

Turned Back

By Wolfen Shadow

DAY 1_1:

A family of three wolves were driving down the road in a minivan. Inside the father, Jared Lexton, and his wife, Sarah, sat smiled at each other as their son, Jack, was rambling on and on about his favorite parts of their vacation. Finally, he concluded by yelling, “This is the best trip ever!”

Sarah laughed, reached back, and patted him on the knee. “Well, I’m glad you liked it. Now get some rest. It’s going to be a long drive to get home.”

“Okay, Mom.” Jack said and then let out a big yawn and leaned against the car door. And within minutes, the kid was asleep.

Jared reached out and grabbed his wife’s hand. “This vacation was just what we needed. To get away from work and all the other stresses. I feel so much better than before.”

Sarah nodded, “I agree. I believe you and Jack are closer now as well.” She sighed. “It’s a shame it couldn’t be for more than a week.”

Jack stroked the fur of her hand gently. “So do I, but I need to get back to work, whether I want to or not.”

“Just promise me that you won’t be so distant like before. Jack needs you in his life. He waits for you to come home every night. Even the times you work really late, he refuses to go to sleep until you step in the door. He loves you very much.”

“I know, honey. I know. I will try my hardest. I’m so close to being promoted. Once I do, everything will become easier. We’ll have more money and I’ll have more time, but to get there, I need to work as hard as I can to be the best.”

Sarah squeezed his hand. “Okay.”

A few moments passed and they both said nothing. Jared could feel the tiredness from their trip, especially from today, slowly creeping in. “Hey, Sarah. Could you find a music station? I’m going to need it to keep myself awake.” He chuckled.

“Yeah, sure thing.” She browsed the stations until she found a song that they knew and kept it there. “Don’t worry, I’ll be awake as well. If I see you drifting off, I’ll make sure to punch you in the ear.”

They both laughed and started singing along with the song.

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One hour later...

Sarah was completely knocked out. So much for staying awake with him. No matter. Jared turned up the radio a bit. It was playing the end of an up-beat country song. However, once it finished, a slow love song came on. Forgetting to change it, he just sat there listening to it in silence. The snores from his son and wife reached his ears, attempting to drag him into the realm

of the unconscious. His eyes drifted to the dashed yellow lines on the road. They kept appearing and disappearing like a flashing light, hypnotizing him.

I need to look away. Exercise my eyes! But he couldn't. Slowly, his eyelids started drooping. No! I need to look away! I need...to look...away...

He found control of himself again, opened his eyes, and bolted upright. He was already standing up strait on a dark-grey rock surface. Fog was everywhere, so thick that he could barely see three feet away. He could not see anything above him, but judging by the darkness, it was either night or he was inside a building. How did he get here? The last thing he remembered was driving down the road, falling asleep...wait, was this a dream?

His thoughts were interrupted by a chilling high-pitched chuckle off to his right. He tried to look for the source, but the fog was just too thick for him to make out anything. "Hello?" Jared called out. "Is anyone there?" The only response was another chuckle, this time to his left. His fur stood up strait along his back as fear began to creep in. He walked in that direction, but he found nothing. Just more flat grey rock.

A breeze blew from behind him, pushing the fog away about twenty feet, but there was still nothing but rock. The chuckle sounded off behind him. Whirling around, he saw a small black-furred pup sitting on the ground a few yards away facing forward with his eyes closed. Based on the ragged state of his fur, Jared guessed that he was homeless. Jared took a few steps toward him, "Hey, kid. Could you tell me your name?"

The kid tilted his head up to face him and opened his eyes. But his eyes were gone, behind his eyelids, was just empty space. Tears of blood flowed down his face.

Jared gasped and took a few steps back. In response, the pup smiled an unnaturally large smile that spread almost to his ears, revealing sharp teeth that seemed too long for his mouth. He let out another chuckle and darted into the fog. *What the hell?* Jared thought. He was trembling all over in fear. There was a scratching sound ahead of him, beyond the wall of fog. Slowly walking backwards, he raised his claws, ready to defend himself if it was necessary.

