

WELLNESS PLAN

JACK WILLIAMS



First Edition

Wellness Plan

By: Jack Williams

Published By: Jack Williams Writing

www.jack-williams-writing.weebly.com

Email Author: jw6517238@gmail.com

This is a Work of Fiction

Android App – JWW Books

“Is this the afterlife?” thought Mike.

He was fishing on a small bay. It was sublime. The sun reflected off of the water in the most beautiful and brilliant way. It was majestic. He had not had a bite all day. He did not care. He was alone. Alone with his thoughts. Birds could be heard chirping. It was just the most beautiful day.

Then the bobber moved. He had a bite. He began to reel it in. Then the line broke. It got away. It was the one that got away. Mike didn't mind.

He decided he would quit fishing for the day. He was hungry. It was time to go home and eat. But what? Tuna? Chicken? He was not sure.

He reeled in the line and got his gear ready for the walk home.

“I'm gonna live forever.” he thought.

He began the walk home. His gear was not heavy. That's when the stress began. The

stress of being in society. It was gone while he was at the lake. And with the stress came the voices. It was usually a conversation. Sometimes they were commands. Commands to do stuff. And they would not let up. The commands had to be followed. The voices insisted. He liked it when they were friendly. The voices were entertaining then. But when they were commanding they were the most unfriendly thing in the world.

They started up. They were being friendly. They started talking about the fish. The fish were not biting. At least not enough.

Michael had schizophrenia. It was rough. It started when he was twenty. It started off as a severe illness. It disabled him. He did not work. He did not want to. It just seemed like too much trouble.

He was walking down the trail home.

“What is going to happen next?” he thought.

He felt like he could predict the future. He

did sometimes. Sometimes.

Every time he walked through the forest he wondered if he was going to be attacked by a snake. He was afraid of snakes. Very afraid of snakes. He knew there was none. But for some reason he believed they were lurking in the bushes anyway. Delusion. It was a delusion. He knew that. It did not matter. He did not care.

Anyway he would not be killed today. God was smiling down upon him. God loved him. God loved him more than other people. He knew it.

“What about the snake?” he thought.

In reality there was no dangerous snakes. It was Canada. He loved Canada. Loved it very much.

He needed a shower. All day in the hot sun had made him sweaty. After he ate he was going to take a shower. At home. Home sweet home.

He arrived. He had a small home. He rented it. He went inside. He left his fishing gear at the door. It lay there in a heap. He kicked off his shoes and went for the kitchen. Tuna. He was going to have tuna.

He got a can and opened it. It smelled good. He made a tuna sandwich. He chowed down. It was fucking good. Now that he had eaten it he headed for the shower. He undressed and hopped in. The water was tepid. He did not want it too hot. He was already hot enough. It was a hot day. He took a shower and hummed all the while.

The voices were narrating his every action. Eating the sandwich. Taking the shower. He was used to it. He just blocked it out. The voices were always chattering on and on. He got out of the shower and toweled himself off. Then he got dressed and checked his appearance in the mirror. He didn't like his appearance. Something was wrong with him. He did not like his hair. He just couldn't get it right. Other people did. Somehow hair worked for

them.

“But not for me.” thought Mike.

His hair was brown. It always looked kind of greasy. Even after he showered like he just had.

Just then the phone rang. He went and got it.

“Hello.” said Mike.

“Hi. I'm Cindy I'm with mental health. Is Michael Home?” said the woman.

“Yes this is.”

“Mike I wanted to have a meeting with you. Can you come down tomorrow at ten AM?”

“Sure. What is it about?”

He took part in the mental health thing. Why not they were trying to help him? After all he did have schizophrenia.

“Well we have an opportunity for you. We want to develop a wellness plan for you. It shouldn't take more than an hour. Okay.” said the woman Cindy.

“Okay. I'll be there at ten AM tomorrow.”
said Mike.

“Okay. See you then Michael.”

“Goodbye.”

Then he hung up the phone. He went and sat on the couch.

“It's too bad that I didn't catch a fish.” he thought.

He turned on the stereo. It had a remote. The music began pumping. It was fucking good. He lit a joint. It was splendid. Just a splendid day. He puffed away at the joint. The weed had him intoxicated. The music was just the best thing. He was loving this day. Tomorrow he would go to mental health. Tomorrow was a Friday. The end of the work week. But not for him. He didn't work. And he liked it that way. He finished the spliff. Then he got up and put away the fishing gear. He was bored. He went back to the living room and sat on the couch. He listened to the stereo. The voices continued to narrate. They spoke of him. They were inside his head. They were not going to leave either. They just

appeared inside his mind at age twenty. Then they never left. They always had something to say. This or that. The voices.

