

Mental Institution Weekend

by Mumwrap

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"I have a surprise for you honey", said the shapely woman in a Police uniform.

"Really?" I said, "are you going to get the long holiday week-end off?"

"No, but I can arrange it so you can be with me all weekend", she said with a smile.

I was a little taken back, you see my beautiful girl friend is a Police Officer at the State Mental institution for the criminally insane. "There is no way I could spend the week-end at the Hospital."

She smiled and said "You know when we first met and I told you about the hospital, how it operated, all of the old closed down parts, and the therapies they use on the patients, you said you would love to see it and experience it, well now you can! I just have to get you committed for the week-end."

"Commit me?" I said, "I don't think I would like that on my résumé, what would they say at my office?"

She laughs. "Oh don't be silly, no one at your work will know, we won't check you in under your real name, and the records will disappear after your visit is over."

"We, we who?"

"I was having drinks with some of my closest friends from work and we started talking about if we could get someone in and out of the hospital safely. We decided we can, and I said you would love to do it, to see the inside of the hospital. I know how much you like reading about mental institutions and strange things like

that."

"Ok you got me there, but I think I need some time to think about your offer, and why would your friends want do such a thing?"

"Well, one it will be cool to beat the system and also we think it will be fun to have our own little patient. We want to do some of the tests and treatments on a normal person and see how they react. But don't worry no real pain or no electric shock therapy."

"Well I am glad to hear that. I'll let you know tomorrow."

The next day I called Kelly and said I would do it. I had thought about all night, and I finally knew I had to try it. Kelly said with a smile "I knew you were going to say yes! Well I'll let you in on the plan."

Kelly laid down her plan, it was like a military campaign. She had the schedules of her and her co-conspirers set up so someone would be around near by all of my hospital stay. Kelly's friends included other police officers, nurses, and a Doctor, also they were all women (cool). Kelly told me she would have a file made up for me that show me as a psychological mess and I would have to be held in isolation most of the time. Kelly said the isolation rooms in the lock ward would be the safest place for me to stay, locked doors and only a few personal have access to the area. That made me feel better, and I asked if I was going to have to share a room?

She started laughing so hard her bra almost popped off. "Don't be silly, your going to be in a locked room by yourself, strapped down to a bed, but don't worry I'll be checking on you a lot!"

I said that I was not really looking forward to being tied down all three days of my weekend.

"No way, we were going to see the whole hospital."

Kelly would not tell me any more of the plan, but she said I would be safe. "Trust me, you will have a great time."

The Mental institution week-end was just a few weeks away and Kelly said she had lots of work to do to make sure it was perfect for me.

One nice thing for me was the state hospital was about two hours from my town. Kelly and I would get together on the week-ends when she was not working. I had only met one or two of her work friends so I would not be spotted by anyone in the hospital as Kelly's boyfriend, and Kelly said she had a trick or two up her sleeve, to keep me from being found out.

Well finally it's Friday and the three day week-end is here! I took off from work and grabbed my pack with some clothes and tooth brush and drove up towards Kelly's house and the mental institution. When I got to Kelly's place I walk in and she told me that I wouldn't need clothes and things, because the state would be taking care of all my needs for the rest of the week-end. I had no idea how right she was.

Kelly told me the use the restroom, take a shower, but before I did that, she told me I needed to cut my hair off and shave.

"Why?"

"That will make you unrecognizable to anyone who had seen you before, and after you shave your beard I am not sure that I will know who you are"

We both laughed. So there I was with the hair clipper shaving my hair to less than an inch long, and shaving off my beard. Kelly told me I could tell my friends and co-workers that I was painting over the week-end and got in and all over my head.

"That won't make me sound too smart."

"Ok then, tell them why you really shaved your head."

I said "You're right, because I spilled paint on my head" as I winked and Kelly laughed.

I must say I did look strange, I looked like a different person. I finished up with a shower. After drying off I walk out into the bedroom. Kelly had me sit down beside her on the bed and asked me one more time if I was ready and willing to go through with our adventure. I said yes, Kelly reminded me that people jobs are going to be on the line.

"I will be a good little mental patient."

"Well Alice", Kelly said, "time to go down the rabbit hole."

She handed me some boxers, a tee shirt and socks, I looked at her and she replied "State issue." As I was putting on the underwear and socks, Kelly walked back from her closet and showed me my new yellow jump suit. "This is the uniform that we transport patients in."

"I thought that the jump suits were all orange?"

"Orange is for inmates and yellow is for crazy's." As she said that she turned around the jump suit and right there on the back it said STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL PATIENT. Wow there I was a minute later zipped up in the jump suit, I was starting to feel the magnitude of that I was about to do.

Kelly said she had just a few things more things to do, then we would take off for hospital. She grabbed a digital camera and told me to stand against the wall. I asked "What are you doing? Taking my mug shot?"

"As a matter of fact I am and stop smiling, no one smiles for their mug shot." Kelly took the shot then had me turn to the right, and she shot another one. As she was downloading the image to the computer she told me it would take a minute to photoshop it and print it out so she could stick it into "my patient record". I ask if I could see my file she said yes. Kelly handed me a two inch thick folder. I was surprised how much information was in it, all of wrong of course, except my medical history and my height and weight. "You really put a lot of work into this." I said.

Kelly turned from the computer and with an enchanted smile on her face "Well you have been a very bad boy, in and out of mental hospitals all of your life and of course it is so sad that you are developmentally disabled, besides being crazy. Just remember you only have an IQ of 50, and that makes you moderately retarded, but close enough to severe retardation for our requirements."

"What! Why do I have to be developmentally disabled?"

"Well because you will need more supervision in the hospital, which means we can stay closer to you and besides we all can have more fun this way." Kelly lit up in a big smile and turned back to the computer. In a minute she was done. She had cut out and pasted the pictures in the folder. As we walked into the attached garage, Kelly handed me my jacket and a baseball cap. "Put these on, I don't want to be seen driving a mental patient around", she laughed. We stepped into her car and drove off into the night.

As we drove Kelly ask me if I look at my name in the file. "Well I was so shocked about being mentally retarded that I forgot to look."

"Well Brian for the rest of your stay with us your name is Randy Murphy."

"Ok I said, how did you come up with that name?"

"Well I thought it would appropriate, because Randle Patrick Mc Murphy was the guy from One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest. One guy who wasn't really crazy but wanted to get into the mental hospital, I thought it fit."

"Kelly" I said, "you are too funny."

"I thought so too" she said as she smiled.

I saw the Hospital, built on top of the hill, cold and foreboding with two or three thousand acres of land around it. "This was the way they built them long ago, far away from the sane people."

As we passed the main gate I ask if we missed our turn.

"I can't bring you in the front gate looking like this."

"What do you mean, I thought I was supposed to look like this to get in."

"Oh you'll get in the front gate just wait and see." We turned off the main road on an old ranch road that skirts the hospital grounds. After a mile or so we pulled off and on to a dirt road that had a big sign stating "no trespassing State Hospital property" on a big steel gate. Kelly stopped the car and opened the gate with her pass key, and we drove on. About a quarter of a mile from the gate we stopped in a very dark and wooded area. "What now?" I asked.

"Well your ride will be here in a minute."

For the next few minutes Kelly would not tell me anything more, but she was very excited. I on the other hand was rethinking what I was about to do, entering a mental institution as a patient. It was about 10:30 when we saw lights coming our way. I was really starting to get nervous, but Kelly said it was ok it was my transport coming for me. A white van with state insignias on the doors and no rear windows stopped in front of us. Kelly told me stay in the car then walked over and greeted the female officers that got out of the van. Both were nice looking in there thirties. Kelly then waved at me to come over. As I started to walk over one of the officers said "lose the hat and jacket", so I dropped them in the car and walked over to the van.

Kelly introduced the two officers as Officer Adams and Officer Salazar. I knew Cathy Salazar, we had met at a Christmas party Kelly had last year, she was the only work friend at the party. I was given one last chance to back out, Kelly said once they had me set up for transport there was no backing out. I was very nervous, but I

knew I could not give up the chance to experience, the loss of all control and life in the mental hospital. I said yes. At that moment Kelly gave me one of the best kisses of my life, and then said to the two officer's "Package him up for transport." Before I could process what that ment officer Adams reached around from behind and bucked me in a leather belt. It had one D ring in front. Kelly told me it was a restraint belt used for transporting mentally challenged patients. But before I knew it I was wearing a pair of handcuffs that lead through the D ring in the belt and now I could not move my hands away from my waist.

As this was going on Officer Salazar had placed my legs in leg irons and was now attaching a chain from the middle of the leg irons and to my hand cuffs and locking it in place. I asked Kelly if this was really necessary. She said in a very sweet voice "Mr. Murphy you're a very dangerous man to yourself and us and this is how all high risk patients are brought in", She was enjoying this way more than I thought she should. By this time I was told to stick my hands out and they both push tight fitting mitts onto my hands and I heard locks go click. I then realized that I could not open my hands. Officer Adams said the mitts would keep me from grabbing anyone or using anything as a weapon. "I must say I feel safe now", I said. They all chuckled a little. I was thinking what's next, in less that one minute I was handcuffed and chained up, I could hardy wait to see what was next.

Well I did have to wait long. Kelly walked up to me with hypo in her hand. She said "The Doctor on my team knew you would be tense, so she wrote out a prescription for a drug that will calm you down. Besides it will give you that wild eye look all of our patients have" she said with a giggle. After she gave me the shot in my arm, she said she had one more prescription from the Doctor.

"What for?"

"Well Mr. Murphy you are retarded, and a lot of people that are developmentally disabled talk funny. So we wanted to make it easy for you to pull it off. That's why I need to give you this shot, in and around your mouth and tongue. It's like nova cane, but it lasts about 24 hours."

"Oh in for a penny, in for a pound", I said as I opened my mouth. I am not sure if Kelly is that good at giving shots (she does have medical training) or the other drug was taking effect, but I didn't feel a thing in my mouth or tongue.

"One last item to put on you and then we can get you into the van" said officer Salazar. She pulled out a transport hood and placed it over my head. It was mesh netting from the top of my head to my eyes, and then it turns into a white thick padding. It was to keep me from biting or spitting on someone Officer Salazar said. My mind was reeling trying to taken all that happen in the last ten minutes, but then they opened the side door on the van, and I saw what I was going to be placed in next. After the normal door there was a cage door which opened to reveal two side by side chairs. The chairs look a little like space ship chairs or an electric chair, I was not quit sure which. The officers grabbed me and walked me to the van, between the drugs and the chains I was having a little trouble walking. Before I knew it I was placed in the chair and they started strapping me in.

One strap across the lap, two over the shoulders, and one on the lower legs. One thing was for sure, I was not going anywhere, but also all the belts locked with a key. I was thinking I hope they don't crash in the pond on the way to the hospital, I would drown for sure. Officer Adams said "Head back" as she pushed my head against the head rest and pulled a Velcro strap around my head, pinning it to the head rest. Kelly snapped a picture of me all strapped in. Then Kelly said "Mr. Murphy how are you doing?"

I try to say I was fine, but what came out was "I,I, ammm ffinee." The shots to the mouth had worked, I could

feel drool running down my face. They all laughed at my new manner of speech, and locked the cage door.

Kelly said "Well Mr. Murphy, It's time for you to go where you belong. The mental institution for the criminally insane, I hope you enjoy it, I know we will", and with that she shut the door and told the officers to deliver the patient. The outside door slid shut and it was suddenly dark and I started feel like an object, a package. Again I asked myself what the hell was I doing, but there was no blacking out now. Like Alice in wonderland I was diving deeper into the rabbit hole.

Chapter 2 - The Commitment

The next minute the van was speeding on its way to the hospital's main gate. Just as Kelly said I was going into the mental institution through the front gate alright, and now I was dressed up and trussed up to make my entrance. The two women didn't say much, or should I say they said nothing to me. I guess they were getting into their parts, or had they already started thinking of me as a real patient?

As we pulled through the massive gates and followed the road up the hill we passing by the visitors / main entrance and pulled around the building and up to what looked like a very large garage door. "This is the patients entrance" said officer Adams with a little dread in her voice. If she was trying to scare me it was working. Officer Salazar called by radio to the hospital dispatch and requested the door to be open. The heavy door started moving slow up. I could see through the windshield a little, but of course I couldn't turn my head. The area we pulled into was large and empty except for two police officers and a nurse. I didn't know if the nurse was part of Kelly's group, the cops were guys so I knew there weren't. I thought to myself it's really starting now. Salazar turned back towards me while smiling and said "Here we go Mr. Murphy, its show time."