His back hit the surface of some kind of wall. Turning around, he saw that it was some kind of stone structure, like a wide jagged pillar. When his view reached the top of the formation, the pup appeared. Still wearing that unnatural horrifying smile, he reached behind him and pulled out a large clock about the size of his head. He just held it forward silently for a while and then he winked at Jared. Instantly, the pup let out an ear-piercing laugh.

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Jared's eyes shot open. The loud sound of a truck's horns blared and bright headlights shown into his car. He quickly reached for his steering wheel, but it was way too late. Their two cars collided.

The next moments were a blur. He could hear the sounds of scraping metal, the smell of burnt fur, the splitting pain in his head. He felt some kind of warm liquid running down his face, he was bleeding bad from the top of his head. This blur of sensations seemed to go on for quite a

while until his car door was pulled away. Hands reached in, removed his seatbelt from around him, and pulled him out of the vehicle. As the dragged him out, he turned to look inside. His heart nearly stopped at what he saw. Inside, the passenger seat where his wife was sitting was almost completely crushed, but he could still see what was left of his wife through it. It looked like nearly every bone in her body was broken, her arm that was hanging out was all twisted and jagged with shards of bone showing through the skin. However, the worst part was her head. The ceiling of the car had been smashed down into her skull, shattering it to pieces. Blood and pieces of her brain was scattered everywhere in the car. His stomach turned and he vomited.

He tried to look away from the horrifying sight of his wife's dead and mutilated body, but his eyes wouldn't cooperate. He just sat there staring as the rescuers dragged him out. Finally, the placed Jared on a stretcher and moved him into a truck. He heard a voice call out from near his car, "There's a kid in the back! He's alive, but in critical condition. He needs medical attention now!"

Jared closed his eyes with the slightest feeling of relief. He was devastated by the awful death of his wife, but at least he didn't lose everything. His son still had a chance. The doors to the truck shut and it took off speeding across the road. After just a few minutes, most likely from blood-loss, Jared lost consciousness.

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Jared found himself lying on a soft surface, listening to a soft and relaxing beeping noise. Opening his eyes, he saw that he was in a white room completely white room. He pushed himself up into a sitting position.

A raven dressed white nurse uniform walked in. "Oh, Mr. Lexton, you're awake. Do you feel anything? Any aches or pains anywhere?"

Jared cleared his throat. "I feel a little dizzy, but no pain."

The nurse nodded, "Good. That's just the effects of the painkillers. Anyway, my name is Pam. Is there anything that I can get for you?" She checked the instruments and looked through some papers on a clipboard she was holding.

"Could you tell me how my son is?" He asked hesitantly, fearing what she might say.

She seemed hesitant as well, trying to find the right words. "Your son's condition is critical. He's being operated on right now. A fire started in the car and his whole body burnt very badly. But he is a strong kid. I'm sure he will recover just fine."

Jared scowled at her. "Are you really sure, or are you just saying that for my sake? I want to know the full truth. Will my son live or will he die?"

The nurse ran her hand over the feathers on her neck nervously. "We...don't know. At this point, the doctors are giving him a fifty-fifty chance.

Tears came to Jared's eyes and he laid back down on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. All this was his fault. He could have found a hotel. He could have even pulled over to get some

rest. Because he did not, his wife was dead and his son very well could also. He should be the one dead, not them. "I'd like a while to myself if that's fine." He said to the nurse.

"Okay, no problem." She said with sympathy in her voice. "Just push that red button if you need help. I'll be nearby." She promptly left the room.

Jared closed his eyes, trying to forget all his problems and disappear into his dreams. He managed to drift off within minutes, but when he began dreaming, he immediately wished that he hadn't, because when he opened his eyes in his dream, he was in the empty and dark stone world again, standing face to face with the eyeless pup. He was sitting on the ground with his legs crossed, looking at the large clock in his hands. He had an evil, unnerving smile on his face as he pulled the clock up so Jared could see. He took hold of the hour hand and started moving it backwards.

Jared stood staring at him, not sure what to think. Once he moved it back to the position he wanted, he looked up at him and released a shrieking laugh so loud that Jared had to cover his ears. He dropped to his knees and, trembling, and his vision faded to black.

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DAY 1_2:

Jared's eyes shot open. The loud sound of a truck's horns blared and bright headlights shown into his car. He quickly reached for his steering wheel, but it was way too late. Their two cars collided.