He laid down on the couch. He listened to the music. He listened to the voices. He was used to it by now.

“Mike is my name.” he thought.

Yes Mike was his name.

Hours passed. He was stoned. Stoned out of his tree. He eventually fell asleep. There he lay on the couch. Snoring. He snored loud. He slept all night. The morning came. He awoke. He got up and checked the clock. Nine AM.

“Time to go.” he thought.

He got on his shoes. Then he walked out the door and locked it behind him. He headed off in the direction of Mental Health on foot. It was time for his appointment. His wellness plan. He trotted along. Happy as ever. The birds were singing. It wasn't a far walk. Not at all.

He arrived. It wasn't a big building. He went inside and approached the secretary.

"I'm here for my ten o'clock appointment." said Mike.

"Your name?" asked the secretary.

"Michael."

"Okay. I'm Tracy. It will just be a minute."

"Okay." said Mike.

"You can have a seat if you want." said Tracy.

So he did that. He sat down on the chair. It was a nice waiting room. Fancy. Nice furniture. There was a lot of pamphlets and magazines.

He waited and twiddled his thumbs. The wait was not long. A woman came out of the offices and greeted him.

"I'm Cindy." she said.

"Hi glad to meet you." said Mike.

"Lets go to my office and work out your wellness plan Michael."

"Okay." he said.

They did just that. They went to her office and entered.

“Have a seat Michael.” she said.

“Okay.” he said.

They both sat. It was a nice office. There was a computer. Flowers. File cabinet. They sat in silence for a moment.

“So Michael. How is your illness?” she asked.

“Good. I'm doing well.” he said.

“No suicidal thoughts I hope.”

“No. I am well.”

“Good I want to discuss a wellness plan for you. The opportunity has come up for a chance for you to meet with a peer support specialist. You would meet once a week and have coffee or go for a walk or something. If you agree to it I'll give your phone number to him and the two of you can begin meeting this week. His name is Matthew and he is bi-polar. He knows a lot. He is ten years older than you and he has been around the block. Meeting with him might help you cope with your illness. Having a peer support specialist will help

you to relate to other people. It will give you someone else with an illness like yours to lean on for support. The two of you can stay in touch by phone. Then anytime you need support you just give Matthew a call. Do you want to join the program Michael?"

"Okay sure. I could always use a new friend." said Mike.

"Okay there is a form to fill out. Then I'll give your number to Matthew and he'll call you to have your first meeting."

She pulled out a form from a stack of papers. Then she handed it to Mike. He looked at it.

"Okay here is a pen Michael. Make sure you fill it out completely." she said.

"Okay." said Mike.

He took the pen. Then he got to work filling out the form. It was basic info. Name. Age. Address. Phone number. He finished. It only took a couple of minutes.

He was eager to meet his new friend. Matthew. 'M' just like his name Michael.

'M' and 'M'.

He handed her back the form.

“So is there anything else I can do for you Michael. How are you getting by?”

“Oh just fine.” said Mike.

“Well good. If you have any concerns make sure you call us. Okay Michael. So we'll be in touch.”

“Okay. See you later.” said Mike.

“Goodbye Michael.”

Then he got up and left the office.

“See you.” said the secretary.

“Goodbye.” said Mike.

Then he left the building and walked home. The voices began to bother him. It was brought on by the stress. They talked about what had happened. They had a discussion. Then they asked him what he thought of Matthew.

“I don't know.” he said to the voices.

He was crazy. Fucked up. He had 'phrenia.

He reached his house. He went in and kicked off his shoes.

“What to do today?” he thought.

It was a good question. He had all day. He should do something. So he smoked a joint. He went into the living room and rolled one up. Then he lit it and puffed away. He got really fucked up. High. He sat there on the couch talking to himself. He was really intoxicated. The weed was good. He usually got good weed. When he could.

The day flew by. He did not go fishing. He just sat there and hung out. He thought of Matthew. A peer support specialist.

Did he really want to meet this guy?

He was not sure. It looked like he was going to. He smoked another joint. He was fried when it was finished. He felt incapacitated. He felt alone. He felt too paranoid to go outside. Out there was people. People with lives. People with

eyes. People with homes. People with cars.