We all set in the van till the door was completely closed (not that I could get out on my own). When the door closed with a thud the women jumped out and came to the side door and opened it. The three other people walked up and one of the men asked what I was being admitted for. Officer Salazar had my file in her hand and said that for the time I was 5150 and being involuntary committed. "It seems", Officer Salazar continued "That Mr. Murphy here was in a group home in eastern part of the state, and he started tearing up the place. Sheriff's had to tazer him the get in cuffs. Then the county hospital couldn't control him so they had a judge write a court order to have him place here with us at state till they can get him a court date set and see if he is competent to stand trial."

I was thinking boy when Kelly makes up a stories she pulls out all the stops. The officer said "Well he looks pretty calm right now."

"Well they shot him up with 2cc of Ativan, but that was about four hours ago so we have to be careful. Let's get him out of the van and into reception and get the admitting Doctor give him his check-in physical."

At this point I was hustled out of the van and through a set of double doors into a waiting room of sorts. I was placed on a bench that was bolted to the wall. They bucked me in with a locking seat belt, but they did not remove any of my other restraints. The nurse walked over to me to check on me. One of the male officer said "Don't get to close to him."

She turned and said "I really think Mr. Murphy is very safe right now, please call Dr Amanda Smith, she's on call tonight for night admissions."

At this point officers Adam and Salazar said that they were getting off work and walked passed me, both

saying "bye-bye Mr. Murphy"

I think I heard a little laughter in their voices. Now I was scared, the two people who I knew were gone and the nurse had not given me any sign she was in on the deception. I was feeling very alone, and where the hell was Kelly? The nurse walked up to me again and asked me if I knew where I was. I thought well now I need to start acting like a mental patient, and with my best effort I said "I am not sure, am I in a hospital?" But of course it came out pretty bad, with my tongue and mouth all anesthetized.

"Yes, do you know why?", she said.

"No!"

"Did you know you tried to hurt people tonight?"

"I wouldn't hurt anyone."

"That's good. My name is Nurse Sally, I will be helping the Doctor give you a check up, ok?"

"Okey dokey!"

A call came to the reception desk that the Doctor would be there in two hours and for them to put me in a tight room and get me out of the heavy transport restraints. Nurse Sally told the officers to take me to holding cell C-1, she would grab a jacket kit and would meet us there. The two cops unlocked the belt holding me to the bench, and jerked me to my feet. They both had the look of ex-marines. The one wearing the sergeant's stripes looked into my eyes and barked "I don't want any trouble from you!"

I replied the best I could and said "Yes sir."

They proceeded to march me down a long hall that looked like something out of the 1950's. I guess the state doesn't like spending money on upgrades for crazy people.

As I was being marched down the hall I almost had to laugh. It's funny the same people that who put you in hand cuffs, leg irons and chains then get mad at you because you are not walking fast enough! The irony was thick. Well before I knew it I was standing in a room which I had only read about till now. I was standing in the middle of a small room with padded walls. A padded cell! Wow as all I could think, I believe I did mumble something undecipherable. The cops held me by the shoulders one on each side of me in the center of the room, which looked to be about 8 foot by 8 foot. Nurse Sally walked in the door dropped a couple of things on the floor and closed the door behind her.

"Ok Mr. Murphy the Doctor will not be able to look at you for a few hours and you had a long day. We are going to make a little more comfortable if you work with us, Ok?" Shaking my head yes, I was giving up on talking for the time being. To my surprise the officers took the chain off between my handcuffs and my leg irons. Next they removed the mitts from my hands and I wiggled my fingers. The Sergeant was standing behind me as the other officer removed my cuffs and the transport belt, but I think the Sergeant was ready to put a choke hold on me if I made a move. The next step was kind of nice the nurse walked up and started unzipping my jump suit, and stopped at my waist. She next pulled the top part of my jump suit down to my waist. Sally walked over and picked up the white looking thing on the floor and held it up and towards me. Oh my god it was a strait jacket, I have read about and dreamed of being put in one, this was too good to be true. I decided to pull back a little and mumble, just so they wouldn't think I wanted this.

The nurse said "Don't worry we are not going to hurt you", and the cops held me more tightly. They pushed both of my arms to the long white sleeves. The nurse held my arms out in front of me as the Sergeant started tighten down the straps in the back of the jacket. After I was cinched up, one at a time my arms were guided through the front strap that holds down the arms. Then the Sergeant pulled my arms around towards my back and buckled them down. This was wild I thought to myself I am in a maximum security mental institution being placed in a real strait jacket, and the people putting me in it are unaware of the charade. After they got me into the jacket, Sally started to pull down my jump suit, I jumped a little. The officers tightened there hold on me. The nurse looked let me and said that she was going to remove my jump suit and boxers, and place an adult disposable diaper on me. This is not what I had in mind when I checked in (pun intended). But I was not in position to control what was happening to me. The shorts when down and the diaper when on.

The next step was for the officer to remove my leg irons. He had to lift my jump suit and my boxers which were locked on me by the leg irons, as mother always said make sure you have clean underwear on when you leave home. After the leg irons were remove the sergeant had me step back off of my underwear and jump suit. Sally moved them away and set down some scrubs pants. Before I stepped forward on to the pants, the officer had placed two leather ankle restraints around my ankles. Then the nurses pulled up the pants and tighten the Velcro strap on the waist band. Sally said "Almost done", then grabbed two straps that hung off the bottom front of my strait jacket and handed them under my crotch to the Sergeant. I had not noticed them before, but the Sergeant pulled on both of then to tighten the jacket and I started to cry out. I am not sure but the Sergeant may have done that on purpose, but they readjusted the straps and the pain went away.

The officer locked my ankle restraint together so I could not walk. Sally told me to kneel down on my knees. As I did that the three of them lay me on my side. The nurse kneeled next to me and patted me on my side and said "Ok Mr. Murphy I want you to try and rest, get some sleep if you can. I'll be checking on you to make sure your ok."

I said that I was scared, that people were trying to hurt me. I really wasn't I was just getting into the act, I really was having a great time. "Its ok I will not let anyone hurt you Mr. Murphy." As she stood up the Sergeant asked if she was going to remove the transport hood. She said "No, in the file it says he liked to spit, so let's just leave it on till the Doctor looks at him", and with that they all filed out of the room. The door shut with the eerie sound of tomb door closing. It was very quiet. I lay there on the floor totally amazed of what I was wearing and where I was. I soon realized that I could not move my arms or get on my feet. During all of this I wondered, where was Kelly? So guessing that is was after midnight, I decided I would try and to sleep, till the next stage of the process started. I lay there and fantasized but I could not sleep.

Chapter 3 - The Doctor is in.

Doctor Amanda Smith walked into patient reception area. She was in her white lab coat and her green scrubs and blond hair pulled back in a pony tail. "Sally what do we have lined up for tonight?" she asked.

"Well" Sally said as she picked up my file, "We have a male, 39, 225, 6'1, developmentally disabled, with paranoid schizophrenia, and did I mention that he was violent. He tore up his group home where he was living in, he thought the other patients were trying to kill him. At this time he is resting peacefully with 2cc of Ativan in him."

"Wow what a mess" the Doctor said as she took the file from Sally and started reading it. The other staff on

duty barely looked up as Amanda read some of my case history out loud, they must have heard a hundred ones just as bad. "Ok, before we start call the on duty cop to help us with this guy, just in case."

Sally said "I'll call Officer Kelly Erickson she's on duty tonight."

I was shocked by the sound of the padded cell door opening. The Doctor walked up to me and knelt down next to me. She said "Mr. Murphy my name is Doctor Smith, I will be your admitting doctor tonight. Do you know where you are?"

I said the best I could that wasn't sure.

She said "That's ok after the frontal-lobotomy you'll feel fine."

I jerked back and start talking faster than my mouth would work, saying thing you can't do that, and other more colorful things. At this point Dr. Smith stands up and starts laughing, and Kelly stepped in the room with a big smile. I said in my retarded voice "That's not funny."

"Yes but you should have seen you face", and they both laughed. Kelly asked me how I was holding up. I said I was great! Dr. Smith went over with me that I always need to stay in my roll as a mental patient, unless I was told otherwise. She asked if I understood and I said yes. Dr. Smith said "Ok, well we have to put you through a little physical examination to admit you to the hospital."

"I said the Doctor and the cop knows best."

"After the check up we can get you bedded down for the night."

"I didn't think I would be able to sleep."

Amanda said "Oh don't worry we can take care of that", and they both laughed.

Kelly knelt down and rubbed me on my shoulder and asks if I need anything or had any questions. I said no I was just along for the ride. She smiled and said "You're so silly. Ok team" Kelly said "back in to character."

Amanda said "You know Kelly that was a very good ideal about the shots in his mouth, it's hard if not imposable for Mr. Murphy to be out of character."

I said "Very funny."

Kelly said "Ok Mr. Murphy we are going to unlock your legs and help you up on your feet."

I said "Ok-do-key." The next thing I knew I was back down the hall and in the examination room.

The nurse Sally joined us and together they helped me get up on the exam table. Kelly then relocked my ankles back together. Kelly and Sally started removing the strait jacket from me and my hood. As soon as I was out of the jacket they had me slide up on the table and lay down. Kelly and Sally, one on each side placed leather restraint cuffs on my arms, and locked me to the exam table. The nurse cut my tee shirt off me, by this time I didn't say a word, I knew they were in control and were doing things as they always do. Dr Smith checked my heart and ran an EKG, looked down my throat and took blood. They really gave me a good check up. They also ran a mobile x-ray machine over my whole body. As all this was going on the Sergeant walked in

and asked how it was going, they said that Mr. Murphy was not being a problem.

After he left the room, Kelly said softly in my ear "That's one of the reasons we have to treat you like a real patient, because anyone can and will walk in."

I said "Okey dokey!" and Kelly smiled.

Amanda walked up to my side and told me because of "my condition" I would be spending a lot of time in restraints and she wanted to clean out my system with an enema. I looked at her and then looked at Kelly. Kelly said "It's ok, it will make it easier on you, that way you won't be going to the bathroom in your disposable diapers, if we are not right there to get you to the rest room. I slowly nodded ok. They unlocked me and lead me to the wet room as they called it. It had an open shower area and a little side room with a metal chair with a toilet seat on it and a drain on the floor. I was not looking forward to this part of my treatment.

They removed my disposable diaper and set me down on the chair, locking my arms and legs down to it. Next the doctor told me that Kelly would place the enema probe in my behind. I said "Be gentle it's my first time", and they all laughed. Kelly told me that this would be fast and painless. "The probe has an inlet hose and an outlet hose, so the warm water goes in and all the dirty water goes out the other hose into the drain in the floor." She put on the gloves and lubed the probe and me with KY jelly. Kelly positioned the enema probe, and I must say it was not as bad I as I had feared.

After a good cleaning out and enema, I was told that I also need to be fitted with a catheter. I ask if I had a choice and Kelly said no. I said "Let's get it over with then." I had read about catheters and it sounded like it could be painful. Kelly put on a new set of gloves and started by lubing up the catheter tube, I must say it was as bad as I had read about. But Kelly was quick and after she was done inflating the balloon on the end of the catheter, she looked up at me and said "See Mr. Murphy that was not so bad, was it?"

I said I would live. "When do you plan on removing it?"

Kelly said "Not till you check out of the hospital." She next strapped a plastic bag on my leg and hooked up the hose to the catheter. Kelly said "Now you don't have worry about wetting the bed" and smiled.

The doctor asked Sally to go get a wheel chair to move me to my room. A few minutes later the nurse came back with a wheel chair, "It is a special wheel chair for people with special needs" I was told by Amanda. My arms were locked, but not my feet and I was told to stand up as Sally wiped me off with something like baby wipes, and then replaced my disposable diaper. Kelly walked up to me with a funny looking hospital gown. I asked, "What was that" pointing at the thing in her hands.