He was disoriented from the crash and the injury on his head, but a different kind of confusion flooded him. *What the hell is going on?* He looked over to his right and, sure enough, the passenger side was crushed, leaving a bloody mess where his wife was sitting. He quickly turned back away. He smelled the scent of burnt fur, but he could also hear the flames. From behind him. Using all his strength and endurance, he turned his head back and stretched his neck to look in the back seat. His son was sitting in his chair unconscious, flames surrounding his body. He needed to get back there and pull him from the fire. He tried to move, but his body was held down by his seatbelt. Cursing, he reached down to undo it, but his hands, along with his whole body was shaking uncontrollably.

After much effort, he finally was able to place his finger on the release button and push down on it. It wouldn't release. He tried it again, but he could not make it work. The thing was broken. Grabbing the base of the seatbelt, he pulled as hard as he could, trying to somehow break it loose, but the only thing he accomplished was depleting the last of his strength. He slumped back in his seat with a pounding headache and his vision blurry. Moments later, he was not sure how long, he heard the sound of screeching metal again. Just like before, his door fell away and people in firefighter uniforms reached in and removed him from the car.

"There's a kid in the back! He's alive, but in critical condition. He needs medical attention now!"

Darkness.

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When Jared came to again, he was in the same white hospital room as before. He looked around him. Everything, even to the smallest detail that he could remember, was the same as before. However, when his eyes passed over the open doorway, he saw the leg of the pup retreating out of the room. He quickly sat up, which caused dizziness to rush over him.

At the same time, the nurse came in and saw him sitting up. Rushing to his side, she grabbed his shoulders and gently moved him back into a lying position. “Take it easy. You took a bad hit to your head. You need to continue lying down for now.” She started looking over the instruments around him. “Anyway, I’m glad that you’re finally up. My name is—”

“Pam.” Jared interrupted. When she just looked at him in silence for a moment, Jared asked, “Did you see someone leave this room before entering?”

The nurse nodded, “No, nobody... How did you know my name?” She looked down, most likely to see if she was wearing some name tag or something.

“I...it was just a guess.” Just to make sure this was all happening, he continued, “My son. He is in surgery now. Serious burns, yes?”

The nurse nodded, her face covered with a look of growing confusion.

Everything was the same. He wanted to see his son. See the damage that he caused him. “You know, my head is killing me right now, could you get me some kind of pain relievers?” He said, while pressing his hand against his head, faking the pain.

She stood there in silence for a couple seconds before snapping back to attention. “Yes, of course. I’ll see what I can do.” Then she briskly walked out of the room, leaving Jared alone.

He quickly got out of bed and removed all the cables and needles that were attached to him and headed to the doorway. Looking both ways to make sure that Pam wasn’t right outside, he turned right and started heading down the hallway. He was looking inside every room he passed but none of them held his son inside.

“Excuse me, sir. Are you looking for someone?” A voice asked gently behind him. He turned to see a pretty vixen at the desk.

“Uh, yeah. I’m Jared Lexton. Could you tell me in which room my son, Jack Lexton is?”

She began tapping away at her computer. When she found whatever she was looking for, she looked up at him. “He’s in room 208, but he’s in the middle of an operation. You won’t be able to see him until it is finished.”

Jared nodded. “Thank you.” And he turned and started heading down the hall. The signs by each doorway showed numbers in the 300s. He needed to go down a floor. Seeing a staircase sign, he entered it and descended to the second floor. Once there, it did not take long for him to

find room 208. He paused outside the closed door, trying to prepare himself for what he was going to see on the other side.

He took a deep breath and opened the door. He did not prepare enough. At first he did not recognize the thing on the operation table as a wolf, much less, his son. All his fur was burnt off and his skin was cooked and oozing all over. But he finally recognized his son's face. When he did, he became nauseous. "Jack..." Jared said, his hands shaking, tears coming to his eyes.

One of the doctors that was working on him looked up, "Excuse me sir, we are in the middle of an operation. We need you to leave now!"

"JACK!" Jared screamed and started toward him. A nurse in the room rushed forward and grabbed hold of him, pushing him back away from the operation table. "Let me go! He needs me!" He fought against the nurse, trying to push her away.

