

SOUL ASYLUM

JACK WILLIAMS



First Edition

Soul Asylum

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This is a Work of Fiction

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Brad was manic. Just fucked right up. He had had enough of life. He was so depressed. He was piss drunk. That was all he could take. Everyone was against him. So he wrapped a belt around his neck. Then he wedged it in the door and hung himself. He died. But existence was not over. Not for this piece of shit. This miserable piece of shit.

He awoke. He was standing in some type of building. There was people all around. They were making quite a bit of noise. Some were playing cards. Some were playing games.

He was just standing there. He was not even sure how he got there. He didn't know what to do. He was lost. Completely lost.

“What the fuck?” he thought.

That was when she approached him. She was pretty. Probably in her twenties. She came right up to him and started to talk.

“Hi Bradley. Welcome to the Soul Asylum.

It will be your new home. You're dead now.”

“I'm dead?” said Brad.

That was bizarre. It was fucked up. He didn't know what to think. She said he was dead. How could that be? His memory failed him.

“Yes you're dead Brad. I hope it doesn't come as too much of a shock for you. This will be your new home. You'll live here from now on. You killed yourself you know. We've determined that you are not all there. You've got some problems. That is why you'll live here in the Soul Asylum. It is part of heaven. In a minute you can meet everyone. They will be your new friends.” she said.

“My new friends?” he said.

He did not know what to say. He was not sure he wanted any new friends. He did not have many when he was alive. This was fucked up. Really fucked up. He couldn't believe this. He was dead. Suicide. He didn't really remember. He couldn't really remember what he was

doing before he got here.

“What was I doing?” he thought.

She continued to talk.

“Yes your new friends. By the way my name is Courtney. I am an angel. I will be taking care of you here in the Soul Asylum.”

“Well what am I supposed to do?” asked Brad.

“Well in a minute I'll show you your room. That is where you will sleep. Then you can spend the day here in the dayroom.” she said.

“Oh.” said Brad.

He didn't know what to think. This was fucked up. The Soul Asylum? What the fuck is the Soul Asylum? He thought it was a band. He kind of wanted to leave. He wanted to go somewhere else. He wanted to be fucked up. He had a substance abuse problem. He was quite the addict. The Soul Asylum. That was far out. He didn't even know that he had a soul.

“I have a soul?” thought Brad.

“So lets go take a look at your room Brad.” said Courtney.

She began to walk across the room. Brad just stood there. Frozen in place.

“Come on Brad. This way.” she said.

She motioned for him to follow. So he did. They walked down the hall to a set of doors.

“This room will be yours. It is number three. Frank will be your roommate okay.”
“Okay.” said Brad.

She opened the door and they went inside. It was a small room with two beds and a desk. A large man was sitting on one of the beds. He looked at them.

“Brad this is Frank. Frank this is Brad. He'll be your new roommate. Okay Frank.” said Courtney.

“Okay. Pleased to meet you. I am Sir Frank.”

“Hi.” said Brad.

This was fucked. He didn't want to share a room with this loonie. The guy looked fucked up. Just fucked right up.

“Okay so lets go meet everyone and show you the dayroom.” said Courtney.

“Okay.” said Brad.

He wanted to leave.

“What the fuck am I doing?” he thought.

They left the room and closed the door. They left Frank behind. They went back down the hall to the dayroom. It was packed. It was noisy.

“So lets meet everyone.” said Courtney.

They walked up to a brown haired woman. She was sitting. She was sulking. She looked sad.

“Hello Stacy. This is Brad. Why don't you say hello.” said Courtney.

“Hi.” said Brad.”

The woman looked like a lunatic.

“You took my baby.” said the woman.

Then she shouted. “Help! He took my baby.”

“No Stacy. You don't have a baby.” said Courtney.

“Yes I do. Someone stole it. I need my baby or I will die.” said Stacy.

“Lets go say hello to someone else. Goodbye Stacy.” said Courtney.

“Bye.” said Brad.

He felt sad. Sad for the woman. She was messed up. They walked over to another woman. She was blond. She was sitting in a chair. She was pretty.

“Hi Tracy this is Brad.” said Courtney.

“Hi Brad. Welcome to school. I'll be the teacher okay.” said the woman.

“Okay. Hi.” said Brad.

He didn't know what to say. They walked over to another woman. She was building

a jigsaw puzzle. She was older. Older than the other two.

“Hi Tammy.” said Courtney.