Kelly smiled and said "This is your suicide watch gown, Mr. Murphy. We don't want you hurting yourself, do we?" Sally helped her get me in it, the gown was sleeveless and had no buttons or zippers, just Velcro. They unlocked my legs and quickly moved me to the wheelchair, it reminded me of the chair in the van, because I was strapped down from head to toe, again.

Kelly asked "Mr. Murphy are you comfortable?"

I said "Okey-dokey."

Sally started pushing me with Kelly and Amanda by her side. Kelly said that they were going to take me to the

locked ward and they would be taking me through the heart of the mental institution. I asked if I should stay silent as we went through the main part of the hospital?

She looked at me and smiled "Mr. Murphy you can say anything you want, because you're completely insane. In fact at some point in your stay here you'll tell someone you do not really belong here." Then the three of them laughed.

I realized she was right I probably could say anything. I was down as being Paranoid Schizophrenic with hallucinations and delusions according to my patient record, and not to forget I am developmentally disabled. Yes, I am sure no one would believe anything I have to say.

The ride was going well. I tried to see as much as my field of vision would let me. It's hard to see a lot when your head is strapped to the head rest. There were lots of dark halls due to the late hour, the nurse's station were very quiet with only a few people manning them. The locked wards were out in the older parts of the hospital. We passed some more halls and Kelly said that they lead off to the hydrotherapy rooms and the morgue. She said I would be spending time in both places before I got released. The trip was uneventful with the exception of one of Sally's friends, a nurse from east ward stopped us to ask Sally about the party she planning for next week. It was funny all the girls just started talking about the party, but there I was strapped in a wheelchair, to them I was just an object. I decided it was time to moan a little and Amanda said to the rest of them we have to get this patient to his room, and with that we were on our way.

We rolled down a long dark hall with doors on both sides, big heavy doors with one very small window. We stopped in front of the door marked isolation room I-13, Kelly pulled out a key that was 5 inches long and looked like an old jail house key from an old western movie. They rolled me in the room and with great speed had me out of the wheelchair and into the bed. Before my head hit the pillow Kelly had started locking me down in a 5 point bed restraint system. In seconds I was strapped down to the bed. One strap across my chest, one wide belt around my waist strapped to the bed, my hands in soft leather cuffs hooked to the wide belt strap, and ankles in leather cuffs strapped to the bed. Kelly checked her work and saw I was very secure.

Amanda said "Well Mr. Murphy you are now officially a State Hospital Mental Patient, how do you feel?"

I said "Very restrained." and they laughed. At this point the Doctor pulled out a hypo and said that we all were going to have big day tomorrow and this shot would help me sleep, as she pushed the needle into the side of my arm. Amanda said "We will be running you through a lot of evaluations tomorrow, and by the way we are going to leave now to get some sleep. I will leave orders for the night staff to call me if your condition changes. Mr. Murphy would like some water?"

I shook my head yes, Kelly gave a drink from sports bottle. I had a bad case of dry mouth, I am not sure if it was the shots I had been given or all the excitement of my adventure.

"We have given you all of the meds you need tonight so the only thing that the night nurse will check is your catheter bag. Any question Mr. Murphy?"

I said nope.

"Well we will let you rest." As they started to leave Kelly touched my shoulder and moved her lips to said, I love you. I just smiled and kind of grunted. As they walked out of the door it closed like a door on a tomb. I could hear Kelly turning the big key and the locks dead bolt sliding into place with thud I was locked in alright. The air was still, and heavy. I lay there (what else could I do?) and I went over in my mind how my life had

changed in just the last few hours, but I realized that since I had no control, I did not need to worry about anything. I was just a crazy patient in a mental institution, and I fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 4: The Court-Ordered Evaluation.

I suddenly felt someone pulling the blanket off my legs. I was scared and confused, I was not sure where I was. I tried to sit up fast but I was held down by something. At this point the person pulling on the blanket jumped back and pointed a small flash light towards my face, and said "You scared the heavens out of me. Calm down Mr. Murphy; I am just checking your catheter bag."

I was still a little disoriented and scared, I ask "Where am I?"

The nurse said that I was in the state hospital, and with that I calmed down and felt safe again. The shots to my mouth were still working, which was good because being waken from such a deep sleep I did not remember where I was and I surely would have not remembered to talk with my retarded voice. The other the funny thing was that once I was told I was in the State hospital I felt safe, most people would have been terrified. This must be the night nurse I thought. She said "Ok honey" (I bet she called every body honey) "I changed your bag so go back to sleep."

I try to said thank you and fell back in to a deep sleep.

I was woken up by the overhead lights coming on and a nurse (I think the one that change my catheter bag in the night) said time to wake up Mr. Murphy. She walked over to my bed and checked my bag and my disposable diaper. "Good, nothing to change." She said "My name is nurse Ann" as she turned the handle on the foot of the hospital bed, moving me more into a sitting position.

She was older about 50 or so, with a kind smile. "I will be feeding you this morning Mr. Murphy, are you hungry?"

I shook my head yes. I watched her being in a tray with what looked like a milk shake and a glass of water.

"On your chart the Doctor has you on a liquid diet, said something about choking on solid food last night." I thought to myself those girls are up to their tricks again. But I was glad to get any nourishment right now. It was last night before the drive to Kelly's house when I had eaten last. She placed the straw to my mouth and I drank the shake, it tasted good. After I was done, Ann asked me if I would like another shake. I said "Yes mama." She bought another shake and I gulp it down.

"Well," she said as she took a wash cloth and wiped my face off, "you look like you are doing much better today than your chart say you were last night." I couldn't decide if she was one of Kelly's friends in on the deception, or just a very nice and caring nurse.

However I could not be sure so I kept up my act as the confused mental patient. I asked "How long have I been here?"

Ann said "They brought you in last night. Well I have other patients to check on, I will be back to look in on you the later."

I spent some time testing my bonds. After a few minutes I realized that I was not going to be going anywhere. So I just set there and thought about what my first full day as a mental patient was going to be like.

I did not have to wait long, just then the door on my cell started opening up. Nurse Sally and Doctor Amanda walk in and said "Good morning Mr. Murphy, did we sleep well?"

I said "Yes, but only after the voices stopped talking to me."

Amanda looked a little confused at first, but then got the joke and smiled, "well maybe you really are crazy Mr. Murphy. However Mr. Murphy we have a full day of testing for you to find that out. Are you ready?"

I said "Yes!"

"Ok then, Nurse Sally go get Mr. Murphy a set of red scrubs. You see red indicates high risk patients, this alerts the other staff who they are dealing with." Sally quickly returned with the garments.

I was release from the bed and told to remove my suicide watch gown. I was then dressed in the red scrubs. Sally produced a leather transport belt, and four leather cuffs. They placed the cuffs and belt on me and hooked a short leather strap to the restraints on my arms going through the D ring on my belt. They connected my feet together with another strap. I could move my hands a little more than last night, and I could walk but not very fast. "Ok Mr. Murphy we are going to give you a little more freedom today but if you act out we will be putting you back in much stricter restraints."

I said "I'll be good I promise Dr. Smith."

"You bet you will," she said with an evil smile. Sally rolled up a more normal looking wheelchair, however it did have a lockable seat belt. I was guided into the chair and was belted in. We were off rolling down the halls. Amanda told Sally she had to go to her office to get some papers and she would meet us at the Behavioral Assessment ward.

Sally pushed me down the long halls with twists and turns, the hospital seemed like a big maze. The Hospital was a buzz with activity, staff running back and forth, and the patients. Some of the patients walked around talking to themselves. Other just stood in the wards looking at the walls. We came to a nurse station and Sally asked the nurse at the desk if she would watch her patient (me) while she ran to the restroom. The desk nurse asks if I would cause trouble refering to my red uniform, she told her not to worry I was sedated. The desk nurse said "Ok, but don't be too long."

It is very strange to be talked about, but not be talked too and left with someone to watch like package, oh well, I wanted to know what it was like to be a mental patient. Sally patted me on the head and said "Don't go anywhere" then locked the wheels on the wheelchair.

In just a minute after she walked out sight, and all hell broke lose. Alarm bells rang and all the staff and a two cops go running down the hall. The nurse that said she would watch me had run off too.

I was feeling very vulnerable like this, I thought just try not to draw any attention to myself, and it didn't work. A patient walked up to me from down the hall and said "You must be new I haven't seen you before", He sound about as dumb as my chart said I was.

I just gave him my best try at the lights are on but no one is home look. He was not a big man, in fact he was pretty small but walked like was the cock of the ward. "You must be a bad guy, you're in a red outfit. I don't think you look so tuff to me" and with that he popped me in the face. I was a little shocked, I was at a

disadvantaged, due to the fact I was locked in a wheel chair and in full restraints. I looked at him with the most hateful look I could give and growled at him. He laughed and hit me again. Thanks goodness Sally came out of the rest room and saw what was going on. She came running and called out for an orderly for assistants. When they got to me they both grabbed the other patient and put him against the wall. Sally asked the orderly to take care of him, and she need to get me over to Clinical testing.

Sally pushed my wheel chair down the long corridor and said "Sorry about that Mr. Murphy" and that she would not let me alone again.

I said I was ok and if that was the worst thing that happens to me I'll be doing good.

She said that I was right with a laugh that did not make me feel very good. As we rolled down the corridor the walls were painted with beautiful murals. I asked Sally who had painted the walls, it was a master peace. She laughter, she told me that the patients did in the 1930's and I said wow. Sally said they were crazy, but they were great artist. We roll into a wing of the building that said Psychological Evaluation Lab. I was pushed in a room and told that the Doctor would be in soon to start my testing, Sally then locked the wheels of my wheel chair and said "Don't go any where" with a smile. As she left, she lock the door behind her.

I looked around the room and it was just a bare room with a desk with a chair and a table. I thought how different my life is since yesterday, I have lost all say in my life, just like a real patient. Just as I was evaluating my situation, Dr Amanda walked in and asked how I was doing this morning?

I said good, but I was not happy about the liquid diet. Amanda said "Sorry but in your condition, Mr. Murphy you will be on it for your entire stay with us, now down to work." She pulled out a big folder, then she started to tell me that I was going to be taking the standard 500 question test the all patients take. "Now answer the best you can, I really wanted to test you so I can use it for my study that I am working on, don't worry I have a test already competed that I will put in your file. It was done by a patient who is a paranoid schizophrenic, so it will look right. Since we can't unlock you, I will read you the questions and you will say the answer. Ok?"

I said yes.

It took over 3 hours to complete, and during the test I was giving water and a nurse came in to check my catheter bag. I was tired but Amanda was very happy with my test, she kept saying this is going to be perfect. Dr Amanda said Nurse Sally would be back in a few minutes to take me to my next appointment.

Soon Sally was wheeling me to hydrotherapy. We arrived at the hydrotherapy area and I was quickly taken by three other nurses, stripped and placed in a nice warm hydrotherapy tub.

I was feeling pretty rested after my bath. Sally said a had a few more hours of testing ahead of me, so we there off again back to the evaluation lab, this time I was rolled into room with a large TV screen and a lot of testing equipment. I was rolled in front of the TV and Sally started taping wires all over me. I ask what it was for and Sally said the Dr would tell me. I also ask about Kelly, Sally told me that patients could not ask or be told the location of hospital employees. She then said Kelly was going to be working tonight, and she had a surprise for me.

Dr Smith walked in and said she was very happy with my test scores, and that I would make a great subject.

I ask "subject for what?" My voice still suffering from the effects of the drugs Amanda had prescribed for me last night.

She smiled and said "As Kelly told you we have a few tests and treatments we want to do on a normal person and see how they react and well, you are the test subject."

"The experiments won't hurt will they?" I asked.

"No, it shouldn't" she said.

I must say that was not as positive an answer as I wanted to hear. But I must remind myself that I am just a mental patient in a psychological hospital, I have no choices. I said to Amanda that doctor knows best, she smiled very brightly, and then when back to work setting up the next test. Dr Smith said that this test would show how I react to visual input, she said it basically will tell us what turns you on.

I said "Everything?"

Amanda said "Everything!"

I was not sure I wanted my deepest turn-on's exposed to others, but it was part of my treatment. Dr Smith turned the lights off and started a video tape that flashed images on the screen, women, men, and everything you can think of. The instruments were recording my every reaction. After about three hours of videos, it was over. I felt very frustrated and wished for some release. But is not to be, Amanda said she was going to take the data and process it in her office and she would send someone to take me back to my room. Amanda left the room and locked the door behind her.