"I need help here!" The nurse called back.

"Please! He needs me! He needs me!" Jared continued to scream.

"Sedate him!"

A second pair of arms appeared behind him, grabbing him, and inserted a needle into his neck. Just a few seconds later he became really weak and tired and collapsed on the ground and he fell into unconsciousness.

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When he woke up, he was lying on the ground. The all-too familiar, uncomfortable, unsettling grey stone ground. This again? Standing up on his feet he stood there, waiting for the eyeless pup to show up. Just as expected, less than ten seconds later, there was a breeze and the endless surrounding fog revealed the eyeless, grinning pup with the big clock; holding it out like he was presenting it to him.

Seemingly staring at him through his empty eye sockets, he cocked his head. Looking down at his clock, he took hold of the hour hand and moved it to the same position as the last time. He shrieked in laughter, the noise so loud that his head felt like it was going to split open. He fell back to the ground and everything went dark.

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DAY 1_3:

Jared's eyes opened. The loud sound of a truck's horns blared and bright headlights shown into his car. For that small amount of time, all Jared could think was, *what the fuck is happening to me?* Their two cars collided.

Jared continued to sit in his seat motionless. He knew his wife was dead, crushed by the car, his son was burning in the back. In just a few seconds, firefighters and an ambulance will arrive. They did, removed his door, put him in the truck, and started driving off.

The next thing he knew, he was lying in the same hospital bed in the same white room. He just laid there silently staring up at the ceiling. Why is this happening? This is the third time he has relived this event. Maybe it was a gift? Whoever this pup that he keeps seeing before he wakes up to the crash. He looks like something from a horror movie, but maybe he is a friend. Maybe he is giving him a chance to fix his mistake and save both his wife and son.

He sat up and left his bed, ignoring to dizziness that threatened to bring him to the floor. The nurse Pam came in and let out a little gasp as she rushed to his side. Jared held out his hand, “No. Stay away.” He faced the window.

“Mr. Lexton, you should get back in bed. You experienced some serious head injuries. You need to lie down.”

Jared put one foot in front of him and slid the other one back, preparing himself to run.

“Mr. Lexton, please. What are you doing?”

Ignoring her, he took off running as fast and as hard as he could toward the window.

“LEXTON!” The nurse cried out from behind, but there was no stopping him. At the last second, he leaped forward and curled into a ball as he crashed through the window. The ground three stories below rushed at him he hit the ground hard, but before his brain can process the pain of many bones breaking, he was already gone.

Just as he suspected, he woke up again in the dark stone world. “Hello? Where are you?” Jared called out to the pup. When he revealed himself, he chuckled unnervingly. Looking at him; with the unnaturally wide toothy smile, disheveled and patchy fur, staring at him through the empty void where his eyes were missing; Jared found it very difficult to think of him as a friend. “Are you helping me? Are you giving me a chance to save my family?”

The pup just stared back and held out his clock.

“If you are, then I want to thank you.”

He began to turn back the hour hand.

“Could you please just—” Jared was interrupted by his screeching laugh and the world started to fade. Concentrating with all his might, he tried to move his real hands up to the steering wheel of his car. He felt a strange feeling on his palms just before everything disappeared into darkness.

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DAY 1_4:

Just as he hoped, Jared opened eyes and his hands were against the steering wheel. Quickly turning his wheel to the right as fast and as far and as fast as he could, he felt the car jerk in that direction. However, the truck still hit the car head on. Jared only heard the very brief noise of the crash before they disappeared.

When he opened his eyes, he was back in the dark world again. *Shit! I must have died in the crash that time. I have to try again.*

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Day 1_5:

He jerked the steering wheel to the right, this time trying to observe as much as he could before the collision. The oncoming truck was in the middle of the road between both lanes. Turning the wheel to the right only brought his car directly in front of the truck. They smashed together horrifically...

And he was back in the dark world. *Okay, the truck is blocking both lanes. There is no way I can turn to avoid him. I'm going to need to turn the other direction...*

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Day 1_6:

Upon awakening, he turned the car to the left, but nothing happened. The car remained strait and they collided just like the other times before. Pain. Fire. Rescuers. Death. The hospital.