“He stole my underwear.” said the woman Tammy.

“No he didn't steal your underwear Tammy. This is Brad. I want you to meet him. Okay.” said Courtney.

“Hi.” said Brad.

“Fuck you.” hissed Tammy.

They left and walked over to a couch. A man was sprawled out across it.

“Hi John.” said Courtney.

“Go away.” said the man.

“This is Brad John. He is going to live here now.” said Courtney.

“Walk a mile in my shoes.” said the man.

“Hi.” said Brad.

Brad started to think that this was not working out. Something was wrong with these people. He didn't steal Tammie's underwear.

A TV was playing nearby. It had no sound.

An old woman was watching it. They walked over and approached her. She looked at them.

“Are you my Mommy?” asked the woman.

“No. This is Brad Mary. Say hello.” said Courtney.

“Hi.” said Brad.

“Hi.” said Mary.

Then they walked over to two men playing board games.

“This is Brad guys. This is Raphael and this is Al.” said Courtney.

“Hi.” said Brad

“Don't steal my checkers.” said Raphael.

“Type in your name when you leave.” said Al.

They were fucked. They were all fucking morons. Fucked up morons. Brad felt out of place. He wanted to leave.

“Well we'll leave you guys to it. Okay.” said Courtney.

“Yeah fuck off.” said Raphael.

“Don't swear.” said Courtney.

Then they walked over to a man who was pacing. They walked up to him.

“Hi.” said Courtney.

“Hi.” said the man.

“Viktor this is Brad. Brad this is Viktor. Say hello.” said Courtney.

“Hello.” said Brad.

“Wanna buy some smokes?” asked the man.

“Now Viktor you know there is no smoking.” said Courtney.

There was another man pacing. They approached him.

“Vincent this is Brad. Brad this is Vincent. Say hello.” said Courtney.

“Whats up?” said Vincent.

“Nothing. Hi.” said Brad.

“So how are things going?” asked Courtney.

“We need to fix the roof. It is leaking.” said Vincent.

“Yes okay Vinny.” said Courtney.

Then they walked over to a man who was playing solitaire.

“Alfredo this is Brad. Brad this is Alfredo. Say hello.”

“Hello.” said Brad.

“Do you wanna play canasta?” asked the man.

“No thanks.” said Brad.

He didn't either. He wasn't even sure how to play canasta. He fucking hated cards. They were boring. Then they walked over to a couple. A man and woman were sitting on the ground cuddling.

“This is Billy and Lisa.” said Courtney.

“Hi.” said Brad.

“Hi.” they said.

“This is Brad.” said Courtney.

“Wanna smoke some rock?” asked Billy.

“No thanks.” said Brad.

He didn't like crack. It was bad stuff.

“I want to be with you.” said Lisa.

“Okay.” said Brad.

She didn't look all that bad.

“Voulez-vous avec moi, ce soir?” asked Lisa.

“I don't speak french.” said Brad.

“Never mind.” said Billy.

“You two be good.” said Courtney.

They left. They had almost done the entire room. Only a few were left. They walked up to a man. He was old. He was wearing a suit.

“This is George.” Courtney said to Brad.

“Hi.” said Brad.

“George this is Brad. Say hello.”

“Did you know I'm President of the United States of America?” said George.

“Okay.” said Brad.

That was fucked. Brad started to think about it. He was the President. That was fucked. They walked over to another man. He was pacing. He looked angry.

“Brad this is Mike. Mike this is Brad.” said Courtney.

“I'm stuck here.” said Mike.

“Okay I'm stuck too. Hi.” said Brad.

Another man was pacing nearby. They went up to him. He noticed them coming.

“I'm the devil!” he shouted.

He looked distraught.

“Brad this is Matthew. Matthew this is Brad. Say hello.” said Courtney.

“Fuck you.” said Matthew.

“Hi.” said Brad.

He seemed angry so they left and went across the room. There was only two left. They walked up to a man sitting. He looked just like Brad.

“Hi Rudy this is Brad. Brad this is Rudy. Say hi.” said Courtney.

“My name is Brad. I killed myself.” said Rudy.

“Hi.” said Brad.

There was only one left. They approached him.

“Glenn this is Brad. Brad this is Glenn. Why don't you say hello.” said Courtney.
“I died huffing gas.” said the man.
“Hi.” said Brad.

“These people are fucked up.” thought Brad.

“Hey we can read your mind you know.” said Courtney.

THE END



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