I heard the door being unlocked and pushed open, then a voice I had not heard before calling "Mr. Murphy". About this time a young female psych tech came into my view, along with her was an older police officer, a male. Well it's time to go into my patient act. I started asking them where was I, who I was, and started acting paranoid. I as the psych tech started pushing me back to my room, I started acting withdrawn. Once again it was interesting having people talking about you while your there.

The Psych tech was telling the cop about me from reading my file, it was pretty entertaining to me. I was again excited that I was in a maximum security mental institution with people thinking I was really a patient, to bad that when I get out the only person I would be able to talk to it about will be Kelly. Maybe I could write a book about my experience, but one week-end would not be enough time, well I'll have to think about that for awhile, a longer stay down the road? Well as we rolled down the halls of the hospital I looked at all of the patients, techs, nurses, and doctors walking here and there, I was having a great time.

As we came back to the locked ward, I thought how heavy the air seemed there. The cop opened the door of I-13, my cell and the psych tech pushed me in the room, it felt good to be home I thought to myself. I was promptly released from the wheelchair and moved to my bed. As I was being strapped down, I started resisting a little just to give them the idea that I did not want to be here, which was furthest thing from my mind! After the psych tech locked me down, she asked if I was hungry I said "yes-um", and she smiled.

She cranked up my bed and walked out of the room with the cop in tow, and locking the door behind them. A few minutes later she returned alone with another milk shake type drink. I said (with my still slurred voice) "I want real food."

The psych tech said "Doctor's orders", and with that pushed the straw in my mouth. After feeding me she checked my catheter bag, and picket up my chart on the end of the bed and wrote some notes, as she was

doing this I asked her why am I here. She wrote more notes and said you're here to get well Mr. Murphy, and she left the room, closing door and the lock snapping shut.

I knew for sure the girls were letting people take care of me who knew nothing about me not being a real patient! I thought this is so cool, I was passing as a mentally challenged patient. I start wondering were Kelly was? She was supposed to be coming to see me to night. Well I just lay there (what else could I do in 5 point bed restraints) and decided to try and get some sleep.

Chapter 5: The night of the walking patient

I was awakened be the sudden noise of the lock of my door being opened. As the door swung open a flash light was pointed in my face. This must be the night nurse checking in on me I thought, so trying to keep my act up to par I started pulling against me restraints and moaned. Kelly's voice come out of the darkest and said in a sweet voice, "What's wrong Mr. Murphy? Are we not happy with our accommodations?"

Then she closed the door and laughed out loud. "You look as sung as a bug in a rug and you look like your enjoying it very much."

I said that I was, but before I finished the words, I realized that my voice was back to normal. I asked what time was it?

"About 11:00pm."

"Wow" I said "The shots wore off in 24 hours just like you said."

"Yes Mr. Murphy, we never lie to our patients", she said with a big smile. "I see by your chart that you been doing a little acting, that's good. Remember to use the information I gave you last week about Paranoid Schizophrenia when doing your acting.

I said "Yes I will, I read over all the information very carefully."

"Good!" Kelly said. "Well are you ready to take a tour of the hospital?"

"Yes, but how will we do that tonight this late?"

"Well Mr. Murphy we are going to dress you up as a night repairmen, and all repairman have to have a police escort, like me."

"How will we get out of the locked ward without being seen and what if the night nurse comes to check on me and I am not here?"

"Don't worry the night nurse for tonight is on our team, so no one will be looking for you. Now let me release you and get you dressed in the repairman's outfit. Oh but before I release you, let me remove your catheter, now we can't have our repairman walking around wearing a catheter bag now can we", Kelly smiled. She quickly removed the catheter with very little pain. In no time I was dress as a state repairman and Kelly had brought a fake mustache for me to wear, she thinks of everything. As we left my cell we ran into the night nurse Patti. She said to Kelly "Make sure you bring Mr. Murphy back before morning roll call." They both laughed. Patti said "Have fun you two."

Kelly took me for the grand tour of the hospital, through the wards, therapy rooms, and up to the watch tower. We moved back into the heart of the hospital and down into the underground utilities tunnels that run between all of the buildings. I said "It was dark and eerie"

Kelly say "You think this is, I'll take you to see dark and eerie, come with me!" Kelly grabbed me and we took off first back to the ground level and then Kelly told me we were heading in to the oldest section of the hospital, now it is mostly used for offices and storage.

We walked through rolls of desk, boxes and just pain junk. As we all pass this we came to a big iron door, Kelly pulled out a key out of the tool belt she had gave me to wear. It was big and old. The door opened with a creaking sound, Kelly said "No one comes down here any more unless they have too." The door opened to a set of narrow stairs that went down at least 25 feet. As I started to walk down the stairs, Kelly locked the door behind us.

She said "We don't want any uninvited guessed now do we", with an evil look in her eye. "This is the oldest part of the hospital, built to hold the uncontrollable patients. Now adays we just drug them, but back in old days they would just put them down here in what they called the pit, so they could yell as loud as they wanted too and no one in the rest of the hospital could hear them."

When we got to the bottom of the stairs the hall stretched out in front of us with about what looked like 50 prison cells. We walked down the hall till Kelly said "This one looks good for you", and opened the door to the cell, then grabbed me and directed me into it. She then turned around and closed the cell door with us both in the cell and locked it. The old door was thick metal with a small peek hole to see the patient and a little door to place food into the cell.

I ask "What do you have in mind Kelly?"

"ooh nothing much, just a little fooling around with the patient", and with that she turned to the shelf on the wall and lit a couple of candles.

She turned back to me and said "I cleaned the bed and the room last week, just for us." She then removed her ball cap and let her dark long thick hair drop down, she shook her head and then ran her hand through her hair. She said to me "I've been wanting you so bad these last two days, my little patient. And now it's you and me in a room where no one will hear us scream." We then started tearing the clothes off of each other, falling in to the bed and started making love, wild love!

After our first round of love making we were laying in the cot and I noticed that the wall had a D ring attached to it over the cot. I was big enough to pass chain or say handcuffs through it, this gave me an idea. I got up and picked up Kelly's cop belt, the one with her radio, billy club, pepper spay, and of course her handcuffs.

I pulled out her cuffs and set down on the cot next to her, before Kelly could say anything I snapped the hand cuff on one of her arms she started to pull back to flight, but I said "Trust me" and she relaxed her hands. I next ran the other side of the cuff through the D-ring on the wall, and placed her other hand in it and locked it. I said "Well officer Kelly I think you may be in trouble, deep in the catacombs of a mental institution locked in a cell, chained to the wall with a delusional developmentally disabled crazy man! I'd say you're in a bad spot!" I laughed in my most comic strip laugh.

Kelly looked at me and say "I am very scared" in a bad movie voice and laughed. She then said "are you going

to stare at me all night or ravage me, come on baby take me", and we started around two. Once again we lay on the cot, Kelly's hand still cuffed to the wall.

I asked Kelly what she was thinking about and she said that she was surprised how much she liked being restrained during love making. I said "Well next weekend at home and we can do some experimenting."

She smiled and said great but now Mr. Murphy release me and I will not make a report on your bad behavior."

I say okay dokey.

She laughed! I took off the cuffs, she grabbed me by the neck and gave me a great big kiss! Then she said "We've got to get going, we have to get you back into your room before the morning rounds."

We both dressed, and started the trek out of the pit and back into the world of the living. As we walked down the long halls Kelly's radio blared to life. The Officer on the other end said that Kelly needed to report to the watch commander's office ASAP. Kelly said crap, I can't take you with me and I can let you walk around on your own. A smile came across her face and she said, "We're near the morgue", she grabbed my arm and said "follow me". We ran down the hall to the door that said Morgue. Kelly unlocked the door and said "come on hurry".

We ran inside the room, Kelly went to a cabinet and pulled out a big black bag and ran to a wall of draws. She pulled out her keys and unlocked the drawer and pulled it out and laid out the bag. Then I knew what it was, it's a body bag!

"I said I can't get in there that's for dead bodies."

"Look, it's all clean, and if you don't we will all be in trouble!" She added "Trust me!"

I said "Oh my god", and lay down in the drawer and slipped in to the bag.

Kelly zipped it up to my head said to me "I'll be back for you as soon as I can", she gave me a kiss and finished zipping up the bag, and pushed the drawer closed and locked it. I lay there in the drawer and wondered what was going to happen next, was Kelly going to be sent to another area in the hospital, and was she in trouble, was she fired?

All of these fears went through my head. I was thinking how long would I be in here? I seemed like hours but I had no way of knowing how much time had passed, I heard the key being pushed in to the lock and the drawer being pulled out. I just lay still playing dead so to speak, not knowing who was opening the morgue drawer. A pair of hands grabbed the body bag and quickly started unzipping it, I was laid there, not breathing. The hands grabbed my face and I heard Kelly's voice sayings Brian are you ok?

I could not stop myself, I said "BOO" then open my eyes to see Kelly looking a little pissed off. I said "You look mad."

Kelly said "You scared the hell out of me."

"You? I am the one in the morgue drawer."

I asked if everything was ok?

Kelly said yes that the watch commander needed her to double check a report about another patients who was in a fight. "Now I must get you back to your room Mr. Murphy."

I climbed out of the drawer and we where off to the Isolation ward and my room. As we walked in the hall go to my room, Patti came running up and said we were cutting it close and she had been getting worried.

Kelly said she would explain later, but right now we need to get Mr. Murphy hooked back up to his catheter bag and back into his bed restraints. Kelly said to me to strip, and I said excuse me but Patti is still in the room.

Kelly said "She's a nurse and we have no time, strip!"

I did as I was told, after I took all my clothes off Kelly replaced the catheter tube and hooked the bag back up, strapped the bag to my leg, pulled up my disposable diaper, Patti dressed me in the suicide watch gown. The next thing I know I am on my bed in Bed Restraints and all locked down.

Patti pulled out a hypo and said "Open wide", I did and Patti gave me shots in the mouth for my voice and then one in the arm. She said the Doctor wanted me to get some rest before they started my treatment today so she prescribed 2cc of ativan. After she was done, they both checked over the room and me to make sure that all was in order.

Kelly said "Mr. Murphy I must leave you now, Patti will get you some breakfast and you need to get some rest before Amanda starts your treatment today."

I ask what was the treatment going to be?

Kelly said with an evil smile "that's a surprise. I'll see you tonight or maybe tomorrow morning depending on how well your treatment goes."

Kelly would say no more and kissed me and left the room. Patti said she would be back with my breakfast shake. I now wondered what was in store for me with my up coming treatment.

Chapter 6: The Wet Pack Treatment (or it's a wrap)

I am not sure how long I had slept but after Patti gave me my breakfast shake I fell into a deep sleep. The next thing I knew I was looking up into the face of Dr. Smith. She said hello, and that she needed to discuss my treatment. "Mr. Murphy all the test we did on you yesterday show that you will be the perfect candidate for this therapy, and I would very much like you to under go this treatment."

I asked what I would have to do?

Amanda said "Nothing, just lay there." she said with an evil smile.

"You see the treatment is an updated Wet Pack, I have done a great deal of research on the mind and how it reacts to sensory deprivation. I have a theory that this treatment may help patients with psychotic episodes, but I need to test it on a normal person like you first, before we try it on the insane." She when on to say, "The wet pack is a treatment that is seldom used anymore. Leading Doctors have presented results of a national survey which reviewed its recent use for 46 hospitalized psychiatric patients and conclude that the treatment

is safe and has interesting and useful effects (such as out-of-body experiences) that go beyond the concept of simple restraint. Further study of treatment with wet sheet packs was recommended."

I said in my retarded voice, "Ok, how does it work?"

She looked at me and said, "Do you trust me?"

I said, "Yes, but I would like to know what I am in for."

She smiled and said, "A very interesting time."

"Ok let's do it, and besides I am in here on an involuntary commitment, so it's not like I have a choice!" I said with a laugh.

The Doctor looked at me and said with a silly voice, "Why Mr. Murphy you're so right", and she smiled.

I said, "Well let's get the show on the road." I had read about wet packs, so I knew a little bit of how it was done, for one thing I was going to be wrapped up like a mummy which I thought was very cool.