Day 1_7:

He tried the same thing again, trying to see why he couldn't move. To his horror, he found that there was a solid metal traffic barrier to his left preventing him from moving off the road.

Back in the dark world, he slammed his fist into the ground. "DAMN IT!" He screamed out. "This is impossible. I can't save them!" He fell to his knees and broke down in tears. There was a chuckle behind him. He knew who it came from, but he glanced back anyway. It was the same eyeless kid holding the same clock with that same unnerving smile.

He looked back down to the ground and thought back to when he was with his family. This vacation, they were finally getting back together. They were growing closer. They were happy for the first time in a long time. And now this. He clenched his fist. *No. He cannot give up. He cannot just let them die because of his mistakes. He will fix this no matter what!* The sound of the clock being turned backwards sounded and he prepared for the next day.

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Day 1_41

Jared laid there in the hospital bed. The stress was weighing down his mind so much that he didn't even know what to think. He just laid on his back silently. He heard Pam walk in and check the instruments around him, but he kept his eyes closed, trying to fool her into thinking that he was asleep. He did not want to talk with her right now. All she would tell him was a ridiculous optimistic lie or the heartbreaking truth.

When she left the room, he thought about what his next step would be. For the first twenty or so days, he had tried everything; every combination of turns, brakes, gas; everything that he could think of that could have made a difference, but nothing worked. His wife was dead every single time and as far as he could know, every time Jared survived, his son was either dead as well or in critical condition and will die later on. After the crash there was nothing he could do because his strength was depleted and he couldn't remove his seatbelt. No matter what, his son still burned in the back seat. Now he had given up hope.

He pushed his palm to his forehead, which hurt like hell. Things were getting worse for him. The dull throbbing in his skull kept increasing every single day. Thinking was getting more and more difficult, therefore making attempts at solving his problem more likely to fail. But that was not the worse part. Not even close. The pup from the dark world seemed to be haunting him. He kept seeing him in the mirror, through the window, walking down the hall. He always saw him out of the corner of his eye, though when he tried to focus on him, he would be gone.

Honestly, he felt like he was losing his mind. He did not know how much more of this he could take. He tried to stay awake as long as possible every day, because he knew that if he lost consciousness, he would just repeat the horrifying wreck over again. But the pain relievers that they gave him before he wakes up at the hospital induce drowsiness, which makes it so he cannot stay awake past 9:37 A.M. no matter how hard he tried.

Could this be hell? That thought crossed his mind many times. Maybe he died in the crash and this was the afterlife. Whatever it was, it made no difference. He was stuck in this endless loop, watching his family die over and over again and there was nothing, NOTHING, he could do about it.

After lying motionless for a few minutes, he decided that he should get moving around. Without his blood flowing more, he won't be able to stay awake nearly as long. On the round mirror in the corner of the room, he saw the pup smiling at him from the bed. He ignored it and entered the hall.

It was still early in the morning, so he was pretty much alone. The white walls and floor along with the white lights on the ceiling was very soothing to his eyes. It gave the illusion of comfort to those suffering inside.

As he walked on through the lengthy hallway, he kept seeing the pup almost everywhere he turned. Inside a room with an old dying woman, he was sitting by her bed, stroking her hair. Turning the corner, a doctor was holding his hand. He appeared on computer screens, TVs, even phones. He continued walking calmly and collectively on the outside, but on the inside he was shaking with fear and anger. He threw out the idea that this thing was his friend long ago. He was a monster, toying with his life, enjoying the sight of his suffering.

He entered the restrooms and approached the sinks. He turned on the faucet and let the cold water flow into his cupped hands. Lifting it up, he splashed it on his face, soaking his fur. Without drying, he shook his head, sending water splashing all over the sinks, the air chilling his head.

Jared looked at his watch. 6:47 A.M. He knew what was going to happen when he left this room. Doctors will be walking around the halls looking for him. Might as well get this done and over with. Turning around, he approached the door and exited.

“Excuse me, Jared Lexton?” A doctor called out to his right.

