewalk. Having been finished I did up my pants and started to leave.

“Thank you.” I said.

Then I went home to have some tea. Tea seemed like a good idea. As I walked home I could hear sirens. The piggies. Coming to get me. They were not going to though.

I arrived back at my apartment. It took about fifteen minutes to walk home. I liked what I had done. I had fun.

So I went back to listening to music and smoking pot. The tea was good. Nice and warm.

So there I was chilling when there was a knock at my door.

“Police.” they said.

“The police?” I thought.

That was fucked. I froze up for a minute. I didn't know what to do. So I opened the door. There was no point going out the window. It was too far of a drop.

I opened the door. He rushed me. He tried to grab me. Only I broke free. I ran out of

the building and then onto the street.

“My name is Constable Smith. You're under arrest.” he called out.

It was no use. He caught up to me. He grabbed me and jumped on top of me. I fell to the ground and hit my head. He handcuffed me. Then he dragged me back to his car. Then he put me in the backseat and closed the door. I was taken to the station. They put me in a jail cell. I was given no food. No phone call. Nothing.

Then he showed up at my cell. I wanted to strangle him. The cuffs were now removed.

“We've decided you're crazy. There's something wrong with you. We're not gonna press any charges. Instead we're going to take you to the hospital. Okay.” he said.

“Okay.” I said.

I didn't really care. Oh well.

“Listen don't be masturbating in public.

That's not right.” he said.

“Okay.” I said.

He was right too. I knew I had done wrong. I looked at the floor. He stood there for a moment staring at me.

“We'll be back to get you soon.” he said.

Then he left. They returned though. An hour later they came and got me. Then they loaded me into a car and took me to the hospital. So that is how I got here. I couldn't remember before. Now I do.

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“It says you committed indecent exposure Michael. And you were found to be manic.” said Stacy.

She was so beautiful.

“Oh.” I said.

“Well don't you remember Michael?” she asked.

“Yeah I suppose I do. I guess that's what happened. I think I hit my head.” I said.

“Well lets give you an X-ray then. That and we'll have the doctor check you out.” she said.

THE END