"As part of the experiment you will be covered with sensors, all over your body and you may be wrapped up for as long as 24 hours."

I replied "It isn't like I have anywhere else to go." Which made Amanda laugh.

The one thing she said that I was not too thrilled about was they were going to place me on a ventilator by means of an endo-tracheal tube. "This way we can monitor and control your air intake. Also most of the staff that will be preparing you for the wet pack are not on our team. So once they come to collect you must stay in character."

I said, "okay-dokey".

Amanda said that she knew I was going to enjoy myself after reading the results of my test from yesterday.

"Mr. Murphy you really are a very sick man", the Doctor said with a smile.

Amanda told me that she would send the staff to come pick me up in a few minutes. I felt like I was Alice in wonderland waiting for the mad hatter's tea party. I didn't know how right I was.

In no time the door to my cell opened and in walked officer Cathy Salazar, nurse Sally, and a female psych tech pushing a wheel chair. Cathy came over to me and said, "Well Mr. Murphy how are we doing today?"

I looked up and tried to pull against my restraints and make some unintelligible sounds.

Officer Salazar said, "Its OK, were just going to take you for your treatment."

Salazar started removing my bed restraints, by this time I had the drill down. Officer Salazar would get me on my feet and Nurse Sally would dress me in the red scrubs. As this was taking place Cathy would start putting me back in restraints, first belly strap on and placing the leather hand cuffs and connecting them through the

D ring on the belly belt. Meanwhile the psych tech was placing my legs in the leather cuffs with a short strap connecting them together to keep me from running off or kicking.

As all of this pulling, tugging, and strapping is going on I started think maybe Amanda was right, I really am sick to be enjoying this so much, and then I thought how lucky I am to have a girlfriend like Kelly who could make this all happen for me!

Yes I was a very lucky guy.

But then I was snapped back into the here and now as I was quickly pushed into the wheelchair with the locking seat belt.

The psych tech noted that I did not seem as violent as my chart said I was.

Sally told her that I would be very submissive and then with no reason I would go crazy and attack anyone in my sight. Sally said, "Oh no, we are going to keep Mr. Murphy locked up tight for our safety and his." As she turned towards me and said, "Isn't that right Mr. Murphy?"

I just stared back at her and grunted. Officer Salazar reminded the group that they need to get me over to the O.R. prep room to get me ready for my wet pack treatment, and with that we were on are way. Rolling through the hallways of the hospital was always exciting for me, because something was always going on in them.

The group entered a room marked O.R. Prep, as I was pushed into the room. I looked around and saw a table and lot of medical equipment. There in the mists of it all was Dr Smith and a team of medical people including a guy with a camcorder. I thought to myself, 'I hope I can get a copy of the tape'.

They all were in scrubs and most of the people I had not seen before, so for sure there would be no question, to these people I was a real patient. I was rolled in and rapidly removed from the wheelchair and place on the gurney in center of the room and strapped down.

Dr. Smith walked up and ordered a nurse to get an IV dip going on me. Amanda turn to me and said, "Hello Mr. Murphy and how are we doing today"

I responded with, "Where am I, and you're trying to kill me!" in my retired voice.

I heard a voice in the group tell some else, "He's delusional for sure". Dr Smith started ordering her team to start prepping me for the endo-tracheal intubation tube, also she told other team members to get started hooking up the EKG, oxygen monitor, body temp sensors, and a bunch of other probes and sensors that I never heard of. As I lay there I was stripped of my scrubs and all kinds of medical gear was being attached to me including electrodes to my face.

About this time Amanda said, "Ok Mr. Murphy we are going to give you the general anesthesia now so we can place your endo-tracheal tube. Trust me you do not want to be awake when we do this."

She when on to say, "When you wake up you will not be able to talk, however you should not be in any pain, do you understand?"

I said, "You're trying to kill me!"

Amanda turned to her staff and said, "I always try to explain to the patients what is going to happen to them, sometimes it doesn't do any good."

I heard one nurse ask was it a right to try an experimental treatment on such a sick patient. Amanda told her that first the treatment is safe. Two, she had permission from the head of psychiatry giving the ok to perform the treatment, and three she explained that she needed the data from my treatment as a benchmark and held no hope of the treatment helping my condition.

The anesthesiologist places a mask over my face and told me to breath deep. As I was pulling the drug laced air in my lungs, I was wondering what it was going to be like having a machine breathing for me. Since I arrived at the hospital on Friday, I have lost more and more control over my own body, but now I would not be able to control my own breathing. I would truly be totally dependent on my Doctors and Nurses. As all of this was going through my mind, all went dark and I fell in a deep sleep.

When I came to, I felt the oddest sensation. My mouth was taped shut with a ½ inch plastic tube come out, also my throat felt like it was packed with something. I was not in pain, it was just weird. But in the next second, weird went to a whole new level when the ventilator forced air into my lungs and then pulled back out again. Wow this was over the top.

I opened my eyes and I was in a different room, it looked like a hydro treatment room, but I was in a traction bed from what I could see. Of course a traction bed was not really a bed at all, it was more like frame work, a rack if you will that support a person with movable straps. They are mostly used in putting people in body cast. I had no clue why I was trussed up in one right now.

Amanda saw me open my eyes and walked over to me and said, "Mr. Murphy we are alone for the moment, are you in any pain? Blink your eyes once for no, two times for yes."

I blinked no.

Amanda said, "Good, we have you completed wired up and our next step will to wrap you up in ace bandages, that's why your in the this traction rack, it makes it easier for us to wrap you, are ready?"

I blinked yes.

Dr. Smith told me that the wet pack could be done with wet sheet or towels, but she prefer the Mummy motif that the ace bandages gave, and she said, "I know you will too. We are going to wrap you head to toe like a mummy. Then we are going to place you into a canvas body bag and tighten the straps up on the bag. All of the hoses and wires will exit the bag at your feet, that way we can roll you over if we want to. After that we will connect your body bag to the over head lift, by the eight D rings on the body bag. This will hold you perfectly level as we move you over the large hydro tank. We then will lower you into the tank of body temperature water and monitor your heart beat, your oxygen, brain wave, and all of your other body functions. Then we will see what a healthy mind will do when all sensory input is cut off."

"Mr. Murphy we will leave you in there up to 24 hours, that is the limit that Kelly gave us, I feel you could probable go longer, but maybe next time?"

I thought to myself 'next time?'

Doctor Smith went on to say that they had a few more surprises for me but that I would find out those in the tank.

She then asked if I was ready for my "treatment"?

I thought for a second, what have I got myself into, but I was in way too far to back out now, I was not sure at this point that Dr. Smith would let me. At this time I could not talk, I am strapped down to a rack and can't move, and oh yea I am a patient committed to a state mental hospital.

I blinked yes.

Amanda smiled brightly, like I had just given her a great big Christmas present.

Amanda said, "Great you're going to love this".

'I hope she's right.' I thought to myself.

Dr. Smith said that the medical team would be returning from their break any second, when they get back just enjoy the ride, and don't worry. "I'll make sure you get a copy of the video of the procedure. I am taping it for my paper on the modern wet pack, and you're the star!" As she this the medical team walked back in.

Amanda said, "Ok team we need to work fast to keep on schedule, so if there is no questions let's get hopping."

At this point the room was a buzz with activities, I could feel people at my feet placing padding between my toes, then the wrapping of the ace bandage around my feet separately. The wrapping continued up my legs one at a time. While my legs were being wrapped another person was placing my neck in a hard cervical collar to immobilize my head. By this time the team wrapping my legs had reached my crotch, and continued up my torso.

I was a little shocked then the nurses working on my head placed a rubber plug in each one of my nostrils, then placing a lot of tape over them. I had not been getting any air from my nose, the ventilator was taking care of that, but it felt very strange.

The nurses also retaped my mouth with more tape, and now I knew why to make sure the water of the hydro tank stayed on the outside of me. The wrapping had now moved all the way to my arm pits, they stopped, and started working on my hands. They first placed thin cotton gloves on my hands and then started wrapping my hands, after the first wrap they placed a small foam ball in each hand and then rewrapped my hands.

After they finished with both arms, they kept going to my neck and then returned down to my feet. They placed my legs together and started wrapping both of my legs together.

Amanda was right I was being mummified all right.

The nurses at my head placed ear plugs in my ears, but to my surprise they were ear phones as the nurses said, "test, test." into my ears. The wrapping had worked its way back over my chest, the med techs now moved my arms and placed my hands on my lap and they started wrapping over them.

At this point in my mummification, Dr. Smith walked over to me and looked me over and told her team that I looked great and then put her hand on my head and stoked a few times and said, "Ok it's time to tape his eyes shut."

Amanda smile at me and said, "Have a nice rest Mr. Murphy", and with that the nurses closed one of my eyes and placed an oval self-adhesive pad over my eye holding it closed, then repeated the operation on the other eye. I was totally in the dark and wrapped up like a mummy, and then they wrapped my head. I felt them pulling the canvas body bag over my body, then the straps being pulled tight.

I felt like I was being moved and something was being hooked to the bag, then I felt myself being lifted off the rack, then I was being lowered into the hydro tank.

The hydro tank was very strange design, it's equipped with a removable metal lid that can be sealed airtight. At the foot of the tank it has a place for all of the cables and hoses to exit the tank and still remain air tight.

I could feel the water starting to soak into my wrappings, the water was like a nice warm bath, not too hot not too cold. The next thing I knew I was sinking into the water and it was going over my face. At first I start to panic a little, but I realized that no water was going into my nose or mouth and the ventilator was doing its job and giving me plenty of good air.

I told myself to relax and it would be ok.

I could feel the nurses pulling on my body and I found out later they were unhooking the D rings from the lift and rehooking the D rings on the canvas body bag in to the walls of the hydro tank to keep me off the bottom and to keep me from floating into the lid of the tank. After Doctor Smith checked and verified that I was ok and that everything was setup correctly, she ordered the lid placed on the tank and sealed shut.

I was no longer a person or a mental patient, but I was now just an experiment.

The nurses were watching my life support readings and brain waves on a collection of computer screens. I lie in my tank wrapped up like a mummy, and start to dream.

On the outside of tank Amanda was very pleased with her experiment, she told the two nurses on duty that she was going to see to her other duties and would have them relived it a few hours and if any happens to page her ASAP.

After Doctor Smith left the room one of the nurses said to the other, that she did not like this kind of treatment, even for a mental patient. The other nurse said it did not really matter, it's not like he knows what's happening to him, have you read his chart, he is pretty far gone. The first nurse said that she still did not like it.

I was coming in and out of consciousness. I was having these wild dreams, out of body experiences. I felt very deeply relaxed and with no anxiety. Had it been one hour or five hours since I had been placed in the tank, I really didn't care I was in heaven. The next thing I know is that the water started getting cold.

This bought me back to earth, I was starting to shiver and shake. I tried to breathe harder but the ventilator would not let me. All of a sudden I was not having fun anymore. I started to feel like I was going numb. I would have cried out for help if I could have spoken.

Then just as I was going nuts (no pun intended) from the cold, the water started warming back up. A voice in my ears called my name, my real name Brian. The voice was Kelly's, she said that she was here with me and that Doctor Smith was very happy with the data that her team was collecting from me, and that she hoped I was enjoying myself. She said that she would be here tomorrow when they pulled me out of the tank.

The next voice I hear was Amanda telling me she had a surprise for me, a few of the electrodes hooked up to me were set up to induce a little electric shock. Amanda said that she wanted see how my brain waves would react to the outside stimulant.

'I hope the voltage is not too high!' I thought to myself, and I started feeling very uneasy about my present situation.

Amanda said that the treatment was going great and the data being collected was fantastic and she was very pleased. Doctor Smith said these would be the last words I would hear till I was unwrapped and with that the ear phone went dead.

I lay there in the hydro tank waiting for the shocks to started, but nothing happened?

Was Amanda just try to make me freak out about something that was not go to happen or was she just waiting for me to relax and then zap me? All I could was wait for what ever they were going to do to me.

The hours passed, or was it days I really could not tell. I was subjected to heat, then cold and electric shocks, after a while I felt delusional and started to have hallucinations, what a wild trip it was. I had lost all sense of time, up and down, I feel totally out of control the only constants the pitch black, the biting cold and the sting of electric shock.