Jared ignored him and continued down the hall. He could hear the sound of his soft shoes on the pure white tile floor as he walked swiftly to him. His hand reached forward and grabbed his shoulder. A sudden surge of anger spread through him. Almost instinctively, Jared grabbed the doctor’s hand, twisted around and pushed him to the floor. “DON’T TOUCH ME!” He roared.

“I’m sorry sir, but it’s about your son...” the doctor started hesitantly.

“I am already aware of my son’s condition. You did everything you could, but his injuries were too severe, correct? I’ve heard it so many fucking times and I don’t need to hear it again!” He started down the hallway again, leaving the doctor stunned, still on the ground.

He rubbed his eyes, which were getting heavier and heavier by the minute. He was tired. So tired. He spent more energy than he should have on the doctor. The further he walked, the harder each step became and his eyes started to close involuntarily. Finally, he lost consciousness mid step. The feeling of falling rushed at him, but before he connected to the ground, he found he was standing on the stone ground of the dark world.

When he saw the pup, he clenched his fists hard. “What do you want from me?” He snarled. “WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?”

The pup remained silent and just started to turn back his clock again.

His body started trembling as terror set in, knowing what was going to happen. “No! Please don’t! I’ll do anything, just don’t send me back!”

The pup just giggled like he was playing a game.

Jared kicked off the ground and started running full-speed at him, but he knew that it would do no good. No matter how far he ran, the pup never got any closer. “You bastard.” He managed to growl through his clenched teeth. “You fucking bastard! I’ll—” The world faded to black.

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Day 1_42

The car crashed the same as every other damn day. His wife crushed, his son burning. Nothing changed. Then again, why should it? He felt as if his skull was being torn open. The pain was so intense that it blurred the edges of his vision. All this pain, all this suffering, was because of that monster. If only he could get his hands on him...his thoughts were interrupted by Pam coming in and checking the instruments for what seemed like the hundredth time.

“Oh, Mr. Lexton, you’re awake. Do you feel anything? Any aches or pains anywhere?”

“I have one hell of a headache.” Jared responded. His voice was monotone and depressed.

“Really? Let me be right back. I’ll go get some pain relievers.” And she hurried out of the room.

Jared laid there in his bed for a while before deciding to get up and leave. Reaching down, he removed the medical equipment from his body and stood up beside the bed. Behind him he heard Pam enter with the medicine in a syringe. “Mr. Lexton, you should get back in bed. You experienced some serious head injuries. You need to lie down.”

“I’m fine. I just have a headache.” He started turning to face her. “What I need is to take a walk to get—” he stopped suddenly when he saw her face. Her eyes were missing and tears of blood streaked down her black feathers. Instead of her pointed beak, there was the same unnaturally wide grin. The same as the pup.

“Is something wrong?”

Fear and adrenaline racing through his body, he reached out and snatched the syringe from her hands and held it out as a weapon.

“Mr. Lexton! What are you doing?”

Jared started toward her slowly backing her into a corner. Once she hit the wall and realized there was nowhere to run, she called out, “Security! Somebody! Help me!”

Lunging forward, Jared grabbed her head, tilted it to the side, revealing the side of her skull. He pulled the syringe back and slammed it into the side of her skull and jammed the plunger down as hard as he could, thrusting the fluid hard directly into her brain. Her body went limp and he let her drop.

“What the hell is going on here?” A voice from behind him growled.

He spun around to see a security guard standing in the doorway, unsheathing a long shock stick. His face was the same as hers, eyeless and grinning.

“Put your hands behind your head and get on the ground!” He ordered gruffly.

Doing as he said, Jared got onto the ground, but when the guard got within arms distance from him, he launched his hands out, wrapping his fingers around his hand. Pushing with all his strength, he snapped the guard’s wrist. He cried out in pain, but Jared pulled on his arm, straitening it out. Once the elbow was fully extended, he brought his other hand around and thrust his palm solidly against his the joint, bending his arm totally backwards.

The security guard passed out from the pain and collapsed into a heap on the floor. Jared picked up the shock stick and thrust it into his empty eye sockets and turned it on, causing his body to convulse madly.

He exited the room and looked both sides. There to his right, he could see the pup running around the corner. Jared took off after it as fast as his legs would carry him. All around

him, everybody had the same disgusting face. He avoided looking at them and rounded the corner and saw the pup descending the stairs. When he reached them, he jumped the whole length and landed on the second floor.