His voices were still talking. They were telling him things. All kinds of things. He felt like an angel. A saint. A saint looking over the world. Saint Michael.

“I am a good guy.” he thought.

Yes Mike was a good guy. His eyes were transfixed on the wall. He felt hypnotized.

The stereo was blasting. Then it happened. The phone rang.

“Should I answer it.” thought Mike.

So he did. He got up and went and answered the phone.

“Hello.” he said.

“Hi is Michael there.” said the man.

“Yes this is.” said Mike.

“Hi I'm Matt. I'm your peer support specialist. Are you ready to meet me?”

“Sure.”

“Good. Because I'd like to meet tomorrow.

Let's meet and have a coffee. Then we can talk about your life and get to know each other. How does that sound?"

"Good."

"Well good. I'm glad. What are your plans tomorrow?"

"I'm free all day."

He was free all day. He did nothing but fish and smoke dope. He liked it that way. It was good. It wouldn't even matter to the world whether or not Michael existed. He was oblivious to the world.

"Good let's meet at Angela's Restaurant. Then we can have a coffee and get to know each other. Do you know where Angela's is. It is on Main downtown." said Matt.

"Yep I know where it is. What time?"

"Noon. Is that good for you?"

"Okay noon. See you then."

"Okay goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Then Mike hung up the phone. So tomorrow was the day. The day to meet

Matthew. A coffee. Have a coffee. That sounded good. Mike liked coffee. He liked it so much he decided he would have one right then. He brewed some coffee and had a mug. It smelled great. Mountain Roast. He liked Mountain Roast. It was the best thing. He went back to the living room and gulped down the coffee while listening to the stereo. He quite liked music. He liked it a lot. He rolled up another joint. Then he got blazed. He liked it. It was fucking good. He had quite a bit of time until his meeting with Matthew. He thought about going fishing. He was too paranoid. Too fucked up to go outside. He didn't want to be seen by people. They made him afraid. They made him anxious. And his hair. He looked fucked up. At least he thought so. His teeth were yellow too. He never really brushed them. Who cared? He certainly didn't. Not at all. He felt like watching Star Trek. Only it was not on. It was only on in the middle of the night. He loved Star Trek. He thought it was fucking cool. Star Trek was cool. Really fucking cool. He loved listening to the stereo. The beats were supreme. It was the shit. He was high as fuck. So he decided he would play

video games. He turned on the xbox and kept the sound down. The day flew by while he fragged baddies on xbox. He kept on smoking pot. It was good. Good shit. As the day got later he started to fall asleep. So he did just that. He fell asleep on the couch with the TV and the stereo playing.

The next thing he knew it was morning. Early. Six AM. He got up and went to take a shower. A nice hot shower. Soon it would be time to meet with Matthew. To meet at Angela's. To have coffee. Coffee would be nice. After he got out of the shower he decided to have one.

He got dressed and made a java. Mountain Roast. Then he decided that when he was finished with Matthew he would go fishing. Smoke pot and fish. The perfect plan. The perfect combination. He loved the idea. He sat in the living room sipping his coffee. Then he rolled up a spliff. It was good. He got baked. It was superb. Time flew by. He did not feel that paranoid. He definitely felt good enough to go to Angela's to have coffee with

Matthew. What would they talk about?

“Do I wanna talk? Do I want to talk to him?” thought Mike.

He decided yes.

Michael did not have many friends. He felt alone. He was most of the time. He had thought about getting a dog or cat. It just seemed like too much trouble. He liked cats. He liked dogs. He liked dogs very much.

Eleven AM arrived. Michael headed out the door towards Angela's. It was downtown. Not a far walk. He chatted with the voices as he strolled along. It was a beautiful day. The music still played on in his brain.

He arrived. Downtown. Angela's was a nice restaurant with a patio. He strolled on up and went inside. There wasn't any men sitting alone. Matthew must not be here yet. So he got a table on the patio and sat down to wait for Matthew.

The waitress took his order. He got an Americano. He loved that. Angela's made it well. They made everything well. He considered ordering food. He did not want to pay for it though. He wasn't rich. Not at all.

His 'phrenia barely existed now. It came and went. And now it was not acting up.

One of the voices asked. "When will Matthew get here?"

"I don't know. Noon." replied Mike.

He sipped away at his coffee. Time was ticking away. Soon Matthew would arrive. What would happen? No one knew.