The next thing I knew I hear the bang sound of the latches of the tanks lid being released and removed. Then the hoist slowly pulled me out of the tank and I hung there for a few minutes, I could feel hands touching me. I guess that they were letting the water drain out of the canvas body bag and my wrappings.

The ventilator kept the air flowing in and out of my lungs with the mechanical precision. I was slowly lowered down and could feel my body coming to rest on the table.

The medical staff started removing all the straps of the body bag, and unzipped the canvas bag. They gently removed me from the body bag, and started unwrapping me layer by layer. I lay there on the table not able to move a muscle, I was exhausted.

My time in the tank was the most extraordinary and terrifying time of my life, I must say it was beyond sex itself. At last I was completely unwrapped, I was quickly dried off with towels, a disposable diaper was placed on me again, and then my old friend the suicide watch gown. In seconds one of the Psych Tech had placed me back in restraints, I laughed to myself I couldn't move if I wanted too I was exhausted.

Dr Smith walked over and started instructing the two nurses about removing the endo-tracheal intubation tube. The nurses started working on me, first they removed the ventilator tube and for the first time in over 24 hours my lungs had to work to pull in air into my chest. They next deflated the inflatable cuff on the trach tube then pulled it out of my throat. It was a strange feeling, but not painful, I was glad to get it out.

I started to take a deep breath but I started hacking and coughing. At that point one of the nurses pushed my head down on the side of my face grabbed my jaw and opened my mouth and pushed a suction tube in to remove all of the crap coming up from my lungs. I stopped coughing and could finally could breath.

I had lived through the Wet pack!

Charter 7: Visiting with a Psychologist

Amanda and Kelly walked over towards me and directed the medical team that they could leave and nurse Sally, Officer Kelly, and herself would take care of me.

The group slowly filed out of the room. Kelly walked over to my side looked around the room and asked, "All clear?" Amanda replied, "Yes". Kelly grabbed my face in her hands and gave me the biggest, longest, deepest kiss ever. Kelly asked if I was ok.

I said, "No worst for wear. It was the wildest experience I have ever been through and I loved it." I then noticed that my voice was back to normal, "What time and day is it?"

Kelly said it was Monday morning. My last day in the institution, I sadly thought to myself.

"Well," Amanda said, "We have a full day for you before you leave us, so Sally please give Mr. Murphy his shots for his voice trouble."

She giggled a little, and once again the shots in my mouth took my voice back to it's retarded state.

I said that I was dead tired and wanted to sleep.

Dr Smith said, "You look like you have been run through the mill and that's how a lot of our mental patients with your condition look. So now's the best time for you to go out to the day room to hang out with the other patients, of course such a violent patient as you can't go out to the day room with being appropriately dressed."

"So it's a strait jacket for you Mr. Murphy," said Officer Kelly with a laugh.

I said, "Well it is my last day and I am still a patient in a mental institution, so it's not like I can say no, now can I?"

Three women looked at me and said, "NO!" with a laugh.

I ask if I could get some food.

Amanda replied, "Yes, but remember your still on a liquid diet, Sally please get Mr. Murphy a breakfast drink."

"Right away!" Sally said, and she walked out of the room.

After breakfast I was dressed in a strait jacket and red scrubs pants and locked in a wheelchair. Then we were on our way to the day room for me to get some sun and hang out with the other patients. I was feeling tired, but I was fascinated by all the activity in the day room.

The day room was a large open space with one wall that was a large window made with small pane glass (1940's style), that you could see the rolling country side through, it was beautiful. The Nurses running around trying to keep order in the room.

Looking around it was truly a mad house, but the people were amazing to watch, men, women, old, and young all in their own world in their minds. I just sat in my wheel chair and watch the show pass me by.

All of a sudden a new face walked up to me. "Hello, are you Randy Murphy?" the young woman asked me.

I just looked at her with my tired eyes and said nothing. She asked again if I was Mr. Murphy and I said "yes" with my tired voice. She told me that she was a psychiatric therapist and Dr Smith wanted her to meet me. I just kept looking at her not saying a word. I thought that I better do my best insane patient act.

She told me her name was Kate. Next she started out by asking me the usual question, "Do you know where you are?" I decided to have some fun.

I said, "I am in a mental hospital, but I don't really belong here, I am not really crazy."

Because of my drug induced voice and the files on me that Kelly had put together so well, there way no way that she even give it a second thought, as far as she was concerned I was as mad as a hatter!

Kate kept talking to me and trying to tell me that she and the rest of the staff at the hospital were here to help me.

I kept insisting that I was not crazy and I was being held against my will.

Finally Kate told me I needed to calm down, or she would need to have me sedated.

I said, "I will be good, but don't give me any more shots", and I stopped talking and tried to look as terrified as I could.

Kate was looking at me and I could see that she felt sorry for me, the poor mentally ill man.

As Kate walked away, she spoke to Sally and told her that she thought if she could have more time with me, she thought she could help me at least a little, Sally said, "You never know you may get that chance."

Sometime later, as I started dozing off from the lack of sleep, Nurse Sally walked up to me and told me it was time to go to lunch and take a nap in my room.

We rolled down the halls and passed all the nurses stations and back to the locked wards and my room I-13. It felt good to be home, I chuckled to myself.

Soon I was strapped in place on my bed in 6 points. Sally feed me my lunch and I fell into a sound sleep.

Chapter 8: Temporary conservatorship or long-term custody?

I woke as the over head light was turned on. As I looked around the room Kelly and Sally were standing there smiling at me. I asked what time was it, Kelly said about 4:30pm.

I replied, "Well I guess we have to start getting ready to transport me out of the hospital."

Kelly said, "Well we have some time and Dr Smith would like to talk to you before you go."

So I was trussed up as usual in my red scrubs and placed in a wheelchair. We took off down the hall way and pulled into a room that said group therapy on the door. Inside Dr. Smith and the rest of the girls on the team were there. All the chairs were place in a circle and I was rolled up to the edge to become part of the circle.

Amanda started out by asking how I had liked my stay at the mental institution.

I told them, "I am having a great time, I am just sorry it was already over, it's too soon."

"Well," Dr Smith said, "that's great because that's what we wanted to ask you about, if you would like to stay with us for a little longer?"

"How much longer?" I said wearily.

"Well how about a year?" Dr Smith said in a very matter of fact voice.

"A year! I have a job." I said with the sound of shock.

"Well that's true," said Kelly, "but you have been talking about a change of careers for sometime because of all the stress at your work place.

"Yes, but becoming a full time mentally ill patient was not one of my preferred career paths."

The room broke out in laughter.

Dr. Smith said, "Brian let me make you a proposal. I would very much like to continue my research, and you have turned out to be the perfect subject. When we first started talking about bring someone in the hospital it was more of a gag, and I just thought it would be good to work through the wet pack treatment, but all of your testing showed you are absolutely the type of subject we need for the experiment. I have a large grant to do this study, and it has money built in for paying test subjects. So I can pay you about half of what you make right now, but on the up side you will not have to pay income tax and we can move all of your stuff out of your apartment and into storage. That will save you lots of money, and did I tell you that you will have a great medical plan?"

The room broke out in laughter again.

I said I need to talk to Kelly alone for a few minutes.

Amanda said, "Brian it's up to you but we would really like it if you stay with us".

All of the people walked outside the room.

I asked Kelly did she want me to stay at the hospital for a year?

Kelly said, "Well it's your decision, but I think we can have lots of fun and we do have our room in the pit to have conjugal visits. After the year you can go out and find a better job than you have now."

I thought to myself I could write a book about my year in the mental institution.

I said, "OK I will do it!"

"I knew you would say that," said Kelly as she planted a big long kiss on my face.

Kelly walked over to the door and told Amanda and the girls that I was their newest long term patient. Dr. Smith told the others to head back to their normal duties and that her and Kelly would work out the details for my extended stay.

Kelly asked me when I had to be back at work.

I said I had taken the rest of the week off to relax after my week-end stay.

"So no one will miss you for a week, Ok that gives us plenty of time to work this out." Kelly said. "First thing tomorrow you will call your boss, your voice will be back to normal by then. Say you have found a new job out of state and that you're giving one week notice. Just tell him send your last to your paycheck to your old address and it will be forwarded. Tell him your girl friend will pick up your personal things and hand in any company equipment from your home. You will have to tell him that you know it's fast, but they wanted you to start the new job ASAP and you're committed to it."

Kelly said that she would take care of all the details of moving my belongings out of my apartment and into storage. She would shut off all my utilities and pay the final bills. Kelly also stated that she would need me to sign a power of attorney so she could get my bank accounts and my 401k set up for my long term stay.

Also Amanda said that Kelly should sell my car, no uses of paying on a car that will not be driven.

I felt like the girls had my life more and more all planned out for me.

Dr. Smith said she would call the lawyer who does all of the court commitments for the State hospital, who very luckily is one her best friends.

Kelly asked, "Are you going to tell her that she will be getting a sane man committed to the mental institution?"

Amanda replied yes, in her doctor knows best voice.

Kelly asked, "Can we trust her?"

"Oh yes, she is going to love this, she will think this is going to be a lot of fun, she's like us, she has a sick sense of humor."

I was dead tired so I was wheeled back to my room and strapped in for the night.

Kelly and Amanda said they had millions of details to work out. They were very excited about the new plans they had to make for me.

I laid there thinking, so much for the just being in here for just a week-end, and how good I felt just knowing that I was safe and secure in my own little world, just like all the other mental patients.

Chapter 9: Getting some legal help

That night Kelly and Amanda started planning how to get all of the loose ends of my life on the outside of the hospital cleaned up. Amanda called her friend Robin the lawyer and told her what she needed from her. The attorney on the other end of the phone was not sure if the phone call was a joke or not.

“So let me get this straight, you want me to get a healthy normal man committed into your hospital, and he wants to do this? Are you sure that he isn’t really crazy?” Robin said

“Yes he’s not crazy, but he is a little kinky like the rest of us, and besides he going to help me, by being my research subject for my work”, Amanda said.

Robin said, “OK I don’t know how you always talk me into these things, but I will do it. But I need to see him, when he’s not on any drugs, just for my peace of mind that he really wants to do this.”

“How long do you plan on keeping him in the institution” Asked Robin.

“About a year” said Dr. Smith.

“A year?” said Robin with shock in her voice.

“Yes a year.” Dr Smith said in a matter of fact voice.

“Wow!” After a brief pause she continued, “I will need to see the file you have made for him, and when do you want to start his stay” said Robin.

“Well he’s been in the hospital all week-end already on a 5150 involuntary commitment, but it runs out tomorrow so we need you to get him a more permanent commitment.” Also Amanda explained that we want him to be in Isolation away from the rest of the patients as much as possible for his safety.

“Ok I am going to need you to stage some violent actions so I can show the judge that he’s a severely agitated and violent patient, that will keep him in Isolation and most likely in physical restraints too,” said Robin.

“That’s ok he won’t mind” said Amanda smiled to herself knowing that her patient would prefer it.

“Ok I will get us into court tomorrow afternoon to see the judge, I will come by the hospital at 10:00am to meet your Mr. Murphy, and also I want him to sign some release forms for your research studies” said Robin.

“That’s good since we need you to set up a power of attorney for Kelly to get Brian’s person affairs in order during his stay with us at Ashland State Mental Institution” said Dr. Smith.

“No problem. See you at 10:00am” said Robin.

Amanda and Kelly continue making their plans. Later that night, I was fast asleep in my room, strapped down tight, when the girls had finished their plans for me.

The lights in my room came on and I jumped, but my restraints kept me from moving much. “Good morning Mr. Murphy it’s time to raise and meet your new life for the foreseeable future.”

I could see smiles all around from Kelly, Amanda, Sally, and Patty. I tried to say hello but my voice was still all drugged out, I thought it must be early. "Well Mr. Murphy we have a lot of things to do this morning so let's get going shall we" Kelly said.

First a quick breakfast, then I was dressed and being pushed down the hall in the wheelchair to the shower room. Then I stripped and my arms spread across the shower and hooked the D rings on the wall. The rest of the girls left the shower room and Kelly started washing me down and was taking great delight in my helpless state.

After my shower Kelly dried me off and took great care to make sure all my parts were completely dry, I was in heaven. Then I was rolled back to my cell, where I was stripped out of my red scrubs and was dressed in a yellow jump suit. I asked if I was going somewhere.