The pup entered room 208 at the end of the hall. The hatred that he already had for that son of a bitch somehow increased. He wouldn't let that thing near his son! He continued sprinting down the hall, but another security guard appeared through one of the doors near his son's room.

"Stop right there!" He screamed at him and pulled out his pistol. "Stop or I'll shoot!"

Jared did not even slow down. He jumped at the wall, sank his claws into the weak surface, and pushed off. He grabbed one of the light fixtures and used it to swing himself forward, propelling him straight at the guard, who fired his gun twice. Once shot missed and the other shot hit him right in the left shoulder, but he did not feel a thing.

His heel connected with the guard's face, sending him sprawling on the ground. Jared landed on his feet next to him. Dropping to all fours and staring him in the face, he snarled at him. The guard just sat there with a somewhat terrified look on his face. Suddenly, Jared dropped his head and sank his teeth into the guard's neck and clamped his jaws shut as hard as he could. He quickly pulled up his head, tearing out most of his throat.

Jared reached over and grabbed the handgun from the floor, leaving the guard clutching his throat, letting out gurgling screams as he bled out. He burst through the door open and lifted the gun. There were two doctors and one nurse and the pup standing between them. He quickly aimed and pulled the trigger on the three of them, leaving only the pup standing there.

He settled his aim between his eyes. The pup did not change expressions. He kept that unwavering grin. He cocked his head a little bit and chuckled.

"Time to die, fucker!" Jared growled as he pulled the trigger of the gun three times. The bullets went right through his forehead, but there were no bullet holes. The pup let out another haunting chuckle and then faded away into nothingness, revealing that the shots went right through him and into his son. The machines monitoring his heartbeat flat lined.

Jared stood there motionless, staring at the mutilated dead body of his son. His whole body started shaking with rage. "I'LL KILL YOU!" He screamed out into the air. He lifted the gun and inserted the barrel into his mouth and pulled the trigger. But instead of blowing a hole in his head there was just a quiet click. The damn thing was out of ammo. He through the thing aside and began scanning the room for something else to end his life with. On a table there was a long scalpel.

He reached toward it, but someone came up from behind him and pulled him to the ground. He through his hands up ready to tear the attackers head off, but a shock stick was thrust to his neck, sending high-voltage jolts of electricity through his body until he passed out.

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Jared knew from the feeling of the rough floor that he was back in the dark world. Getting up and looking around, there was one obvious difference. There was no fog this time; the air was completely clear. He looked behind him and saw the pup sitting there holding out his clock. But instead of moving the hour hand back like he did every single time with no exceptions, he just set the clock down on the ground and began walking away.

“What are you doing?” Jared demanded out.

The pup stopped and turned to face him. He just stared at him for a few seconds and then let out that awful, blood-churning, ear-piercing shrieking laugh.”

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Day 2:

Jared found himself lying on a soft surface. He opened his eyes and saw that he was in a totally white room, but this room was different. He wasn't on a bed. He was in an almost totally empty space. The walls, floor, and ceiling was all made of the same white padded material. The only thing in this room was a camera mounted to the ceiling, looking down at him.

He tried to push himself into a standing position, but he couldn't move his arms. Looking down to examine himself, he saw that he was wearing a white jacket that fastened his hands to his body. What the hell was going on here? “No.” Jared muttered. “This can't be happening.” It was the next day.

He saw something out of the corner of his eye and turned to look at it. It was the pup. “You can't do this to me! Send me back, please! Send me back!”

The pup just cocked his head and let out a chuckle.

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Two doctors looked through a computer screen looking at the new patient. One of them examines a clipboard he is holding. “So, this guy wakes up in the hospital, kills six people and then shoots his son in the middle of his surgery. What could possibly make him snap like that?”

“I don't know. His medical reports say that he hit his head in the car accident. Pretty bad concussion, but surely that cannot be enough to cause this kind of violent outburst.”

“I wouldn't think so either. It looks like this will be a very difficult patient to treat.”

Through the speakers, they could hear Patient #37, Jared Lexton, screaming at the empty wall, “Send me back! Send me back, you fucking bastard! SEND ME BACK!”

The End.