Then a man walked up to him. He had short cut brown hair. He wore glasses.

"Are you Michael?" he asked.

"Yes. Yes I am. Come have a seat Matthew." said Mike.

The man obliged. He sat down at the table on Angela's patio.

“So pleased to meet you Michael. I'm Matt. I'll be your peer support specialist. I hope I can help you and be an excellent source of support for you.”

“Okay. That sounds good. What will you have?” asked Mike.

“Oh. I'll have a coffee.”

“Waitress.” called out Mike.

She noticed and came over. She pulled out a notepad and pen from her apron.

“Coffee please. No sugar. Two creams.” said Matt.

“Coming right up.” said the waitress.

Then she left to get his coffee.

“So how has life been treating you?” asked Matt.

“Good. I go fishing a lot.”

“Oh. You don't work right?”

“No. Not for a long time. I don't like to I just like to chill.” said Mike.

“I don't work either. I just started being a peer support specialist last year.”

“And you don't get paid?” asked Mike.

“No I just volunteer. I like to help people.

I just like to help.” said Matt.

“Well where are you from?” asked Mike.

“Toronto.” said Matt.

“Oh. I'm from TO too.”

“I don't like it though. It is too big. Too big and too hot.” said Matt.

“Yeah I feel the same. I'm glad I don't live there.”

“So where do you fish?” asked Matt.

“Lake Ontario. Right down by the harbor.” said Mike.

“Oh well that's nice. Do you catch a lot?”

“No. Not really.”

“Do you eat them?”

“Sometimes. Depends on what it is. I don't eat snake heads that's for sure.”

“No. Who would?”

“What do you do with your time?” asked Mike.

“I write. I write books. I'm self published. I sell them on the internet.”

“Well what kinds of books are they?” said Mike.

“Science fiction mostly. Some other stuff.” said Matt.

“Well how much are they?”

“About ten bucks each.” said Matt.

“Well do you make a lot of money?”

“Not really. I just do it for fun.” said Matt.

Michael wondered what was up with this guy. He volunteered. He wrote books. He was a fucking nerd. A real fucking nerd.

“So what do you do as a peer support specialist?” asked Mike.

His coffee arrived.

He said “Thanks” to the waitress.

“A peer support specialist does a lot. Mainly I'll meet with you each week and see how you're doing. And if you need any help you can call me and I'll do anything I can to help you.” he said.

“Oh.” said Mike.

He was not sure what he should think. He was not sure what to say. He was not used to people helping him. He didn't really have any family.

“Well thanks a lot.” he said.

“Don't worry about it. It's my job. Well my volunteer job.” said Matt.

They continued to talk. About an hour went by then Matt gave Michael his number.

“Call me anytime you need help Mike.” he said.

“Okay I will.” said Mike.

“So lets meet next Saturday at noon. Is that okay?” said Matt.

“Yep. That will be fine. I'll see you then.”

“Yes. We will meet back here at Angela's.” said Matt.

“Okay well I'll see you later.”

Mike got up and left. He had already finished his Americano.

“Call me if you need help.” said Matt.

Mike then headed home. Time to get stoned. Then go fishing. He couldn't wait.

He walked at a brisk pace. It was a beautiful day. He enjoyed the walk. As he walked he checked out the women in their summer clothes. One was sunbathing on her lawn in a bikini. She was hot.

Mike arrived home. He went inside and pondered the talk with Matthew. It had gone well. Very well. So he had a new friend. A friend to look out for him. He knew that he really didn't need that. He could look out for himself just fine.

He sat down on the couch and rolled up a joint. After lighting it a voice spoke to him.

“Let's kill Matthew.”

He laughed. It seemed funny to him. The voices were sometimes funny. This was a command though. He wondered if he should follow it. Kill Matthew. That seemed like a bad idea. He had always wanted to kill someone though. It would be justified if he was conspiring. That was one thing Mike hated. Conspirators. Conspirators were fucked up. Fucked right up. His family used to conspire against him. They were gone now. All gone. They lived in a different country.

He decided it was time to eat lunch. So he

fixed something up. Chicken and veggies. It was good. He had been hungry ever since Angela's. Nice restaurants made him hungry. Why not? They served good food.

Eating killed his buzz. So he rolled up another joint. It got him fucked up. He wondered if he was too fucked up to go fishing.

“No way.” he thought.