Kelly said "Yes, you're going to court today to be committed." By this time I noticed that my voice was back to normal. Kelly said "OK let's dial your boss on your cell phone, I bought it in from your stuff at my place, so your boss will not see that you're calling from the State mental hospital on his caller ID."

So I called my boss and told him I was quitting and this was my one week notice and I would not be returning to work. He was shocked, but I told him that I had a better offer out of state, a job that I was really committed too. Kelly smiled at my joke as I spoke to my ex-boss. I told him Kelly my girl friend will pick up my things from the office and it was great working for him.

"Next" said Amanda, "we need to get you set up for your violent act so the judge will let us keep you here in the locked wards".

I asked, "What do you want me to do".

"I just want you to bite Nurse Sally on the arm" said Dr Smith.

I said "Bite Sally?" with a concerned voice

"Well, not really. Kelly has taken a picture of Sally's arm and photoshopped marks from teeth onto it. We will just turn in an alarm on you, simple" Amanda said with a smile.

I said "ok".

I was placed in bed but not completely strapped down, I had one arm free. Patty drew some blood from me and from Sally. Dr. Smith said we had to make it look real so the blood drawn from me was placed in and around my mouth and Sally's blood was placed where the "bite" was.

At this point Kelly said "everyone ready, go".

Sally screamed aloud and hit the alarm on the wall. Patty and Sally ran out into to the hall with Patty acting as if she was treating Sally's bite. In my room Kelly and Amanda pretended like they were fighting with me trying to get my arm down and did just strap it down as two officers ran in the cell. Kelly then called in to dispatch and cleared the alarm.

Patty took Sally off to the first aid station to clean the "bite" and bandage up Sally's arm. Kelly told the other officers she would file the incident report, and she did. Dr. Smith cleaned me up after some pictures were taken for evidence of the attack.

Then Kelly walked back in the room with this funny looking canvas helmet.

"Well Mr. Murphy now that you're biting people you're going to have to wear this for awhile." Kelly said.

She then slipped the padded canvas helmet onto my head and strapped the chin strap on. Kelly then produced a matching part that looked like a wide gag with a soft breathing tube running through it.

Kelly said quietly that "Amanda's friend the attorney wants to talk to you without drugs and this way we can keep you from talking, normally without drugs, and I just like gagging you, now open up," she said with a smile.

The gag with the tube was placed in my mouth and the two straps hooked to the helmet and were tightened up on so I could not say a word and now you could just see my eyes, next Kelly hooked a strap from the top of my head to the head of the bed and tighten it. Now I could not move or lift my head or talk, I loved it.

Two or three more officers came by to make sure Kelly had me under control. Sally walked back in with her arm wrapped in bandages, she smiled and said "You're such a bad man Mr. Murphy."

About 10:20am the door on my cell opened up and a woman in her early thirties walked in with Kelly. The woman was dressed in a business skirt suit, her hair was pulled up into a French twist style, and she looked like a lawyer, a smart one.

As the woman walked in Kelly closed the door behind them and locked it. She looked at me and said "Hello I am Robin Lane your court appointed attorney." I just looked up from my canvas helmet.

Robin said "Why is he gagged?"

Kelly said "Well you wanted him not to be on any drugs when you talked to him, and to make Brian sound retarded we have been shooting up in his mouth with a type of nova cane. Since we did want him to slip up and talk to anyone, we gagged him till you could speak with him."

Kelly said, "Just a second, I will remove his gag".

Kelly quickly removed my gag.

I said "Hi, my name is Brian and I would shake your hand, but as you can see I am a little tied up right now".

They both giggled a little. Robin said "So you really want to be in here, as a mental patient?"

I said "As crazy as it sounds yes!"

Robin turned to Kelly and said "I think your boyfriend really is crazy, don't you agree?"

Kelly laughed, "I am sure he is," she said.

Robin said "But why?"

I said "It sounded like fun and I have always wanted to see the inside of the institution and I must say I like the excitement and danger and now that I am here I like helping with Dr. Smith's research. Also I hope to write a book about my time here when I get out."

Robin said "Ok I just want to make sure that before I get the court to place you in permanent conservatorship for disability and imminently dangerous behaviour that you really want to stay in here for awhile. I read your file here and the way they have you diagnosed I can easily get you committed and you will spend most of your time continuously restrained and in a seclusion/isolation cells like this one".

Kelly said "That's what we want, to make sure he is kept out of the general population of the hospital, so we can look out after him and control his contact with other staff and patients."

"Yes that's what Amanda told me," said Robin.

"Well this is the weirdest thing I have ever been a party too but if you two are in for the ride, who am I to stop the parade. I will have him committed today, we have an appointment at 1:00pm with the judge. First I need you to unstrap his writing hand so he can sign these papers for power of attorney and some other papers to get it set up so Kelly can take care of your affairs during your stay here," Robin said with a big smile at Brian.

I said "Great," and quickly signed the papers and my life over to Kelly.

Robin and Kelly discussed my court appearance and how I should be presented at court. I just lay there and listened as my lover and my new lawyer planed how to "show me" to the judge so that he would see me as severely mentally ill person, one worthy of long-term incarceration.

I was listening and thinking how this felt more real and permanent than just passing as a patient for the weekend, this was getting serous, real lawyers, courts and judges. I was asking myself, what was I doing? I had a mental battle going on in my head, the fear of what was going to happen too over the next year and the knowledge that the wheels have all been set in action and could not be stopped or could they?

No, I told myself I have just quit my job, I signed papers to giving power of attorney to Kelly, and I was due in court in a few hours. I have let it go too far, I must through go with it now, I feel it's too late to stop, it was already out of my control.

I was thinking about talking to Kelly about my new anxiety, but just then Kelly said to Robin "I am afraid that someone will come to checking on him because of the nurse biting, so if you do not have anymore questions for Mr. Murphy, I am going to put his gag back in."

Then Kelly turned and looked at me in my bed all strapped down and saw I was a disturbed. She asked if I was ok. I said yes I was just feeling a little scared.

Kelly looked deep into my eyes and asked, "Have you changed your mind? If you have its ok, we can get you out of here right now."

At that moment I knew Kelly really loved me and would not do anything to hurt me, and I knew I wanted to go through with my institutional committal. I was ok again. I told Kelly and Robin that I was just getting a little nervous, because of going out in public to the court, but I was fine.

Robin asked, "Again do you really want to do this?"

I said yes, with a smile on my face.

Kelly said "ok", kissed me on the lips and then placed the gag back in my mouth and strapped it in tight.

I was glad now I didn't have chance to change my mind again, I laughed to myself. Robin said that she needed to talk to Dr Smith to make sure we all were on the same page.

Robin walked over to me and said to Kelly, "I am sorry but could you remove his gag again, I forgot to tell him how I would like Mr. Murphy to behave in court today."

Kelly removed my gag and Robin told me what she wanted me to do and how to conduct myself (she has committed many people, so she knows how they act). Robin then asked me if I had any question.

I said, "No Ms. Lane".

Robin laughed, and said, "So formal for a paranoid schizophrenic, developmentally disabled patient".

Kelly said, "Yes he is truly the idiot savant".

We all laughed.

"Ok", Kelly said "No more talking for you right now Mr. Murphy".

As she started to place the gag in my mouth, I said "Hey what about a kiss?"

Kelly laughed and said, "No kissing the patients" as she pushed the gag back in my mouth.

Then Kelly checked my restraints and said, "Ok I will be back for you, when it's time to leave for your hearing with the Judge."

Robin said "And Mr. Murphy I will see you in court".

I lay in my bunk and thought, just like Alice in wonderland I have taking the blue pill, and am following the white rabbit deeper and deeper into the rabbit hole.

Chapter 10: The Court ordered permanent conservatorship and confinement. (Or welcome to the Hotel California)

About 15 minutes after Robin and Kelly had left my cell, the door opened and Kelly, Officer Cathy and Dr. Smith returned with a wheelchair like the one they had brought me to my room the first night I was here. I think they called it a special needs wheelchair. All I knew was it had a lot of straps and my head was going to be secured down to the head rest again.

"Well Mr. Murphy we need to work fast to make sure you make you appointment with the court on time. First I have to give you your shots in the mouth and then Kelly and Cathy will get you set up in restraints and chains, then I have some other shots and meds to give you." Amanda said with a very evil grin.

Kelly and Cathy removed my bed restraints and my gag. Dr. Smith gave me the shots in my mouth, as Kelly and Cathy start place me in heavy transport restraints. The cuffs running through the belt and leg irons with the chain running to the cuffs they were all placed on me with great care. They pushed my hands into the security mitts and locked them in place.

Cathy laughed and said, "I like putting Mr. Murphy in restraint he makes it very easy, he never fights us".

Kelly said with a smile, "That's because I think he likes it".

I think every one in the room knew I love to be place in these restrains.

At this point Kelly asked about the canvas helmet and gag, if Dr. Smith wanted me to be transported like that. Amanda said they need to remove it and replace it with the standard mesh transport hood, the judges hates to see patients in gags.

"But before you do I need to put these contact lens in Mr. Murphy's eyes."

I said, "But I don't wear contacts."

Amanda smiled and said, "You will for your day in court, you see these are theatrical lens and they will make your eyes look washed out and blood shot instead of your bright healthy looking eyes".

Dr. Smith placed the contacts in with no trouble. Kelly held up a compact mirror for me to see myself. I was amazed at how just a little thing like contacts changed my looks so much, I looked sickly, wow. Dr. Smith then put some eye drops in my eyes.

Amanda said, "Ok on with his hood".

Kelly placed the mesh transport hood over my head and adjusted it. Amanda pulled out a hypo and said, "Mr. Murphy what I am giving you right now is Trifluoperazine a drug to induced mild paralysis. It will not keep you from moving but it was make it hard to move. People with type II paranoid schizophrenia, which by the way is what you have or should I say that's what your chart says." Amanda said with a laugh.

She went on to say that, "Patients with type II have predominantly negative symptoms, such as withdrawal from others and a slowing of mental and physical reactions called psychomotor retardation. So this drug will give you convincing symptoms and "side effects" such as trembling, uncontrollable shaking or movement of the hands or other parts of the body (which occur in the neurological disorder such as parkinsonism and schizophrenia) but your mind will stay very sharp."

"I am glad to hear that, I do not want to sleep through my commitment trail." I said with a laugh.

My new semi permanent voice was back, I sound like a retarded person again and would for the next year. Dr Smith gave me the shot to commence the mild paralysis. I asked, "How long will it take before I feel it?"

Amanda said, "It was a slow moving drug, so the effects may not show up for ten to twenty minutes"

"How long will the effects last?" I asked.

“About 48 hours, this way you can learn more about the symptoms of your disease and how you should act over the next year,” Amanda said with a playful smile.

Kelly and Cathy directed me toward the waiting wheel chair and strapped me in nice and tight. We then left the isolation cell and proceeded down the halls towards the patient’s entrance so I could be processed for a day pass to go to court. After all the paper work was filled out I was wheeled in the receiving bay and I was placed in the same type of van that I had arrived in.

Cathy and Kelly made short work out of transferring me from the wheelchair to the van, and once again I was strapped in a chair, in a cage, in the back of the state hospital van. I had to laugh to myself; I thought that the next time I rode in the van, it would be to get out of the mental institution, not to go make sure I could stay in the institution.

Dr Smith told Cathy and Kelly she would meet them in the court room. Amanda walked out of the room. Kelly and Cathy jumped in the van and after the big door opened they started the drive towards town and the court house. It was about ten miles into town. We drove through the beautiful country side, it was very peaceful in this part of the county, because no one wanted to build or move near the mental institution for the criminally insane.

As we rolled down the road the girls ask if I was feeling ok?

I said, “I feel fine” in my slurred voice.

Kelly said, “Well you really look sick with those Contacts you’re wearing, it’s wild how that changes your looks, and you really do look like a real patient”.

I said, “Thanks I think, or did I just get insulted?”

“Oh dear it was a compliment,” Kelly said in her sexy voice.

We all laughed. We pulled into Ashland a pretty little town that had been a big cattle town in 1880’s till about the 1930’s but now it was much more modest. Because of it’s hey day it had a wonderful downtown with Victorian homes, banks, businesses, and the courthouse. The courthouse was in the center of town, surrounded by a large park. It looked like a court house you would see in the movies. We drove up the area where the prisoners are brought into the courthouse.

Cathy parked the van and turned and looked at me with an evil smile and said, “It’s really show time now”.

They both laughed. Kelly sent Cathy to try and find a wheelchair. During the mean time Kelly started removing my seat belts, she asked how I was doing.

I said, “I feel good”.

Kelly said with a smile, “That’s the drugs talking”.

Cathy said that the only wheelchair as being used right now.

I said, “I can walk”.

Kelly said, "Well we have to get him in there, so let's get him out of the van".

As they helped me get out of the van I start feeling odd, not bad just odd. After they had me out of the van, Kelly took one arm and Cathy took the other and we started to walk, that's when the paralysis started. I could move but it was hard to make my legs or anything for that matter work.

I said, "I am having trouble walking".

Kelly said, "It's ok, we will not let you fall down, just keep trying to walk were almost there".

Slowly and I am sure it looked painful (but it was not) we moved into the court building. Once inside Kelly and Cathy moved me to a bench against the wall, and sat me down. As they did, I started trembling and my hands shaking. Kelly had gone back into cop mode and she was acting unconcerned about how I was doing. Cathy when went to the desk to check us in with the court police. The sergeant at the desk said that we were about 15 minutes early and did they want me placed in a holding cell till it was time.

Cathy said yes if they could keep him isolated from the other inmates. "Because my patient is crazy but we don't want him hurt or raped while waiting to be committed".

The Sergeant smiled, and told Cathy to bring me and they would lock me up by myself. I was brought to a small holding cell, it was about 4 by 4 feet with the door made of bars. I was lead to the bench and I slowly set down. Kelly and Cathy stood there as the officer closed the cell door on me, as I set there Kelly said, "We'll be back don't go anywhere"

They all turn and walked away I could hear the sergeant asking the girls if the wanted coffee.

As I stared out the bars of my holding cell, and I thought I have never been in a jail cell before, and then I laughed to myself, before last week-end I had not been in a lot of places I have now. My hands would start and stop trembling without warning.

Later the Sergeant, Kelly and Cathy walked back to my cell and said it's time. They opened the cell door and Kelly and Cathy grab my arms and slowly made our way down the hall. As I passed the Sergeant I said, "I am not really crazy and I don't belong here, and they are trying to lock me up for fun."

The Sergeant just laughed.

Kelly said with a silly voice, "Mr. Murphy you say the funniest things".

We walked slowly in the court room through the side door where they bring the defendants in. I looked around the room it was really neat, it looked like it was a set out of a Perry Masson movie, it was very grand. As I looked around to my surprise there where people setting in the gallery of the court. I guess that they are waiting for their family or friends to see the judge, I hope that there isn't anyone I knew in the crowd. But on the other hand in my present state I am sure no one would recognize me.

There was no Jury, because according to Robin all that was needed to commit me was the Judge to sign off on the paper work that robin was going to present to him. I was lead to my seat at the defendants table. Setting next to me was Dr. Smith and Next to her was Robin Lane my Lawyer. The Kelly and Cathy walked over to the side wall and just stood there just watching.

Dr. Smith turned towards me and asked how I was doing.

I said, "I am ok, but I feel a little funny".

"That's ok we will be done with this trivial matter, quickly and have you back in bed in no time." Dr. Smith said with mocking sympathy.

Robin turned towards me and asked Amanda, "How is our patient was doing?"

Dr. Smith said, "I think he can make it through this hearing with out much trouble".

The court guard called the court to order, and the judge walked in and sat down. He was an older man with gray hair and looked very judge like.

The judge said, "So Ms. Lane what do you have for me today?"

Robin stood up and said in a very matter of fact voice, "Well Judge we have a most unfortunate person before you today. Mr. Murphy has been in and out of Mental Institutions most of his life, he is paranoid schizophrenic and developmentally disabled. He has the an I.Q. of about 50, on a good day he can follow simple instructions, on a bad day he can go from detached to very violent, it's anyone's guess. In the last few months according to his group home he would become severely agitated and violent for no reason. Dr. Smith states in her report this is due to his deteriorating condition and it will only get worst. On Friday last week he busted up his group home and just today he attacked and bit a nurse on the arm pretty badly. Dr. Smith feels that Mr. Murphy should be placed in a civil commitment under code WIC 5358 for Permanent conservatorship on the basis of grave disability. We feel with cognitive-behavioral therapy and pharmacological therapy, that we can give Mr. Murphy his best chance for a safe and peaceful existence for the remainder of his life."

When I heard Robin said those words "for the remainder of his life" I felt a cold shiver run down my spine. I told myself that it was a formality and the only way the girls could get me committed for the long term, however it still was unnerving to hear yourself being committed for life to a mental institution. As I sat in my chair at the defendants table, I kept trembling and shaking uncontrollably, I was not sure if it was the drugs, fear or excitement of the proceedings that were taking place. At one point I was shaking so much my chains started rattling.

Dr. Smith held my arm and said with a very comforting voice, "Its ok Mr. Murphy, we will be getting you back to your new home very soon and you can rest."

Then Dr. Smith whispered for me to start my act. So I started ranting, "I did not belong here, I was not crazy, and they were trying to kill me!" I said in a loud voice.

Dr. Smith start talking to me and telling me it was ok and I would not be hurt.

Amanda then said, "Quiet now" which was the code for me to stop talking.

Robin told the judge that you can see Mr. Murphy is very delusional. The Judge looked at me and then down at the papers on his bench.

“Well everything seems to be in order and but I have a question about this request for undisclosed treatments for your patient, it looks like your asking for unrestricted powers to do any medical treatment you desire,” said the judge.

Dr. Smith stood up and told the judge that she felt that with Mr. Murphy’s condition that multiple treatments and therapy may be in order and she wanted the freedom to quickly change from one treatment to another if and when needed.

The Judge studied my file and finally said, “Ok, Dr. Smith my knowledge of you is that you are a very caring doctor and the top in your field, and Mr. Murphy looks like he can use all the help you can give him. So I will sign off on your request for the use of medical treatments and Physical restraint at your discretion”.

“Before for I incarcerate a person for what in reality is a life sentence I would like to see his face, Dr. Smith please remove that transport hood,” the judge said.

Amanda stood up and pulled the mesh hood off my head.

The Judge looked me over and said, “Mr. Murphy do you know what is happening here today?”

I said , “You’re all trying to kill me and I am not crazy!” raising my voice as I spoke.

Dr Smith put her hands on my shoulders and said, “Now, now it’s ok and quiet now.” I stopped talking and hung my head down.

The judge said, “Well its probable better that he’s not aware of what’s happening to him.”

Then he said, “It is the finding of this court, that Mr. Randy Murphy, is to be committed to the Ashland State Mental Institution under civil commitment code WIC 5358 for Permanent conservatorship and confinement on the basis of grave disability, and I hope with the good Doctor and the hospital staff’s help you can find some much needed peace, Court adjourned.” and with that he banged his gavel.

Amanda turning to me and said in a low voice, “You belong to us now!” with a wicked smirk

Robin Stood up and walked over to the Judge and thanked him, then went to the clerk and picked up all of the paper work including the new court orders. Robin returned to our table and handed Amanda the paper work.

Robin then said, “Well Dr. Smith you are now the court appointed conservator of Mr. Murphy and I the conservatee’s attorney, I will be dropping in to see Mr. Murphy about once a month to check on his well being.”

Amanda thanked Robin for all of her help and said they would go for drinks soon. Robin then looked at her watch and said she had another appointment to go to. Robin walked over to me and placed her hand on my shoulder and said, “I hope you enjoy yourself” in a soft voice.

Amanda called Kelly and Cathy over and asked my hood to placed back on my head and to take me back to the institution and get me bedded down for the night. Dr. Smith looked at me and said “Mr. Murphy needs his rest.”

With that I was lifted to my feet and Kelly and Cathy each grab an arm and we started the walk back to the van.

We arrived at the van and within a few minutes I was placed back inside the van all strapped in the seat, locked in the cage and ready for transport back to the hospital. I was reeling with the excitement and terror of my semi-permanent commitment in the mental institution. I kept thinking this was incredible, I was just in court and committed by a real judge, I was excited about what the next year would hold for me, also very nervous.

Chapter: 11: Home sweet Hospital

The girls jumped into the van. Cathy was driving and Kelly was riding in the passenger seat. As we pulled away from the courthouse parking lot Kelly turned towards me and asked how I was holding up?

I said, "I was ok, and just a little nervous."

Kelly said, "Don't worry you have just passed the hardest test, now no one will question that you're a real mental patient, and your in our care, so everything is ok."

"I just was thinking about what the judge said about me being in permanent conservatorship, what does that mean?"

Kelly said, "Well the purpose of conservatorship is to provide supervision, placement, and to approved individualized treatment related specifically to the conservatee's disabled, and remember you're the conservatee."

"Because of your mental state it's a permanent commitment, because it's not likely your mental condition is going to improve any," Kelly said with a smile.

"I see, I guess I should have asked this yesterday. How do you girls plan on getting me out of here at the end of the year?" I asked

Kelly smiled very big smile and said in a sweet voice, "Oh Mr. Murphy don't worry your pretty little head about it, we will take care of your release when the time comes."

I said, "I would really like to know."

Kelly said in a sincere voice, "Brian its ok we will get you out of here next year, we have not planned it out yet, but trust me we will."

I said, "Ok"

Cathy said, "You know maybe Mr. Murphy is really paranoid after all."

Kelly smiled and said, "Maybe".

I started trembling and shaking again. Kelly asked if I was ok? I told her, "I feel good, I just look like hell" They both laughed.

We drove through the country side passing by old farms and green fields on our way back to the hospital. Kelly was telling me what fun this year was going to hold for me. I started relaxing and getting in the correct mind set that I was a mental patient and nothing was in my control. I was happy again.

As we passed through the hospital gates, I could see the massive structure setting on the hill top, dark and foreboding, my new home for the next year. We pulled into the patients entrance and as I quickly was removed from the van and placed in a wheelchair. Kelly and Cathy pushed me in the wheelchair back to my room in the locked ward. I was swiftly placed in my suicide watch gown, the catheter was reinstalled, and I was put on the bed, and tied down in 6 point restraints. Just then Patty walked in and asked how our patient was doing?

Kelly smiled and said, "Well other than he was found to be criminally insane and was committed to our mental institution for the rest of his life, he is doing good."

They all laughed. Patty told me that since I had bitten Sally this morning, for the next few days I was going to have to wear the canvas helmet and gag. Just then Kelly slid the canvas helmet on my head and adjusted it. Kelly smiled and connected the strap to the top of my helmet to the head of the bed and pulled it tight.

Kelly said in sweet voice, "Oh Mr. Murphy I will be taking the next few days off to take care of your affairs, you know move your stuff out of your apartment and putting it into storage or donating it to charity, sell your car, email your friends, you know get all of the loose ends tied up for your nice long stay with us."

I smiled and said with my drug induced retarded voice, "Well you know it's not like I am going to be able to use any of that stuff anytime soon, will I?"

The Girls all said no and laughed. Kelly when on to say that Dr Smith would also be taking a few days off to help her and that I would be living like a regular patient till Dr Smith and she got back. In the mean time Patty and Sally would be in charge of me. But for the first few days I would be spending most of the time being strapped down in my bed because of my biting, but not to worry Patty would have me up and around before the end of the week.

Kelly asked, "any questions?"

I said, "No, why would I? I am just a mental patient, right."

Kelly smiled her wickedest grin and said, "Yes you are and I have the court order to prove it."

The girls just smiled. Kelly reached down and kissed me, then quickly placed the gag in my mouth and strapped it in tight.

Kelly looked at me and said with smile, "I love seeing you so helpless and in my control."

Kelly turned towards Patty and Cathy and said, "Well take care of Mr. Murphy for me girls"

Cathy, Patty and Kelly turned and left my room. The door closed, I could hear the turning of the key and the dead bolt of the lock sliding into place with thud. I was locked in my cell, strapped down and gagged with Institutional Restraints, tucked away in Mental Institution in the middle of no where. I started wondering if the girls were really going to let me out of here in a year, or ever? Maybe I am getting paranoid. But such are the thoughts of a real mental patient.