He was going no matter what. He loved fishing. It just felt great to do something. He felt like a skilled individual for being able to catch a fish. And he was. Sometimes he ate them. The fish were waiting down at Lake Ontario. His favorite place to be. It was Saturday. Most likely there would be people at the lake. There was always on the weekend.

The weed had him tripping. The voices were babbling to him. They were obsessed with Matthew. They kept talking about him. They wanted something. They wanted to kill him. But why? No one knew for sure. The voices just decided

things on their own. No one knew why.

“Let's kill Matthew.” they kept saying.

But of course Michael would never do that. Matthew was innocent. He was a good guy. A good guy who was there to support Michael. Mike as he liked to be called.

He had had enough weed. And he had thought enough too. It was time to go fishing.

He got his gear and put his shoes on. Then he set out for the lake.

When he arrived it was packed. There were people everywhere. People and geese. People feeding the geese. People playing frisbee. People flying kites. People having a barbecue. People having a picnic.

He felt so paranoid. Weed did that. Made him fucked up and paranoid. He liked it though. It was something to do. And he liked to do things.

He found a nice place down by the shore and set his gear down. He got the rod and prepared the lure. The line would not break this time. Not a chance. He knew he would catch something. Then he would feel skilled. He might even eat the fish. He sat down on a rock and cast his line. The voices narrated. They had stopped talking about Matthew. They were now talking about fishing. The voices liked fishing. They liked it a lot.

“No fishing. Let's call Matthew.” said the voice.

“No. I'm fishing.” thought Mike.

“Yes. Stop fishing and let's call Matthew.” said the voice.

“No. Why? Why call him?” thought Mike.

“Because we have to kill him. He is against us. He is spying on us.” said the voice.

“He is not.” thought Mike.

But he could tell he was getting more sick. A relapse. He started to imagine that Matthew was really against him. That maybe Matthew was a spy. A spy for the mental health people.

“They are all against me.” he thought.

They weren't. But Michael couldn't see reality. He had 'phrenia. And it looked like today was going to be a bad day.

He continued fishing. No bites yet. The voices continued to talk. They dragged on. They wanted Matthew dead. They were not happy. He liked it when they were happy. Then they were nice. Nice voices. Nice day. It was a nice day. So why did Michael feel so sick. Maybe it was the pot. Maybe it was just his brain chemistry. Something was wrong with his brain. He should seek help. But from who? From Matthew? From mental health? From crisis services? From the police? He hated the police. He definitely didn't want to see them.

Then he decided he was going to call

Matthew. Call him and see what was up with him. Invite him fishing. Why not? Mike had nothing to lose. He felt alone. Alone and crazy. His illness was so debilitating. It had almost taken his whole life. Little did he know that it was going to take a life for real. Matthews. Matty's life. Matt was going to fucking die. He had decided it. He was sure. Truly sure. But could he really do this. Murder? Michael was like a gentle giant. He was not a murderer.

He reeled in his line and packed the rod up. Then he got his gear ready and walked home. The voices chattered on the whole way back. They said all kinds of things.

“Kill Matthew.” they repeated.

He felt lost. Lost in the confusion. The voices had him overwhelmed. They had such power over him. And they wanted something. They wanted Matthew dead. Dead.

He arrived home. He went inside and set his gear down. He didn't take his shoes off.

He went right to the phone. He wanted to do this shit. He felt hyped. He couldn't take the paranoia anymore. It had complete control over him.

He dialed Matthew. Was it a cellphone? He was not sure. Hopefully Matt would answer so that he could take care of this. It was ringing. Someone answered.

“Hello.”

“Hi Matthew.”

“Yes this is.”

“Hi it's Mike. Listen I really could use your help. I'm not feeling good. Can you come over and meet me. I think I need help. I think I'm having a relapse. I feel suicidal. Something is wrong with my brain.” said Mike.

“Well that is a lot to say Mike. Have you considered calling crisis services?” asked Matt.

“Yes. But I don't want to. I think I just need someone to talk too. Can you come over and meet me? We could have a beer together. How does that sound?” said Mike.

“Well you shouldn't be drinking Mike. Not

at a time like this. Have you taken any drugs today?" asked Matt.

"Yes I smoked some pot." said Mike.

"Well that is not good Mike. Did you take your medication?"

"Yes of course. I always do."

"But you're still sick huh. Well I'll come over and see if I can help you Mike. Where do you live? I didn't get your address."

"Thirty five Newport."

"Okay Newport. I think I know where that is. Listen I'll be right over. Don't do anything while your waiting. You just sit down and wait for me. And don't take anymore drugs either."

"Okay I won't. I'll wait for you. How long do you think you will be?"

"Well I'll probably be about an hour. Okay so see you then Mike."

"Okay see you later." said Mike.

Then he hung up the phone. He went to the living room then lit up a joint. The pot was good. He was fucked up. He kept on thinking about how Matt was against him. He was too. He knew it. Peer support specialist. That was fucking bullshit. He

knew it too. Fucking bullshit.

What Mike planned on doing was this: Get Matt to come inside. Then get him to come downstairs. Then when his back was turned he was going to strangle him to death. Strangle that fucker for conspiring against him. He hated conspirators. Especially ones that pretended to be peer support specialists. He was going to do it. Kill Matthew. But what about the body. The best thing to do would be to drop it in the lake.

Time passed. It had been about an hour. Then there was a knock at the door. Mike got up and answered it. It was Matt.

“Hi.” said Matt.

“Hi.” said Mike.

“So your not doing so well are you. You seemed fine earlier.”

“Yes and I did feel fine. Now I don't feel so good. I'm hearing a lot of voices. They keep on telling me things.” said Mike.

“Oh well I don't know how I can help you. Maybe you should go to the hospital.” said Matt.

Mike didn't know what to say. He knew one thing. He had to kill Matthew. The voices demanded it. Their demands had to be met. He had to do what the voices told him. He felt compelled to. He was really fucked up off the pot. He was fried. His paranoia was through the roof. He figured he could do this though. Kill Matthew. He was really going to do it.

They were both standing in the foyer. All he had to do was get him in the basement. Then strangle him to death. Then cut up the body into sections and put it in bags. Then take the bags to the lake and weight them down with rocks. Then just toss them in. No one would ever find them.

“Come have a seat in the living room.” said Mike.

“Okay sure.” said Matt.

They both walked into the living room. It stank of marijuana.

“Have you been smoking up?” asked Matt.

“Yeah just a little.” said Mike.

“Well that might be part of the problem. Weed can have a negative effect on the way we think Mike.” said Matt.

They both sat. Mike on the couch. Matt on the chair.

“Do you want to listen to some music?” asked Mike.

“Sure if you want.” said Matt.

So Mike turned on the stereo. The volume was cranked right up. He adjusted it and turned it down to a desirable level.

“There how's that?” asked Mike.

“Good I like the music Mike. I like the stones.” said Matt.

“Good. They're pretty good. I've got four albums.” said Mike.

“Four 'eh. That's pretty good Mike. So how can I help you today. What's really bothering you?”

“I'm not sure. It's complicated. Tell me more about the books you write. What is the name of the one you are writing now?”asked Mike.

“The becoming. It's a novel. Science

Fiction. I don't know if you would like it. Maybe. I guess you might. When did you start feeling ill Michael?" said Matt.

"Mike. Call me Mike. And I started feeling ill after our coffee. I went fishing and I just lost my mind." said Mike.

Mike had lost his mind. He felt like he was in prison. A psychic prison. A prison that he built. And it was all connected to Matthew. He was the cause of the paranoia. He was the wrong doer. He was the evil one. And Mike was going to take care of it. Take care of it indeed. It was about to happen. He could feel it.

"Well tell me more about the voices Mike. What kinds of things have they been saying to you? Are they telling you to harm yourself? Are they telling you to harm other people?"

"No it's hard to say what they say. I'm not sure I feel comfortable."

"Well don't feel uncomfortable Mike. I'll understand. You know I'm bi-polar. I've heard voices too. When I was younger I was so ill I could barely even function. I used to get so angry. I got in trouble with

the law too. I also did my share of drugs. I even tried cocaine. Yep I used to get high. There's nothing you could tell me that I wouldn't understand.” said Matt.

Mike had had enough of the talking. It was time to do this thing. It was time to kill Matthew.

“So lure him into the basement.” thought Mike.

And he did just that.

“Do you want to see my record collection?” asked Mike.

“Okay sure.” said Matt.

“Well it's downstairs. Lets go have a look.” said Mike.

Then he got up and stood for a moment. Matt followed and stood up.

“Lets go have a look Mike.” said Matt.

“Okay lets go.” said Mike.

They walked out into the hall and went through a door and down the stairs. They

arrived in the basement. Mike turned on the lights. Matt didn't see any records.

“Well where are they?” asked Matt.

That is when Mike pounced.

THE END